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CBS—N. Y.

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THE RISE OF CAROL DEIS

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* * *

This charming woman came back to see me, a day or two ago. Her skin looked *marvelously* clear and soft and fresh! She looked at least five years younger—and said she felt it!

* * *

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If you have any special questions to ask about skin care, write for a copy of my booklet, "Why Only A Healthy Skin Can Stay Young." Or tune in on my radio hour, "Through The Looking Glass With Frances Ingram," Tuesdays, 10:15 A. M., E. S. T., over WJZ and Associated Stations.





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APR 25 1931

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THE NATIONAL BROADCAST AUTHORITY

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Radio Digest

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Including RADIO REVUE and RADIO BROADCAST

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May, 1931

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LUCILLE WALL . . . Once she made up her mind to be a nun. Now she's known to millions as the Love Story Girl of Collier's! Something changed her mind for her, we don't know what, but "Mike" says he's glad she's acting faithfully for his sake, anyway.



RUTH HULSE NELSON . . . Another tiny little girl playing the great big organ. At four she played piano by ear. Now having grown up, she decides the KMOX (St. Louis) piano hasn't enough keys and takes a lease on the big console.

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MICROPHONE SNAPSHOTS FROM WESTINGHOUSE RADIO STATIONS



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John Herrick, Baritone

A radio dial—one of thousands—is turned to 990 kilocycles! A lilt of fascinating rhythm ends in a crashing crescendo of saxophones and trumpets! Then a mellow baritone swings into the melody of an appealing popular ballad.

For a half hour this succession of intriguing numbers holds its merry pace from WBZ-WBZA. And Ranny Weeks and his H. P. Hood and Sons Modern Concert Orchestra have filled many of their thousands of requests . . . made hundreds more staunch friends in their vast audience. Eagerly, a multitude of radio fans await the night when the H. P. Hood Modern Concert Orchestra comes on the air. Approvingly, they thrill when their letters are answered in notes of music.

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990 Kilocycles

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1020 Kilocycles

Chicago, Ill., 1012 Wrigley Building
New York, N. Y., 50 East 42nd Street

Coming *and* Going

Observations on Events and Incidents in the Broadcasts of the Month

DID you have the good fortune to attend the Radio début of the sensational new diva, Lily Pons, of the Metropolitan Opera? She sang for Radio listeners for the first time over the NBC network last Easter eve. Nellie Revell, our "Voice" on the National net, told you about Miss Pons' simple unaffected manner. The item appears in Miss Revell's *Gabalogue* in this issue. Now our inveterate interviewer, Miss Lilian Genn, has had an enjoyable afternoon with Miss Pons in her apartment. As the interview was in French many of us would not have been able to make much out of it. But Miss Genn is equally facile with her English, as you well know, and she is going to tell you all about it in the June issue.



* * *

IF YOU are unfamiliar with the "Bishop of Chinatown" you may still have the pleasure of meeting one of the Radio classics of New York. The "Bishop of Chinatown" or Tom Noonan, brings hope to the outcasts. He puts them on the WMCA mike, sometimes. And it's many a tragic tale you are apt to hear when these underworld characters take the air. A vivid story of the "Bishop of Chinatown" will be presented you next month by Miss Dorothy Thomas.

* * *

ANOTHER matter of great interest to Radio listeners and readers of RADIO DIGEST will be the announcements of the winners of our State Championship contest in the next issue of RADIO DIGEST. See whether the stations for which you voted win the medals to be awarded the four most popular stations in your state.

* * *

MR. PLUMMER in these pages begins his story of how Seventy Radio Stars had their beginning. The most of them that you know so well were humble American citizens and quite like the rest of us. But there is one great favorite who began his career in that dark and mysterious land of the Russians. David Ewen will introduce Toscha Seidel to you as he appeared at the time his mother took him, a little boy in a sailor suit, to meet the great Leopold Auer in Petrograd, and you will read what the famous master said to the faltering mother and her little boy. His life is a thrill of human adventure. And that comes in June, too.



* * *

JACK STANFORD ALLMAN sauntered in to see us one evening and called our attention to an item in a newspaper concerning Robert M. Crawford, director of the Newark Symphony Orchestra and prominently identified with many other important musical organizations. "I heard his name over the air a few evenings ago," said Jack, "and just about dropped dead when I discovered him in all that æsthetic glory. The last time I saw Bob Crawford he was decked out in a rough woolen shirt, short ragged breeches hanging outside his boots, an old slouch hat and a bag of camping truck over his shoulder. The neck of a uke sticking out of the top. It was up in Alaska where he was born. I simply could not imagine him down here in soup and fish leading an orchestra of 82 pieces. But sure enough it was Bob—the same old Bob, so far as fine character is concerned." You're going to read all about it next month.

* * *

ATTENTION, you fair admirers of Jean Paul King! Mr. King, one of the newer idols of the NBC announcing staff has turned author. He is writing for RADIO DIGEST and several other magazines. We have been successful in bringing you the personal writings of Rudy Vallée, who contributes to this magazine regularly, and now we know you are going to be pleased to read what Mr. King has to say about some of his fellow artists. Don't know how long it's going to keep up but anyway we have his first story which happens to be about those two intrepid "females" of domestic wisdom, the Sisters of the Skillet. When they put away their aprons, hang up their bungalow blouses, and attire themselves in their natural habiliments they are known as Ed East and Ralph Dumke. What they don't know about household economics is plenty, but they are not in the least lacking in advice on the subject. It's a roaring skit. Jean Paul King gives you the low-down about these rotund Skilleteers next month.



DUMKE



EAST

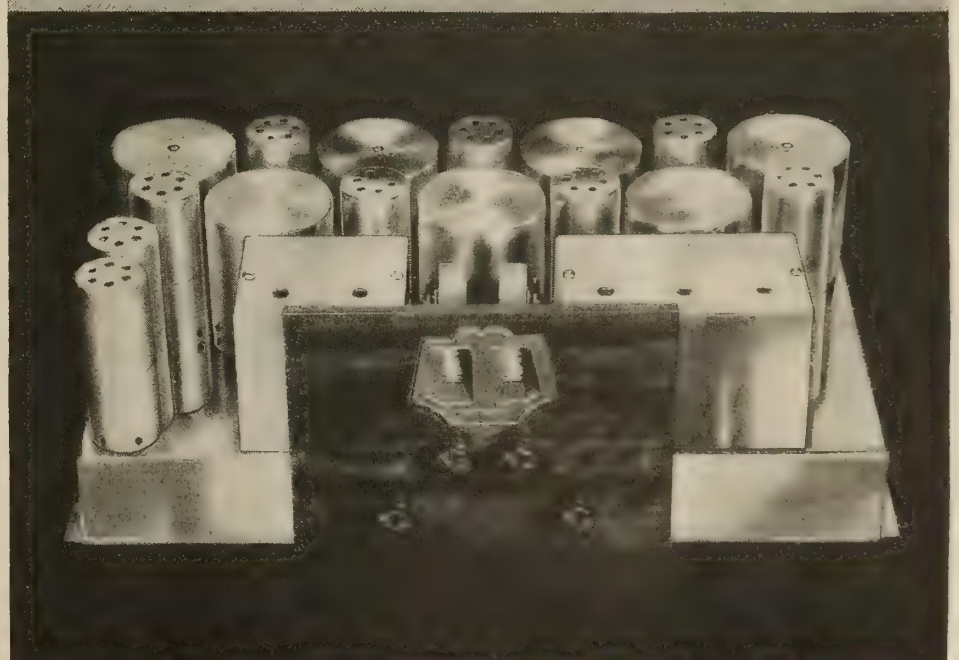
* * *

"HITTING the crest in Radio," is an expression that applies to a person who is sweeping to a high wave of popularity. Entertainment rolls along in a gay and fairly even tenor and then suddenly it is observed that someone is sailing out ahead of the rest. He is attracting unusual attention. The fans are deluging him with letters. He is discussed in private homes and public places. Stories are told about him. His background looms up in a glamorous mystery. When RADIO DIGEST spots an individual or an act in this position it hastens to inform its readers *first* as thoroughly and completely as possible—just as it was first to tell the world about the personal side of the individuals who became internationally famous as Amos 'n' Andy. Now we have the spot light on Morton Downey of CBS. He's sweeping to the crest. We are going to tell you all about him in a series of three articles, the first of which will appear in the next issue of RADIO DIGEST.

FROM 15 TO 600 METERS 'ROUND THE WORLD-CLEAR AS A BELL

SCOTT ALL-WAVE SUPERHETERODYNE

THE NEW SCOTT WORLD'S RECORD RECEIVER



It requires no exaggeration to create enthusiasm for the new Scott All-Wave Superheterodyne. A straightforward statement of the facts concerning this remarkable receiver is sufficient.

With the new Scott, Chicago listeners heard the Pope, *direct from HVJ, Rome.* They listen daily to VK2ME, Sydney, Australia; to KA1XR, Manila, P. I., to F31CD, Chi-Hoa, Indo China; to G5SW, Chelmsford, England, and to dozens of other short wave broadcasts including ship phones, airport stations, and police calls. Not code, but *voice,* and it's sharp, crisp, clean and clear like a local broadcast.

The Scott All-Wave is the only receiver that handles the short wave band equally as perfectly as the broadcast band. This is due to two things. First, the unique manner in which a set of .00007 tuning condensers are automatically cut into the circuit in place of the regular .0005's when the short wave band is desired to be worked. Secondly, the smoothness of this receiver's performance on the short wave lengths is due to the perfect stability of the Scott high-gain, four stage, intermediate frequency, screen-grid amplifier. The short wave stations slide in just as smoothly as those within the broadcast band of 200 to 600 meters.

What more can a receiver give you than the whole world of radio at the mere flick of a dial? The new Scott All-Wave gives you the one additional thing necessary to your complete satisfaction. Its fine construction gives you complete assurance of dependable 'round the world performance throughout the years to come.

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Chrome-Plated Rugged Metal Chassis

The Scott All-Wave is as bright a jewel of construction as it is a star of performance. It is all metal—heavy pressed steel that won't warp, twist, or impose strain upon the wiring. And it's put together like a modern bridge! Add to this superb construction, the beautiful, polished chromium plate that covers the whole chassis, and the Scott All-Wave Superheterodyne looks the thoroughbred it surely is.

Thrill to This New-Day Performance

Tune the new Scott All-Wave alongside of any other receiver in existence today. See for yourself how it tunes the whole broadcast band without concern for the miles that may exist between broadcaster and receiver, and with equal unconcern for proximity to local stations. Thrill to real 10 Kilocycle selectivity over the whole band! Thrill to the *fact* that there's a station at *every* dial point! Then cover the 15-250 meter band. Listen to stations in Europe, Asia, South America, Africa, Australia. Enjoy a tour of the entire world, in your own living room. Then, and only then will you fully realize why all major world's records are held by Scott receivers and that the new Scott All-Wave is, in all truth, the greatest achievement in modern radio engineering.

The price of the new Scott All-Wave is amazingly low. You'll be agreeably surprised when you hear the low figure at which this remarkable instrument may be obtained.

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Send me full particulars of the new Scott All-Wave Superheterodyne.

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TOWN..... STATE.....



"OLD SIG", as he is known to many, has had a finger in all kinds of Radio pies . . . has been musical director, sports announcer, spot news broadcaster. Now he is M. C. of the Happy Wonder Bakers, NBC

Sigmund Spaeth

A Learned Ph. D. and a Jolly M. C.

Sigmund Spaeth

He has Three Unique Achievements to his Credit. He is Doctor of Philosophy in Music, Master of Ceremonies, and a Hero to his Stenographer! She tells here many Amusing Anecdotes of this Radio Pioneer's early Experiences

By MARCHA KROUPA

I FIRST heard the voice of Dr. Sigmund Spaeth while pinch-hitting one day at the switch-board of a big piano company in 1920, when he had just been appointed an educational director of that organization. He talked so long on the telephone and as there were only two trunk lines available, I exclaimed in a very exasperated manner, "Ye Gods, this man ought to talk for a living!"

And much to my surprise I later found out he did. I did not know then that the title of "doctor", which the whole piano trade used with a reverential awe, was actually a Ph.D. from Princeton University, and that "Old Sig" as his friends invariably came to call him, had won his degree in English, German and Philosophy, with a very learned yet very readable thesis on "Milton's Knowledge of Music! Its Sources and its Significance in his Works".

He later became my boss and always insisted that clearness was the one and only object of all writing, talking and thinking. "If you find that you have written a sentence that is not entirely clear," he would say, "it probably means that your thought is not entirely clear in your own mind. First find out exactly what you really mean, and then put it down on paper so that other people will understand it also."

His business letters were the envy of all his colleagues, and still are. So far as personal letters are concerned, he never wrote me more than a picture postcard, so I can't qualify on that subject. But Dr. Spaeth did teach me a lot about the English language, especially punctuation. He insisted again that there were no rules of punctuation except the demands of clearness. That elusive little atom known as the comma was to him a mere indication of where the voice would naturally pause in a spoken sentence. "Say it out loud", was his rule, "and then you'll know where to put your commas. There are too many commas anyway". (And I am still hoping that letters will eventually be written like telegrams.)

Now that Sigmund Spaeth is known all over this country and in parts of Europe as a writer, a speaker, a teacher and a pioneer of Radio, it is rather good fun to try and put down, as clearly as he himself would wish, some of the impressions of ten years spent almost entirely in his employ. (I might have said "in his service," but that is a little too full of humility. After all, every man of ability needs a lot of managing.)

It was Dr. Spaeth's Radio work that always interested me most, and I still feel that this is his most important field of activity, both as a propagandist for good music and as an effective entertainer of the general public. He has taken part in practically every branch of Radio except the mechanical.



Marcha Kroupa, who writes this, has been Dr. Spaeth's secretary for many years

In the early days of the broadcasting stations, the Ampico reproducing piano was often used to fill in on a program, or even to accompany a singer or a violinist. Dr. Spaeth made many interesting experiments in this connection and also introduced the actual artist on the air, in direct comparison with his own piano recording.

Many of the pioneer programs of station WJZ, in the old Newark days, were arranged by Dr. Spaeth, and he likewise acted as musical adviser for the Atwater Kent programs before the big international artists came into the picture. Roy Durstine, another Princeton man, whose advertising firm has been closely identified with Radio from the outset, had Dr. Spaeth write a booklet on "Music in the Air", and later he prepared a similar pamphlet, "Listening", for the Kolster Corporation, which was widely distributed.

It was at WOR, then also in Newark, that Dr. Spaeth gave the first series of talks on music appreciation ever presented on the air, and this proved very successful and ran for a long time. It came about through a modest program in the piano salon of the Bamberger store, on which occasion, incidentally, Dr. Spaeth introduced to broadcasting a very fine violinist, Godfrey Ludlow, who shortly afterward joined the forces of WJZ, where he became a great success both as a performer and as an announcer. This was only one of many similar cases.

So far as I know, Dr. Spaeth was also the first to make a success of the "ad lib" style of announcing, which eventually became the bad child of the studios and is still looked upon with some dis-

(*Continued on page 101*)

Diamond Horseshoe

Takes to the Air

Millions Now Share the Golden Circle with Society's Elect



New Simmons Program Brings Darlings of Opera to Radio

By Richard Spencer

Sigrid Onegin, noted concert artist

MIGNON picked up her hoopskirts and Norma her flowing priestess' robe, and in one leap crossed the great gap between the Metropolitan Opera and a Radio studio. Carmen, with a click of castanets and a swirl of shawl trod on the toes of the bedeviled Faust, and jostled the stately Rhadames escorting his Aida along the same road in oriental pomp.

In other words, opera has come to Radio.

A current and recently inaugurated series of programs on Columbia's air offers to music lovers under the sheltering and sponsoring wing of the Simmons Company much of the finest in music and the most famous of names known to the operatic stage today, and at that under a plan of program setup tending to make for very delightful listening.

Under the baton of Wilfred Pelletier, conductor of French, Russian and English opera for the Metropolitan, a picked symphony orchestra of thirty-two pieces provides the instrumental background for the artists, among whom may already be numbered such as Beniamino Gigli, Rosa Ponselle, Giovanni Martinelli, Marie Jeritza, Sigrid Onegin, Queena Mario, Lily Pons, Grace Moore and Tito Schipa.

The program gives every indication of being a distinct step in the welding of opera and Radio, which until very recently have been so deplorably far apart. Be that as it may, it is assuredly a big step in the right direction so far as Radio presentation of this type of entertainment is concerned.

OF course certain aspects of the plans made for Radio City in New York are another thing again. If, and as seems at the moment highly probable, the Metropolitan Opera is housed in one branch of that gigantic project, it goes almost without saying that the wedding bells for opera and Radio will ring out over the broadcast channels. But—as I said—that is another thing again—and is still much of the future.

Today it is still rather a goodly jump from the glittering galaxies of the "diamond horseshoe" at the Metropolitan to the arid atmosphere of a broadcasting studio—so far indeed that when for this or that reason operatic stars have been heard over your loudspeaker—it is an even chance they gave beauty or fashion hints, tips on what the well-dressed man will wear—or won't—or if you were very lucky, thrilling moments from those other dramas enacted in the grimy, canvas-encrusted chasm "backstage"—things that the diamond bedecked dames in the audience never dreamt of, and would not be interested in beyond a polite boredom if called to their attention.

This does not mean that opera stars have not been heard singing on the air—no indeedy—there has been a distinct and growing tendency in that direction, though hindered chiefly by, er—"contractual obligations"—I think is the term usually dragged in by the announcer of the moment.

Of reasons there are plenty. One is the quite natural desire of the artists to cash in on an additional and highly remunerative field. Another perhaps, is pressure brought to bear by those behind the principal broadcasting corporations, an effort to cater to that large air audience which prefers music of the vocal order, and which has suffered at least long and in varying degree, if not exactly silently.

THEN, too, we must take cognizance of the attributes of big business—of interlocking directorates—and this and that. So not to be overlooked is the natural desire of one angle of such a combination to make capital of the good things enjoyed by another and complimentary one.

To get down to concrete cases, consider



GRACE MOORE. Mr. Ziegfeld hired her for beauty, but later Mr. Gatti-Casazza of Metropolitan Opera liked her voice. A Simmons star.

for a moment the Victor people, with oodles of opera stars under contract. What more natural than that their affiliated corporations, the RCA and National Broadcasting, should look with desirous eyes on those selfsame artists? Nor is it strange that in view of more recent events such as that of present consideration, we should see a sudden and unprecedented rush of these same artists to the microphones of said affiliated corporations, they being for the most part under contract to Victor for recordings.

Of course there have been various and sundry operatic hours, perhaps among the most notable being those which have been picked up from the stage of the Chicago center.

These, however, have been only in part, fault number one; and as far as Radio engineers have gone toward the ultimate perfection of broadcasting, pickup of a program direct from the stage during the play never has been, to be kind, wholly satisfactory. Fault number two.



Giovanni Martinelli; another Simmons star

Of what you hear at home nothing need be said here. Those who like this type of program have most assuredly heard those Simmons hours which have become Radio history; and hearing, were content.

In makeup the hour is unique. The artist around whose famous numbers the individual program is built has full scope in which to offer his or her best. The one selection given over to the orchestra is just enough to lend pleasing contrast to the hour.

But enough of that! Have done!

Here I would tell you of the scene presented recently in the studio at Columbia at the Simmons premiere on a Monday night at 8:30 o'clock.

Sit in a corner near the control room and half close your eyes, just sufficiently to shut out the confining walls of the studio—to lend distance to your perspective—and it is a very easy matter to be moved mentally to that lobby at the opera which gives onto the lavishly publicized diamond horseshoe.



Maria Jeritza of Metropolitan Opera fame

Even the flowers are there, the bouquets, great vases and baskets of them, more probably than when the opera star was enthusiastically accepted by an audience at the Metropolitan.

Surely were one actually at the opera but little more of brilliance could meet the eye, no more fastidious display of the ultra-smart in gowns—no more prodigal parading of fortunes in gems. Look where one will, it is a keen eye indeed that can spot aught but full evening dress. And if finally discovered it is more than likely to be none but the control engineer seated behind his panel full of dials and doodads. Even here if one gets close enough so that more than a head is visible, it is an even wager a dinner kit will move into view.

Yes, there has been a deliberate attempt to make the program a high hat one indeed.

The Simmons people have had an urge to go on the air for some time, but were unwilling to take the step until they could secure that which they felt was of an order fine enough to be known as the "Simmons Program".

It is known that more than a year ago negotiations were under way to present Fritz Kreisler under their sponsorship, but for one reason and another that dream never materialized. But now they have secured the type of program material they want, on the air they are, and it is to be hoped, for a good long time.

A DEAL of care and thought was expended to make the offering as perfect as possible. The hour of presentation was chosen as being—not too late for the younger set before they start out on their nightly quest of venture and adventure—and early enough for the old folks. Thought is given to the listener who is congenitally against advertising on the air, a very brief opening bit, and the closing announcement is made prior to the last offering of the singer—leaving a very pleasant taste withal.

In naming Wilfred Pelletier to direct the orchestra, which by the bye is composed largely of Philharmonic musicians, they chose well indeed. Besides his duties at the Metropolitan, where he was made a conductor at the surprising age of twenty years, he is director of the San Francisco Opera and of the Ravinia Park concerts at Chicago in the early summer.

The idea has been to make the programs in the nature of a studio social event, and to that end attendance at the Simmons hour has been by engraved invitation only—with the old R.S.V.P. and all that—to a selected few. To get in without one of these cards is about as hard as crashing a star's dressing room, and I am still wondering how I turned the trick.

Of just how this scheme of things, making a Radio broadcast a social event, has worked out, there will be more to be said later.

As one sits in a corner of the studio, doing one's best to hide a sack suit behind



Wilfred Pelletier, the orchestra conductor

a harp, the while reveling in the wealth of melody which floods the place—and taking more or less for granted the smoothness and perfection of the presentation—it is rather difficult to visualize the many trials and obstacles that had to be overcome in the very beginning before the programs could ever be presented.

Such things as conflicting or limiting contracts, and prior professional engagements of the artists, were but a few of the barriers that had to be successfully hurdled. The date of appearance of the singers had to be set so as to cause no conflict with their scheduled appearances in opera. Opera companies, even the Metropolitan, have a habit of going on tours, and this fact alone sprouted more than one gray hair in the harassed head of the program director.

Just to give you, who have nothing to do but sit back at your ease and drink your emotional fill of these offerings, some idea of the minor points that had to be

(*Continued on page 98*)

Friend Husband

"I Have To Feed His Pet Oysters, Buy His Neckties, Shoo Him to the Studio on Time—There's Nobody Like Him"

By Mrs. Graham McNamee



Friend wife—Mrs. Graham McNamee

I HAVE been trying to think of the things I might tell you about Graham, and do you know, the first thing that comes to mind is that he likes apple pie better than almost anything else to eat. And, I don't mind telling you it must be apple pie that I bake.

But I suppose we had better start at the beginning of a day: Graham usually has his breakfast some place between the dining room and the front door. Inasmuch as it is seldom more than a glass of milk—he never has time for anything else—I don't have much trouble getting it to him before he is gone. I am not sure what he has for lunch because I rarely see him then. I do manage, however, to see that he eats a good dinner. It's keeping that dinner good that is occasionally difficult, as the hour for dining in our apartment is just about what it is in a first-class hotel. From six o'clock on.

Also in checking up with my friends I find that Graham, like most other husbands, is under the impression that the best place to practice golf putting is on the living room rug. In our house the game usually starts about midnight after he gets home from work.

As husbands go I can't imagine anybody just like Graham. When he gets a new necktie it is because I have bought it for him. His favorite color is blue. I usually remember where he put his key ring, what particular shirt he wants, where the collar buttons are kept and when to have his hair cut. At some time in his life he may have arrived at some railroad station two minutes before the train left. But usually I land there first with his bag, and those important papers he forgot to take when he left the apartment.



From a portrait by Howard Chandler Christy

Graham McNamee

With Graham working as he does, and not knowing just when he will be free, our social life is necessarily difficult. I make it a point to keep the hours he keeps, and to entertain our friends when it is convenient for him. Many a time I've made pancakes and fried egg sandwiches at four o'clock in the morning.

Although Graham's work takes him away a great deal, I have one advantage over most other wives. I can always hear him. And no matter where he is the first thing he does when he finishes a broadcast is to telephone me and say: "Did you hear the program? Well, how was it?"

Living in a pent house on top of a skyscraper we cannot have the pets Graham would like to own—a couple of dogs, for instance. He doesn't feel that it is fair to keep a dog in a small apartment. But as many other people think differently, he gets a lot of fun playing with the neighbors' puppies. Once this caused great excitement. He was late leaving the house for a very important broadcast. I think he drank his glass of milk that morning while waiting for the elevator. It was some time after that that the telephone rang and a frantic voice asked: "Where's Graham?" "Why he's gone. Left here fifteen minutes ago." I said. Five minutes later I answered it again, and five minutes after that. Doing a little detective work of my own, I discovered that Mr. McNamee had stopped in the lobby to play with a terrier puppy while the broadcasting company was considering sending out the police to locate him.

LIKE most people associated with public events, Graham has many souvenirs, of which he is extremely proud. For my part, I'm proudest of the phonograph record made when he broadcast Lindbergh's return. Graham has in his study nine autographed baseballs, a chunk of coal which he mined himself, keys to several cities, a commission making him a Kentucky Colonel, loving cups of various sorts, lots and lots of pictures, and oh yes! his police record—finger prints and all. I must admit that the record was done as a joke. But Graham didn't know that until it was all over.

Being the wife of an announcer is fun, but it also has its difficulties. I wonder if any of you women ever tried mothering a hundred pounds of oysters or a live wild turkey. I've had to. The

(*Continued on page 105*)



Ex-sheep herder + ex-book salesman = Billy Jones and Ernie Hare, the Interwoven Pair

Seventy Radio How They

There's a Chance for You if you have Salesmen, Cowpunchers, Stenographers

By Evans

PART ONE OF A SERIES

HOW DID the big air favorites get started? Is there any set formula or rule by which you or I can get the "break"? Perhaps this study of some of Radio's most notable artists and entertainers may help. But first—take a tip from an old-timer who has been watching Radio grow since twelve years before KDKA and WJZ blew their first tubes. Here's the tip:

Good voice, dramatic ability or musicianship does not mean success in Radio.

There are many better voices, actors and musicians outside the studios than the stars within. But they've something missing. Call it "X" if you will. That X means the difference between Radio success and failure.

Radio, like the movies, stage and vaudeville, is looking for "trick" voices, acts, instrumentalists, stunts, bands—something that is different and something that has an uncanny appeal to the public when pumped through a microphone into millions of blind loud speakers. We'd all like to think we are Amoses and Andys, but most of us, except perhaps one out of a million, never will be.

That sermon may be a bit off the original subject, "How They Got Started", but nevertheless it may save many a mike-struck lass and lad a whole flock of heartaches later. How did the big favorites get under way? Well, here is a study of many stars of varying magnitude and brilliance all of whom are living room topics to most of you.



Being a traveling salesman didn't exhaust Jimmy Wallington's capacity for telling stories so he became an NBC announcer.

Few of the present stars trained themselves especially for Radio, for when they were young there was no such thing as hurling voices and music through space. So the microphone drew much of its entertaining personnel from stage, opera, vaudeville, concert hall and movie lot. Yet many of the big names today came by none of these routes. They accidentally went before the microphone and became successes practically overnight, much to their utter astonishment.

In their various pasts, Graham McNamee, James Wallington and "Old Topper" Ray Perkins were traveling salesmen. "Roxy" Rothafel and Wallace Butterworth clerked in department stores, and Roxy also was once an American Marine. Of the Landt Trio and White, Karl Landt taught chemistry, Dan was a house painter, Jack was still in school and Howard White ran a bakery. William Merrigan Daly was editor of *Everybody's Magazine*. Elizabeth Davenport, Vee Lawnhurst and Giovanni Siragusa, a recent find, were accomplished pianists before their voices were discovered by Radio directors. David Ross had a widely varied career including even being an orphan asylum supervisor. Louis Katzman was a "jack" of twenty trades before Radio. James Stanley, Merle Johnson, Ben Bernie and Nat Shilkret started out in life to be civil, electrical or mechanical engineers.

BUT probing farther into the mikesters' backgrounds, one uncovers many interesting facts.

Freeman F. (Amos) Gosden served in the Navy during the War, then became a tobacco salesman. Returning to Richmond, Va., he danced a clog dance in a "home town" talent show staged by Chicago professionals. He did well enough to earn a job coaching similar shows for that outfit. Thus his life converged with Charles J. (Andy) Correll. The latter sold newspapers as a boy in Peoria, Ill., laid brick for his family's construction company, and in his evenings turned out to be considerable of an entertainer, playing the piano, acting, dancing and singing. He was hired as a coach by the home town show production company.

Stars Tell Started

"X"—air "It"! These folks were and Whatnot before Taking the Air

E. Plummer



Here's one phase of Lowell Thomas' multi-colored career—Chicago newspaper reporter.

Correll met Gosden when the former was assigned to teach the latter the business. Six years later, made office managers in Chicago for the company, they took a joint apartment. For fun they went to WEBH, Chicago, in 1924 and tried out as a harmony team. They were given a job—without pay.

Stage appearances and a small pay job at another station were next. Then that station wanted a daily comic skit based on a famous strip appearing in the newspaper owning the station. Correll and Gosden tried to write it but gave up. Instead they proposed a blackface turn, "Sam 'n' Henry". Almost from the start it was a success. Two years later (1928) they took Announcer Bill Hay along to another Chicago station, higher pay, and to avoid legal troubles, the names Amos 'n' Andy. Transcriptions made them nationally famous and NBC did the rest.



Henry Burbig could have been catcher of Detroit National League Team but chose to put 'em across instead—as CBS monologist.

LOWELL THOMAS didn't train for Radio—it trained on him. Thomas, in his thirty-eight years, has been Chicago newspaper reporter, college professor, and discoverer of news events in strange and difficult lands all over the world. The latter work made him friend of kings, sultans, premiers, generals and mandarins; turned him into a famous author and caused him to give lectures to standing-room-only audiences in the world's largest auditoriums. His voice, trained for public speaking by his father, was a Radio "natural". The magazine for which he newscasts nightly sought him out.

Phillips Lord, creator of *Sunday at Seth Parker's* and *Uncle Abe and David*, graduated in '25 from Bowdoin College, was a teacher and strived to become a magazine editor. Tuning in one night to a rural sketch on his Radio, he recognized some discrepancies as a result of his early environment. He hied himself to the Radio studios and showed them how it should be done. The Seth Parker sketch, first of his creations, paved the way for the second one in which Yankee humor mixes with shrewd bargaining.

Arthur Allen, past the fifty year mark now, wanted to be an organist but the lure of the stage won him. He played years in stock and on Broadway and finally entered Radio with character parts in the Soconyland and Schradertown programs. Now you hear him four nights a week as the mean "David" who plays opposite good-natured "Uncle Abe" as enacted by Phillips Lord.

"ROXY" (S. L.) ROTHAFEL, native of Stillwater, Mich., after department store clerking and a "hitch" in the U. S. Marine Corps, found himself in early movie days a successful pioneer in presenting stage shows and other entertainment along with the feature films. New York soon claimed him, and when broadcasting began, it was only natural that a mike should be placed in the Capitol Theater, where Roxy was then located. His method of announcing and quality of programs made him an early favorite and he still stands his ground. In checking, incidentally, on where many of the present musical air favorites had their first "break", I learned that Roxy was responsible for launching many of them on their way to fame and futures. Roxy has probably started off as many Radio vocalists as Mme. Ernestine Schumann-Heink has operatic proteges.

"Tony Cabooch", or Chester J. Gruber, climbed from ragged newsboy to vaudeville success. For eighten years he did his more than half a dozen dialect impersonations to the encore cries of vaudeville patrons in England, France, Germany and his own United States. Then, by reason of a friend's recommendation, KMOX, St. Louis, tried him out. In fourteen

weeks of applause-weary 1929 he pulled 42,000 fan letters! A commercial chain contract soon followed.

Jones and Hare wandered about in many jobs. Billy Jones was government clerk, bank clerk, sheep herder, miner, telephone and telegraph lineman, carpenter and blacksmith before he discovered he could sing. Ernie Hare only sold books, pianos and baking powder until he learned likewise. They met in a phonograph recording studio, tried a double act, and merged. Much vaudeville acting and singing followed after that and before Radio dawned in 1921. The pair were selected to become "The Happiness Boys" way back when on what was one of the first toll (meaning commercial) programs, and it looks as if they will beat Weber and Fields yet on their partnership duration.

"OLD TOPPER" Ray Perkins was in turn a college student musically inclined, an army captain, an advertising salesman, a music critic, a song writer, a vaudeville performer, early Radio performer (as "Judge Junior"), once more a vaudeville star, and three years later, again a luminary of the air. Wendell Hall, air pioneer, started writing songs and singing them as he strummed one of the first ukuleles, when he was still in high school in Chicago. KYW drafted his talents to fill its hours when it was the first station in town. His tours, songs and vaudeville work have made him internationally known.

Gene and Glenn made air debuts on separate teams before they made network fame together. Glenn Rowell ran away from his Pontiac, Ill., home at the age of thirteen to join a tent show, eventually became a song plugger in a ten-cent store, next elevated himself to be music publisher's representative, and then became a theater organist. WLS attracted him in its early days and there he teamed with Ford Rush. Gene Carroll at the age of seven carried a crown in a play at Hull House, Chicago. His fate was sealed. He likewise teamed with a pal as Jack and Gene at WLS at about the same time Ford and Glenn were going over great. WLW and WTAM engagements followed and the two teams melted into simply one of Gene and Glenn. In Cleveland the networks found them the toast of the town, and so you hear them every week morning—with your toast.

Brad and Al, the Senator and Major, or whatever name a sponsor wishes to call them, also traveled many roads before Radio. Bradford Browne was a stenographer for the government in Washington, a successful cemetery lot salesman, a realtor on a larger scale till his assets shrunk, and a lawyer. Al Llewelyn watched an open hearth steel furnace in Pittsburgh until the plant and his job burned down. Brad and Al met in a Newark, N. J., boarding house as both reached for the hash simultaneously. Becoming pals, they wrote a musical act, formed the Radio comedy team of "Ham and George, the Cellar Knights", and as such were discovered by WABC and CBS.

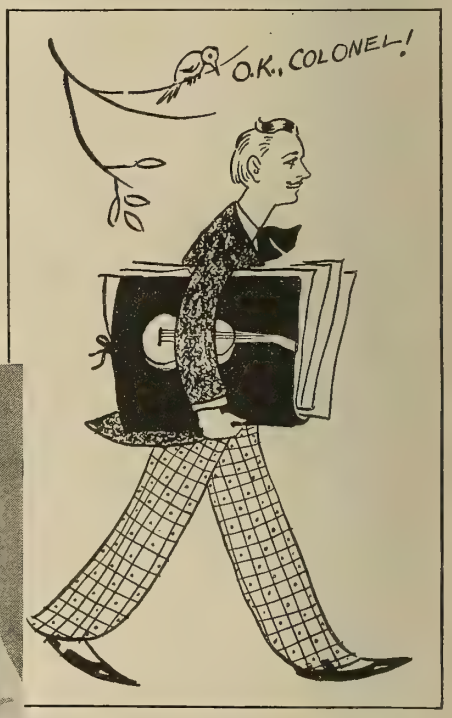
"DAD" (Obediah) Pickard and his family got into financial difficulties and Radio with their old-time and hill-billy songs in Nashville, Tenn., at practically one and the same time. "Solemn Old Judge" George Hay, WSM's director, found their talents just as Dad Pickard's commercial credit business blew up. Confident of himself, Dad loaded mother, Bubb, Ruth and four-year-old Anne into the family flivver along with their fiddle, jews-harp, harmonicas, guitar and banjo, and rattled on to New York. Parking at 711 Fifth Avenue, the family took their instruments and asked to be shown to M. H. Aylesworth, the president of NBC. Just to show you that it can be done, the big chief saw them. Dad told his tale of financial woe and Aylesworth asked him what they could do. In one minute the family had their instruments out of their cases and were playing the first music that ever had been played in the office of the head man of the National Broadcasting Company. They were booked, too, as you well know.

Phil Cook, the man with half a dozen characters in his voice, started out in life as a commercial artist. As a sideline he began to write songs. Books for musical shows followed from his pen. Vaudeville audiences soon enjoyed his comic characterizations and songs, his guitar and ukulele playing. Early in WJZ's day he tried it on the listeners. They liked him, and there at the mike he stayed.

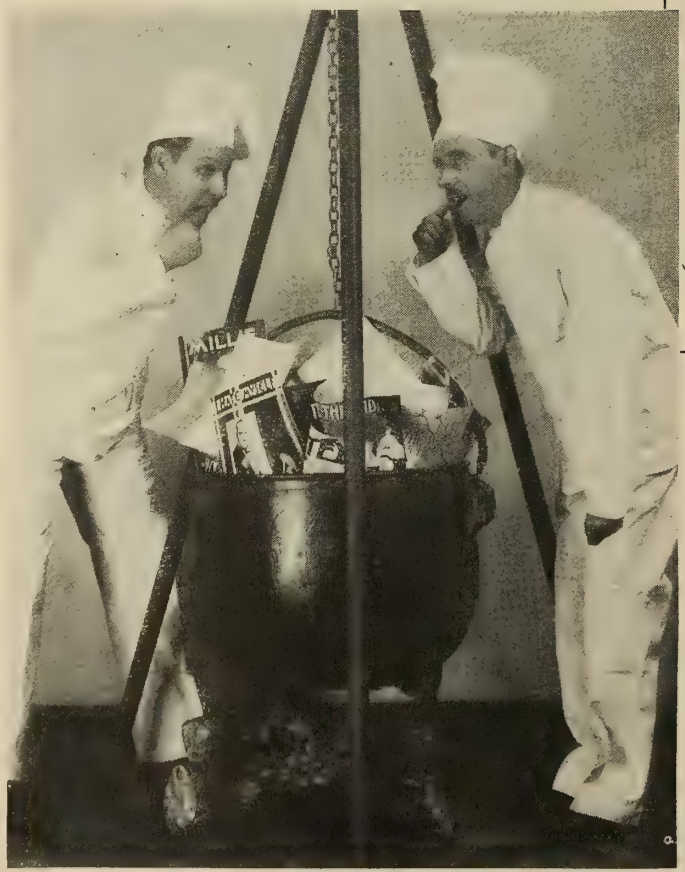
Jesse Crawford's first job was playing the piano in a nickelodeon for five dollars weekly. He worked at that three years, doubling his pay, and then took a cut back to the original five to work in another theater as organist. He learned the organ on that job! As one of the best pioneer movie organists he initiated many successful ideas, was one of the first to broadcast, and now he's on top in New York at the Paramount Theater.

Henry Burbig, the burlesquing monologist, at fourteen had evolved his first act, "Abie Goldstein's Wedding." It won $5 in an amateur contest. An eighteen-year-old friend, who was dancing on skates in vaudeville, encouraged him to see a vaudeville manager. Burbig did. The

Phil Cook was commercial artist before becoming the big pancake and syrup man.



Al Llewelyn (right) once stirred up things over the open hearth in a Pittsburgh steel factory. Brad Browne, lawyer, gave his opponents some awful pannings. Now they're both cooking up programs for CBS



manager listened and booked him befor the piece was finished. Sixteen weeks of vaudeville followed. He continued his school studies. At one time, just eleven years ago, he almost turned ball player. He was offered the catcher's mask by both the St. Louis and Detroit National League teams. He didn't accept. Instead he kept up his vaudeville work, and, with Radio's coming, he donated his services to the microphone. The networks discovered him as a result of his tremendously successful broadcasts from a New York station. He's been on the air eight years.



Gene and Glenn rose from vaudeville to the chain gang (NBC). Now they're thinking of going higher—but they're cautiously testing a Zeppelin part before flying.

Charles W. Hamp, remembered by Eastern fans as last year's "Early Bird", and who is one of the greatest stars on the Pacific Coast, played first in a dance orchestra, thumped a piano at twenty in a vaudeville theater's pit, trouped for two years in musicomedy, invaded Italy with a jazz band and excited the olive-skinned Verdi lovers enough to win the Dal Verme medal in Milan's Teatro Dal Verme, entered Radio via the audition route as an announcer, and then evolved his piano-playing, singing and chatting act.

"DOBBSIE", or Hugh Barrett Dobbs, every bit as big as Amos 'n' Andy on the West Coast, walked into the studios of KPO six years ago and applied for an audition. In four and a half years he had accumulated over a million letters attesting to his popularity. A commercial sponsor signed him for three years at a salary higher than President Hoover's. Back of Dobbsie's air success, we find him attending Johns Hopkins at Baltimore to become an instructor in physical culture, graduating and taking a world tour, next teaching physical training, and then promoting the building of outdoor playgrounds in New York City. Judge Ben Lindsay sent for him to do the same for Denver; Seattle was next to call. Then, in 1905, he became associated with the U. S. Government Survey and aided in establishing the boundary between Alaska and Canada. Commercial movies occupied his attention after that, and in 1924 he came to San Francisco to sell musical instruments. His Radio tryout followed this varied career.



Civil engineering supported Merle Johnson before his saxophone did.

ANTHONY WONS, of "Tony's Scrapbook", is a born philosopher. Working his way through college by making automobiles, beds and punching cows, he probably would have continued fishing, hunting and thinking in the Eagle River country of Wisconsin, but that he felt the air was short on philosophy. So he went to WLS and proposed to start a philosophical period, communing with kindred spirits among the fans. His scrapbook, a collection of bits of poetry and philosophy submitted by his listeners and gathered also by himself, sold 80,000 copies in nine months. Going to WLW, he sold 90,000 of its next edition in a like period. CBS scouts were watching and had him sign the dotted line.

Little Jack Little, whose right name is Leonard, wrote a lot of college songs at the University of Iowa, so turned to song writing when he was graduated. He was given a job as song plugger in Chicago eight years ago and told to use the Radio stations. He worked with a partner in his earlier days. Then he went on alone, crooning in his inimitable way as he played his own accompaniments. Tours playing every principal station in the country followed along with vaudeville engagements. In the past several years he settled in Cincinnati to make WLW his headquarters, but NBC finally awakened and signed him up early this year.

Ohman and Arden, the duo-pianists, didn't know one another when they both were looking for work and food in New York. Phil Ohman was hired by Wanamaker's and Vic Arden landed with Ampico. Ohman first met Arden when applying to him for work making player rolls. When Arden went to Q.R.S. to make rolls he took along Ohman to work out the duo piano recording scheme. Their first work of this type brought society, club and musical show engagements. Friends persuaded them to embark on a Radio career.

ROBERT L. RIPLEY, whose unusual syndicated "Believe It or Not" cartoons brought him his Eastern network contract, sold his first drawing to a humorous magazine for $8 when he was fourteen years old.

JUST folks after all—these people who entertain you on the air. No royal Radio antecedents in this field. It shows that we are interested in people who know us and belong to us from all walks in life. That's why you are going to enjoy the next installment wherein Mr. Plummer will tell you how other successful Radio celebrities got their start. Don't miss it in the June RADIO DIGEST.

Stand



The Muezzin, calling all good Mohammedans to prayer

OUR Radio station at Algiers was really a birthday gift for the Centenary year, 1930, the year of Algeria's hundredth birthday as a French colony. It is an appropriate present, for after one hundred years of development under French rule Algeria may be said to have attained its majority, and is now important enough to make its voice heard among the nations.

The Radio station is some ten miles from the town of Algiers on the road from Maison Carrée to l'Arba, and was opened by His Excellency The Governor General of Algeria. It is a simple and dignified building, gleaming with oriental whiteness under the African sun, and well suited to the Algerian landscape.

Technical details of interest are as follows:—Wave Length, 364.50 metres, feeder power, 100 kilowatts, aerial power, 13 kilowatts, and modulation percentage 100 per cent. The station has a high frequency emittor of three circuits, and there are six automatically cooled valves, the cooling being done by an ingenious water system. The pylons supporting the antennae are about 250 feet high. The calculated radius of action is nearly 3,000 miles.

The Algiers Radio is fitted with the most modern apparatus, and with a five valve set and a loud speaker it has been clearly heard west of the Azores, and letters reporting good reception have been received from Newfoundland and from Tonkin in French Indo China.

The writer of the present article has received hundreds of letters from various parts of England and Scotland and Ireland, as well as from Eupropean countries, commenting on the clearness with which Algiers can be heard. A few letters have also been received from the U. S. A. In fact, several writers wished to know if they had been hoaxed when they heard an English voice announced as speaking from Algiers, and one writer said that he had been told by his friends, to whom he related his experiences, that the Algiers station did not exist.



Arabian musicians address their love songs to the mike as to some houri of a Mohammedan paradise when they broadcast.

The actual broadcasting studio is in Algiers itself, and the programs are transmitted from there to the broadcasting station and then relayed back again to a loud speaker in a room adjoining the studio, so that the studio staff can judge how the program sounds to listeners. The principal program is given in the evening from 7 p. m. to 11 p. m. Greenwich mean time. While of course for the most part the French language is used, there are also items in Arabic, and English and Esperanto.

Among the interesting regular items are the Arab music and singing, and talks given by natives. It is amusing to watch the native musicians in front of the microphone—they address their love songs to the instrument as to some houri

By *for* Morocco!

By Le Capitaine

(*Special Correspondent to* Radio Digest)



from his balcony was one of the first "broadcasters".

of a Mohammedan paradise. The Arab stories, too, are often really humorous; they are told first in Arabic and then translated into French.

The English talks have been for the most part descriptive of the scenery and the life in Algeria.

It will readily be realized that a powerful Radio station is of especial benefit to a country like Algeria where farms and estates are far-flung over wide areas, and communications not so numerous as in America or Europe. It is also a powerful means of propaganda and publicity, and as the natives are already taking an interest in wireless it will help to spread French culture throughout the whole of French North Africa.

At the fourth Algerian wireless exhibition held at Algiers last November many of the visitors were puzzled by one of the exhibits. It was a safe, just like any other safe, but when one put a hand near it or approached it, or even when any object at all came near it there was a loud ringing which warned the owner that some unauthorized person was near his safe. This is a scientific application of the principle underlying the phenomena of capacity variation, so well known to wireless amateurs.

It was most interesting to watch the large groups interested in this exhibit, and to hear their comments while there.

In the campaign launched against malaria by the Algerian Government General one of the most important weapons is the Algiers Radio. This reaches not only distant colonists and farmers in North Africa but also many of the native population.

Last Autumn the first of an important series of lectures was broadcast from Algiers by the medical officer in charge of the anti-malaria service. In addition, at all the concerts of native music and singing which are regularly given every week from Algiers practical advice on the prevention of malaria is broadcast in Arabic.

The Algiers wireless station is adopting a novel method to find a new announcer. There are thirty applicants for the post and a committee will select the three most suitable speakers. Afterwards, three special concerts will be given at which the three selected candidates will act as announcers, and listeners will be invited to send letters voting for the candidate they prefer. Prizes amounting to francs 10.000 are offered for the best letters.

"WHY don't you give the DX hounds something to chase?" demanded a caller at Radio Digest. *"We are picking up distant stations all over the world practically every night. Come on out and we'll prove it." A day or so later the article and pictures on this page chanced to come from a correspondent in Algiers. Let's see if some of our DX fans can pick up this station. Next month we are going to give the DX friends an article by Charles J. Gilchrist, secretary of the Chicago Daily News DX Club.*

WIRELESS is becoming increasingly popular among the native population of North Africa, owing, in great measure, to the excellent propaganda work on behalf of Radio-Alger and Radio-Maroc, which was done earlier in the year by "The Giant's Voice", a travelling wireless installation and loud speaker. The installation consists of two motor vehicles, one for the actual broadcasting and the other containing the power plant. The plant has a specialized output of more than 600 watts derived

(*Continued on page*)

The RISE of



CAROL DEIS traded her typewriter
for a grand piano and $5,000 cash

Carol Deis

She Hitched Her Wagon to the Bell Song And They Heard Her Round the World

By **Anne B. Lazar**



Mr. Atwater Kent presents a $5,000 check each to Carol Deis and Raoul Nadeau, audition prize winners.

JUNE skies, fleecy clouds floating daintily in the blue heaven. A robin cheering lustily in a maple shade tree at the corner. Green lawns and hedges. Children idling homeward from school their books tucked under their arms. A farmer with a long red beard seated in his horse drawn cart, homeward bound from a successful morning in the public market.

Carol Deis was going home, too. She had finished her second year of high school—and she would not be going back. She was not very happy and the world suddenly assumed prodigious and inconceivable proportions. Next year she would be in a business college. And what would that lead to?

Certainly she had no great interest in business. She wanted to be a singer, an artist; oh if some kind fairy would wave a wand and make her an opera star! But how could a girl win artistic fame and success in Dayton? A bumblebee droned dizzily over her head. She glanced upward through the tree tops. Far above an airplane was circling upward and upward. The Wright brothers had won fame in Dayton—and there was the great flying field of the army at the edge of the town. But a girl—what could a girl do?

Well, there was no other way for the present. She must go to business college, and watch for opportunity. For a girl just finishing second year high the outlook for any rise of consequence appeared remote. All she could see was just another stenographer in an army of thousands. But anyway she would be the very best stenographer possible, and earn enough money to achieve ways and means for better things.

Before she entered her home she heard her mother singing. She adored her mother's voice. It was clear and true and sweet. Her father could also sing well, and her brother. Carol imagined that if she could only get the right sort of training she might find her future with her voice. But her dream of a grand piano suddenly turned into a typewriter—she would be playing a typewriter—a tuneless clicking typewriter!

Carol was just fifteen when a great event happened in Dayton. The famous Galli-Curci was announced for a concert. Mrs. Deis had promised Carol she would take her to hear the great diva sing some "real music".

Never had there been such a treat. Carol floated in ecstasy as the incomparable coloratura appeared on the stage and poured out the perfect notes of the revered classics. She came to the *Bell Song* from Lackme—and as Carol listened some great and wonderful thing was born in her soul. Some day she too would sing the *Bell Song*. Some day—

ONE must be inspired, and hope and strive onward and upward, even as the circling airplanes ascend into the azure skies beyond the vision of earth bound mortals. Carol was inspired. The *Bell Song* as she heard it that day lifted in angelic sweetness by Amelita Galli-Curci summoned and called up the something within that would never die as Carol followed her course through business college.

The *Bell Song* was the Star of her life toward which she would arise surely and certainly even if she did have to take her first job as a stenographer for the law firm of Estabrook, Finn and McKee. It was rather a cold prosaic world, but then she would do her best at whatever it was best for her to do.

TWO weeks after she had been assigned to a desk and a typewriter there came a call from the office of a member of the firm.

"Miss Deis!"

"Yes sir," she answered somewhat of a tremble and wondering what terrible blunder she may have committed in her tyro ignorance. Perhaps she was going to be fired. The boss looked up from his desk. His face seemed cold and expressionless.

"I believe you have been with us two weeks, and that this is your first job," he said.

"Yes sir, but I'm beginning to get onto things bet-better now," she said with a catch.

"You seem to be getting on very well, young lady," he replied. "So I thought I would let you know we have decided to raise your pay—er-beg pardon, what's the matter——"

Carol sat down in a heap on the nearest chair.

"Didn't think you'd take it that way, Miss. But if you'd rather not have the raise, why, er——"

Well, Carol recovered and mentally she began to hum something from the *Bell Song*. She had already acquired a record and had begun playing it over and over.

You see Carol had already begun to rise.

Now she was in a position to take vocal lessons. Her family joined to give her every possible advantage. She sang in the church choir—and that helped to give her poise before an audience. Ralph Thomas, now conducting an opera school in Los Angeles, was her first instructor and he held for her the most ambitious hopes.

And now let us skip over eight years during which Carol became Miss Deis.

She had been gaining ground as a singer. But still she did not feel justified in surrendering her secretarial job.

There came a day only a few weeks ago when your interviewer was called upon to see this same Miss Carol Deis in the studios of the National Broadcasting Company, 711 Fifth Ave., New York. We found her comfortably seated in a green tapestry chair, and her smiling blue eyes grew reminiscent as she leaned back and told me of some of the things that happened up to the time when she had been awarded the Atwater Kent first prize scholarship and $5,000 in cash, last December.

She was no longer the little girl with school books under her arm, but a grand young lady dressed in the latest style with black velvet gown and her abundant hair, almost typical in its auburn shade, was neatly coifed in the mode of the hour.

"I can scarcely realize it yet," she smiled. "It seems almost too good to be true. Nothing like that has ever happened to me before. Still, as I sit here in the very Radio heart from which flows such marvelous and wonderful music to all the country and the world beyond it seems an incredible dream from which I must presently awake at my little desk in the law office of Estabrook, Finn and McKee at Dayton."

INDEED it did seem unbelievable that this luxurious young pet of the musical world had only six months ago been one of the millions of young women who find their day beginning and ending in a humdrum of office detail with little hope of ever finding a way out. She fanned the edges of a little folder she held in her hand—an announcement of a new Atwater Kent contest, I believe.

"Life was so colorless, such a grind, almost as far back as I can remember," she continued. "Of course I was busy, always busy, but it was all such a deadly routine. Every girl who works in an office will understand what I mean. There was just a spark somewhere within that seemed to whisper, 'If you will keep trying, keep up your faith in me I will transform your life.' I believe that, if we recognize it, that spark of our better innerselves is in every one of us, and we can accomplish much if it is nurtured and developed to the best of our ability.

"Mother had great hopes for my voice. She had wanted to be a great singer. As I grew up she hoped I would achieve some of the things of which she had dreamed. What can be more wonderful and inspiring than a mother's love! I would have wanted to strive for success if only to please her. But it was hard to bring myself to believe that singing could ever be more for me than just an extra bit of good fortune to relieve the deadly monotony of making a living."

Then she told me something of the



"Never give up even if every day seems as hopeless as the other," says Carol Deis.

romance that blossomed into her life, an experience that did much to change the whole world for her. There was a seamy side that has no place outside the confidence through which one woman may speak to another. Her marriage did not end happily as a romance but it left her a mother and spurred her on to accomplish things she might have missed otherwise.

'AS a matter of fact," she said, "my voice really was never anything much until after little Donnie came. What happened? I cannot explain. I only know that when I resumed my vocal training I discovered new tones at my command which I had never known before. And there was distinctly more power back of my voice."

"You recommend marriage, then?" I asked in some surprise.

"Yes," she replied simply and hesitated a moment before she added, "even though it should end tragically as mine did. No girl should forego this greatest of all experiences. It calls forth the best that is in her, expands her capacity for love and compassion; and through some kind of process it changes the worst side of selfishness into a broader sense of things."

Disillusioned by the one she had loved, her ideals shaken by the breaking of lightly taken vows, she returned with her child to her mother's arms, and resumed her maiden name, Carol Deis. Once more she took up her duties in the law office from which she had stepped out into a heart-wrenching interlude of two years. Again she took up the dry transcription of legal proceedings from notebook to typewriter paper.

Seeking the old paths she soon discovered her new advantages of voice and power. She felt new courage. Somehow, some way she would find a way to achieve. Her mind was alert. Opportunity, she felt, would be found. She earned more money now. Her services were decidedly more valuable. Where would this new trend of ambition take her, toward business or toward a profession?

NOW she was a mother, a daughter, a student—and a business woman. Her life had filled out considerably, and she was nearing twenty-five. No, she did not neglect her voice culture; she followed it more vigorously than ever. She reasoned within herself she must make the most of these precious years of youth. She had good instruction.

"I feel that I owe almost everything of this new turn in my life to Ralph Thomas, my teacher," she said reminiscently. "It was the four years he took to build into my voice the important fundamentals of singing that counted. He had previously wanted me to enter this contest of the Atwater Kent Foundation. But I felt inadequate—lacked the courage to match my voice against the many, many others who, perhaps, had been better privileged than I.

"When I realized that it had to be done in 1930 or never, because of the age limit, I decided to make the try."

During all this time she never had forgotten her great ambition to sing the *Bell Song* as she had heard Galli-Curci sing it. She had never been encouraged to attempt it by her teachers because even the best of singers fear that opening cadenza, sung without accompaniment. Disaster is inevitable even if you are a very little off key.

When Mr. Thomas had finally persuaded her to try for the contest her first thought was to put all her chances on that one song. Eight months before her first local audition she began rehearsing it. Her success with this intricate song would be sure to win the favorable notice of the judges. She applied herself diligently. To acquaint herself with the Radio technique she was one evening permitted to sing a few songs over WSMK at Dayton. She conquered her tendency to mike fright and took a posture about two feet behind the microphone, hands clasped behind her head. This, she

(*Continued on page 96*)

"Yes, You American Women Are Happy"

Says Cosmo Hamilton

LAST month Anita Loos, author of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," stood on the negative side of the fence and told RADIO DIGEST *readers she doesn't believe American women are happy. Here's an Englishman's answer:*



Cosmo Hamilton

Reported by Lillian G. Genn

"NOWHERE in the world do you find women so vivacious, so ambitious and so enthusiastic as here in America. They walk swiftly up the street of life like beautiful Dianas, turning its corners with an adventurous and youthful spirit. And the zest that they derive from it comes as near to happiness as it is possible for anyone to achieve on this earth."

Thus summarized Cosmo Hamilton when he was approached for his opinion on Anita Loos' challenging statement that the American women are not happy. The famous English novelist and playwright is a sophisticated cosmopolite who has lived in many countries of the world. He has a house in London and a villa at Mentone on the French Riviera, but of late years he has been living for several months in this country where he has a very large and admiring public. Recently he engaged in a series of public debates here with Gilbert K. Chesterton, another brilliant and witty Englishman of letters.

Mr. Hamilton comes from a distinguished literary family. He is the brother of Sir Philip Gibbs and Major A. Hamilton Gibbs and the uncle of Anthony Gibbs, all of whom are well known to readers in both England and America. Lady Mary Agnes Hamilton, Member of Parliament, whose transatlantic broadcast a few months ago received considerable attention, is also a member of this renowned family.

Mr. Hamilton began his career at an early age and was under thirty when he became editor of one of London's most fashionable and clever of society journals. He took an active part in politics, served as Captain in the Legion of Frontiersmen and was commissioned in the Royal Navy Air Service in the World War. Nevertheless he found time to turn out such successful works as "The Blindness of Virtue," "Scandal," "The Rustle of Silk," "Caste," and "Parasites." Oddly enough, his new novel, "Damned Little Fool," an entertaining, romantic book, has as its basis a young woman's search for happiness, so that the discussion for RADIO DIGEST was of particular interest to him.

THE author is a tall, handsome man with the military bearing and gracious, charming manners that are so typical of the cultured and aristocratic European. His apartment in New York is a delightful and cosy place, filled with books and colorful paintings which he brought from his London house.

Lighting a cigarette in a long holder, he relaxed in a large, comfortable chair, and thoughtfully gave his views on why he believed the American women to be happy. His conclusions had been deliberate.

"I believe that Anita Loos' diagnosis was a correct one," he said in his slow, crisp voice, "but only of a certain class of women. It does not hold for American women at large. Similarly, when she declared that the European women

are happier, it applied to only a select class. When it comes to the mass of women in Europe, you do not find them to be anywhere nearly as happy as the American women are.

"FIRST of all, Europe has worn itself out. It has long been decaying, and whatever spirit it had, was effectively killed by the World War. We therefore find that its people are cynical and disillusioned. They are critical of each other and of themselves. They have no ambition or enthusiasm. And no one can be happy without them. For they are the only things that give meaning to life and make it worth while.

"When one goes to a party abroad, the thing that impresses the observer, is that there is no gayety about it. You do not see people laughing or indulging in banter. They are rather serious and solemn and talk in undertones. Their one object seems to be not to be entertaining at any price, so that it is hard to believe you are not at a funeral. Even groups of men, like the Rotary clubs here, are very quiet. There is nothing boyish about them like the American men.

"Why is this so? Simply because these people have no spirit; they have lost their zest for life. They have no hope of anything; nothing to look forward to. Thus the atmosphere of Europe is a gloomy one.



Cosmo Hamilton (from a sketch by James Montgomery Flagg)

"On the other hand, the rhythm and the vibrations of this country pulsate with youth and vigor. This naturally affects the people so that everyone here is full of life and ambition. Even the stranger who comes to these shores is influenced by the atmosphere so that he too soon falls in with the gay, quick pace. Life suddenly becomes an exciting affair.

"What I have particularly admired about the American woman is the knack she has for getting enjoyment from even small things. If she is president of her club and has an opportunity to introduce one of the literary lions of the day; if she gives a dinner and it runs off smoothly; if she wins some sort of social success in her set—these things make her exuberantly happy.

"The women here have a delightful naiveté and are very easy to please. So much so that they at times seem childlike. Perhaps that is one of the reasons why they keep youthful even when they are grandmothers.

"When an American girl starts off to a party, there is a sparkling air of anticipation about her. Her eyes and her manner tell you: 'It's going to be a marvelous party. I'm sure I'm going to have a grand time.' Just the other day, when I was leaving a woman who was going to an afternoon party, I said: 'I hope you will have a nice time.' 'Of course I will,' she laughed. 'I'm going to raise mischief!'

"It would be hard to imagine any English girl going to a party with such a spirit. She goes bored and indifferent. At the party she makes no effort to relieve the gloom. Indeed, she doesn't seem to have any capacity at all for fun.

"American women are happy in some form of achievement. If they can organize a movement, or do their share in bringing about social reforms, or hold down a position in the business world, they are enjoying life.

"English women are not interested in doing anything, while the French women are primarily concerned with their complexions and their beauty. Those who do have jobs are apathetic about them and they have no ambition to advance themselves. They work merely to mark time or to get some liberty of action which they could not otherwise obtain. The European business girl is carelessly and unattractively dressed and she has a rather hang-dog look about her.

"BUT watch the American business girl when she goes to work in the morning. She walks quickly and briskly, and glows with health and vitality. She is smartly dressed and well-spoken. She takes an intelligent interest in her job and always has her eyes on a better one. Any number of them hold important and responsible positions.

"What is more, in this country, there are no dividing lines between the classes, as there are in Europe. The business girl has as much of a chance to marry a big executive or a banker's son as the girl in a better social circle. The knowledge of these limitless business and social opportunities that are open to her and the freedom she has to make any choice that she wants, make her keen, high-spirited and ambitious.

"As for the women who are at home and who have considerable leisure, I find great numbers of them devoting themselves to the job of being better wives and mothers by improving themselves culturally, and also serving humanity in whatever way they can. For they are the ones who are chiefly bringing about worthwhile social reforms and who are undoing many hideous and unfair laws. Men grumble about laws, but they do nothing to change them. The women put pressure on politicians and statesmen and work energetically in peace movements. They investigate and establish new methods of child training and education. They sponsor cultural societies and serve on innumerable charitable boards. At their clubs they discuss and analyze anything from world politics, birth control, to labor conditions and crime prevention.

"All this work is tremendously important, for it shows that women are contributing to human progress and paving the way for a better world. At the same time, these women are living their lives fully and intensely, finding a complete outlet for their energies and enormous enthusiasm. To my mind, that is the greatest happiness and experience any human being can get."

Mr. Hamilton pointed out that European women, on the other hand, could not be happy because they have not much that they want nor are they looking for ways to gain it. They are neither active nor constructive.

"It is because the modern American woman has the opportunity to live her life creatively," he continued, "that she is happier than her grandmother was. I do not feel, with Miss Loos, that the women of other days achieved happiness by merely working for their families. We may think so simply because they did not complain. They bore the cross of life stoically.

"But life was really a dreadful affair for them. They worked like slaves merely to exist. They had no time to get any satisfaction from life. They had no freedom of thought or of action. Women in those days had to depend solely upon their husbands for happiness. The tragedy of it is that when their husbands died, they were left stranded, with no interests in life and with no ability to support themselves.

"BECAUSE a girl was not trained to earn a livelihood, it meant that she had to marry the first man who proposed to her, no matter what sort of person he was. For the same reason, she could not leave him, if he made life intolerable for her. Imagine the sadism that went on in marriage because of the woman's inability to free herself.

"If she did not marry, she had to endure the stigma of being a spinster. She was on the shelf so far as life was concerned. The only way she could manage to support herself, if she had no relatives to live with, was to take boarders in her home, sew for the neighbors or be a governess. The bachelor girl of today can get into almost any field of work. She can have her own apartment and her men friends without losing her reputation. She has freedom to travel and to enjoy life in any way she wants.

"Since she does not have to depend

(*Continued on page 99*)

The Play's the Thing

By Harriet Menken



Harriet Menken, author, authority on matters theatrical, and conductor of a weekly air-column on Station WOR.

SUCH an infant is the Radio script art in the dramatic firmament, that the leading men who are responsible for the Radio dramas that come to you over the ether waves do not even agree on what material goes to make up a good Radio play, so "you pays your money and takes your choice".

C. L. Menser, for instance, who directs the RCA half hour dramatic broadcasts you hear weekly over the National Broadcasting Company chain, as well as other airy playlets, says, "a good Radio play must have two things,—an elemental dramatic situation and structural simplicity. By the former I mean that we cannot have a play about a man who can't swim, out in a lake in a canoe that turns over, for there is nothing dramatic about this; the man is doomed. Put another man in that boat and we immediately create a dramatic situation. Is it his younger brother, perhaps, to whom the inheritance would come? If so, will he save him? Any number of situations might arise. This is drama."

In speaking of simplicity of structure, Mr. Menser explained that he was almost inclined to think that the real values exist in the old definition: "2 actors, 2 boards and a passion!" He thinks simplicity particularly important on the air because it is not what happens in the studio that counts, but in the minds of the listeners. Mr. Menser believes that two examples of perfect Radio plays illustrating both his points are George Kelly's "Finders Keepers" and Sir James Barrie's "Rosalind", which you heard recently with Billie Burke in the title rôle.

Menser's Motto is: "fewer and better Radio dramas!"

Upon discovering that this talented director was also Chairman of the Play-reading Committee at NBC, I pressed him for his reasons in turning down scripts as impossible material for Radio drama. He admitted to finding some too long, some whose themes were too sophisticated—or shall we say immoral—some with too many characters in the cast, and many plays whose whole point and crux turned on some business that required visualization. Other scripts "C. L.", as studio folk call him, simply found needed too much adaptation, "something that takes too much time. I only added twenty-five words to "Rosalind" for the Radio version", the 37 year old director commented.

But Mr. Menser thinks on the whole that a good play is a good play on the air or elsewhere, a bad play a bad one anywhere. "All this talk about a new medium, and spiritual qualities is just a lot of hooey, if you ask me", the former dramatic director at Knox College, ejaculated.

On the other hand, Vernon Radcliffe, who directs NBC's Radio Guild, one of the best dramatic hours on the air, says, "In a word, we must almost have a certain Radio shorthand. We must have plays that can be reduced to that shorthand, which means plays that have a definite structure, like Pinero's and Fitch's dramas. Then we must have actors who can read, can interpret such a script, who are constituted and trained to read our Radio shorthand."

When Mr. Radcliffe chooses a weekly vehicle for his broadcasts, he tries to select a play he says that has both the right dramatic calibre and Radio adaptability.

By the calibre of the play, Mr. Radcliffe says he means that it must have proved its worth at the time of its run, that its author must be well known, that the play must be of highly dramatic content, and that it must have an idea.

Mr. Radcliffe is not interested in plays

(*Continued on page 106*)



Don Clark, Columbia continuity chief, ponders over the merit of a script.

Keeping up with the March

TWO years of writing and researching in the offices of *Time;* one year of broadcasting weekly electrical transcriptions of dramatized news events over a nationwide group of 110 Radio stations; three months of rehearsals and auditions in the studios of the Columbia Broadcasting System—these are some of the major actuating elements behind *The March of Time.*

Three years ago at WLW I arranged a daily broadcast of news events which included paragraphs from *Time,* The Weekly Newsmagazine. It occurred to me that other broadcasters also would be glad to present a professionally prepared daily news release. I submitted the idea in a letter to the publishers of *Time* and was subsequently asked to syndicate for them a daily news release, called "NewsCasting", to Radio stations. During the summer of 1928 I visited major stations in practically all states east of the Rockies and we began the release of NewsCasting the following September over a group of 34 stations. By the spring of 1929 we had 80 stations.

I THEN began to work on the idea of dramatizing major news events. Specimen scripts were submitted to the editors. Interested, but cautious, they decided that I should test out these novel dramatizations over a period of several weeks to determine if each week would provide sufficient news for dramatic interpretation to warrant the preparation and broadcast of a first-rate Radio program.

In December of 1929 we made our first electrical transcriptions of broadcasts along this line, sent them to a small group of 20 Radio stations as an experiment, and requested comment. The approval was unanimous. From that small initial group of 20 stations, the feature spread—under the revised title, "NewsActing"—to 110 leading United States stations—from Florida to Hawaii and Alaska and from Halifax to New Orleans.

In December of 1930 we approached the Columbia Broadcasting System and said that we might be interested in transferring and expanding our 5-minute recorded feature into a half-hour chain program—if Columbia could prove to us that such a feature could be artistically and authentically presented. And Columbia's answer was: "We'll prove to you that it can be."

Then the CBS production department and Artist Bureau set to work with our scripts, and Georgia Backus, Charlie Schenck and Harry Browne directed and presented the experimental shows to small—but critical!—audiences listening in audition rooms. One major audition was presented in the evening, "piped", by telephone lines, to the home of *Time* Vice President and General Manager Roy E. Larsen and there was listened



Illustrated by

Broadcasting *the*

SURROGATE FOLEY reserves decision on the application for sale of the New York *World.* Dynamic little Publisher Roy Howard, of the Scripps-Howard newspapers, chafes at the delay . . . The 2,867 *World* employees know that only a few of them can possibly find employment on the prospective *World-Telegram.* They band together in a last-minute desperate attempt to buy the *World* properties for themselves. The call sweeps through the *World* Building, out into the city to old employees, and to friendly bankers; to newspaper men in other cities throughout the country and throughout the world. Pledges mount to $650,000. Surrogate Foley, touched by the deadly seriousness of the employees, again delays decision. (*clatter of typewriters, chatter, etc.*) In the City Room of the *World,* at 2 A.M., 200 nervous, tense employees—writers, artists, reporters, compositors, pressmen—are waiting for the Surrogate's final decision.

BARRETT: Here is a telegram from the Houston *Texas Chronicle*: " . . . a pledge to buy stock in the New York *World* if put under employees' ownership was circulated here this afternoon. $500 was subscribed in ten minutes with much more in sight. We believe there are thousands of newspapermen all over the United States to whom the *World* has been the law and the prophets and who would pawn their last shirt to help keep the paper as a liberal-independent."

FIRST REPORTER: (*rushing in*) Any word yet from the Surrogate?

SECOND REPORTER: No. Expecting it any minute.

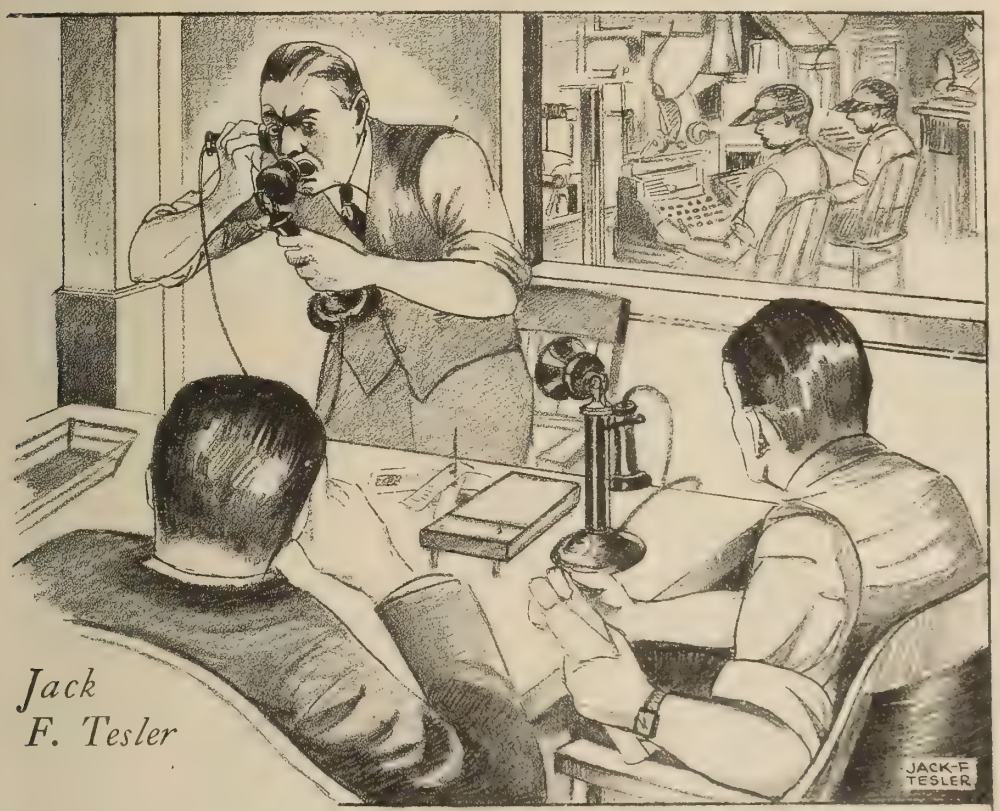
of Time

By Fred Smith

to by other executives and the *Time* staff.

At the end of three months of ceaseless work—constant molding and revision of the dramatic formula—the feature, under the title of *The March of Time,* was ready for the air. On the afternoon preceding the initial broadcast CBS presented *The March of Time,* by piping the program via telephone lines, to stations in the basic network where Radio editors had assembled to listen to that, the *first* nationwide Radio preview. In Columbia's New York WABC studios representatives from leading newspapers, The United Press, the Associated Press, the International News Service and the National Enterprise Association listened to the preview and then unanimously acclaimed the new Radio program to be revolutionary in its technique, amazing in its power to clarify and graphically portray the memorable events of current times.

In the meanwhile. *Time's* Radio account had gone to Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn, and into the picture stepped efficient Arthur ("Son-of-famed-bandmaster Pryor") Pryor, Jr., who is manager of that agency's Radio department, with capable assistant James H. Wright. The exigencies of this complicated program were so intricate that Director Pryor elected himself to personally take charge of production, went after the 14-hours-per-week rehearsals with kinetic enthusiasm. Within a week, actors had become so interested in the fascinating quality of *The March of Time* that they said to Pryor: "Don't hesitate to call on us for extra rehearsals—this show deserves and must have extra rehearsals!"



Jack F. Tesler

"End of the *World*"

First Reporter: How about the pledges? What do they total now?

Second Reporter: Nearly a million, and I hear that a big banking house is willing to back us.

Barrett: Here's another telegram, boys—from H. V. Kaltenborn. He pledges a thousand dollars to the fund.

Third Reporter: Good for him!

Barrett: And here's another. The Nashville Tennesseean has raised $200. But I'm afraid we're too late—

(*Telephone rings*) Second Reporter: I'll get it, chief.

Barrett: The decision!

Second Reporter: (*answering telephone*) Yes, City Room.

Another Reporter: (*whispering to Barrett*) Well, what do you think it is? Yes or no?

Second Reporter: (*telephoning*) All right—go ahead.

Another Reporter: (*whispering*) It's the decision, all right. Look at Joe's face.

Second Reporter: (*telephoning*) I have it—thanks.

Another Reporter: Let's have it, Joe. What's the answer?

Second Reporter: Sold to Scripps-Howard!

(Silence)

Barrett: All right, boys. It's tough, but we're still newspapermen and we've just got time to get the decision into the last edition!

Reporter: "Last edition" is right

(Sound of presses comes up with a roar)

Pryor gathered in a nucleus of Radio's finest actors, supplemented them each week with a large variety of actors. Included among the regulars are Bill ("Collier's Uncle Henry") Adams, who impersonated in the inaugural program Mayor Thompson of Chicago and Speaker Longworth of Cincinnati so authentically and so differently that, in both instances, Radio audiences complimented *The March of Time* on its selection of voices so closely imitative of Mayor Thompson and Speaker Longworth. In the second *March of Time* program, Harry ("Show Boat") Browne played The Voice of Fate in the Vivian Gordon melodrama and followed immediately in the hilarious interpretation of Wilbur Glenn ("The World is Flat") Voliva.

Versatile also are regular *March of Time* actors Frank Reddick, Charles Slattery, Herschel Mayall, Pedro de Cordoba—whose "King Alfonso" was a sensation—and Alfred Shirley. Also Lucile ("Collier's Love Story Girl") Wall, who starred as the Spanish telephone operator in the program of March 20th. Announcer for the hour is famed Ted Husing—and *The March of Time* is the only program on which Husing does not sign off by announcing his own name.

For, in Ted's own words—"in this program I am just a Voice—the Voice of *Time!*"

Howard Barlow, musical director of the 23-piece symphonic orchestra which provides the musical atmosphere for *The March of Time,* says he has never seen his men—and all of them have been with him half-a-dozen Radio years—so interested in a program. As individuals they come from many European countries and naturally when a news drama from Roumania, or Russia, Germany or Italy is being enacted, Howard's Roumanian, Russian, German or Italian musicians jump out on the edges of their chairs. Barlow himself, scoring special music for *The March of Time,* frequently sits up until two o'clock in the morning, writing musical atmosphere to surround colorful news dramas.

We who prepare the script work at research and writing seven days a week—and often far into the night. It is frequently necessary to search through histories, encyclopædias and special reference books to discover a single pertinent fact necessary to the clear exposition of a particular news drama or scene. Sometimes we must telegraph or cable our representatives in isolated or far distant spots of the country or world to obtain more complete details of a story we wish to dramatize and to get exact information concerning kind and quality of voices.

Sometimes the news story itself is so replete with dramatic moments that we must select only one or two episodes out of six or eight in the actual story. Such was the case with the passing of the New York *World.* That story ran in the newspapers for a week or more, was continually exciting, constantly dramatic. Eventually we selected for dramatic exposition the court scene where Herbert Pulitzer explains to the judge why the paper must be sold; and the 2 A. M. scene in the old *World* offices when 200 employes, who had been campaigning for three days to raise sufficient money to purchase the *World,* learn that the paper has been sold to the Scripps-Howard interests.

At the other end of the scale, where the news story is very short but contains valuable dramatic elements, we build up the dramatization from the actual brief but significant news story. Such was the case with the story of King Carol of Roumania who visited a Bucharest police station, found the jailer third-degreeing a petty criminal by stringing him up by his thumbs, ordered the prisoner liberated and the cruel jailer dismissed.

In all cases, the advice and cooperation of the magazine's highly specialized staff of writers is invaluable in bringing the half-hour production to the state where it becomes a well rounded and precisely balanced program. Active advisor on script and production is Vice President Roy E. Larsen. In reality, behind *The March of Time* are the personalities behind *Time,* the Newsmagazine. They contribute ideas, counsel and enthusiasm for this new kind of news-reporting: Henry R. Luce, president; Managing Editor John S. Martin; Foreign Editor Laird S. Goldsborough; National Affairs Editor John Shaw Billings; Music Editor Elizabeth Armstrong; Mary Fraser, head of research; Managing Editor of *Fortune,* Parker Lloyd-Smith. Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborne, intensely interested in the success of the program, contribute much editorial and production advice of great value through Vice Presidents Roy S. Durstine and Paul Hollister.



Fred Smith, producer and author of the "March of Time" broadcasts.

As a result of this concentrated flow of ideas and interpretations from many sources, the program finally goes out on the air and into the homes of America's millions as free from bias and prejudice as *Time* itself. Never can we tell a week in advance what stories will be ours to dramatize. In a large sense, the author of this production is—Destiny! Back of all the personal artistry expended upon each week's performance, a greater than any human hand is writing the stories and dramas which finally make their way into *The March of Time.*

* * *

One of these days some great philanthropist will post a worth-while prize for the person who creates a new kind of program that will add new zest to Radio listening. We have had Amos and Andy with their program which stands out in Radio like Charlie Chaplin in the movies, and we have had the Atwater Kent, and Vivian Ware Murder Trial and other outstanding events. With the presentation of *The March of Time* by a contemporary magazine Radio Digest believes a new and bold idea has been brilliantly developed to mark a new epoch in broadcasting.

Mr. Fred Smith, managing editor of *The March of Time,* has at various times been an active contributor to Radio Digest. He has been a pioneer of new ideas. When Bob Casey wrote the serial story *Step on the Stair* for Radio Digest five years ago, Mr. Smith was asked to dramatize the story for broadcasting. He was at that time director of the Crosley station, WLW, at Cincinnati. Sixteen of the most powerful stations in the United States then presented the *Step on the Stair* in weekly episodes from coast to coast. So popular and unusual was this program that several of these stations have repeated the series two and three times.

Later Mr. Smith took a hand in producing the notable Majestic program, featuring Wendel Hall, the Red Headed Music Maker. He worked out novel sound effects to illustrate highlights in the program. Realism is Fred's middle name.

These experiences have gradually led up to this last grand departure—*The March of Time.* To him the conception is not new but only the realization and crystallizing of an idea that has long been in process of evolution from a fundamental thought. *The March of Time* is the ultimate product of a carefully worked out laboratory experiment.

We would vote to award Mr. Fred Smith the season's Gold Medal for distinctive achievement in the presentation of an outstanding Radio program.

—*Editor.*

* * *

Next month. Readers of Radio Digest will learn something about an evolution in broadcasting from Mr. Merlin H. Aylesworth. It is an article especially written for this magazine by the president of the National Broadcasting Company. Be sure to read it.

Broadcastor Oil

Our Columnist Greases the Skids—Slides out a few Pearls of Great Tripe and some True Defective Stories

By Ray Perkins

WHEN you buy a magazine entitled RADIO DIGEST, I suppose it's reasonably fair to assume that you expect to get printed matter having something or whatsoever to do with Radio. The circulation department of this handbook of microphonetics claims for its readers an overwhelming interest in Etheriana. I have therefore been coaxed and wheedled by the Editor into a promise, lightly given withal, not to go fluttering off into such subjects as true defective stories or the love life of the herring.

Well. If you want to be considered an intellectual heavyweight on the subject of Radio, there are three noncopyrighted pearls of wisdom you can scatter hither and thither. Pearls of great tripe. They should be said the while you cock your head on one side and squint one eye ever so slightly dill-pickle fashion, a gesticulatory combination derived from the Movies denoting deepness of thought. These three cover-alls are: (a) "Radio is still in its infancy"; (b) "We have hardly scratched the surface"; and (c) "Television is just around the corner."

PUT them all together and they spell horsefeathers.

The trouble with Radio today is that there isn't anybody who knows what's the trouble with Radio today. Except I. (Don't crowd, I will not be bullied.) The secret is too many songs of the I-Love-You school. They're making the good old microphone sticky as a wet lollipop. That's why we have a new wealthy class in the country today—millionaire megaphone manufacturers. A lot of singers have to use megaphones so the songs won't spill all over them and get their clothes gooey. Unquestionably the present overproduction crisis in the sugar industry can largely be traced to the vogue of Sweetness in Song.

My old friend Lew Conrad, the verse and chorus man, has such sweetness of tone, that he rarely takes sugar in his coffee, contenting himself with singing a few bars of *Just a Gigolo* into his cup. It's non-fattening too. I know a crooner whose voice is so sweet that I'm laying odds that by summer time it will draw flies. He'll have to have an assistant standing by the microphone with a Flit gun.

Problems like that do not bother me. My voice fortunately is just a teeney-weeney bit sour and I aim to keep it that way. No megaphones for this little man. I wouldn't even use a funnel.

Another difficulty we are experiencing at the studios these days is the matter of mixed quartettes. A mixed quartette is a very delicate thing to handle. They say the best thing to do is put a barrel under its stomach and roll it back and forth. If that doesn't work you should send for the fire department or a visiting nurse.

I remember in my student days at dear old Milkstool University we had a mixed quartette of six chemistry students. And you know how chemicals mix. Well, the annual spring concert always came the night following the big ring-around-rosie contest between dear old Milkstool and the State College of Taxidermy, even on years when the contest was cancelled. Incidentally we usually licked the stuffing out of the taxidermists.



It's hard to snap Ray Perkins because he's always wiggling his ears, but this piano is so grand he doesn't dare.

WELL, one time just as the quartette was bracing itself for their second number, one of the singers—(I think it was the second tenor, or no, I guess it was the assistant cashier)—came down to the footlights and said "Is there a Doctor in the Audience?" Well it seems that old Doc Hairoil had been sitting in a box, so that his good ear was nearest the stage, which allowed him to hear the first number. So the Doc stood up and said "Yes, there's a doctor in this audience but from now on there's no audience in this doctor"; and with that he got up and left the hall on his good ear.

But getting back to some-

(*Continued on page 105*)

Illustrating the method used by the Radio cruisers. One car strives to intercept and block escape, another will follow and corner the bandits. The big yellow Chicago police car on the right is manned by Sergt. Burbach and Officers Will, Chap and Kelsey.



Especially posed for RADIO DIGEST *by NBC Actors Peter Dixon and Aline Berry. Harold Stein, Photographer.*

Three Police Commissioners Reveal How Radio is Cutting the Cost of Prosecution and Preventing Crime

Caught *in*

A DARK, cavernous alley behind a bank in the Highland section of Detroit. An hour after the last homeward-bound talkie fan has turned in. No moon, so Police Radio Cruiser No. 8 slides unseen into the black alley.

Four armed patrolmen jump out of the car even before it stops, guns drawn, ready for action. Two race to the rear of the bank. Two run for another throbbing car parked in front of the bank. No lights on this big car either, but its powerful motor is panting, ready to go.

Then Police Cruiser No. 10 races up from the opposite direction at forty miles an hour. Brakes squeak. A give-away.

Action! From out the shadows before the bank darts a watcher, who jumps into the driver's seat of the suspect car. A raucous horn—the signal—and the bank's door opens. Satchels are flung into the get-away car, and two dark figures follow, leaping into the tonneau. They are off with a grinding of gears.

"Stop, or we'll shoot!" A yell from the occupants of Cruiser No. 10. But the big car zooms on. Then, aid from the alley! Car No. 8, first on the scene, is back on the job again. It is out of its hiding place, the crew of four picked patrolmen on the running board, shooting as they go.

Bullets go wild, ricocheting from neighboring houses. It looks as if this will be one more getaway in Detroit. Then . . . flash! An explosion louder than that any pistol could make. A tire is pierced. Into the curb jumps the big car, completely out of control.

Pistols in hand, Detroit's Radio cruiser police close in to capture three desperate men. One is severely wounded, one is bleeding from slight wounds, but the third surrenders and then turns to his captor with a slightly dazed look, "How the hell did you get here?"

Yes, how had the police gotten to the scene so quickly? Before the robbery was perpetrated, before the loot had been disposed of, the robbers were "caught in the act."



Detroit Commissioner of Police, Thomas C. Wilcox

Experienced bank thieves, the three had been careful not to set off any alarms. Their acetylene torch worked noiselessly. But they had made the error of leaving their getaway car parked at the curb with a purring motor in a neighborhood where all good householders have garages. Edward Hight, an astute young man returning home on foot, had noticed it.

HE KNEW the building was a bank. Racing home, he phoned police headquarters. In *fifteen seconds* Police Station WCK was on the air. The dispatcher announced, "Cruiser No. 8, go to 1234 Blank Street. A bank robbery suspected. Cruiser No. 8, go to 1234 Blank Street. A bank robbery suspected." And then, "Cruiser No. 10, go to reenforce No. 8 at 1234 Blank Street. A bank robbery suspected."

Riding around in their precincts in the neighborhood, the Radio patrolmen heard their instructions via the loud speaker placed over their heads. Instantly they were on the go. They caught the robbers red-handed. No time to establish alibis was given. There was no opportunity to dispose of incriminating loot.



Courtesy Western Electric Co.

the Act!

By Janet A. Dublon

Trapping Criminals Red-handed by Fleet Johnny-on-the-spot Police Cars, equipped with Radio Receivers

The three criminals were sentenced. No clever criminal lawyer could find an out for them.

This is an actual case report of an arrest by the squad of Cruiser No. 8 of the Detroit Police. It is just one example of the many frustrations of hold-ups and criminal acts which have been brought about by the operation of the new Radio police system which makes the law "Johnny-on-the-spot" everywhere this device is installed.

In Detroit, pioneer city in this able method of giving wings to the law, Commissioner Thomas C. Wilcox reports a yearly decrease in the number of crimes committed. Total homicides, armed robberies and cars stolen in 1929 were 11,284, but in 1930, when Detroit's Radio cruiser force was increased in size, but 8,138 of these crimes had been committed, a decrease of 28 per cent.

Criminals are staying away from Detroit, but they are fast finding it difficult to locate in many of the other large cities. Chicago has tired of acting as the butt for all gangster jokes and has installed the largest police Radio system in the country; Washington, D. C.; Buffalo, N. Y.; Toledo, Ohio; Rochester, N. Y.; Pittsburgh, Pa., and Cleveland, Ohio, in the east are operating police Radio stations. Following the trail west and south we find Louisville, Ky., Atlanta, Ga., Minneapolis, Minn., San Francisco, Cal., Pasadena and Tulare, Cal. State police in Pennsylvania and Michigan have State-wide patrols. Every day the Federal Radio Commission is presented with new applications from wise city officials who are anxious to use this new, modern method of crime detection. Many of the cities mentioned have had Radio patrols for so short a time that the police, ever cautious in publicizing, are wary in giving figures and divulging methods of operation, but our correspondents all over the country, who have seen the systems in operation, report amazing progress.

LET'S pay a visit to one of the police Radio stations and take the wheels apart . . . see how it works. The Federal Radio Commission authorizes the use of short wave transmitters to broadcast "emergency communications from central police headquarters to squad cars or other mobile units." So unless you have a special short wave set you can't hear squad instructions on your receiver, which is tuned only for the longer wavelengths. Give up the idea of getting your vicarious thrills that way, for you'll have to drop in on one of the Radio stations with us.

Here, in any of the wide-awake cities mentioned, you'll find a switchboard where incoming calls for help are received. In Chicago, with its squad of 100 cars, you'll find ten men on deck at telephone number "Police 1313," pencils poised, ears alert to catch names, addresses, details. In smaller cities, like Tulare, Cal., with its two patrol cars, one man can handle all the incoming pleas for assistance. But the system is the same. On the instant the telephoned details are down in writing, the man at the broadcasting set is handed the information slip. With amazing rapidity, he barks into the microphone on the desk before him,



Austin J. Roche, Buffalo Commissioner of Police

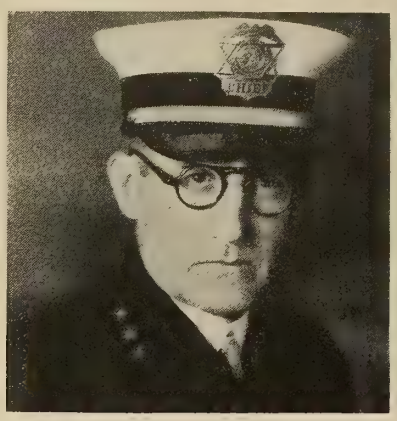
"Squad 141, go to Blank Street and John Avenue. Two negroes are holding up a white woman." His announcing must be crisp, clear and couched so that there is no possibility of misunderstanding.

Simple, isn't it? And the method of receiving is just as easy to understand. A car has been equipped with a special short-wave receiver tuned in on the Police Broadcasting Station. A squad of four or five husky policemen with a sergeant or other officer in charge, hops in. They proceed to their "beat" and cruise around the streets waiting for a call, and watching, too, for unreported violations and stolen cars. Suddenly the loud speaker over their heads inside the tonneau roof speaks. "Squad 141, go to Blank Street and John Avenue. Two negroes are holding up a white woman." The police car siren goes into action. A path is cleared, for every motorist knows enough to get out of the way of this screeching speed demon. The squad arrives while the hold-up is still in progress, arrests the surprised criminals and the good citizen who has seen it from some window or doorway, has the satisfaction of knowing that his telephoned report prevented a robbery.

With the old system of police on foot reporting to patrol boxes every half hour, it might have been more than thirty minutes before one lone policeman could receive a report and hurry, unaided, to the spot. In the meantime, bandits have escaped and the hysterical victim may even be unable to describe them. Everywhere in the country criminals have become more and more audacious. They have taken advantage of every advance of science and every method of increasing the speed of escape.

Machine guns have been called into play, new methods of opening hitherto uncrackable safes have been devised, tear gas and other chemicals have been used, and last and most important, increasingly speedy cars have been used for get-aways. Police were badly handicapped by these high-powered cars. Many times before a report of crime was relayed to its patrols, the crooks were miles away from the scene on the open road. But now, with police on the air instantaneously, escape is becoming increasingly more difficult. In Detroit, where the system has been polished to utmost precision, it takes only fifteen *seconds* for a report to go on the air, and one of the 100 cruisers reaches the spot in an average of ninety seconds. One hundred and five seconds doesn't offer much opportunity for a getaway, does it?

But let ex-commissioner Rutledge, originator of the idea for Radio equipment for Detroit cars, tell the story in



John R. MacDonald, Chief of Police, whose progressive methods in small Tulare, Cal., might set the pace for many a metropolis.

his own words. "Snaring criminals in a Radio network, woven by broadcasting to Radio-equipped cars, has become a matter of seconds," declared Mr. Rutledge in an interview with one of our correspondents.

"Seconds are precious to the lawbreaker. They spell the difference between escape and capture. The wider the margin of time, the better his chances to escape. By the use of Radio the Detroit police department has pared this margin to a minimum, and they are catching the criminal red-handed. And too, Radio is cutting down the cost of law enforcement. One hundred fifty men on duty in Radio cars are equal to at least 400 men on foot."

But there's a funny side to this police Radio tale as well as the serious side. Originally police Radio sets were ordinary receivers, and they could be tuned in on any station. Many a squad call was unnoted because the police were too busy listening to Amos 'n' Andy to tune in on the police headquarters! But there's no temptation to stray from duty now, because the new sets are permanently and unchangeably tuned in on the police wave length.

Then, too, originally police reports were broadcast over the regular broadcasting channels through some cooperating stations. In 1929 Chicago operated by that method with WGN functioning as intermediary. A woman saw burglars looting an apartment across the way, under her very nose. She phoned a report to police headquarters. The police called WGN which stopped its entertainment. Clang! Clang! "Squads Attention!" barked Quinn Ryan who then directed certain squad cruisers to speed to the scene. But when they arrived the birds had flown. In the looted apartment a Radio was going merrily, and on the table was this note, "Thanks for the tip-off."

But that, too, doesn't happen today, because police have their own short-wave lengths now. However, they are making use of the entertainment-broadcasting stations, too, in the unique field of crime prevention.

Arthur B. Reeve, author of the Craig Kennedy detective stories, was one of the first to see the value of Radio as a crime deterrent. He conceived the idea of a "Crime Prevention series" and brought about its production over the National Broadcasting Company chain. And Austin J. Roche, Buffalo Police Commissioner, in addition to maintaining a police station for broadcasts to police cars, presents a weekly "crimelogue" over Station WGR of the Buffalo Broadcasting Company.

Many a reader of this story will remember having heard these stirring police dramas from Buffalo. The unique feature is that they are based on fact. Cases are taken from police records and dramatized by Herbert Rice of the broadcasting station. And the able dramatic staff of the station is assisted

(*Continued on page 108*)



A Radio cruiser in Detroit captures two fleeing bandits with their loot.

The Royal Maestro

King Paul



Paul Whiteman, dapper and smiling, as ever

Whiteman is growing Thinner! Two Chins remain firm of his famous Trio. But he's Losing none of his Mastery of Jazz

By Ann Steward

DOES Paul Whiteman deserve the title he wears so gracefully —the King of Jazz? Is he in reality the king—or is he the figure head letting some one else do the work for which Whiteman gets the glory?

Both of these are legitimate questions, often asked, and why not? Our only opportunity to see Whiteman has been on the concert or vaudeville stage or in his recent picture, *The King Of Jazz*. We have never seen him as he is—minus his stage manner—minus his glamorous setting we all know so well.

But at last there comes a night when we are privileged to see the real Whiteman—the Whiteman devoid of all pretense—the Paul Whiteman who is not the King of Jazz, but rather the business man, the brains of a world famous organization. He is to be found in a Chicago night club. We go hopefully because we understand that here is to be found a new and an impressive light on the great maestro.

As we enter the cafe we are reminded that it was in this place that a now famous band made its start to stardom and New York. But what a changed night club it is now. There are two rooms, one large, for the guests and one small, used for the Whiteman broadcasts and where only the privileged may enter. We stand at the entrance of the larger, newer room where lanterns bearing the face—the familiar, caricatured face—of Paul Whiteman light the way for the dancers.

The band is playing. As we near the stand we see the greatest of all living maestros—Paul Whiteman, the King of Jazz. He is not smiling.

He is listening to his band and his rhythm-conscious hands are beating time at his sides. The number is smooth and new. The dancers crowd by in a great merry group. They stop a moment beside Whiteman, almost near enough to touch him, and undoubtedly they thrill at the proximity, for after all, it is not every one who can boast that they might have touched Whiteman had they wished. That is enough description of what meets our glances when we first enter Paul Whiteman's night life.

THE band plays on smoothly, grandly, majestically. One that didn't take the time to analyze it might say, he has a very good orchestra —he must have, for is he not Paul Whiteman? But one who knows would say—he has power, he has finesse he has rhythm, he has melody. It all goes to make a perfect band that cannot be described in colorless words. It is like a great ship steered by the firm hand of one lone man. There is a feeling of mightiness there, whether one wishes to admit it or not. He has well earned the title of King, Paul Whiteman.

And then of a sudden the music stops. The crowd claps and whistles because this is college night at the cafe. Whiteman bows and smiles. His men bow and smile. They leave the stand and go into the next room, the broadcasting room. It is time for the evening broadcast of Paul Whiteman's Paint Men over an NBC chain. The men take their places solemnly, some of them smiling quietly. Whiteman says something audible only to his men. They laugh out loud and make fun of one another. They relax.

Paul, the great, moves a mike, moves a chair, talks to the boys, looks at a sheet of paper, he holds in his hand and then steps to the front of his orchestra. "Let's go over that tune again, boys." An upraised right hand. A sudden hush falls over the room. It is only practice but it might well be a finished performance. The hand descends and softly come the full notes of a bass clarinet.

The song rises, swells, pauses for a vocal chorus and flows on to fade and end abruptly in an unruffled silence. It was only a commonplace dance number, but Paul Whiteman had glorified it and made it as beautiful as one of the popular classics.

A TELEPHONE bell rings. It is time for the broadcast and Whiteman raises a plump finger to his lips. Then his hand goes into the air, three fingers upheld. One finger comes down. The second follows. The third finger falls and the hand swings down in a graceful motion. The *Rhapsody in Blue* comes out of a pregnant silence and the half hour show is on.

The Whiteman we now see in front of his orchestra is not the Whiteman the

public knows. His face is stern and set. His eyes are fixed straight ahead of him in deepest concentration. His body sways to the music but there is no comedy in it now. This is grim, hard, earnest work by one of the greatest living artists. Suddenly he turns and hurries into another room where a receiving set is turned on. He listens to see if his band is coming through properly, then he is back again. The program continues on.

Some one whispers—makes a sound in the audience. Whiteman turns and frowns slightly, his hand still swaying in motion, guiding the rhythm of his music. The whispering has stopped. He is nervous, this King of Jazz. He doesn't want talking and whispering in his private place of business. The cafe out there in the other room is the place to go if one would be social.

IT IS time for a solo. A youngster scarcely out of his teens steps up to the microphone. Whiteman grins and tweaks the boy's ear as he passes. It is a moment of kindliness, of relaxation. The boy begins to sing.

Whiteman watches him, beckons a trumpeter forward, a saxophonist back. The solo has stopped and Paul is again waiting for the signal. The air in the room is motionless. The silence is tense and drawn. We are tempted to scream just to relieve the awful lack of sound. The signal comes. Down goes the hand. We are saved from making a severe mistake.

A chair must be moved. Whiteman moves it. A music stand must be put to one side. Whiteman puts it there. He acts as stage hand in between his periods of leading his band. He waves to a friend and smiles. He goes across the floor to speak to some one. He makes no sound. The round, chubby man is incredibly light on his feet. He, as well as all of his men, is a shadow. Their music is the only tangible thing in the room, that and the breathless silences in between. Not a sound, a cough, a sneeze —nothing but music. Whiteman is on the air.

AND at last the broadcast is over. We go back to the main cafe and the band goes directly to the stand and begins to play a dance tune. After that comes a concert, solo numbers, the whole *Rhapsody in Blue, When Day is Done*—the Whiteman repertoire.

We look at the leader. He has changed somehow. He is thinner—much thinner than the man we knew as the King of Jazz in the talking picture. True, Paul has traces of the three magical chins, the same tiny black wings on his upper lip. But is it Whiteman? He smiles, he chuckles, he laughs quite frankly—and then we know it is Whiteman, a thinner Whiteman, it is true, but a merry, dapper man who is just shaking off the spell of the hardest part of his daily work—his period of broadcast.

He is on and off the stage where the band is. He sways with the music whether he is leading or listening. He talks to an acquaintance. He listens to the music from every corner of the room. It must all be perfect. He darts back with a friendly pat on the head for one of his saxophonists. His funsters make a great deal of merry. Some of his performers go through a floor show. And at two o'clock Whiteman and his band are still on the stand, still entertaining, still working. Their last period of rest came at a quarter of twelve, two hours and fifteen minutes before. It reminds one of a marathon and when they do stop finally, the crowd lets out a mighty cry, "More!" But there is no more for the present.

One more dance and then Whiteman and his orchestra are through for the night. The crowd does not disperse immediately. They gather around and eat a little or else talk to some one in the band. They wander out slowly—a little loath to leave the place where they spent those happy, intimate hours with Paul Whiteman. And then too, the King of Jazz has not yet left. He sits in a chair and looks at the people around him. He talks just a little to your writer. "I have a bad 'code id da dose.'" His upper lip crinkles in a characteristic smile. His eyes dance merrily. "But I feel all right now." He laughs to prove it. "You don't want to ask me anything? Very well, but I'll answer anything you want me to, providing, of course—" and he walks off chuckling to himself. We suspect him of being just a bit weary.

IN a moment he is back again. "Let's go home. I've had an awful day. Let's go." We get ready to go. We stop and look at pictures in the lobby. We chat, and then finally your writer screws up enough courage to ask just one question—"When will you give up your work, Mr. Whiteman?"

"Stop leading my orchestra? Oh, my goodness, you can't expect me to answer that. I'll never stop as far as I know. Sousa's still going and he's only seventy some. I have a lot of time to keep going. When will I stop? Never, I hope."

And when I asked a close friend of Mr. Whiteman's the same question, he replied, "Whiteman will never voluntarily give up his band and his work. I am convinced that when the end comes for Whiteman it will surprise him in his boots with a baton in his hand."

So much for the evening with Paul Whiteman. It was interesting, awe inspiring and happy. We heard the Whiteman concert, we heard the broadcast from its source and we danced to the Whiteman band. Could humans ask more? But, in addition, we found out some things about this mighty character that his followers would undoubtedly like to know. One little instance that shows just how big a really big man may be.

Whiteman recently gave a free concert at one of the Universities in Chicago. He wanted to be charitable in the name of musical education. And everyone knows that he was just that. He played his concert in the name of charity to a crowded hall at the University when he might have charged and collected six dollars for each seat in the house. It was just one of the numerous gestures, one more generous gift to music lovers and those who would like to know more about music.

PEOPLE ask, "Who wouldn't want to go with Whiteman's band?" Truth to tell, there are plenty of musicians who could not and would not stand the gaff for more than a week. Before a man joins Whiteman's staff he is asked two questions by the maestro himself. "What pay do you want?" and "How many hours a day are you willing to work?" Whiteman never tells a man how much he will pay him. The musician states the price at which he will automatically become a happy man. If it is too steep for Whiteman he will not pay it, nor will he take the man at a lower price. "I want you to be happy with me. If I pay you less you won't be happy." If the price is all right, Whiteman says, "You'll probably work twenty hours some days, my boy. You may get very little consecutive sleep for weeks. Do you want the job bad enough to go into it and stick?" Whiteman never forces a man. If he wants them to come with him and they are willing, they must be perfectly happy in the bargain or they are lost as far as Whiteman is concerned.

AND speaking of the twenty hour a day schedule, that is not the exaggeration it seems. Of course, not all days are that long. But there are times when Whiteman knows his band needs practice, and when they need it they get it. For a local broadcast alone, he sometimes practices for hours. Often after the cafe is closed, Whiteman and his orchestra stay until six or even eight in the morning, working. I said Whiteman and his band. That means that every hour that the band works, Paul Whiteman, the King of Jazz is working also, working for each man in his band, holding each one in his power, his power of leader over many units.

That is all your writer can tell you. To see for yourself is to feel the mightiness of Whiteman. He is not merely an orchestra leader, an artist or a celebrity. He is the man who is responsible for our modern music. He is the man who is back of compositions such as his theme

(*Continued on page 100*)



"THE find of a decade," chorused New York critics after her recent appearance in Metropolitan opera. "Mikes a million dollars," said the man in NBC control room when she made her Radio debut. She's a French coloratura. U-mm, let's see, ten years back—? She's booked CBS now. Think of Spanish lace and pearls—and EYES—when you hear her!

Lily Pons



Alma Ashcraft

CRINOLINE GIRL of WCKY—typical Kentucky beauty, in a state famous for beautiful women, fine horses and other excitement. She goes crinoline because of the sweet sentimental songs she sings that were popular in the Victorian era. "In the gloaming, Oh my darling."

Margery Maxwell

"FIND of a lifetime," say we of Miss Maxwell, coloratura of the Chicago Ravinia opera. She began in a church choir, studied under Daddi in the City-by-the-Lake, made her debut in opera with Galli-Curci at 19. She has appeared in concerts from coast-to-coast, and is now sponsored on one of the Swift programs over NBC. Her hobby—singing for the Off-the-Street Club urchins of Chicago.





Paul Whiteman

BIG Glorified Jazz and Paintman from Chicago—at least for the present. And that's Niles Trammell with his eye on Paul's pen. Mr. Trammell is V. P. of the Chicago branch of the NBC and Paul has a five year contract with artist's bureau before him. Will he sign it? Will Whiteman's band ever play Rhapsody in Blue? Don't be silly.
(See story in this issue.)



Ginger Rogers (left)
Lorna Fantin

SHE'S got your number, Ginger. Both are Columbia artists. Miss Fantin is famous numerologist and calculates your destiny according to the letters in your name. Ginger walked in on her and wouldn't you love to know what she made out of the name "G-i-n-g-e-r R-o-g-e-r-s"? Must be good because everybody knows Ginger took her audiences by storm from the day she entered a Texas Charleston contest.

Ted Maxwell (left) Charlie Marshall

JUST a coupla hard-working Vermont Lumberjacks gone West. That is, they do their vocalizing in the San Francisco NBC studios. How their backs must ache! Look at that big pile of sawdust under the log where they struck a knot! No joke fiddling logs all day. Guitars are better. Sound your A, Ted, and spare that tree!





Jolly Bill and Jane

"SURE," says Jolly Bill (Mc) Steinke, "'tis a foine time, Jane, for the two of us to be takin' flight over the Emerald Isle." Little (Nora) Jane Harbater gazed up wistfully. "Oh Jolly Bill, I'd be so plazed ef you would." And whizst —away they wint in their magical airship dressed in their very best. You must have heard them on their NBC Cream of Wheat program.



Grand Duchess Marie

SUZERAIN of Style. Grand Duchess Marie left her European Duchy and palaces to broadcast to American housewives through the Columbia system the last decree in fashions for dress. She is regarded as one of the world's highest authorities in this realm. And plaids, my deah, are quite the mode.



PRINCESS CHARMING, Good News—Strike Up the Band —ta-taTA-ta! That's Dorothea all over. She's a sparkling bit of femininity in all of these great musical shows. Yeah, and she's been in motion pictures ever since she wore pigtails (if any). She gave the Radio listeners a treat in the CBS Radio Roundup.

Dorothea James

Batter Up!

DIAMONDS are trumps and the American sporting world is in the pitcher's hands for another thrilling season of baseball. Where will these two famous stars be when the 1931 pennant is in the balance? France Laux of KMOX (center), introducing Jimmy Foxx (left) and Bing Miller of the champion A's to St. Louis audience.





Mickey Walker

WHEN Mick meets Mike it's a round of interesting ring chatter; at least so thought the fans listening in while Mickey Walker was interviewed by Don Hix at WFBR, Baltimore. Don jabbed questions right and left until Mickey hauled off and tucked Mike a sock on the ol' push button.



Rosaline Greene

IT'S tough to be a punching bag when Rosaline gets down to action. But a girl who goes in for Radio dramatics as she goes on the NBC New York staff must keep in trim—and boy what a wallop she carries in that left! Miss Greene is an all around athlete. Uppen atum, Rosaline!



Mario Chamlee

HE takes the cake and well, you know, this is the famous tenor of the Metropolitan Opera in his character as Marcuf. It was the character that made him supreme in his success. Radio listeners heard him during the Swift Garden Hour. Alas, Marcuf, 'tis said you cannot eat your cake and have it too. (On NBC.)



Parker Wilson

"HEE he he he ha ha h-rrr!" You have heard that terrible mysterious laugh of Yu 'An Hee See during the broadcast of the Collier Hour on Sunday nights. Here is the villain who does it. It's one of Sax Rohmer's most weird characters. Pardon, Yu, a good manicure would do you good.



Richard Crooks

FROM palette to palate Mr. Crooks applies his art, insomuch as a palate functions in the control of a voice that is said to most nearly rival that of the late Caruso. Mr. Crooks is famous in opera and concert. He was recently guest artist on the NBC network on a program heard from coast to coast.



Marion Marchante

WHEN lights are low and you have 570 kc on the dial it may happen you will be listening to this charming damosel, for Marion is one of the sweet voices you hear during the Shubert programs at WMCA, New York. She is usually identified with one of the current musical shows. Marion, please, step up here to the mike and—that's a good girl.



FOR nice look-see-hear you gotta have a nice look-see-hear girl and that's why Columbia began look-seeing around for a perfect type for their new television experiments. Hundreds of girls were given photo tests before Natalie was chosen. She is on record as the first artist selected by a national chain especially for television.

Natalie Towers



Irene Dunne

ONE by one the great stars of the sound pictures are becoming more closely identified with Radio. And here is the lovely Irene Dunne in her famous character of Sabra of the Radio Keith Orpheum picture, Cimarron. Radio folk attended a large reception in her honor at the Sherry-Netherland. You hear her on the NBC-RKO broadcast features.

GABALOGUE

By Nellie Revell

The Voice of RADIO DIGEST

EVERY Wednesday night at 11 o'clock Miss Revell takes her WEAF mike in hand and rattles off a good old fashioned chinfest about the great and near-great of Radio and stage circles. On this page you will read some of the things she broadcast in case you did not hear her on the NBC network.



Nellie Revell, "The Voice of RADIO DIGEST"

HOWDY, friends. Now before I get started on the Old Settlers, I've got a lovely task of handshaking to do, and some newcomers to welcome, because we've got some new neighbors moving into Radioville. * * *

This job of welcoming people to Radio port, or should I say air-port, and presenting them with the dials to the city makes *me* feel I ought to have a pair of spats, a cane and a gardenia, like Grover Whalen. * * * (Don't crowd, boys, make way for the cameramen). * * *

Let's begin with music. * * * Wasn't that Deems Taylor concert last Sunday an inspiration? * * * The composer of the Peter Ibbetson opera, certainly has found a way to relieve Sunday traffic congestions. * * * Everyone will stay home to listen to Mr. Taylor's concerts. * * * And, by the way, *Mrs.* Taylor is in professional life, Mary Kennedy, an actress and also a playwright of distinction. * * * They have a very interesting little daughter, who calls her parents "Deems" and "Mary". * * * A friend recently asked the child what she wanted to be when she grew up. * * * 'Oh, I want to be a writer like Mary," she said. * * * "Well, what are you going to be before you grow up?" the visitor inquired. * * * "Oh," she replied, "I—I—guess I'll be just a musician like Deems." * * *

And speaking of opera suggests that Radio's Easter gift to opera lovers is Madame Pons, of the Metropolitan. * * * Zanitella, the tenor, and his wife, Marie Gay, heard her in a provincial theatre in Europe and two years ago sent her all the way to America for an audition with Gatti-Casazza of the Metropolitan Opera House. * * * Gatti sent her back to Italy for another year. * * * She returned to New York last fall unheralded and almost unknown. * * * But one Saturday afternoon last January, she made her début in "Lucia," and was immediately a blazing, breath-taking success. * * *

AND strangely enough, this wonderful lady, Lily Pons, is a *singularly naive person.* * * * The morning of her début, she was serene and utterly unconcerned. * * * She strolled down Broadway, bought two dresses and walked home to Washington Heights (which incidentally is *some* walk). "I don't see why everybody is so nervous," she said, "all I have to do is to go out there and sing." * * *

The Madame's English vocabulary is limited to two words, "Okay" and "Thanks"—both handy words. Her triumph at the Metropolitan recalls one I witnessed some years ago when the incomparable Fritzi Scheff made her début there. I don't believe I've ever seen such a radiant creature as she was that night. * * * One critic described her as a piece of bric-a-brac aflame that electrified the audience. * * *

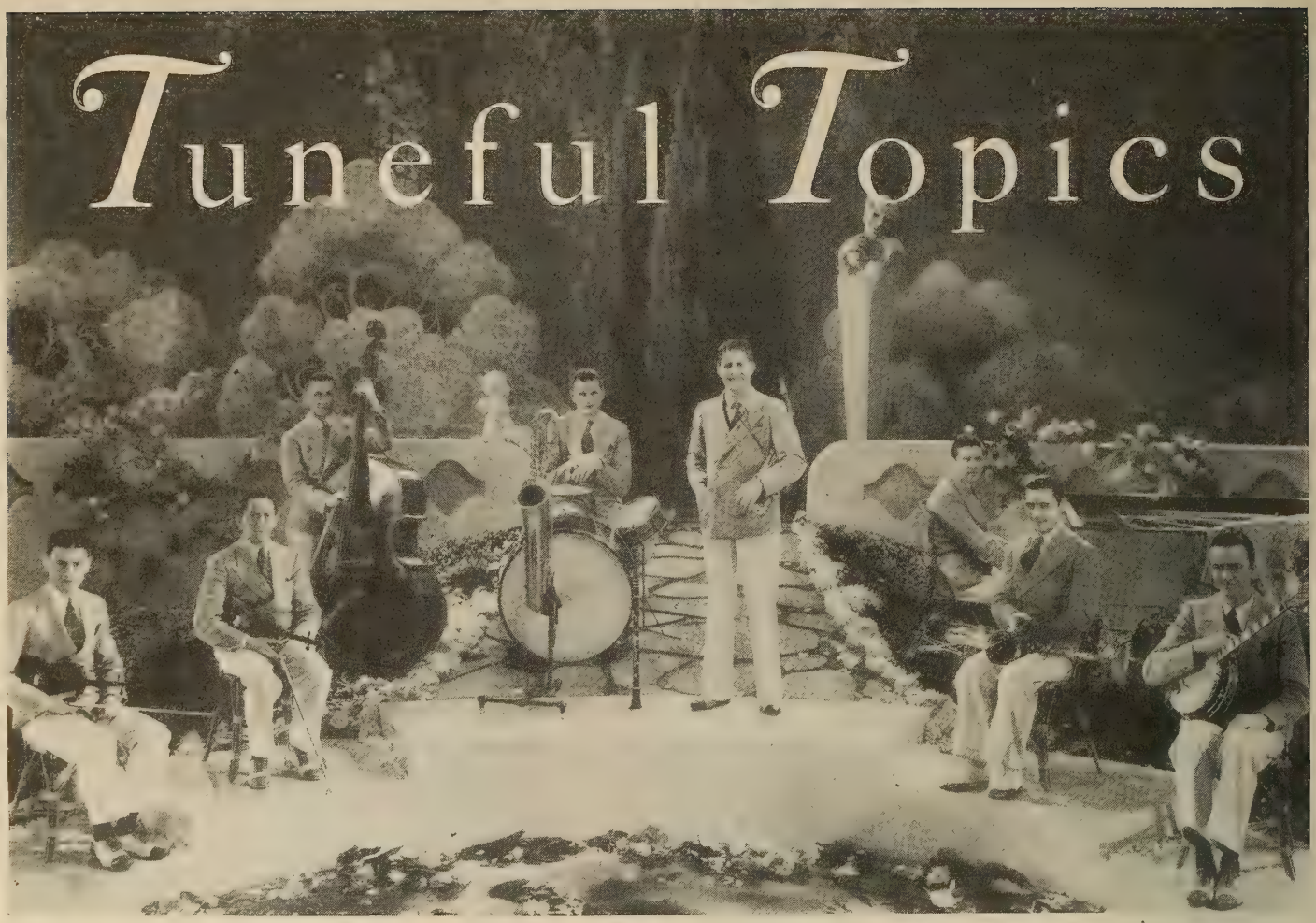
I REMEMBER she was nicknamed "The Baby of Grand Opera." * * * After deserting opera, Miss Scheff appeared under C. B. Dillingham's management. * * * Victor Herbert wrote four operettas for her, among them, "Mlle. Modiste." * * * still regarded among our American classics. * * * Mr. Herbert told me shortly before his death that he hoped to live long enough to write one more opera, and that Fritzi Scheff would sing it. * * *

I had the pleasure of exploiting Miss Scheff oftener perhaps than any other press agent of the theatre. * * * In the many years I have known her, and travelled with her . . . (and through some one-night stands, too) . . . I can't recall her ever being unfair or unkind. * * * She was the wife of the late John Fox, Jr., the novelist. * * * And unlike many other celebrities, no breath of scandal has ever touched her name. * * *

Many spectacular stunts were attributed to Fritzi Scheff and she has never been able to live down such stories told about her temperament. * * * But most of them were inventions of over-zealous press agents. * * * I am talking about Fritzi Scheff because she is coming on the air next *Wednesday* night. * * * No

(*Continued on page 68*)

Tuneful Topics



The original Connecticut Yankees and their leader, Rudy Vallée. From left, Mannie Lowy, Jules de Vorzon, Harry Patent, Ray Toland, Rudy Vallée, Cliff Burwell, Joe Miller, Charles Peterson.

Rudy's May Choice of "Hits of the Month" Leads to Reminiscences about Boyhood Days, Working in Father's Drug Store

Winds in the Willows

ENGLAND, or London, to be more exact, has again contributed to America's Tin Pan Alley with a song that I think is perhaps one of the most beautiful things I have ever heard, although like *Body and Soul* and so many other musically excellent songs it will not fascinate the hard-working masses who want simple rhythms. I have rarely been satisfied with my own work and the work of my band on Victor records; maybe because I am super-critical, or that by the time the record gets to me I have lost my taste for that which I once enthused about, but this is one song that I feel we did full justice to in our Victor recording of it.

It begins with yours truly playing a baritone saxophone. The verse which follows has the most melancholy quality about it, and is played by Del Staigers, featured trumpet soloist with Goldman's band, whom I am very happy to be able to engage for our Victor recordings. Del does full justice to the exquisite melody line of the verse. I was in fairly good voice on the day we recorded *Wind in the Willows*, which was preparatory to our leaving on our tour of Paramount-Publix Theatres, and although it has an odd range I am quite satisfied with the record as a whole.

To the average person the first playing of *Wind in the Willows* will lead him to believe that the orchestra is either playing out of tune, or that one half the band is playing one song, and the other half another. This is due to the fact that certain melodic phrases are played in whole tones. Nothing can express the various sounds of nature as well as melody written this way, and the effect of the wind in the willows has been conceived by these whole tones. Upon the second and third rendition of it, the haunting and unusual qualities of the piece should grow upon even the layman, to make him like the composition. The thought is very pathetic, beautiful and sad—the fact that the girl is gone and only the wind in the willows left to remind him of her.

I doubt if this season, or any other season, will see a song so really beautiful and deserving of a three star rating in composition as *Wind in the Willows*.

We play it very slowly, about thirty-five measures a minute, which produces an effect quite in keeping with the theme. The song is published by Harms, Inc.

When Your Lover Has Gone

MOST people have only a vague idea of what the word *"arranger"* really means with reference to music. They read that "So-and-So *arranged* the piece," or that "So-and-So is an *arranger*," but just what his function is in music very few people actually know. The arranger takes the simple melody and harmony and puts the chords in certain formations with passing notes and many tricks of harmony against melody to bring out the true beauty of the piece, if it has any. You have only to listen to the Chase and Sanborn Hour on Sunday night to hear the very fine and colorful methods that Rubinoff uses to bring out the simple composition like a beautiful flower. This is perhaps the acme of arrangement.

There are many fine arrangers—Whiteman had one of the greatest, Ferdie Grofé, to whom Whiteman owes much of his fame, especially for his work on

By RUDY VALLÉE

the *Rhapsody in Blue*. Rubinoff's arranger is a man by the name of Salti, and is one of the finest. There are many other great arrangers along Broadway.

It is rare that an orchestral man, especially a saxophonist, turns arranger and becomes a great success at it; usually arrangers are pianists. Years ago when I was at Yale, an occasional appearance in a public ballroom in Bridgeport brought me into contact with a young man who called himself "Swanee". After being associated with the Paramount Theatres, from time to time I heard the name of "Swanee" mentioned in connection with beautiful arrangements. I never dreamt that this could be the same young saxophonist against whom we used to play at the ballroom at Bridgeport on several gala occasions, but it turned out to be none other, and he is considered one of the greatest arrangers in the country.

And now he has turned composer, writing the melody and lyrics of one of the most beautiful, haunting, and unhappy thoughts in songs I have ever heard. Those of you who listen in on our Fleischmann Hour have already heard me sing it, and I think you enjoyed it. He called it *When Your Lover Has Gone*.

We do it in what I term semi-slow tempo, or at about fifty seconds for a chorus, in order not to destroy the beauty of this very fine composition. Swanee is certainly to be congratulated.

It is published by Remick Music Corp.

Whistling in the Dark

ONE of the pioneers of the music industry, who has been associated with many very fine firms, being the New York head of one for the past three or four years, a man for whom I helped to write *I'm Still Caring*, namely Abe Olman, has finally gone into business, like a great many others, for himself.

That his judgment is most unusual has always been a recognized fact in Tin Pan Alley, and he certainly justified it in the selection of his first song, *Heartaches*, which, peculiarly enough, was partly written by the same young man with whom I collaborated on *I'm Still Caring*, John Klenner.

Now Abe Olman has another song, written by Allen Boretz, and Dana Suesse. They called it *Whistling in the Dark*, and it is a real whistling song. That is, it lends itself well to that gentle art. As I said in my Radio broadcast recently, it is a long time since we have had a song which dealt with the idea of whistling; *Meadow Lark* by Ted Fiorito, I think was the last that was really popular, and that was way back in 1926.

There was a very unusual reaction after the broadcasting of this song, which I had the audacity to whistle very much as I did on my Victor record of *Huggable, Kissable You*. One old, boyhood schoolmate of mine wrote me to do it again, as it brought to him a mental picture of me walking down the tracks after finishing work in my father's drug store late at night, and whistling as I came home.

In fact, our rendition of it proved so popular by requests which poured in, that we are going to do it again this coming Thursday, as I write. I think Abe has a potential hit in the song, and all the bands seem to be playing it.

We take about a minute and five seconds for the chorus.

You're Just A Lover

THERE seem to be a lot of "lover" songs on the market, song-writers believing in the formula of love, and lovers, and loving. This one, however, is by a master, and is really a very beautiful type of song, perhaps too beautiful to achieve a sensational popularity.

Nacio Herb Brown, writer of a long list of hits, *Pagan Love Song, The Doll Dance, Singing in the Rain, The Broadway Melody, When Buddha Smiles*, and a great many other tunes, writing now for the Radio Music Co., with his own subsidiary publishing company, Nacio Herb Brown, Inc., offers this as one of the current songs for the month. Phil Spitalny's rendition is beautiful, as vocally rendered, by his able banjoist-vocalist. It showed me the charm of the piece, and I have delighted in playing it on our *Fleischmann Hour*.

We take about fifty seconds for the chorus.

Oh Donna Clara

BACK in 1920, when I lay in a bed in Westbrook Hospital, recovering from an appendicitis operation, one of the Victor records which I played by my bedside all day, and which gave me the greatest pleasure, was a recording of *Go Feather Your Nest*, by Henry Burr, who has a most agreeable voice. It was a very popular song, being distinctly of a different melodic twist.

When I first heard this famous German composition, *Oh Donna Clara*, which I was told by a publisher (who didn't even have the song!) would be a tremendous hit, I thought that it was a revival of *Go Feather Your Nest*. The similarity is only apparent in the opening strain, however, and there is no plagiarism. Just another proof of the fact that two melodies, even as the Darwinian theory, may spring up in two minds, situated many thousands of miles apart.

The song was the rage of Germany and Europe in the musical sensation *Die Wunder Bar*, in which it is featured. "*Wunderbar*", I believe, means "wonderful", and it is the German expression for that superlative. But Germany has adopted the English word "bar", so the title of the musical comedy really has a double meaning. When the Shuberts decided to produce *The Wonder Bar* in New York, featuring that great comedian, Al Jolson, it became necessary for the lyrics of all the songs to be translated. Irving Caesar, one of our most able lyric writers, was chosen for the task. I think he handled it excellently.

Donna Clara, however, is a sort of contradiction in itself, being in the pseudo-Spanish vein, rhythmically speaking; the lyric is also in that vein, telling of one who sees a young Spanish senorita dancing, and falls in love with her. And yet the song is from a German show, produced in Germany. Not having seen *The Wonder Bar*, I am at a loss to understand the connection between *The Wonder Bar* and *Donna Clara*. However, as I intend to take an evening off very soon in order to see this masterpiece, which I am told takes place right in the auditorium amongst the audience, and not on the stage as usual, and which, I have also been told, gives Al Jolson unlimited scope for his great ability, I am looking forward to it, and will probably understand more about *Donna Clara* after seeing it.

It is published by Harms, and we play it at about thirty measures a minute.

Charlie Cadet

EVER since the unusual success of *Betty Co-Ed*, which song gave me the privilege of writing with one of Chicago's most charming young song-writers, Paul Fogarty, with whom I later collaborated on *She Loves Me Just the Same*, there has been a demand for another similar type of song. We hit on the idea of introducing Betty's male counterpart and rather than have him a mere member of a typical college campus, we chose to have him a young, gawky lad who becomes transformed by the training at West Point, hence the title *Charlie Cadet*.

The alliteration of the two "c's" is good, and I have hopes that the song will do at least somewhat as well as Betty did. At the present time we feel that we are too close to the rhythm and melody of *Betty Co-Ed* and are making a supreme effort to get away from that trend. This is more difficult than you would think at first, because the lyrics of *Charlie Cadet* lend themselves exceptionally well to the same melody and rhythm as *Betty Co-Ed*. By the time this issue of RADIO DIGEST goes to press, I believe we will have attained our ob-

jective and *Charlie Cadet* will be flaunting you from every sheet music counter. It will be published by Carl Fischer, or Radio Music, which is the same thing, and will be played in brisk, snappy 6/8 March tempo.

Were You Sincere

IT IS getting impossible for me to write this column for RADIO DIGEST without bringing in the name of that genial and extremely likable little Italian, Vincent Rose. In mentioning his composition, *When You Fall in Love, Fall in Love With Me,* I forgot to credit him with the song by which he is best known —*Whispering.*

He visited me in Buffalo, on my tour, to play a very unusual song, but it was back in my dressing room at the Brooklyn Paramount, before we left on the tour, that he played for me the song of which I am now writing.

The opening strain pleased me from the moment I heard it, but the middle part, it seemed to me, needed a little "fixing". The revision was subsequently made, and now I get a great kick, as I hear the song everywhere. The opening phrase has a sort of running start which builds up into something of a climax near the end of the first phrase, with a seven note drop, at which point the dropping *glissando* may be beautifully employed. By "glissando" I mean the dropping of the voice from a high note to a low note, with no particular note standing out in the drop—a sliding down from the higher note to the lower in one smooth sound. I picture it like a waterfall. It is the use of these *glissandi,* in going from low notes to high notes, and especially from higher to lower notes, that is the distinctive feature of the type of singing that the public calls "crooning". My belief is that the word "croon" originated from the fact that on the double "o" syllable the word "croon" seemed the best noun to describe it.

Anyway, *Were You Sincere* is one of the most popular songs of the day, and the lyric job was admirably done by Jack Meskill, who is collaborating with Vincent Rose on all of his new songs.

It is published by the Robbins Music Corp., and we play it taking one minute and ten seconds for the chorus.

Hello, Beautiful

EVER since his Radio début on the Chase & Sanborn Hour, that great master of personality, Chevalier, has been casting about for the hit songs he needs for the broadcast. He seems to avoid the beautiful ballad type of songs, evidently believing his forte is the rough, comical, risqué type of song. Consequently he has had a hard time finding a means of expression for his vibrant and buoyant personality, since this type of song is very scarce.

This song certainly affords him the opportunity to express it. When I first heard it I thought of Maurice at once, and I was not a bit surprised when I found out that he was going to feature it on the Sunday night hour. And I am not a bit surprised to find it climbing up the list of best sellers, for which he himself may certainly take credit, although that old master of song-writing who crashes through every now and then with the hit of the year, Walter Donaldson, may take Part Of The Bow.

It is nowhere near the hit that *Little White Lies* was, or *You're Driving Me Crazy,* but it does not pretend to be that type of song. Walter certainly did a great job on this type. When Mose Gumble, director of Donaldson's firm, just mentioned the title I knew that it was going to be a lilting, lively, catchy melody, and that is just what it turned out to be. It is a great dance tune.

It is published by Donaldson, Douglas & Gumble, and when we play it we take forty-five seconds for each chorus.

Out of Nowhere

JUST before leaving on my tour of Paramount-Publix theatres, I received a delightful surprise in a visit from John Green and Edward Heyman. They are the two boys who wrote *Body and Soul* for Gertrude Lawrence to take back to England with her, before it returned to become the rage of American society, and one of the most talked-of songs of of the year. Heyman, incidentally, wrote the lyrics for one of the songs of my talkie, namely the song I sang near the end of the picture, *Then I'll Be Reminded of You.* Green is the young scion of Westchester society whose father temporarily disowned him because of Johnny's refusal to go into a stock brokerage, but which stern father has now become an exceedingly proud one since his son has been made one of the musical directors of the Paramount Movie Studios out at Astoria, L. I.

There, all day, Johnny fits music to all sorts of scenes, writing music on the spur of the moment for any particular situation, directing the orchestras in the recording of these musical scenes. His *I'm Yours,* which he did not write with Heyman, was one of the best musical tunes of the season.

Both Green and Heyman played at least fifteen tunes for me on the piano which I have tucked in one corner of my miniature suite at the Brooklyn Paramount. All of them were beautiful musical comedy pieces, much too beautiful not to be in a musical comedy; both boys being of fine, aristocratic family stock write in that particular vein. In fact, they have no intentions of writing the corny type of tune, and I doubt if they could, unless they tried very hard.

The fourth week of my tour, New Orleans, to be exact, I received from the publisher of their song, a rough manuscript of a tune which he rightfully boasted about. It took only a cursory glance to see that the boys had come through with another very beautiful class song, and I don't know which one deserves the most credit. I am always happy to see the perfectly balanced type of song in which the lyrics and melody are both equally contributive toward the final popularity of the song; and this is certainly a classic example of a beautiful thought wedded to a beautiful melody.

Although this song will not be the gossip rage that *Body and Soul* was, I think it will sell more; at least the boys are hoping that it will, as *Body and Soul* was far from being a great financial success, but gave them more prestige than money. There is a beautiful high drop in the song right near the end, on the word "nowhere", where the same dropping *glissando* of which I have just spoken may be employed enchantingly.

The song is published by Famous Music, and we play it at thirty measures a minute.

Moochi

IF YOU have ever glanced at the bottom of a song to see whether the copyright is an original American one, or whether it has been assigned from some foreign country, as in the case of *Just a Gigolo, Donna Clara, When the Organ Played at Twilight, King's Horses,* and so forth, and if you are a keen observer, you must have noticed that there is an increasing number of foreign songs being taken over by American publishers, and published here with great success. In fact, little by little it would seem that the English publishers are losing faith in the ability of American publishers to publish hit songs, with reciprocal increase of confidence in their own judgment. And the American publishers are learning to respect that confidence.

The fact is, were it not for some fine English songs which have wended their way across the sea to small and large American publishers, some of the Tin Pan Alley heads over here would be in a fine quandary. Of course that does not mean that everything that was a hit in England becomes a hit over here, because that has been shown to be a fallacy many times. However, it seems quite logical that any song which was a hit, especially in England, where the temperaments and tastes are so parallel to those of the American song-buying public, should at least become quite popular over here, and usually in a certain proportion it has attained the same great popularity throughout our forty-eight states.

Several months ago, before leaving on this tour, one of the biggest of American publishers, Chappell-Harms, which represents the English firm of Chappell, notified me that they were going to take over a very odd type of dance-rhythm song called *The Moochi.* The odd story

(*Continued on page 100*)

BEAUTY CHALLENGE

WHICH station in the U. S. has the most beautiful staff members? That's a moot question, RADIO DIGEST feels, what with the election of the 1931 Radio Queen coming on . . . so we're holding an elimination contest in these pages. See February, March and April issues for previous challengers —and here's the staff of WTIC, in Hartford, Conn. Reader, which station do you choose? Write—remember your choice may help pick Radio's Queen.



Laura G. Gaudet (above) is staff pianist of Station WTIC; a French-Canadian miss who won a scholarship to study in Paris and has been at WTIC six years.



Anna Kaskas (left), Lithuanian blonde with a contralto voice well known to New England fans; for three years a member of the national grand opera company of Lithuania.





Thelma Adams (right), obliging young miss who is in charge of the day-time information desk at the studios of the popular Connecticut station.



Pearl Hill (above), is pianist in the classical "Musique Intime" programs heard under the direction of Christiaan Kriens, Dutch-American composer.



Marion Jordan Bridgman (above), red-headed flutist of the studio concert orchestra, also a member of the Springfield Symphony Orchestra of Massachusetts.

Jane Dillon (left), talented character actress of the WTIC staff, who for seven years toured vaudeville as an impersonator in America, England, Australia and Africa.





Mildred Godfrey Hall (right), staff harpist; formerly with the distinguished Carlos Salzedo harp ensemble and with the McQuarrie Harpists.



Florrie Bishop Bowering (above) director of "The Mixing Bowl" of Station WTIC; author of many cookbooks and household authority.

Malvina Samolis (above), assistant to the program manager, in charge of the making up of all WTIC schedules.

Betty M. Ryan (right), in charge of all fan mail received by WTIC.



Martha E. Dixon (right), assistant to Florrie Bishop Bowering of "The Mixing Bowl," domestic science broadcast from WTIC.





Jest

Richy Craig, Jr., Wisecracks His Way to the Wave Lengths from the Footlights

By STEVE TRUMBULL

Studios resound with merriment from his entrance to his exit—Richy Craig, Jr., irrepressible new Radio jester.

"BORN in a dressing room, cradled in a trunk."

That phrase, borrowed from the profession, describes, figuratively, the origin of Richy Craig, Jr., the Blue Ribbon Malt Jester and one of the latest additions to the firmament of Radio stars.

Richy, Jr., who, at the age of 27, has peddled his wisecracks over the footlights of most of the variety houses in the United States, over the tables of most of New York's night clubs, from the stage of many a musical comedy and who, withal, has found himself with a surplus of humor to sell to other actors, is now appearing each Tuesday over a coast to coast hook-up of the Columbia Broadcasting System.

Craig's humor is the humor of sophistication, a sophistication bred of a lifetime in "the profession". The son of Richy Craig, veteran musical comedy producer, and Dorothy Blodgett, musical comedy prima donna, young Richy cannot even remember the circumstances surrounding his first stage appearance.

"I suppose I just strolled on while Dad and Mother were out there doing their stuff," Richy said. "Dad saw there was no use interfering with the inevitable so it wasn't very long before he was touching me up with a little make-up and costuming and even giving me a line or two to say. Audiences love tots."

When Richy was six years old the Craig family went into conference and decided he should stay behind with relatives in New York and attend school, and there's where Richy's difficulties started.

The change was too abrupt. Teachers found it impossible to convince him that the same antics that had made the audience roar in Ithaca, merited a vigorous spanking when attempted in the class room.

School teachers were unappreciative. The snappy come-backs with which young Richy had panicked the gang backstage drew the most severe of penalties when addressed to these dour gentlemen.

Richy couldn't understand it; he didn't like it, but there was the consolation of summer vacations with dad and mother, back in those old and familiar surroundings, the world of footlights and merriment. And so life went until Richy had reached the ripe age of thirteen.

THE previous summer Richy's family had decreed that he should remain in New York in a summer school, so young Richy promptly stepped out on his own and found a job dispensing peanuts with a carnival. It was a glorious summer, and young Richy, ever the mimic, learned by heart all of the "line" of the "spielers." In the fall he returned to school with his newly acquired information.

One day, shortly after the resumption of classes, the teacher was summoned from the room. Returning, ten minutes later, he found young Richy standing on his desk, a snake skin wrapped around his neck, shouting in the approved style of the carnival barker all of the lures of the "amazing spectacle inside for ten cents, a dime, only a tenth part of a dollar!"

Twenty-four hours later, Mother and Father Craig, in the midst of a performance in Buffalo looked into the wings and saw Richy, Jr., a grin spread across his face.

"THAT was my first real break," Richy said. "That very evening the juvenile had been taken sick. Dad was desperately in need of another and there I was. I suppose if he had been short a chorus girl, I would have been a chorus girl.

"After that I was everyone in the cast who took sick. Dad encouraged me in taking dancing lessons, perfected my technique and kept me going. I kept at it, and finally struck out on my own in a vaudeville act, *Sixteen Sunshine Girls*. At the age of nineteen I achieved that ambition of every variety actor. We played the Palace, New York.

"Phil Goodman's show *Dear Sir* came next. It was a colossal flop, lasting two weeks, or twenty minutes, I forget which. Anyhow, it was back to vaudeville for yours truly.

for Fun

"Along about this time I made a discovery. Up to then I had been playing the ukulele, singing, dancing and wisecracking. I now discovered that in vaudeville the less you did the more you collected. First, I threw away the uke, then I quit dancing and singing.

"THE act went over. With a glimpse of real money I wanted to make more of it, lots of it, and fast. I figured out that the more times I could do my act, the more I could collect, and there was New York, full of night clubs paying good money for anything that would make them laugh.

"Before long I was ducking into Texas Guinan's for a fifteen minute skit, grabbing a cab for the Moulin Rouge for another fifteen minutes, and from there, all in the same evening and in turn, to the Monte Carlo, the Chantee, the Twin Oaks and the Studio Club. Between times I filled engagements at Loew's State and at the Winter Garden.

"It was great while it lasted, but quite suddenly, I found myself in a physical breakdown. The doctor ordered me to a country sanitarium. I'd been doubling in rôles so long that instead of going to one sanitarium I went to two of them.

"My health improved (I believed), I made all arrangements for a tour of English theatres when I was called to New York and offered a contract that bettered anything I had ever received. I was walking on the clouds, when my health again failed."

And the remainder of Richy Craig's story is the story of a "never-say-die" spirit. Banished again to the mountains Craig refused to sit idly, brooding and bemoaning his fate. He couldn't peddle his wisecracks along Broadway. He couldn't, personally, go on in this laugh-making business—but the sense of humor was unaffected. It was still there.

Richy started writing. While convalescing from that illness he turned out, and sold, twenty vaudeville acts, several hilarious scenes for Broadway revues and even some "talkie shorts." Richy was still making them laugh, even from his sick bed.

In Radio, as he was on the stage, Richy Craig, Jr., is a fountain of wisecracks. He refuses to regard anything as wholly serious. In the midst of an important business conference he will burst out with a remark that will completely disrupt the entire proceedings. The artists' reception room at WBBM, key station for this broadcast, rings with laughter from the moment he enters until he leaves.

Jack Nelson, associated with Richy in this program, is a Midwest Radio favorite and proof of the statement, "Radio fans never forget their favorites."

Back in the early days Jack was director at WJJD, then broadcasting from the Mooseheart home for orphans. The microphone open, Jack would hear the youngsters' prayer, at 9 P. M., and then hustle them off to bed. Until far into the night he would stage a one-man Radio show. In 1927 he retired from the microphone end of broadcasting and went into program building. Nearly four years had passed when his name was announced on the Blue Ribbon program, but his old friends remembered and showered him with letters.

Nelson is, incidentally, co-author of *Remote Control,* first a Broadway success, then a "talkie."

It is a unique combination, this act — stage veteran and Radio fledgling Craig, supported by stage fledgling and Radio veteran Nelson.

CRAIG'S shafts of humor often wing their way toward Nelson, but Jack shrugs them off, because he knows they're "jest for fun." Here's a sample of what he has to grin at and bear:

"I sincerely hope that you liked that last song, as immediately after this broadcast Mr. Nelson is to rush right over to St. Luke's Hospital. He is going to have his nose lifted so he can sing to people living above the tenth floor.

"And next Tuesday night at this time, Mr. Nelson is going to sing the same song in Greek for the benefit of the bus boys in Thompson's restaurant. I think we are very fortunate in having Mr. Nelson with us on our programs as he is a thorough musician—his grandfather for many years was a first violinist on a ferry boat. He knows music from A to Z and has just published a book on music entitled, 'From Bach to Beethoven and Back to Bach Again'.

"And now, ladies and gentlemen, I am going to take this opportunity to say a few words about a man who was and still is the idol of our country. I thought it would be nice to say something about Abraham Lincoln. It is an old saying and a true one that history repeats itself. Lincoln freed the slaves in 1863, and Hoover is doing the same thing in 1931. Nobody is working now either. But I guess you can't blame it on Hoover, as the unemployment situation is by no means anything new. My father thought of the same thing twenty years ago. In fact, he's been practicing it for longer than that. If I'm not mistaken, he was the originator of the whole thing. He just sits in his rocking chair and says: 'What is to be, will be,' and naturally nothing happens. He is waiting for a job that fits his personality. He wants to be a floor walker in a telephone booth.



Jack Nelson, Chicago Radio Pioneer who sings between the halves of Richy's rapid-fire barrage of wisecracks.

"But getting back to Lincoln—there was a great man. He was born in a little town in a log cabin that he built himself.

"Well, to get off the subject again, it's getting so now with these short hair cuts and the smoking that the women are doing, you can hardly tell the boys from

(Continued on page 65)

Cuckoo College

Van and Don, Professors of Drollery, WHAS, Transfer Allegiance from Kentucky—Take Post Graduate Classes at Dear Old NBC

BELIEVE it or not, but "Cuckoo College," that mythical center of learning whose insane doings are chronicled through the Pacific Coast NBC network each morning by Van and Don, the Two Professors, was founded over a luncheon table recently.

The waitress who used to serve Don McNeill and Van Fleming in a Louisville, Ky., restaurant really should be one of the trustees of dear old Cuckoo, for she it was who abetted its future pedagogues in their foolery. The hilarious Radio act they present each morning grew out of Van and Don's inability to be serious, even while eating.

FROM the "gags" they tossed across the table at each other to make the waitress giggle, developed a comical duo which is unlike any other on the air. Whether it be in their tense description of a knitting tournament between Cuckoo College and some rival university, or a "drammy" class lesson in which they put on a deep "drammy" to show the students how to act, Van and Don present perfect teamwork in their nonsense act.

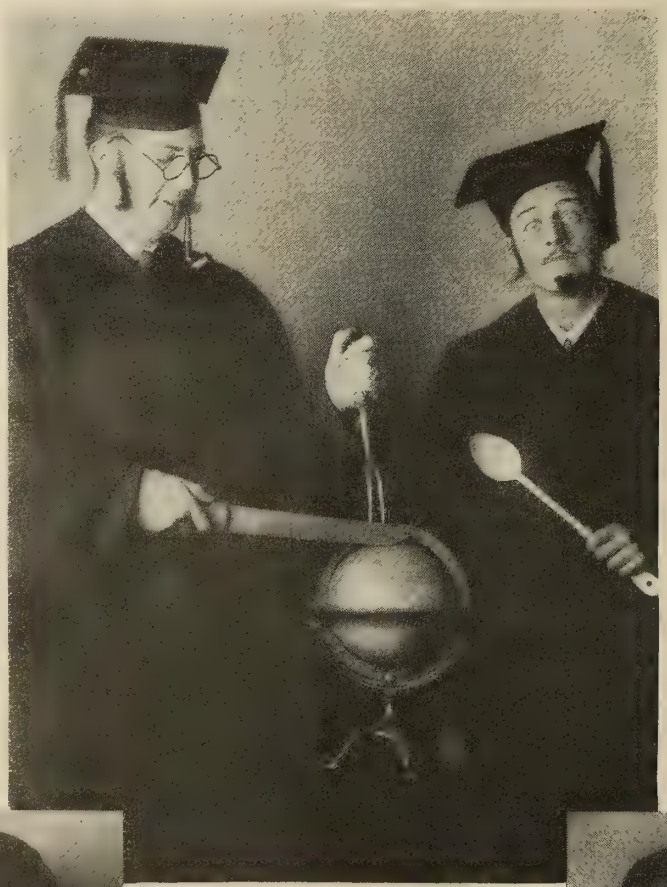
There was the time the Two Professors set fire to Cuckoo's school buildings, to test the efficiency of their fire-drills — and the time they ran against each other for the job of janitor of Cuckoo, because as professors they were unpaid, and as a janitor, one of them could "clean up"—and the big football game in the Nose Bowl of Washalfornia—the boys themselves have to smile when they discussed some of the side-splitting situations in which the Two Professors get entangled all the time.

"We have more fun than the audience," confides Don, and it's easy to believe him.

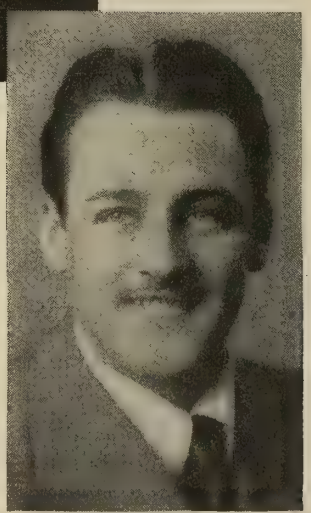
He started a career which included newspaper work and Radio announcing, when he was graduated from Marquette University. His first job was Radio editor of the Wisconsin *News*. From there he went to the Milwaukee *Journal*, and from there to the Louisville *Courier Journal*, still steeped in the tradition of "Marse" Henry Watterson. He acted as announcer at NBC station WHAS there. And that is where he met and renewed acquaintance with Van Fleming, guitarist and singer of sweet songs, whom he had known in Chicago.

FLEMING has been soloist with various leading dance orchestras of the country. He was a member of the NBC artist staff in San Francisco before he went to Chicago, where he was heard with an orchestra conducted by Jean Goldkette. He was singing at NBC station WHAS. Louisville, when he and Don became partners and inaugurated their Cuckoo College skit over the NBC network from there. It was an immediate hit.

So successful was it that the Quaker Oats Company, which sponsored their program, brought them to San Francisco to broadcast it over the NBC network from there when the company opened a Pacific Coast campaign.







By Louise Landis

Called on by the League of Nations to settle an international boundary dispute, the "Two Professors" take a short cut and do a little globe-splitting. Left, Don McNeill, B.V.D., T.N.T., and right, Van Fleming, P.D.Q., O.K., D.F., Q.E.D.



Sergeant "Doc" Wells

Commander of the Smiling Army

Sergeant "Doc" Wells of KROW Came Through the War Shell-scarred, One-armed, but with Courage to lead 8,000 Listeners to Happiness

By Mary V. Roeder

THIS is a success story.

A story of a man who has been successful, not at making money, but at making happiness—a much more difficult accomplishment.

Sergeant "Doc" Wells, commander-in-chief of more than 8000 members of the KROW Smiling Army of the air, is a successful philosopher. He went through a terrific life battle during the World War and has come out with a wealth of "smiling ammunition" which he gives gladly to those of his many listeners who are ill, discouraged, and heartsick.

Few have the pleasure of watching Doc Wells work before the microphone. It's a picture worth seeing—he stands firmly on two feet, every inch a soldier, one arm gone, his face glowing with the glory of his wonderful message of "smiling ammunition". His camp fire meetings over KROW, Oakland, Calif., Tuesday and Thursday nights at 9 o'clock, and Saturday nights at 8:15, are an inspiration to thousands on the Pacific Coast. The Members of the KROW Smiling Army are scattered from Alaska to Mexico.

The evening I chose to get this interview with Doc Wells will always remain in my mind as one of the most inspiring happenings in my life. I stood looking through the plate glass window into the studio where he stood before the mike. Questions crowded close in my mind. Would he tell me how he escaped from the German prison? Would he be willing to discuss the horrors of the World War as he had seen them, as one of the first Canadian soldiers at the front, back in 1914? Would he talk about himself, or about his work—you see I know Radio personalities!

He came out of the studio and greeted me with one of the most wonderful smiles I've ever seen . . . it seemed to warm me clear through. And then followed two hours of an intensely interesting story of a soldier, a journalist, a lecturer, and lastly a Radio personality. He gave me an autographed copy of his new book *Sunshine and Shadows of Life* which recently came off the press, a collection of stories of France, along with dough-boy poems that anyone would treasure. For example, an anonymous contribution by one of the Smiling Army members, an ex-soldier:

I was only a buddy in khaki,
A pawn in the game of chess,
And I am saluting your smiling army,
In honor of those gone West.

I've wallowed in mud to my ankles
Read the shirt of the Poilu in blue.
Missed pot shots that cost me a helmet,
And bummed fags from a guy like you.

And tonight, coming over the ether,
You brought back those days again,
Of carefree frolic and laughter,
Yet so often garnished with pain.

You ask me if I'm still smiling,
Sure, Doc, and I'M mighty proud
To be sitting here dreaming, and thinking
Where the guy is, that laughed out loud.

And tonight I am with you a million,
As Commander in Chief of the air,
Of the army of smiling doughboys
Who came back from Over There.

You are welcome in Castle and cabin,
You are followed by Gentile and Jew,
And here's hoping the sunshine you're spreading
Brings sunshine and smiles back to you

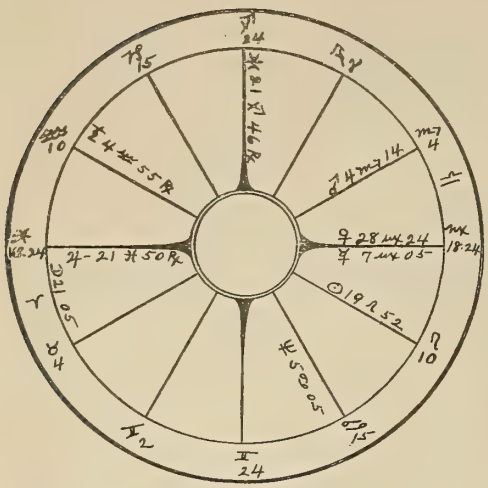
A Vagabond Trooper.

DOC WELLS, a native of Boston, Mass., was working on a newspaper in Vancouver, B. C., when Europe declared war in 1914, and he was the first man to volunteer for active service from Canada. When he went up for final medical examination at Valcartier, P. Q., it was only through his life-long friendship with the examining doctor, that he was passed as physically okay. So he was able to go on to France with the first Canadian Contingent.

I had heard about the famous "Tin Can Band" of the Canadian Army, which Doc Wells had originated, so I was curi-

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The Countess *and* Her Stars



Horoscope of Countess Olga Albani

"Go West, Young Woman—to Hollywood!" That's advice to Countess Albani Relayed from Moon by our Astrological Reporter

By Peggy Hull

MILKY WAY, April 20th—The Moon, in an exclusive interview today declared that the Countess Albani, Barcelona Beauty and Spanish emigré, who has made a name for herself singing over the NBC chain, is destined for greater fame via the motion pictures. "If she is a wise little girl," said the Moon, "she will go West. The farther she goes from her birthplace the greater will be her success and prominence."

In looking over the aspects which surrounded her birth in Barcelona, Spain, one August 13th not so long ago, the Moon pointed out that Jupiter, the great benefic, is in a position to assist her materially in California. She will receive the full force of his fortunate rays in the West, and as all the other indications in her horoscope point to a dramatic career, the Moon, as spokeswoman for the other heavenly bodies, asked specifically that she be informed of the greater possibilities which await her out there.

It was a good thing for the Countess that she came to the United States, according to the stars, for she is one of the natives of the earth planet who must shake off the family ties and home surroundings before she can adequately express herself. She had established herself as a singer in Spain before she came to the United States, but through the Radio she has reached millions of listeners who would never have heard of her otherwise, and now it seems that she can still further add to her fan following by taking up a screen career.

JUPITER, that planet whose position in our natal charts indicates the degree of success we will achieve, was in a most fortunate position at her birth. Posited in the sign Pisces and on the ascendant he promises her great fame and prosperity. He also stands by like a guardian angel to protect in times of difficulty. No matter what happens to her; no matter how many arguments, quarrels and disputes she has; no matter how many times she stubs her toe and falls down, Jupiter will come along like an indulgent father, pick her up, dust her off, and put her on her feet. This position also adds strength to the location of Uranus near the mid heaven.

"THIS unusual arrangement of these powerful planets," remarked the Moon, "establishes beyond all question the extraordinary life she will have. This is not an ordinary horoscope by any means. No one with a fire trine could be anything but an exceptional person. The trine, very unusual I want you to know, gives her an inexhaustible supply of energy. These people are always doers. They make history, nations, new records of achievement. And the Countess is at heart a pioneer. If she takes up a motion picture career she will doubtless contribute some thing entirely new and different to motion picture history."

Some of the intimate facts which her chart reveals are her love of animals, insatiable desire for travel and her generosity to people. She has a deep, profound, philanthropic nature. She is quickly sympathetic and no matter how lowly the individual's position, the Countess is ready and eager to help. Nothing of snobbery here, all gentleness, warmth and sweetness. She will give of her own substance until she has nothing for herself, so genuine is her charitableness. She is tolerant, broad-minded and easy to get along with, but she is not easy to amuse or entertain. She has great mental depth and unless a subject can hold her interest she is quickly bored.

She is subject to moods. The Moon explained that it was her own position in Aries. The Moon's rays directed through this sign gives the Countess sudden enthusiasms and varying moods. She can be the life of the party one moment and the next, quiet, sad, remote.

Three planets in water signs make her very adaptable. They give her rhythm, a love of music, flexibility and instinctive sense for the dramatic. And another thing they are going to do for her is to make her change her mind about a lot of ideas she has concerning life at present.

"There's no doubt," the talkative Moon told me, "that the Countess Albani has already reached a higher degree of prominence than any of the people in the circle in which she was born. Uranus near the mid-heaven is responsible for this."

She will meet many interesting men and have lots of admirers among the members of the opposite sex. As a matter of fact, she'll have admirers right up to the day she dies. Is there a woman on earth who wouldn't like to hear that?

THE Moon, who helps Venus out on all love affairs, confided to me that there were plenty of romances in the Countess' chart. That is, the romances are there if she wishes to turn her pretty head in their direction.

She is intuitive, psychic, has a pioneer spirit and oh my word! . . . what's this? Why it is nothing more or less than that she'd make a wonderful astrologer! I'll wager that's something the Belle of Barcelona never thought about, although she

(*Continued on page 97*)



COUNTESS OLGA ALBANI, NBC song star, is fond of apple blossoms, according to her horoscope and the photographer. Peggy Hull charts her future across the way.

Broadcasting from

The Growing Political Power of Radio

THERE is ever accumulating evidence that the influence of broadcasting is growing rapidly in political arenas throughout the world. In a recent issue we published an article by Harry A. Mackey, Mayor of Philadelphia, whose use of Radio is so extensive and so constant that he is known by many as "The Radio Mayor." Quite a few of our cities own stations outright or lease time for local broadcasts. As this issue goes to press Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt of New York has threatened to appeal to the public via Radio if a certain amendment is not withdrawn from a pending bill affecting the water-power interests—the amendment being of a type which Governor Roosevelt maintains usurps purely executive functions of government for the legislative branch. In England there is much talk about the advisability of broadcasting the proceedings of Parliament so that British subjects at large may know exactly what the government is doing. Over in Russia and in some other foreign countries broadcasting stations of great power are being erected for purposes which are largely political. Sometimes the objectives are strictly national; in other instances, they are international.

Our own federal government is not paying for broadcasting time, but in the United States the leading chains make a point of broadcasting news from Washington with great regularity. Virtually all of the important political figures up to and including President Hoover have been granted frequent microphone "appearances" before the American public. In short, every phase of our political life—community, county, state, nation—is being affected more and more through the medium of Radio. In fact, much of the broadcasting which is not ostensibly of a political nature, such as the international broadcasts now exchanged between the United States and various foreign countries, is of a quasi-political nature. All of these things, moreover, are going on at rapid pace in sizable volume during what might be termed peace times, *i. e.,* times when no major political battles are being fought out in our country.

Of course, when we get close to the actual election periods, double, triple and sometimes even quadruple emphasis is placed upon the influence of Radio. In other words, like it a little or like it a lot, the American people are certain to find that Radio is playing an increasingly important part in their political life directly and in their social life by reason of the effects of political government upon national business economics and the national habits of living. There are many Radio enthusiasts who will accept this knowledge with anything but personal relish. They have heard so many very poor orations via the microphone that at times they have been truly bored. Hence, their attitude toward the political influence of Radio is largely premised upon impatience and intolerance. However, even this element of American citizenry will grow to see it all from a different and more welcome viewpoint. They will find that to an increasing extent Radio has served as a purifier of political practices, as an improver of the quality of men who run for public office, as a developer of wiser political platforms, and as a liberalizing factor in helping the public at large to understand and be sympathetic with viewpoints other than those which are highly partisan.

Radio is destined to do all these important things in the field of American and international politics because of its ability to do certain things which cannot be accomplished equally well by any other means. In the first place, the politician can talk *in person* to his audience so that *his or her* voice is heard as he actually speaks. By any other means this type of contact is relatively limited in so far as the size of a single audience and the time factor are concerned, because it takes time to travel a state or even to tour about one large city. Not even the enterprising speed which characterizes the modern metropolitan newspaper can accomplish so much circulation of what is said with such tremendous rapidity.

Radio presentations also prevent the opposition party from garbling, extracting or editing the speaker's copy in such a way as to misinform the readers, a practice which is very common with the opposition press. Political speeches over the Radio prevent the partisan press on the affirmative side from overdoing the case and misinterpreting what is actually said. Again, because of the space limitations Radio broadcasting permits of a completeness which is almost never possible in a considerable number of newspapers and in relatively rare instances complete in any. Again, Radio broadcasting insures an accuracy of what is said which eliminates the occasional errors that creep in on account of faulty reporting, or prejudiced reporting or typographical errors.

In other words, Radio is winning a powerful position in political fields because of its ability to do a *faster,* more *accurate,* more *widespread,* more *intimate* job than is possible through any other means.

The Editors of RADIO DIGEST believe that the Radio audience should adopt an attitude toward political broadcasts which is much the same as the one they should hold as regards advertising on the air. Individual ability to turn the dial and thereby tune out any and all objectionable talks should provide a type of censorship which will enable the public to tell politicians how to talk when they are on the air, both as regards the length of time consumed and the character of facts, information and ideas presented.

Mayhap one of these days, because of its ability to get politicians to place themselves in a position where their constituents can hold them strictly accountable for what was

the Editor's Chair

actually said, we will find the genesis of a new party, which, in a sense, will be "the Radio party." If this happens, as seems likely, we can be sure of one thing. The Radio party will everlastingly have to premise not only platforms but also performance on the principles of *honesty* and *fair dealing*.

Film Recordings for Broadcasting

RADIO fans have probably already had a chance to read quite a bit about the experimenting which is being done at Station WLW with programs that are based upon film recordings instead of flat records of the disc type. In the near future undoubtedly much more will appear in print about this relatively new method for broadcasting programs and, no doubt, many of the DX enthusiasts and other long-distance and novelty hunters will get quite a kick out of tuning in for the first time on this new type of recorded program.

Here are a few fundamentals to keep in mind when reading about or listening in to film recordings. In the first place, the recording of sound on film is not fundamentally new. In the moving-picture business it was developed to a practical point several years ago, and since that time has been in active competition with the disc method of recording, which also is used extensively in silver-screen production. Up to this time opinion is considerably divided among moving picture executives and engineers as to which is the best method for handling the sound factor, namely, films or discs. From the standpoint of the quality of results, there is little to choose between the two, but from the standpoint of flexibility and of having specific measures of sound always in the quickest possible physical association with the stretch of film for which they are the accompaniment, it appears that the film method is the most practical and convenient. There are many moving picture men who feel that it is only a question of time when recordings on discs will be eliminated entirely, and certainly usage as regards the total volume is evolving definitely toward the practice of putting sound on film.

In reportorial work such as the news reels, the portability of equipment where the sound for pictures is put on films has been developed to a much better point than where news reporting is done via records.

Turning now to the Radio industry proper, we venture to say that the film method of recording will prove to have some very definite advantages. Most of these advantages, however, will relate to such flexibility as the re-use of parts of a given recording, the "patching" of portions of several recordings to make one complete broadcast, the editing out of defective portions, the condensation of certain types of recordings through the editing process, the insertion of certain kinds of announcements subsequent to the making of the original recording. Very few of the advantages, however, will relate directly to the quality of result achieved, because at the present time there is very little actual difference between the best in recorded broadcasting and direct broadcasting. The prime difference lies in the psychological effects upon the listener, and as long as broadcasters are forced to announce "electrical transcription" the public is bound to be a little prejudiced in its judgment of the quality of the result achieved.

Popular approval for electrical transcriptions, film or wax, will depend primarily on the individual merit of the program rather than on the quality of the result. Broadcasters will favor film because of its larger adaptability—easy to edit, cut, patch and revise; convenience for recording timely events, special speeches and historic incidents. Owing to the fact that most stations are now equipped for disc transcription film may be temporarily retarded. Two years more and television will make its Radio position secure.

RAY BILL



RADIOGRAPHS

Intimate Personality Notes Gleaned from the Radio Family of New York's Great Key Stations

By Rosemary Drachman

"WELL," said Mr. Johnstone, "in the first place he's a human dynamo. He's working eighteen hours a day, seven days a week, and accomplishing in that time more than any three men."

"He," of course, means Merlin H. Aylesworth, President of the National Broadcasting Company, and Mr. Johnstone is G.



Merlin H. Aylesworth

W. Johnstone, "Johnny Johnstone, Assistant to the President."

We were talking in the beautiful executive offices of NBC.

"He's down here every morning at nine o'clock," Mr. Johnstone went on, "and before that he's read all the morning papers. Just once was I able to show him a clipping he hadn't seen. (Here Mr. Johnstone smiled a little proudly.) That was the day after the Pope's broadcast.

" 'Here are the clippings, Mr. Aylesworth,' I said to him when he came in.

" 'Seen them all,' was his reply, as usual.

" 'No, you haven't.' And then I showed him Il Progresso Italo Americano, the Italian newspaper. He hadn't seen that. But that's the only time I ever got ahead of him.

"Besides reading the papers before he gets down, Mr. Aylesworth has collected the impressions of last night's programs from everyone he has met—elevator boy, doorman, barber. Then he's ready to start on a day that lasts usually until seven o'clock at night. And even then, it is rare that his dinner engagements are not partly business.

"Take today for instance. It's typical. He was in at nine. Something had come up that demanded an immediate conference of the Vice-President, General Manager and the Program Director. He'll be in that conference until ten-thirty. Then he has an interview with a representative from *Editor and Publisher*. At eleven-fifteen his car is outside to take him to a meeting of the board of directors of the Irving Trust Company. Incidentally he is also on the board of directors of four other companies—RKO, Victor-RCA, City Service, and, of course, NBC. At one o'clock he is at a press luncheon for Amos and Andy. At two-thirty he has an appointment with—well, just call him a man from Chicago. At three he must be at the Graybar Building for a conference with the architects of Radio city. At four-thirty he has an interview with a special writer from *Redbook Magazine*. He'll be in that until five-thirty or six. And then somewhere in the day he has to get in a couple of hours dictation, answer the telephone, see all the people who drop in to see him.

"Oh, yes, they drop in. There's hardly a day that five or six persons don't drop in whom Mr. Aylesworth has casually invited. And he sees them, too, although they may have to wait. Sometimes his secretary gets a little frantic when his schedule is already jammed full. She says she could get along better if Mr. Aylesworth were twins and days were twice as long.

"He has a finger in every departmental pie. He'll jump on a train to Chicago, come back and call up the sales department. 'I've sold a program for you,' he'll say nonchalantly. Or if something has gone wrong mechanically, he's as likely as not to go over to Bellmore and investigate the trouble right at the source.

"He's the sort of man who inspires devotion. We love to work for him. But he doesn't spare himself or anyone else. Holidays don't exist for him. I remember one day a friend called up and asked him if he didn't want to get out of a luncheon engagement—a business luncheon, of course—because Monday was going to be a holiday. 'Mr. So-and-So,' Mr. Aylesworth said, 'the National Broadcasting Company works eighteen hours a day, 365 days a year. We entertain the public day and night. We have no holidays. I'll be at that luncheon.'

"And," grinned Mr. Johnstone, "any of us who had been making plans for Monday, cancelled them forthwith."

All in all the impression gained by this Radiograph Editor of Mr. Merlin H. Aylesworth was that NBC's chief executive does earn his salary.

Here are some brief biographical details. He was born in 1886 in Cedar Rapids, Iowa. He graduated from the University of Denver in 1908. He married Blanche Parrett in 1909. He has two children,



Lula Vollmer

Barton Jerome and Dorothy. He practiced law in Colorado until 1914 when he went into public utility work. In 1919 he became managing director of the National Electric Light Association. In 1926 he became president of the National Broad-



David Ross

casting Company. He lives at 812 Park Avenue, just around the corner from his office.

Lula Vollmer

SHE wrote *Sun-Up,* that Southern folk drama which has had such an international success. She wrote *The Shame Woman, The Dunce Boy,* and *Trigger.* Then she turned to Radio. *Moonshine and Honeysuckle* is the title of the serial which comes to you every Sunday afternoon at two o'clock (EST) over the NBC network. The episodes center around Clem Betts, a boy of the Southern mountains. Louis Mason takes the part of Clem. On the legitimate stage, he was in Miss Vollmer's *The Dunce Boy,* and *Trigger.*

As a little girl, Lula Vollmer wanted to be a moonshiner. Well, maybe not a moonshiner, but she wanted to be as unrestrained and carefree as were the little mountaineer children with whom she was brought up.

For Miss Vollmer's father was in the lumber business and she was born in a North Carolina lumber camp. She early saw how much luckier the mountaineer children were than she was. They could play in the woods all day; she had to go to school. They could be sewn into their clothes for the winter; she must be always dressing and undressing. They could fight and swear and chew tobacco; she must be a perfect little lady.

It was with a shade of envy that she learned to know and love these simple mountain folk. But she did learn to know and love them, and her first play about them, written at the age of sixteen, was made into a successful vaudeville sketch. *Sun-Up* first produced at the Provincetown Theatre in 1923, has been playing ever since, both in this country and in Europe. *Moonshine and Honeysuckle,* originally scheduled for thirteen broadcasts has gone on for thirty-two, and will probably continue indefinitely. The reason for her success is summed up in one word—authenticity. Her characters are real, her background is real. She writes as if she were a mountaineer herself, which she says, sometimes she thinks she is.

"Of course, occasionally I should like to come back to civilization, but I could be happy for months at a time among the mountain folk. Life is so simple with them, in contrast to the complexities of the city."

She does not find writing for the Radio very much different from writing for the stage. She thinks working on Radio programs has given her more facility. "You know writers are notorious dawdlers, but with actors waiting for scripts at a certain hour every week, you just have to get busy and produce them. Rain or shine, in sickness or in health, the script must be in. Sometimes it is quite a task. A half hour of dialogue is thirty pages, as long as an act in a play. I once wrote one when I was sick in bed with the grippe and had a temperature of 102."

Miss Vollmer tries to write every afternoon from one to six. Sometimes the actors will make suggestions as to how she may do a part for them, but mostly she carries on by herself.

"Fortunately," says Miss Vollmer, "in Gerald Stopp I have an excellent director. When I turn a manuscript over to him I know the drama will be produced exactly as it should be, and that I have nothing to worry about except getting out next week's program."

David Ross

"The knights are dust,
Their swords are rust,
Their souls are with the saints,
We trust."

DON'T know if I'm giving that quotation correctly, but if David Ross, CBS announcer and dramatic reader, had lived back in the days before knights were dust and swords rust, he undoubtedly would have been one of those wandering minstrels who came to the great castles to play and sing for the lord and his family.

It being, as it is, prosaic 1931, he stands before a microphone, and his beautiful resonant voice goes out not to one family but to hundreds of thousands.

For David Ross believes that poetry should appeal mainly to the ear, that just as a piece of music is to be played, a poem is to be voiced. And Radio, he says, is establishing something that was almost lost from our modern life—the intimate contact of the poet with his audience.

We were talking up in that little room on the twenty-third floor of Columbia that they call "Siberia" and the "Dog Watch". It is the room—barely furnished with a desk, two chairs, and a microphone—from which local announcements are made.

Every fifteen minutes David Ross would lean forward in his chair and say into the microphone on the desk, "WABC, New York." "W2XE, New York." Even with that short announcement the surprising beauty of his voice was apparent. And more than its beauty you were aware of the character of the man behind the voice. Here was poise and serenity and understanding. Somewhere—and I don't know whether I have this quotation right either—there's a line which says when a cup is full it runs over, but the real fullness stays within. That is what you feel about David Ross, that whatever he gives out, there is much, much more within.

One can be crushed by an unfortunate environment or one can rise above it. Certainly there was much in the early life of David Ross to kill in him all love of beauty.

He was born in New York on July 7, 1894. Before he was old enough to go to school, he was selling newspapers on the



Georgia Backus

street. All the way through school and college he had to work to earn enough to eat. Out of college he did all sorts of things to make both ends meet. He waited on table in a restaurant. He was a parcel clerk in a wholesale dress house. He acted with Eva Davenport. He was a supervisor in an orphan asylum. He was a social director in a settlement house. He was a dramatic coach at a summer camp. He was secretary to a Russian baroness.

(Continued on page 76)

MARCELLA

Little Bird Knows All—Tells All—Ask Her about the Stars You Admire

"WELL, you needn't look at me like that," blinked Toddles (who is, has been and always will be Presiding Pigeon of Graybar Court). At this we both regaled ourselves with another smack of cracker and honey. "I suppose," I retorted as coherently as a mouthful of cracker and honey will allow, *"I'm* to blame for it." "Well," said Toddles, with her own homely philosophy, "whoever is to blame, an apology is necessary." So here we are *Jeff* Sparks, as humble as two birds of a feather can possibly be for getting things a little twisted about you and *Harold* Sparks of KFJF. There is a vast difference between the two. So everyone please get out the March copy of RADIO DIGEST and compare. Jeff Sparks is 25, has an altitude of five feet eight and a half inches and a predilection for blondes. His favorite hobby is Boy Scouts. You must all, and Clara D. of Davenport, especially, have seen him in Marcella's department in April. Thanks, Jeff, for the tip on the blondes. Toddles and I shall be off in a jiffy for some hair dye. Toddles' noodle is of a deep maroon and Marcella's locks are of an old rose gray, but that wouldn't do, I suppose, would it?

Girls! A discovery! John S. Young was classmate of Rudy Vallée in Yale! Now what d'ye think about that, Sally, Christine and Elsie? His success is entirely due to taking his job seriously. Enjoys most announcing Rudy's program. Studied playwrighting at Yale and worked as actor at WBZ-WBZA but is now recognized as among NBC's best announcers. Also fine uke player.



John Young

A musical genius and a prize fight fan! How do you account for that? Hugo Mariani was born in in Montevideo, Uruguay, S. A., of Italian parentage, Bob, and learned the rudiments of music from his father, one of the best violin teachers in that Republic. At the age of eleven, on a tour of South American countries, he was hailed the "Wonder Child." As solo violinist at the Rialto Theatre in New York he became very popular with the audiences, and as orchestra director with the NBC, where he has been ever since the organization started, he has won for himself a great reputation. He is an exponent of jazz and believes that this type of music will eventually become complete expression of America. Mariani is married to a Rumanian artist, Nella Barbu. Mariani, though a musical giant, is small in stature, very modest and has keen, searching black eyes —always searching for the hidden beauty in things. He is invariably well tailored but his gaudy shirts are the distraction of his associates. He makes a hobby of collecting shirts of extraordinary hue. But the enigma—prize fight lover!



Hugo Mariani



Above: Al Cameron and Pete Bontsema
Below: Russ Wildey and Billy Sheehan

Bee of Rockport, Texas, pleads, "Marcella, please tell me something about my favorites, Al and Pete, and why don't you give us their picture?" Well, my dear, here's your comedy team. Al Cameron née John B. Brodhead, might have been an M.D. had not injuries sustained in football game diverted his interests to music. While in vaudeville he met Pete, at that time leader of an orchestra. Pete Bontsema, the team pianist, is tall and blond, and was born on Holland soil. He has a penchant for contests of any and every variety. Just can't resist it. When he's not busy answering his young son's questions, which are legion, he can be seen working out or creating cross word puzzles. Al spends his leisure time writing short stories and has a drama on the fire, I understand. He hopes some day to spend all of his time in writing. In four years they've amassed 10,000 old-time songs sent by their admiring audience. I don't think Al is married, Loraine. And, by the way, they are NBC artists.

* * *

OH, WHERE, oh, where are the Ray-o-vac Twins—oh, where, or where can they be. I've looked up and down through the Radio waves, but oh dear, I'm still-l-l at sea. And if anyone tells me where they are I'll make up another little song. Russ Wildey and Billy Sheehan, the Twins in person, have not been on NBC for some time and some Marcellians are very anxious about them. Their pictures are here so that they can be identified, for it's possible they're broadcasting under some other *numb de prune.* Reward—one of Marcella's own prepared compositions.

* * *

THE female partner of "Mr. and Mrs.", the striving young couple who air their domestic difficulties over CBS each week, was busy on her Westchester farm when RADIO DIGEST'S photographer sallied forth. So we are able to present only the likeness of "Mr." "Mr." was presented to his parents in 1902 by the long-billed bird as a Thanksgiving gift in the city of Philadelphia. As a school boy he refused to study — and his artistic temperament cost him many of his earlier jobs. After trying his hand at advertising, selling, shoveling coal on a lake boat and other similar executive positions, he developed noble aspirations for the stage. Played in vaudeville and made pictures. Appeared in stock companies and managed them. In September, 1929 Jack Smart, alias Joe, alias "Mr.", became husband, radio-ically speaking, to Jane Houston, the "Mrs.", and the way they both rave on, one would think they were actually married—but they're not. Jack was also the Radio dad of Lillian Taiz in the late lamented Dutch Masters program.



Jack Smart



Chas. Tramont

AT 27, Charles Tramont is one of NBC's popular announcers, Mrs. L. K. A. of Indianapolis. He started out with an M.D. as his goal, but during a summer vacation, faced with the responsibilities of marriage, he applied with forty-nine others for job as announcer and he has been at it ever since. Obtained his education at Canisius College in Buffalo. With a twinkle in his eye he said baby golf was his hobby. Interested in Romance languages.

"Here they are," calls Bill Hay, and Amos 'n' Andy's banter flows into a million homes. That introduction has a history all its own. Way back in the days when Amos 'n' Andy, then known as Sam 'n' Henry, made their first broadcast, Bill Hay attended the rehearsal just before the act went on the air. He was in stitches, but managed to get through the opening announcement. Just as the boys were supposed to come on, Bill intended to say "here they are" just as you or I would say it, when he became overcome with mirth, and the phrase bubbled out as you hear it today. Hay made his Radio debut at KFKX, Hastings, Neb., where he was everything from chief cook to bottle washer. Thence to WGN. And shortly after that to WMAQ, where he has been even since. He was born at Dumfries, Scotland, and got his musical education at an early age. During his stay in Hastings he conducted the largest church choir in Nebraska. He ad libs all announcements on musical programs because he feels a closer contact can in this way be had with the Radio audience. His hobby?—Golf, of course, and generously indulges his taste in baseball, swimming, squash and—bridge. As Sales Manager for WMAQ, he can hold his own in any battle of wits.



Bill Hay

* * *

THE last that has been heard of Marthin Provensen was when he was in Detroit. All track has since been lost of him. He is blond and tall and resembles somewhat Adolphe Menjou. His brother, Herluf Provensen, is supervisor of announcers in the Washington studios of the NBC, and in this capacity introduces President Hoover whenever the latter talks on the air. The Provensens have been making history for many years. One of their ancestors, Ansgar, the famous missionary, is reputed to have brought Christianity to the north of Europe. In 1917 the father of Marthin and Herluf accepted from King Christian of Denmark a post in charge of three churches in Jutland, Denmark. Herluf was born in Racine, Wis., on July 10th, 1908, and although an American citizen he spent ten years in Denmark, the family's native land.



Marthin Provensen



Harry C. Browne



Edith Thayer

Interested Mother and Mrs. Lucey are terribly interested in Hank Simmons' Show Boat, a CBS presentation every Saturday night. Harry C. Browne is the guiding spirit behind this very popular river boat feature. No, Mrs. P. R. S., the programs are broadcast direct from the studios in an imaginary show boat. It is one of the oldest programs on CBS wavelengths, and its success is entirely due to Mr. Browne's versatility as an experienced actor and director. The cast is as follows: Harry Browne is Hank Simmons; Edith Clinton—Lettie Simmons; Edith Thayer—Jane McGrew; Elsie May Gordon—Maybelle; Lawrence Grattan—DeWitt Schuyler; Frank Readick—Happy Jack Lewis; Harry Swan—Joe Carroll; James Ayres—George Morris, and Brad Sutton takes the part of Frank Miller. Edith Thayer, the charming Jane McGrew is known as the world's smallest prima donna, reaching the magnificent height of four feet eleven inches. Theatregoers will remember her in the leading role with the original company of *Blossom Time*. After this three-year engagement she appeared in Chicago theatres under the management of her husband, Howard Butler, who is now stationed as announcer at WMCA.

* * *

"WISH the whole RADIO DIGEST could be devoted to WTAM's staff," writes Janet Hart of Punxsutawney, Pa. "WTAM is my favorite station," says Al of Pennsylvania, and in this Carolyn F. of Cyclone concurs with him. "Let us have something about WTAM," is the cry of E. J. H. of Warren. Well, my dears, with so many readers on my neck for WTAM, guess the safest thing is to say a kind word about that station. Here are Doc Whipple, Helen Bucher and Tom Manning, all WTAM-ickers. Doc, or Clark Whipple, played the piano for years at the Golden Pheasant Restaurant. Then he toured on the road with a dance combination of his own, and in 1929 joined WTAM's forces as leader of the dance band. Miss Bucher is soprano, composer and pianist all rolled in one—a sweet roll—and it's not just a Jack of all trades with her. She is skillful in each of these callings. Tom Manning, my dears, is all of 28. He started on his athletic career as a boy on the baseball diamond and is well known among baseball fans. During the winter he announces all dance bands and any hockey, basketball or indoor games taking place.



Doc Whipple, Helen Bucher and Tom Manning



Jean Paul King

* * *

I'M JUST about knee deep in letters asking about Jean Paul King. Mrs. S. of Dayton writes, "Here I come with a burning question about Jean Paul King. Won't you publish his picture. He rates high in this household." A. F. P. of Rockford, A. E. G. of Reading, Phyllis of Jackson, Mich., Miss Fogan, Mrs. C. J. Williams of Ottumwa, Iowa: Lucille Bolinger of Kankakee, Mrs. A. M. Beach of Earlville; Mrs. Bert Myers of Bloomington, Ill., Helen of Peoria, Mrs. Lyle of Marseilles, Ill.; Marie Hummel of Detroit; and MCRK, all swell the grand and noble chorus for a picture and some dope on Jean Paul King. Well, Jean was born at North Bend, Neb., on December 1st, 1904, the son of the Methodist pastor there. In 1928 he married Miss Mary Cogswell, a Radio writer, who was graduated from the U. of California. Sorry to disillusion so many hearts, my dears, but he *is* married and from all appearances, Mrs. J. P. King is terribly healthy. Some Radio fans think that Jean's voice is second to none in the field (I wonder what would happen if we took a vote on that), but there is no doubt that he is entirely individual in his work. Jean has now taken pen in hand to write his "imprints" of the Sisters of the Skillett for our next RADIO DIGEST. He was educated at the University of Washington, where he was active in the University Players, the glee club and the varsity baseball, wrestling and track teams. Member of innumerable fraternities. Believes in wide general education for announcers and is quite opposed to specialization.



Francis MacMillen

Francis MacMillen, whose $30,000 Stradivarius is known to NBC audiences, began meddling with the fiddle when just three. He was born at Marietta, Ohio, and at seven was taken to Europe for musical training. At 16 he won first prize at the Brussels Royal Conservatoire, with a purse of five thousand dollars. When Gamba, musical writer of London, heard MacMillen at his debut in Brussels, he proclaimed him a genius. The Stradivarius violin now in his possession once belonged to the Spanish crown and was used by Sarasate, the Spanish violinist, and other famous musicians. Hobbies are baseball, football, and a good punch at the heavy and light bag. (See his picture on previous page.)

* * *



Harold Stein

HAROLD STEIN may be a photographer but he's a character and a personality in himself. He has snapped the picture of more than 57 varieties of celebrities and these include kings, princes, presidents and Radio stars. He doesn't just turn these "celebs" out of the door when he's through with the flashlight; he likes to discuss things with them. And so that he may know about these personages, and about Radio stars especially he has equipped his car with an auto set and tunes in on half-hour programs when the red traffic light is turned on. There is a story that Harold Stein loves to tell about Rudy Vallée. The Prince of Photographers sent his young new assistant to the Paramount studios to get some good shots. The youngster arrived with his camera at the studios but being less experienced was unable to place the instrument in the right place. A bystander seeing the awkwardness of the lad, took the camera from him, snapped the necessary pictures, patted the boy on the shoulder and whispered, "Tell Harold that Rudy was glad to help him out." It seems as if I hear deafening applause from the Rudy fans. And while we're on Rudy, I might say that we really ought to establish a Rudy corner right here in Marcella. Here we go: Elizabeth Trayner, Rudy never broadcast the Heigh Ho Club from WOR. Difficult to estimate how many songs he has written. February 22nd was WOR's ninth birthday. M. C. Miller of Pleasantville, Rudy has no steady lady friend—can you imagine how many suicides there would be if he had! I. T. H., you can buy Rudy's book, *When Vagabond Dreams Come True,* at any book store. The volume is published by Grosset & Dunlap. F. V. H., over 35,000 copies of Rudy's book have been printed. Sorry, Therese Meyer, I can't give you his home address. Rudy is at work on another book and he *is* Master of Ceremonies at the Villa Vallée, New York. Would like to answer your other questions, but I mustn't answer queries that are too personal. I. T. H., Rudy was married to Leonie Choif but the marriage was annulled a short time after that. He studied French and Spanish at college, Agnes, and the dinner was swell! Mary Hanlon will find a picture of Rudy and the original Connecticut Yankees in this issue. He comes back from his tour just today, as I am writing this, my dear. Sorry, Ann Smith of Philadelphia, but Rudy does not broadcast more than twice a week. Rudy announces in Spanish, Robert Longnecker, just to lend a little variety to his program, don't you know.



H. Studebaker, B. Congdon, Don Parker

* * *

HERE you are Ruth Adams and Agnes. At last! Two more in the Happy Hollow Group at KMBC. Hugh Studebaker, who takes the part of the *villyun,* Harry Checkervest, and Bertina Congdon, the romantic Annie Laurie Blackstone. Versatility is Hugh's middle name. He is organist in "Between the Book Ends" and "Midnite Muse" programs; is dignified announcer and dramatist in the Salon Hour and in between these acts he is heard in character songs. Outside of that he has nothing else to do. Bertina, or Chic as she is better known to her friends, my dears, is just five feet tall, has yellow hair and blue eyes. Outside of her Happy Hollow role she is heard as Jane in the Town Crier Dramalogues and when she is not all of this she acts as secretary to Dick Smith, KMBC's Program Director.

* * *

DON PARKER, popular crooner at WMCA, is a study in brown, Beatrice Butler of Pleasantville, N. J. And because, perhaps his eyes and hair spell such color harmony, it is just natural for him to get it over in his songs. He is just twenty-one and has been on the air now for two years. Drives hither, thither and yon in a dark gray Chrysler roadster.

* * *

LEE SEYMOUR, formerly with the Majestic Hour, is now connected with a New York Insurance Company, Patsie, and Arthur Snyder left WCCO a year ago last fall to go with the NBC in its production department. He left there about two months ago and has not been seen or heard of since.

Mum's the word about Enna Jettick songbird, R. E. D. Mustn't tell who it is. And Milton J. Cross is not of the Tribe of Israel.

* * *

STAN LEE BROZA of WCAU is one of the best known Radio personalities in Quaker Town. Way back in 1923, when WCAU was just a wee bit of a babe of only 500 watts, Stan broke in as an announcer. He worked his way up and is now Director of Programs of WCAU, the largest station in Philly. He was born, reared and educated in this city. Had his hand in real estate, advertising and now Radio. Hobby is his Sunday Morning Children's Hour. And what d'ye know about this? Stan discovered Bobby Dukes, four-year-old screen and stage star!



Stan L. Broza

* * *

MY DEARS, I am simply all embarrassment. I am blushing to the very roots of my feathers. First I put my foot into it by calling Martin B. Campbell of WHAS an artist. Then I had to get my other pedit in by calling him an announcer. But, my dears, he does not belong to either of the species! He is *Assistant Manager* of the station and is very modest about his accomplishments, as witness his letter, "Dear Marcella: Your apologies for calling me an 'Artist' are accepted. Now, what are you going to do about calling me an announcer? I do not know whether to smile or to cry . . . I am the assistant manager of the station and as such try to stay behind the scenes." So not having had any success with Mr. Campbell himself, I turned to his secretary, Catherine Steele, who says that one of her boss' pet aversions is giving out personal information for publicity purposes. However, I did get some info about Mr. Campbell and you can guess for yourselves who gave it to me. The hero of this sketch is a native of Asheville, N. C. Took up show business for a time, then dropped it to take up his pen for the Louisville *Times* as Radio Editor. Took a decided interest in the ether business and three years ago became assistant manager of WHAS. Mr. Campbell is very good looking (no picture available to bear me out, but, my public, you'll simply have to take my word for it). In his late thirties, has black hair and black eyes. Quite reserved, but withal has cheery disposition and fine personality. A wife, a six-year-old boy and daughter four years older, complete the family circle.

See you subsequently.—Your own Marcella.

* * *

MARCELLA hears all, tells all. Write her a letter, ask her any of the burning questions that are bothering your mind.



"Hack" Wilson, NBC impersonator.

Chinning *with the* Chain Gang

By Jean Dubois



Therese Wittler NBC actress.

IF Graham McNamee, Walter Damrosch, Major Bowes, Rudy Valée, or any one of a long list of NBC celebrities should be held up in traffic some day, there's some one in the studios who could hold the fort until the star's arrival. He's "Hack" Wilson, newest find up at National. He was and still is one of their best engineers, but one day news of his remarkable gift for mimicry percolated through to the powers that be, and he went on the air. I heard him in the April Fool broadcast, where as "Graham McNutt" he introduced himself as "Walter Gotterdamerung", "Major Bellows" and "Rudy Chevrolet". Tone quality, mannerisms, even inflections were perfect imitations—he tells me long hours spent at the controls when the celebs were on gave him a swell opportunity to get their little idiosyncrasies down pat. H. Warden Wilson is the name on the diploma he received from the engineering school of the University of Pennsylvania in 1929. Admits to twenty-seven years, and is six feet tall.

* * *

COLUMBIA'S newest quick-change artist doesn't do personages like Wilson, she (yes, a female) does types. Elsie Mae Gordon takes off ragamuffins, chorus girls, serious-minded clubwomen or what-have-you in great style on the Wallace Silversmith program Saturday nights. She worked her way through dramatic school, and one of her first jobs was in a "five and dime" store. That gave her a good chance to study character, visited as it was by everyone from cooks to grand duchesses.

* * *

DID he commit a murder, or was he listening to the Lowell Thomas broadcast on the night of January 6th when the attack was made? That's the question before a court in Norfolk, Va., which is trying a man who tells of listening to the broadcast in the home of friends. Affidavits support him and tell the subject matter of the broadcast. NBC officials have rushed a copy of the continuity to Norfolk to prove who's right. As this is written, the court has not yet made decision. With the new vogue of program murder trials what could be more apropos than a real murder hearing being identified with a broadcast?



Elsie Mae Gordon, Columbia's quick-change artist, as (from left) a tomboy, a French dancer, a small-town clubwoman and herself.

ANOTHER popular local act has been grabbed by the networks. Buffalo's WKBW bids a cheerful but envious farewell to F. Chase Taylor, alias Col. Stoopnagle, and Budd Hulick, who have been signed up by Columbia for a Green Brothers program to go on coastwise waves beginning May 24th. Six years at it makes Taylor a real Radio veteran, but Hulick has been in Radio just a year. Louis Dean, Columbia announcer, once was Taylor's partner, and thinks it would be grand if "they" will let him announce the new program.

* * *

PUT this in your Album of Funny Coincidences. Not long ago Columbia announced the building of a special audition room where Big Business executives could listen to prospective entertainers. Furnished like a living room, to make Mr. Executive feel at home. A month later NBC announces a living room in its quarters, too—but this one is for "timid Radio speakers" who find the big bare studios too much for their nerves. Not being a Big Executive, I haven't been in Columbia's sanctum, but I hope it has more ash trays than NBC's. I have heard complaints from gentlemen that the big NBC living room has only [illegible]. Every well-equipped living room should have at least six.

* * *

THIS month's milestone [illegible] May, 1931, is exactly one year from the date of Therese Wittler's arrival in New York with the Morse Players of St. Louis, who competed for a Little Theatre Cup. She decided to stick in the metropolis and contrary to tradition, got a dramatic job. She plays "Gypsy Carter" in NBC's *Moonshine and Honeysuckle* on Sundays.

(*Continued on page 87*)



Mr. and Mrs. H. Felton Williams, of the studio staff, whose marriage ceremony was broadcast over WPTF.

Met in Studio, So They Broadcast their "I Do's"

IT WAS a complete surprise to WPTF staff members when Margaret Fussell and Felton Williams announced their engagement and early marriage. And it was more of a surprise when H. K. Carpenter, manager of the Raleigh station, invited the young couple to use the studios for the ceremony and asked their permission to broadcast it to the thousands of listeners to the North Carolina station. On February 28th the nuptial knot was tied.

The studios were a mass of flowers, and the broadcast lived up to all the traditions of a simple home wedding. It was one of the most solemnly beautiful half hours ever placed at the service of WPTF listeners. Kingham Scott at the organ, played the Lohengrin *Wedding March,* while the Blue Bird String Ensemble contributed several romantic selections. Mrs. Williams is a pianist and popular "crooner", while Mr. Williams is one of the members of the engineer's staff. Both have been with the station for over a year.

* * *

TWO renowned artists of the concert and operatic world are now heard regularly over the air from WBAL in Baltimore. Mabel Garrison, who retired from the Metropolitan Opera to devote herself to her home (she is the wife of George Siemonn, conductor of the Baltimore Symphony) sings on a Tuesday evening program sponsored by the McCormick Company. And Frank Gittelson, eminent American violinist is on the air every Sunday morning. He made his concert début abroad in Berlin under the direction of Conductor Ossip Gabrilowitsch, and appeared with Nellie Melba as co-artist when that famous singer gave a concert in London. While not all of the WBAL artists have such brilliant public appearances, the station is noted for the high calibre of its entertainment and the genius of its musical staff.

* * *

JAMES JOHNSON is only seventeen years old, but he's already one of the most popular staff members of CHML in Hamilton. The young Canadian xylophonist and pianist appeared recently in a local picture house. He admits to becoming confused at the end of the performance . . . tried to leave the theatre through a fire exit . . . then made for another door, which he thought led to the stage, only to be met by a shower of brooms and dust-pans. To the audience's amusement, the soft-soap pail fell down and spattered on his manly chest. That's why he feels more at home in a Radio studio.

A Circle Tour *from*

NEWS from Boston . . . Ben Hadfield of the WNAC staff recently celebrated the fifth anniversary of his debut as a Radio announcer. Ben was on the stage, when he heard the call of the mike. He is still with his first love and has seen longer service than any other WNAC announcer. . . . Hazel Story, assistant program director at WEEI is going in for physical culture. She has let it be known that in June she will marry Lang Fernald, physical director of Wallingford, Conn., High School. . . . It wasn't St. Patrick's Day, at all, but all in one day WLOE offered: Francis X. Rooney, tenor; Fahey Brothers in *Emerald Gems;* Edward J. McQuillon, tenor; Theresa Blackwell, *Irish Colleen* and Mary O'Leary, singing and whistling! Next, Boston will substitute spuds for baked beans.



Left, Frank Gittelson, eminent American violinist, and Mabel Garrison, former soprano of the Metropolitan Opera. Both appear regularly at WBAL.

Below. There are many pairs of twins making their appearance before the microphone, but Station KTSA claims to have presented the only pair of real Siamese twins on the air. They are pretty Misses Violet and Daisy Hilton. At the mike with them is Paul Spor, well known master of ceremonies for air celebrities.



East *to* Southwest

TRIXIE, the famous talking cat, is back on the air again, with Jack Shannon, taking the part of Trixie's mistress, Mrs. O'Hara. Marie Stoddard, the versatile character actress, as the snoopy Mrs. Gaddle, is the third member of the trio of *The Gossipers,* which is the only broadcast that has the distinction of being popular on both NBC and CBS. Now, however, this rollicking, funny trio makes its bow on electrical transcriptions. They are already a popular feature at WGBS in New York, and are appearing on a large number of local stations throughout the country. . . .

* * *

THE star of KDKA's new broadcasting station is not a human performer. It's an airplane danger sign perched on top of a 100 foot antenna pole. Since KDKA is located within a few miles of two Pittsburgh landing-fields, it was thought necessary to mount this obstruction marker at the highest point in a barrage of antennae poles. The ball of red light, resembling a spread umbrella, can be seen from a distance of five miles on clear nights.

* * *

Wouldn't you know that it would be the tiniest member of the WGY staff who would present the *Musical Miniatures.* Marian Brewer, soprano of the Schenectady station, is just five feet tall, but she's a little girl with a big voice! The program, which she originated herself, tells a short story by means of the group of songs which she sings.

* * *

Down in the Lone Star State . . . . KTRH celebrated its first anniversary recently, while Milt Hall, program director of the Houston station, announces an addition to his family . . . a bouncing baby boy whom his dad calls "Skipper" . . . . Two pretty Siamese twins, Violet and Daisy Hilton, are appearing regularly over KTSA in San Antonio.



The flying plane of WPEN, with (left to right) Wes Smith, pilot and Lou Jackobson, announcer.



Right—Actress Elizabeth Love of *Strictly Dishonorable* made her Radio debut over WCAU in Philadelphia. With her are Powers Gouraud, Horace Leigh and Paul Douglas of the station staff.

Below—They tried to be serious but couldn't! You see the result. James Jefferies, WFAA, Dallas, tenor, and Edward Dunn, announcer.



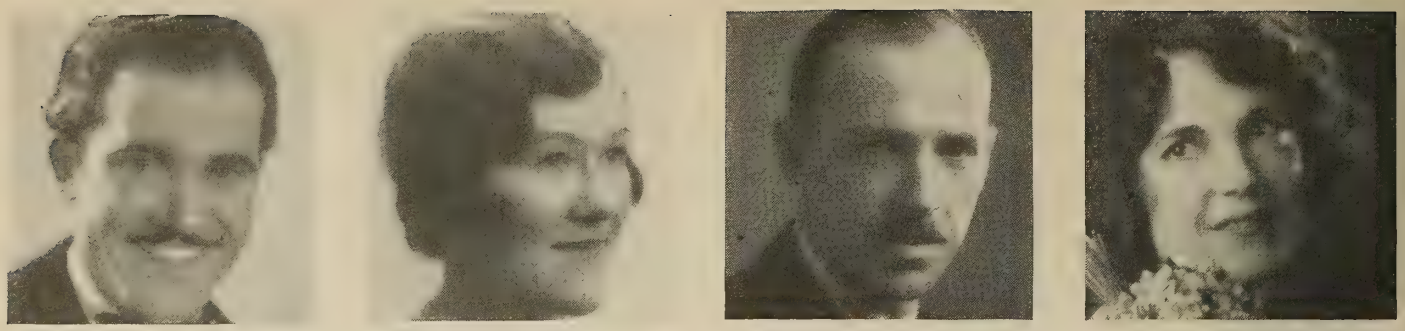
WPEN Announcer Speaks From Bellanca Plane

LOUIS JACKOBSON, who is known to the Radio world as program manager and organist at WPEN, has now added to his titles that of "flying announcer." He uses the big Bellanca plane owned by the station to convey to the neck-craning public on the streets below the latest programs featured over the station. The plane is equipped with an amplifying unit, permitting Jackobson to sit behind his mike thousands of feet in the air and talk to the crowds below.

This is but one of the three airplanes owned by WPEN, the other two being used to promote the station through the medium of the press. The ships, another Bellanca and a monocoupe plane, are at the disposal of the local papers, who have covered many major stories by using the planes to fly photographers and reporters to the scenes.

* * *

Another of the collegiates who will join the Radio world after graduation in June is Miss Marcia Feinberg of Thomasville, Ga. All during her college course at Brenau College she has been broadcasting, and has appeared on WSB, Atlanta; WJAX, Jacksonville, and WQDX in her home town. She has a soprano voice of exceptional range and quality and is a talented violinist. She writes "College and education came first, now my music comes into its own."



Handsome men and beautiful women seem to gravitate to Western studios. From left, José Bohr, KFI and KECA Argentine Tenor, Agatha Turley, Pacific NBC soprano, Pinkerton "Pinkie" Day, a former theatre headliner now at KEX; and Hélène Tourjee, who is accompanist, singer and organist at KFWI . . . she also does comic and serious monologues.

Pacific Coast

THE "Andy and Virginia" team are now up at KOIN, Portland, but they have appeared on a half dozen other coast stations from Los Angeles northward. Virginia Lee hails from Covington, Kentucky, which of course accounts for the tinge of southern accent in her speech. One of the cast of the original New York company of *China Rose*, she has studied vocally in several parts of the country, to say nothing of practical experience on the Keith Albee circuit and a few records for Victor.

Andy Mansfield studied at Penn State College, Cornell (New York State) and worked in various orchestras composing, making arrangements and playing the piano. The Andy and Virginia program features piano and song and pianologues in happy, informal mood.

* * *

JEAN CHOWN (Williamson) becomes prize contralto for the enlarged United chain on the west coast. Already music circles of the Southwest know her through various recitals and broadcast programs. Gene Inge, who dispenses information from the chain, writes that she studied in England and that . . . "her last appearance before an English audience was at a musicale held under the patronage of Her Royal Highness, Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyle, the Duchess of Norfolk, the Duchess of Somerset and Dame Margaret Lloyd George" . . . which, of course stamps Jean as somewhat of a highbrow. But she seems to have dropped any ritzy idiosyncrasies by the wayside.

* * *

BLONDE, petite Kay Van Riper, KFWB lady impresario, writes the series of French miniatures, directs it, and takes three or four different roles. This is quite some task for the 95 pound energetic Radio girl.

* * *

DR. LAWRENCE L. CROSS, doing a coast NBC program of an inspirational nature, mornings, is tall and lean and has wavy blond hair. Pastor of the North Brae Community church in Berkeley, college town, he was born in Alabama and was graduated from a college in Tennessee. Dr. Cross married a Yankee girl and is the father of five small children. During his "cross-cut" talks his little birds chirp . . . Alabama and Louisiana mockers and a pair of German rollers.

* * *

STUART BUCHANAN, now directing drama for the United chain out on the coast, achieved considerable fame as a member of the Pasadena Community Playhouse Players but, even before that, he was with Stuart Miller in Indianapolis and in stock at Denver. Before entering Radio, Buchanan played football at Notre Dame; taught in the Universities of West Virginia and Florida.

* * *

NELSON CASE, suave blonde announcer for KFWB . . . son of Managing Editor Walter Case of the Long Beach (Calif.) Morning Sun, once had his own college band . . . and had a composition of his own, *Waiting in the Rain* . . . hot dance tune which gallops unrestrained up and down the piano keyboard.

Dorothy Warren, once of the Pacific Repertory Company and several seasons with the Pasadena Community Players, is doubling up on drama parts for KFWB this spring . . . with the *French Miniatures* and the *Romancing Racketeer* weekly continuities.

* * *

BARON KEYES, creator of the air castle family over sundry stations, most recently KFI, has published *Valley of Broken Dreams* . . . first played by Ray Van Dyne's orchestra.

"Aunt Missouri," in the person of Bettie Sale, news-scribe, now helps out Big Brother Don (Wilson) over KFI twice a week on his tour for the kiddies.

* * *

DAVID HARTFORD and Frances Nordstrom (Mr. and Mrs.) have turned to Radio as a dramatic medium with weekly skits through KMTR. Hartford is an old-timer in western theatrical circles. He has directed Lewis Stone, Florence Reed, Marjorie Rambeau, and Richard Bennett and directed Los Angeles Belasco and Morosco stock companies.

The Three Co-eds, vocal group from KECA, has never changed personnel since it started in '26 over vaudeville and later on Radio . . . Marian Peck, soprano; Meredith Gregor and Theresa Aezer, contralto and pianist.

Bebe Daniels said she'd accept $500 for one shot on Sunkist Cocktail hour if expenses for herself and secretary to New York and back were paid. No go.



Carrie Jacobs Bond, composer of *At the End of a Perfect Day*, visits KPO and Hugh Barrett Dobbs (Dobbsie). They are looking over the 2,000 letters received by Mrs. Bond when she appeared recently.






Talent and good looks are attributes of these stars. From lef., Harriet Pool Branham, KROW organist, and Announcer (also KROW) Frank Killinger, who has been cameraman, electrician and world traveler in the past. Winnie Fields Moore, KFI and KECA travelogue artist, and Ronald Graham, KFRC baritone . . . born in Scotland but likes America.

Pick-ups

By Dr. Ralph L. Power

EARL TOWNER goes back to his first Radio love . . . KFRC. Some four years ago he was singing basso with the Strollers male quartet. Then he went into other fields, but came back early this year with the Buccaneers, another male quartet. Others: Elbert Bellows, and Ray Nelson, tenors, and Morton Gleason, baritone.

Marion Boyle, KHQ's 21-year-old pianist, was born in Vancouver, but she has lived in Seattle since the tender age of three. Just now she is studio accompanist for KHQ and is also an amateur dancer. Eyes of blue, stylishly thin, dark hair—Marion is one of those energetic girls who are the "life of the party."

* * *

ALMA MORROW, of KPO, has just written *Lyrics in Lavender*, off the press early this year, with some of her original poems. She does the continuity in verse for "harp harmonies", once-a-week-program of the San Francisco station.

Not many Radio entertainers have ever done their act for the Duchess and Grand Duchess of Luxembourgh. In fact, lots of broadcast folks never even heard of 'em. But Elbert Bellows, KFRC tenor, has. Serving with the 5th division, A. E. F., Bellows went with a troupe of A. E. F. players after the armistice touring the various units. The royal duo witnessed a performance where the young soldier sang. Later he went into Germany with the American army of occupation.

* * *

PAUL BERGMAN, KMTR's trick saxophone player, wrote *Wild Fire*, usually played as a sax solo . . . three years in this country, he is a robust German.

Sam Hays leaves the climate of Oakland (KTAB) and goes to Los Angeles to announce for the new United chain. A year or so ago he played the male lead in the only open air performance of the *Peer Gynt* suite given in this country . . . at Mt. Tamalpais, California.

* * *

TWO Southern California stations planned to do spring house-cleaning by moving completely very soon. KMTR, early in June, plans to move its studio to the United Artists lot in Hollywood, while KMCS (formerly KMIC, Inglewood) figures on moving to inside the gates at the Metropolitan studio.

KTAB's newest tenor, Paul Hammet, is another auto salesman gone Radio. By day he goes up and down the well known peninsula selling America's popular family car, and at night he does his song act for KTAB. Married: two children.

KJR believes in playing golf the year round . . . that is, its staff does. Jean Kantner, tenor, headed the list at the last accounting, and some of the fellows at the Northwest Broadcasting System hope to get in good enough shape to challenge the boys at the United chain in Los Angeles pretty soon.

* * *

RANCH HOUR at KTM gets a new recruit in the form of Dan Cypert, cowboy singer from the range lands of southeastern Arizona, where he worked on the Lazy Y ranch near Wilcox, tiny cow town. Cypert is an old-time friend of Cactus Mac (Curtis Mac Peters) also on the station's ranch program nightly. The new Radio ranch hand, lean and lanky, is in his late twenties and has also been an exhibition rider at rodeos and country fairs, while his musical efforts have been gleaned from the ranch bunkhouse and around campfire gatherings.

* * *

EILEEN ROBERTSON is now staff pianist for CKWK up in Vancouver. Born in London twenty-three years ago, her family moved to Salem, Oregon, the next year and to Vancouver in 1917.

Besides a talent for the piano, she is likewise a professional dancer and commercial artist and, as such, made a number of vaudeville tours . . . Pantages and Capitol circuits . . . and several years ago won the pianoforte gold medal at the British Columbia music festival.

* * *

MAURICE KOEHLER, director of the new KGEJ little symphony, hailing originally from Verviers, Belgium, drops his violin for the time being to direct the group for the station which operates some 24 hours a day.

The bushy haired, bespectacled musician has been studying since the age of eight when he came to this country, although he returned to the continent to study in the Royal Academy in Munich and under Christian Timmer, Amsterdam



Another one of those trick photos, for Tom and Wash are both Tom Breneman of KFWB. In his noonday sketch he announces "matrimonial bureau, insurance, divorces arranged for, janitor work."

Betty McGee Broadcasts

HERE'S a blow to many tender feminine hearts among WLS listeners—the Maple City Four bids fair to become a double mixed quartet. "Pat" Petterson, basso, started it. In January he was married to Miss Helen Kiff of La Porte, Ind. This inspired Fritz Meissner, first tenor, to join the ranks of benedicts so in February he took as his bride Miss Dorothy Davidge, Cairo, Ill. And now Al Rice and Art Janes, the other two quartet members, report some progress. Incidentally, this aggregation of singers claims the world's record for early morning broadcasting. During the last two winters they have broadcast programs from 6:30 to 7:00 a.m., six days a week, without missing a single engagement.

Al Rice, who is also a "lead" in many WLS plays, is another one of those people who has done his bit toward entertaining the Prince of Wales. It seems that Al once directed a popular orchestra chosen by His Royal Highness to accompany him on a two months' Canadian trip. It was in Vancouver that the Prince heard Rice's band in a large hotel and was so pleased with their American style of playing that the tour was arranged. In 1929, when Rice was passing through Chicago to join a western orchestra, he met the three original members of the Maple City Four in search of a lead tenor.—so that's the "how" of that story. By the way, he sold his saxophone and bought a 10-cent flute which is now known as his "shower-bath wheeze".

* * *

AS RADIO goes into deeper dramatics, we are told, the need for realistic sound effects grows most important.

Urban Johnson, xylophonist extraordinary and member of Leon Bloom's studio orchestra for WBBM, is their newly appointed Director of Sound Effects. . . . His job it is to figure out the means of reproducing anything from a rattlesnake's ominous buzz to a baby's whimper or an elephant's sneeze.

Recently, Urban was suddenly called upon to make a noise like a chain and padlock. Nothing in the usual sound equipment would do. With a flash of inspiration he grasped a string of beads from one of the actresses and dangled them over a plate. And the drama's realism was preserved!

* * *

THE hurdle from society teas to the microphone is a short one for Dorothy Peffer of Battle Creek, but on the way she masks in the anonymity of Miss Melody. For four years she has been the outstanding entertainer of WELL, Battle Creek, but never disclosed her identity in any of her broadcasts, steadfastly refused to have her picture appear in the paper and has declined to consider personal appearance offers. RADIO DIGEST is the first publication to publish her picture. In recent months she has appeared in a daily morning program *Shopping With Sally,* over her home station, during which she describes smart things to wear and bits of gossip about the smart places of the community. Although these talks are essentially for women, she recently received a request from a man "just over from England who wants to know something about men's fashions over here." She is a member of the Hunt and Saddle club, exclusive organization, and not only does she ride well but is an excellent dancer.

* * *

THERE'S a new member in the Gordon Van Dover family (yes, Gordon is a member of the Tom, Dick and Harry Trio, WGN). The little newcomer arrived in town on Lincoln's birthday and his name is Marlin Arthur—you've guessed it—after Marlin Hurt, also of the famous trio. Little Marlin Arthur has brown eyes like his daddy and red hair like his mother—and a brother, Gordon, Jr., 4, and a sister Lila Mae, aged 2 years.

* * *

IREENE WICKER, petite star of numberless roles originating in the studios of WBBM, consulted a numerologist, who suggested that she add another "e" to her name. It may spell more success, anyway, she's had plenty of that in numerous Daily *Times* dramatic skits and is fea-



First published photo of the mysterious "Miss Melody" of WELL, Battle Creek, Mich., now revealed as Dorothy Peffer, society girl, fashion authority and expert equestrienne.



WLS Maple City Four may soon become eight. From left they are Pat Petterson, already wed, Art Janes, on the verge, Fritz Meissner, also wed, and Al Rice (?).

From the Great Midwest

tured in *Story In Song, The Carnival* and *The Band Concert,* which are WBBM offerings to the Columbia Farm Community Network programs. Irene, or rather Ireene, was in the University of Illinois class of '24 and was a member of Chi Omega sorority.

* * *

THE secret's out now! "Homesteader Budge" who has been mystifying "Farm and Home Hour" listeners has been discovered to be none other than one Harry J. Budinger, whose scintillating syncopation has attracted notice on the *Yeast Foamers* and other NBC productions. Budinger is also featured on KYW programs as a member of Rex Maupin's *Aces of the Air.*

* * *

FRIENDS of "The Smith Family" are tuning in on WMAQ on Wednesday nights at 8:30 since WENR was purchased by the NBC and this program became a feature of the Daily *News* station. They went to WMAQ with the wind-up of an election for mayor of the town (Glendale Park, a suburb of any city) in which Mr. and Mrs. (Smith) ran against each other. . . . When the race for mayor was being run the station on which they appeared, WENR, received almost 600,000 votes. Statistics show this is without a doubt the largest return from any weekly feature staged on any single station in the country.

Admirers of Marion and Jim, who do sketches and songs, will find them also at WMAQ. They are presenting "Smack Out" at 6:00 each night over that station. The program finds Marion and Jim in a country store with an old New England character who always has plenty of wagon tongues, plasters and what not.

* * *

SOMEONE is always wanting to know if "Herr Louie's" accent well known on the popular WGN "Hungry Five" feature is real, and the answer is that he certainly comes naturally by it. For although Henry Moeller, which is Herr Louie's honest-to-goodness name, was born in Davenport, Iowa, his parents were born in Germany. Henry not only directs the "leetle German band" but writes the continuity for the feature.

Coming to Chicago after finishing school in Davenport, Henry met Hal Gilles, the famous Weasel. Hal hails from Evansville, Indiana, and has been a black face principal, a singer of Negro dialect songs and an ace of sentimental ballads. He is also a clarinet player and a hoofer of no mean ability.

Henry and Hal used to play together in musical comedy, and some seven years ago these two enterprising young men entered into partnership as producers and stagers of home talent plays. And it was in March, 1928 that the two first appeared as Radio entertainers over WGN as the principal characters in *Louie's Hungry Five.* . . . Last October Moeller and Gilles began making electrical transcriptions of their Radio act. Today the feature is heard over more than forty stations in the United States, Canada and Hawaii.

* * *

THE latest addition to the dramatic and announcing staff of WHK, Cleveland, is Victor Dewey Lidyard, who claims to have gotten away with a one-man dramatic sketch featuring no less than 22 individuals. His picture appears on this page. Although Lidyard has been doing dramatic work for quite a long time in Akron, he made his first bid for Radio fame not many years ago by giving a most impressive interpretation of Ida M. Tarbell's "He Knew Lincoln".

Lidyard is somewhat in doubt as to what his Radio nom-de-plume should be. He has answered variously to Dewey, Victor and Duke. In stature he is rather slight with hair inclined to an auburn tinge; a very pleasant microphone voice and manner, and a smile that is contagious. WHK listeners have heard him frequently of late on remote dance programs and he will be featured soon in dramatic offerings from the Studios.

* * *

MENTION interest to listeners and we bring to mind Helen Wyatt

(*Continued on page 97*)



Cumberland Ridge Runners of WLS National Barn Dance. Standing: Gene Ruppe, Hartford Taylor, Ed. Goodreau. Lower: John Lair, Doc Hopkins and Karl Davis.



Victor Dewey Lidyard plays Punchinello. He's the newest addition to WHK, Cleveland, dramatic and announcing staff and claims to have done 22 characters in one skit.



William Braid White

The Enjoyment of Classical Music

Lovely Chamber Music vs. Bang-Bang Rhythm—
"Those Trembly Singers" Are a Menace

By
WILLIAM BRAID WHITE
Doctor of Music

ALMOST any bright student who has taken a few terms of lessons in harmony and counterpoint under a clever teacher, can write music for one hundred and twenty instruments or thereabouts. But when it comes to writing significant music for four or five instruments, then our clever youngsters are simply nowhere. Music for the small ensemble is of all kinds the most delightful, the most elusive and the most powerfully appealing to refined tastes.

Every one of the greatest composers, save only Wagner, who devoted himself entirely to the composition of music-dramas (operas), has written trios, quartets, quintets or sextets, that is to say, music for three, four, five or six instruments. Beethoven wrote a septet (for seven) and both Mendelssohn and Schubert octets (for eight). Schubert wrote several quartets, a trio, and an octet for four stringed and four wind instruments which has been played in every part of the western world by enthusiastic musicians during a hundred years. Columbia made a beautiful phonograph recording of it, a few years ago, which has sold very well. Beethoven wrote eighteen quartets, besides trios and the famous septet. Mozart delighted in chamber music. So did Schumann. So did that little giant Brahms. Chamber music, in fact, has attracted and fascinated the greatest musical minds during the last two hundred years.

I have said something in previous articles about the meaning of the terms, "trio", "quartet", etc., as these are used in describing chamber music. Let me now add that the distribution of the instruments in these small ensembles is not a matter of chance, or even to any extent of the composer's fancy. Long experience has shown that the combination of two violins, one viola and one violoncello is well-nigh perfect for the purposes of chamber music, and this particular grouping has therefore become universal for the performance of what are called "quartets".

Unhappily we use the same word to describe both the music written for four instruments in the grouping mentioned, and for the grouping itself. This is of course illogical, but like a great many other illogical customs it survives. One has to judge by the sense whether the reference is to the music itself or to the group of instruments, when one speaks of a "quartet" or a "trio".

Chamber Music in Electrical Transcriptions

Happily for us lovers of chamber music, the National Broadcasting Company and the Columbia Broadcasting System are steadily giving us more frequent opportunities to hear the playing of first class ensemble groups, especially of quartets and trios. And a good many performances of chamber music on local stations are from phonograph records, but I think no one need worry about that. Recorded music has been produced in conditions the most nearly perfect that can be imagined. The music has been played again and again until each of the artists has proclaimed himself entirely satisfied with the result. Only then has it been published.

I have two thousand phonograph records and am adding steadily to their number. In fact I have to keep a card index record of them. Among these are some four hundred records of chamber music. I have often compared the recorded playing as given out by my big electric phonograph with the same music played direct into the microphone at the broadcasting studio by the same artists. It is not usually easy to decide which one likes better. At any rate, whether from records or directly, we are getting a fair amount of chamber music these days through our Radio sets and I think we all ought to be happy for so great a privilege.

Trios, quartets and quintets, in fact, are, so to speak, sonatas for ensemble, or to put it in another way, they are symphonies in little. A symphony for orchestra, a quartet for four instruments, a trio for three or a sonata for two or for one—all are founded upon the same fundamental plan. All alike have (usually) four movements of the same general character. All depend in the same way upon the development of distinct musical themes. A symphony written for a great orchestra is powerful, large and complex to an often extraordinary extent, while a quartet or trio will always in comparison be short and simple. Of course, you cannot get out of four instruments, or three, even when one is a piano, the sonority and power of a symphony orchestra. So the composer, writing a quartet or trio or quintet, knows that he must depend upon clarity of plan, clean-cut ideas and masterly working out of them, to capture the imagination of the players and of the hearers alike. Chamber music is never noisy. It is usually not even exciting. But it is pure beauty. And that is what counts.

I am all for persuading my readers to listen at every opportunity to all kinds of chamber music, especially to trios and to quartets. More and more the opportunity is being given to you to listen to this greatest of musical styles. Chamber music is the finest of all music because it is music stripped of meretricious trappings, music which comes to you in stark simplicity of lovely sound, where that to which you listen is the sheer beauty of the tone patterns quietly and simply weaving themselves before your ears, free from blare of trumpets or thunder of drums.

Of course if music is to you nothing but noise, glitter and bang-bang rhythm, then you won't like string quartets. But if you have begun to sense the divine beauty of musical pattern-making as it is done by a master musical mind, then you will more and more like chamber music and you will less and less be thrilled by mere bursts of sound, no matter how magnificent.

I have just had a most interesting letter from a most interesting man, one of the oldest piano tuners on the North American continent. He is Mr. Joseph

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Dr. White will answer readers' inquiries on musical questions in his columns. Address him in care of RADIO DIGEST, *420 Lexington Avenue, New York.*

Whiteley of Moncton, N. B., and he has written on a question which must have attracted the attention of a good many Radio listeners. He refers to the prevalent and detestable practice among Radio singers of producing excessive "vibrato". Why so many singers should think it necessary to make their tone production sound like a wheezy church organ with the tremolo stop pulled out and going full blast, is something I do not pretend to explain. Yet the thing happens continually.

Those "Trembly" Singers

In fact, most of those Radio singers who are not merely crooners, whisperers and similar vocal criminals seem to think it a point of necessity to impart a continuous and senseless tremolo to their voices. I suppose that this is done by them for either or both of two reasons. The first reason undoubtedly is found in bad tone production, brought about by bad teaching. There are probably more examples of bad teaching among singers than among all other musicians put together. The second reason probably lies in a belief that the public likes this sort of singing. If this be the case, then of course nothing can be done about it, until the public changes or rather, improves, its taste.

At any rate, this can be laid down as a rule: A singer who makes every tone into a tremolo is not a good singer.

Mr. Whiteley makes another point. He says that Radio listeners who hear this sort of tremulant vocal tone all the time will fall into the error of supposing that it is actually correct. If so, thinks he, they will suppose also that the piano in the living room, which has not been tuned for years, and which because of that defect gives out an excruciatingly complete tremolo whenever a key is touched, is really sounding just as it should.

Well, this may be the expression by Mr. Whiteley of a somewhat excessive fear, but when one considers how few pianos are ever in tune, and how the masses of the people seem to have hardly any idea of the difference between intuneness and out-of-tuneness, it is easy to see that his fears may be justified after all.

Which brings me to another matter. Radio and pianos in the home are drawing together. A very interesting new project is under way. Probably most of my readers have already heard about it and no doubt very many of them have begun to listen-in. At any rate the thing is so tremendously interesting to all who really care for music, and it carries such great possibilities in the way of helping to develop latent musical talent, that I consider myself quite justified in talking about it here.

Piano Lessons for a Nation

Of course, I am referring to the Saturday and Tuesday broadcasts which were led off on March 28th, and to the first of which Dr. John Erskine made the principal contribution. In these programs, which are going on regularly each week, noted musical amateurs, men and women of affairs who play the piano as hobby, relaxation, fun, are joining to demonstrate to the millions of Radio listeners how easy it is for any person who has a piano at home and a little stock of common sense in his or her head, to learn to play tunes and accompaniments for personal pleasure and satisfaction.

This is a very fine piece of work which President Aylesworth of the National Broadcasting Company has started. He, like other men who think and look ahead realizes that the art of music would simply curl up and die if the time should ever come when no one should take any longer an interest in personally producing music. Should this time ever come, which God forbid, music as a living, growing art would come to a standstill and the millions of listeners would find that their greatest pleasure and standby, music on the air . . . was dying on their hands. Now, I am not an alarmist, but the truth is that we have been traveling a good deal too fast for comfort or safety along this line of passivity and apathetic absorbing.

We, and I mean to include the millions of Radio listeners, have shut up our pianos, have banished music lessons from the home and have said, "Oh, why bother when we can get all the entertainment we want by turning a button?" What has been the result? We have begun to find . . . and that this is true evidence accumulates daily to show . . . we have begun to find that merely to listen without ever trying to take part, is a sure way to boredom. No one would sit for hours, day after day, looking on at others playing bridge or go out to the golf links just to watch others playing golf. Occasionally, when a Bobby Jones comes along we are willing to go and watch his play, but that is largely because we hope to pick up a few hints towards improving our own play. Just so, music students will crowd to hear a great pianist or violinist or singer; because they will be learning while they are listening.

If some one could only start the fashion of cultivating an amateur acquaintance with practical music! After all, the thing is neither impossible nor necessarily very difficult. There are communities by the score all through this great land of ours where little groups meet to sing and play music together. Just think for a moment of that marvelous movement which has produced the bands and, still better, the orchestras of our High Schools. I have listened with astonishment and genuine admiration to the playing, under Professor Maddy's baton, of five hundred boys and girls, drawn by competition from high school orchestras all over the country, playing in one great symphony orchestra under Professor Maddy's baton; and playing with amazing freshness and enthusiasm. Again last Fall I had the delightful experience of hearing almost as many youngsters of both sexes drawn from the school orchestras of one single state, Iowa, playing after just a few days' rehearsal at the meeting of the Iowa State Teachers' Association. It was, I tell you, a wonderful experience to see pretty young girls playing the big bull-fiddles, the French horns, the trombones, the clarinets, as well as the more usual violins. It was as wonderful to see fine

(Continued on page 78)



Leopold Stokowski, conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra, is also a fine pianist.

A Post-Script on ETIQUETTE

P. S. Musts and Mustn'ts of Convention Should Be Observed. They're Signs of Good Breeding

By Emily Post

WHEN I joined Mrs. Blake's column, which broadcasts over the Columbia network every Friday morning, I promised my Radio listeners that I would try to point out which rules of etiquette are vitally important, and which are not quite so important.

Every rule to be of importance must have for its object the smoothing of the social machinery, or the considerations of taste or of courtesy. Rules for social machinery include all details of dining-room service, table manners, introductions, leaving cards, the unending details such as when to sit and when to stand, and the conventional—practically mechanical—thing we do and say on various occasions. The purpose of this class of rules is best illustrated by a church service.



Emily Post, Author of popular book, *Etiquette.*

It would be shocking to have people trotting in and out of pews, talking out loud or otherwise disturbing the dignity associated with church ritual. For this reason, we have set rules of procedure for all ceremonial functions, so that marriages, christenings, funerals, as well as Sunday services shall be conducted with ease and smoothness.

Among the conventional forms for instance, that allow no deviation we must include introductions and greetings. The formal introduction is, and has always been, "Mrs. Stranger, may I present Professor Brown?" The semi-formal introduction, which is the introduction in general use, and equally correct (whether on formal or informal occasions), is the mere repetition of two names: "Mrs. Stranger, Mrs. Neighbor." Both names said exactly alike. When introducing a man to a woman her name is said first. A woman is never introduced to a man—not even if he be eighty and she eighteen.

When you have been introduced, you say "How do you do?" Once in a while, if introduced to some one you have heard much about, and who has also heard about you, you perhaps say "I am very glad to meet you", or "I've heard so much about you from Mary". But you must never say "Pleased to meet you" or "Charmed" — both of these are socially taboo! Nor do you cooingly echo "Mrs. Smy-uth". Best Society says "How do you do?" Nothing else.

A hostess always shakes hands with her guests when they arrive and when they leave. She should never shake hands at face height or in any other awkward or eccentric fashion. A proper hand shake is at about waist height. After an introduction you merely clasp hands and after a brief raising and dropping movement, let go. Of course, if you are shaking hands with a friend—especially one whom you have not seen for a long time, you shake hands with a warmer pressure and for a long time. A hostess greets her guests with the inevitable phrase "How do you do?" to which she adds "I'm so glad to see you," or "Mrs. Older, how good of you to come".

When you say good-bye to your hostess, you say "Thank you for a very pleasant evening," or "Thank you so much for asking me," or a young girl says "Good night, I've had a wonderful time!" or "It's been a wonderful party!" Hostess answers "It was a great pleasure to see you" or "I'm so glad you could come," or "How nice of you to say that"—whatever naturally answers what her friends have said.

At a dance, a man asks a girl "Would you care to dance?" She says "Yes, I'd like to very much," or if he cuts in, he says "May I have some of this?" Her present partner releases her. She says nothing. When they finish dancing, he always says "Thank you." Or he perhaps says "That was wonderful". To either remark she answers "Thank you."

AND now let me say a few words about another and even more important division of etiquette, which is that of courtesy. In a nut shell, courtesy means unfailing consideration of the feelings of others—it is the very spirit of good breeding—the outward expression of innate kindness. The only example of discourtesy that has threatened polite society in over three hundred years is that of the hostess who helps herself to the untouched dishes first, and then has her leavings passed to her guests. This example of unknowing, or at least unthinking, rudeness cannot be over emphasized, because it is spreading all around the outskirts of society, and has



How to set a table for tea. This is how Mrs. Post prepares for her guests. Photo taken in Mrs. Post's New York apartment.

even invaded the homes of a certain few well-bred but carelessly absent-minded hostesses who fail to notice what their improperly trained servants are doing. And as those of highest position are apt to be those who pay least attention, Mrs. Nono Betta noticing that Mrs. Richan Careless served herself first, tells her butler or waitress to do the same. Others in turn copy Mrs. Nono Betta and it goes on—except, of course, in the houses of those whose courtesy is innate, or those whose social position is founded on the traditions of culture. The only occasion when the traditions of courtesy permit a hostess to help herself before a woman guest is when she has reason to believe the food is poisoned. It must otherwise be remembered that the dish of honor is the perfectly garnished untouched dish, with fresh untouched serving implements laid upon it. And the guest of honor, or whoever is the oldest woman guest present, has the honor of breaking into this dish. For the hostess herself to scoop out a hollow, or to cut a gap, or to break a crust—cannot be defended; since to bite into an apple and then hand it to a guest would be no greater breach of courtesy. Imagine a child at his own party being allowed to help himself to the pieces he likes from the dish of cakes or in the box of candy and then hand the dish or box to his guests!

A THIRD division of etiquette is that of taste. This naturally includes the clothes we choose, and where we wear them, the house we build or buy or furnish, and of still greater importance (since choice of home or clothes is limited by money) is the taste with which we choose our words and their pronunciation. In short, our standing as persons of cultivation and social distinction (or the contrary), is determined in the first few sentences we speak. In making the briefest list of mistakes to be avoided, one might put at the top of the list all characteristics of sham and veneer. A would-be-elegant pose, a mush in the throat voice, and any such expression as "I beg you will partake of refreshment before retiring," or "I will be charmed to attend" are all to fashionable people, taboo. By fashionable I mean those who have for generations known widest cultivation. Such people as these would say "Will you have something to eat before you go to bed?" "I will go with pleasure", and all other Anglo-Saxon expressions.

Pronunciation taboos include flattening and perversions of the vowels. "Jest" meaning "just", "ben" for bin or—pronounced by the very high-brows "bean" but by most of us, "bin". Foreign is right —Foureign is wrong. We drink water—not watter. Thought should be "thowt" not thot; film—not fillum; athletic—not athaletic. And no one with the least pretention to cultivation could ever say "girlie", "little woman", "in the home", "pardon me", "gentleman friend", and so on.

As for subjects of conversation, society might discuss pathology, but it taboos physiology. Any abstract subject could be admissible but should any one mention blemishes on toes by actual name he would find himself outside the barred door of every society that could possibly be admitted as Best.

QUESTION CORNER *for Women Readers*

THE Woman's Feature Editor of RADIO DIGEST *is opening this Department with a desire to assist women readers in solving problems, large or small, which arise in daily life.*

SHE will be glad to answer any questions that may be troubling you from some domestic problem to the latest in fashion hints. Address your letter to Woman's Feature Editor, RADIO DIGEST, *20 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.*



Mrs Miriam Finn Scott

The

He Always Has Something Valuble to Offer to the World and Must Be Given More Than Ordinary Consideration

By Miriam Finn Scott

THE following article is one of a series of broadcasts which Mrs. Scott gave over the NBC. If you have any problem with your child, write to Mrs. Scott in care of RADIO DIGEST, *420 Lexington Avenue, New York City, and she will be pleased to advise you how to handle it. Mrs. Scott is the author of several books on the care of the child and is a recognized authority on children's problems.—Editor.*

THE most difficult type of the unusual child to handle is the child with the original, inventive mind, great mechanical ability, an insatiable curiosity and an almost ruthless urge for experimentation. A child with these qualities is on the one hand utterly fearless, recognizes no physical limitations either within himself or outside of himself, goes to any extreme, stops at nothing in order to attain his ends. But on the other hand he finds it almost impossible to conform to the necessary routine of daily life. This kind of the "unusual child" is, of course, a very trying, disturbing member both in the home group and in the school, but parents and teachers must realize first of all that the child of this type cannot be held responsible because he is endowed with powers beyond his physical control; he cannot be blamed. He must be helped to acquire control of the driving forces within him so that they will become a constructive and not a destructive contribution to his development. But such control cannot be taught to a child by mere words, by threats, by punishments or by rewards. It can be achieved only by taking an interest in the child's deeply rooted interests. He requires the most thoughtful, the most sympathetic and at the same time the most definite training. It is very important for parents as well as teachers to realize that from this type of child perfection in the commonplace details cannot be expected. If he gives a reasonable amount of cooperation, if he learns to understand and admit his thoughtless conduct, if he shows a willingness to do better—these efforts, however weak, should be appreciated and encouraged. It is a slow, a most difficult task to help this type of the unusual child to get command of himself. It takes time, patience and endless courage, but in my opinion no child is more worthy of the best thought and training than the unusual child, because it is invariably out of this child that the man or woman springs who makes a worthwhile contribution to society.

To the parents who believe that the school can and should do everything for a child, I wish to say from a rather wide experience that no school can undertake this almost overwhelming responsibility of training the unusual child. The school should certainly give understanding cooperation; it should give special attention, in so far as it is able; but it has neither the time nor the facilities to give to the unusual child that individual, intensive training which must be done at home, in all the hours that he is outside the school.

THE story of Bob will illustrate the problems the unusual child presents from various aspects—it will also show how he has been handled, how his unusual qualities are being developed, but not at the expense of the comfort and happiness of others.

Bob started to show his adventurous spirit at the early age of two and one-half years. He was for the first time sitting on a float, carefully watched by his father. Bob was apparently quietly enjoying the new experience when he saw his sister (ten years old) dive into the water. Before the father could move, Bob jumped up and dived into the water! There was a momentary scream of terror from those on the beach who saw the incident. To be sure, there was little danger of the child's drowning, with his father right there, but Bob needed no assistance—he bobbed up, caught hold of the rope and pulled himself up on the float. This little incident is typical of the way Bob never misses a chance of trying a new adventure.

FROM his earliest years Bob was interested in boats. He carved them out of wood with a knife, fitted them out with sails and sailed them. Storms and winds made no difference to him, much to his mother's discomfort and anxiety. Then began his engine creating period, when fire explosions and short circuits kept the household in a turmoil. From that he went into the building of aeroplanes. Whatever happened to interest Bob at the time, that interest held him almost spellbound from the moment he opened his eyes in the morning until he went to bed at night. Every scrap of wood, metal and string that he came across he saved for his inventions. School had no attraction for him, although he learned to read and write, or print, at the age of five. His eldest sister was his teacher. Learning to write interested him because it helped him to understand the advertisements of the things which he loved, and at a very early age he began to correspond with various concerns requesting catalogues and illustrated pamphlets.

At the age of six Bob's mother decided to enter him in a school. She chose one of the foremost modern schools. The mother was very frank. She told the principal of the school that she did not understand how to handle Bob, that he was too much for her. The principal examined the child, found him very interesting, admitted him, and in accordance with the ideals and methods of the school Bob was given full freedom for self-expression. This ideal freedom for self-

Unusual Child

expression played havoc with Bob. The school, as such, was just a fifth wheel to Bob's wagon. He almost took the school apart! After one year in that school he was a shattered, thoroughly disorganized child.

THE second school he entered was a school of high academic standing and splendid discipline. Bob passed the intelligence test with flying colors. He was admitted with the school's full knowledge of his past history. This school found Bob a willful, wild, undisciplined boy, behind in all class studies and terribly anti-social. The amazing skill of his hands, his keen interest in all scientific and mechanical devices, was not even noticed by his teachers. He was interfering with the routine of the class work and the parents were requested that he be removed from the school because he could not make the necessary adjustment.

The discouraged parents were advised to enter Bob into a very small school where he could have intensive individual attention. He was taken to a school that had only about a dozen pupils. It had been founded for the special purpose of developing the spiritual nature of the child and to give particular attention to the unusual child. Here Bob found himself among a group of children, the majority of whom were definitely deficient. Some of the children, although two or three years older than Bob, were of a much lower mentality. The school held nothing for Bob except boredom. Since nothing was provided for him by the school to keep his keen mind legitimately interested and his skillful hands busy, he was driven to find an interest for himself. During his play periods in school Bob spent the time building aeroplanes. To work the propeller he needed rubber bands. In his eagerness to finish the plane he went searching around in the schoolroom for the rubber bands. He found some in the supply closet and took them. He was caught and pounced upon by one of his teachers—was lectured on the subject of honesty—was practically branded a thief. Not until it was too late did the teachers realize with what outrageous stupidity and injustice they had handled a small boy. The parents, in despair, removed Bob from this school, and it was at this point that he was brought to me.

I found Bob fascinating—alert, interested in everything, keenly observant, and with an almost uncanny skill in his ten fingers. He had brought some of the models of the aeroplanes that he had built. Designers of aeroplanes have pronounced these models to be extraordinary work for a child of ten. But with all his skill and intelligence, I found Bob nervously worn, chaotic in all his habits, absolutely irresponsible, thoughtless in his contacts with others and cruelly demanding.

I REALIZED that here was an unusual child who was the victim of almost vicious handling. What he needed was freedom to express his valuable powers, but he also needed definite discipline to help him get control of his powers. He had to be aroused to a sense of responsibility; he had to learn to conform to certain rules of conduct for the benefit of others, and unless he did so he could not have the things that were most precious to him. His parents were made to understand that in his physical habits they had to deal with him as though he were six years of age. He had to learn to dress himself properly and quickly; to be willing to take his bath on time; to come to the table promptly and observe good table manners. For a while he was tutored at home to get a solid foundation for his school work. All this training was given Bob with regularity, with definiteness, but in a spirit of sympathy and true consideration—it was never overdone. At the same time he was given a reasonable opportunity to experiment and adventure.



A child at play in the quietude of the Children's Garden.

Bob gradually learned to appreciate that, hard as it was for him to conform to the routine of every-day life, conforming brought him release from being nagged and tormented all the time for doing this and for not doing that. In the spring he entered a school at the head of which is a man of true insight and fine feeling. It is now two years that Bob has been at that school. He is taking a genuine interest in his school work; he is physically stronger than he has ever been; he is more considerate and responsive; he is entirely self-dependent as to his personal care. Because he has gained better control of himself, his unusual gifts express themselves more fully and more accurately and bring him and those about him greater joy.

Here is one case of an unusual child where his wings were not clipped while he was learning to gain control of them.

From my rich experience with children of all ages and under all sorts of conditions, I was brought to the realization that the education of the child does not depend on the period the child spends in school, nor for that matter does it depend upon any one particular period or factor in his life, but that his development, his education depend upon all factors in his life. Every contact, every influence, every impression—whether the child registers it consciously or unconsciously—is a basic influence in his entire development; the very commonplaces of his everyday existence, his eating, his dressing, his bathing, his playing, hold the greatest riches for his growth and progress.

THE parent who has not learned the importance of allowing the child to express himself freely in order to understand him better, but who always dominates, directs, corrects, nags and admonishes, will reveal himself by such innocent interruptions as, "John, be careful!", or "Mary, have you seen this beautiful game?", or, "Don't do that on the table—you will scratch it!", and so on.

When parents with their children come to The Children's Garden, they enter a very simple home, but they all can at once sense that whatever advice I might give is based on a first hand knowledge on my part of practical living conditions.

In The Children's Garden, there is one room set aside which is my laboratory. In appearance it is just an attractive playroom equipped with the simplest furniture—different shaped and different colored tables and chairs which comfortably fit the body of any child from the age of two to fourteen years. Materials, games and toys are attractively arranged on the shelves. Every motion of his in this Children's Garden reveals his physical, mental and emotional capacities and weaknesses.



How men and women listeners responded to WTIC's invitation to attend a public cooking demonstration by Miss Bowering at The Mixing Bowl.

POT LUCK?

No! You Can't Say to Food Ingredients "Come on Seven 'leven" and Expect an Ideal Angel Cake

"THERE is no such thing as luck in cooking."

Such is the contention of Florrie Bishop Bowering, director of "The Mixing Bowl" of Station WTIC of Hartford.

"A cake does not 'come out well' because the cook had good luck, nor does it 'turn out poorly' because she had poor luck," Miss Bowering maintains. "Much of cookery depends on chemistry, and in chemistry certain ingredients act upon others in the same way every time. A pharmacist wouldn't dare concoct a prescription without accurately measuring each ingredient to be sure it was in proper proportion to the others. And neither should a cook, if she desires success."

A half-teaspoon more or less of baking powder than is specified in a recipe, or too much beating or stirring, or just ten degrees more or less heat than called for, will frequently spoil a cake. The three important factors of the art of cooking, according to Miss Bowering, are: first, the effect of one ingredient upon another; second, the method used in combining the ingredients; and third, the application of heat to the mixture or plain food.

In order that she may put her theories into actual practice, a model experimental kitchen has been built for Miss Bowering adjacent to the studios from which she transmits her programs. In this kitchen she tests every recipe she imparts to her listeners and tries out recipes and hints passed on to her by members of the Mixing Bowl audience.

The WTIC kitchen is in keeping with Miss Bowering's ideals of efficiency. The tables are adjusted to the "working level" best suited to her and are equipped with rubber casters so that they may be rolled silently and swiftly to any part of the room. The surface of every piece of furniture that would lend itself to such treatment is covered with porcelain to make it easy to clean, and almost every bit of metal is plated with chromium, rendering it immune to rust, tarnish and stains.

AT THE right of the sink stands a kitchen cabinet, and directly above it another cabinet with sliding doors, containing the soap, scouring powders, dish mops and other articles used in washing. The kitchen cabinet is equipped with outlets so that the electric mixer, toaster, waffle iron, coffee percolator and other appliances may be plugged in at this convenient point. The range is the last word in electric stoves, being equipped with units that heat with triple speed, an automatic clock that turns the heat on at any temperature and shuts it off when desired. The refrigerator is housed in a steel cabinet, is equipped with a temperature control, contains a special compartment for vegetables, and—wonder of wonders!—is set high enough from the floor to allow "broom-room" so that the linoleum underneath may be mopped as easily as the rest of the floor.

"It must be borne in mind," says the charming mistress of the Mixing Bowl, "that my kitchen at Station WTIC is not supposed to be a model for the ordinary home. It is laid out on a rather large scale because there is so much research work done in it and to accommodate visitors. The principles involved in the arrangement, however, may be applied to any home. The same convenient compactness could be introduced into a smaller room with even better effect."

"The aim of the Mixing Bowl is to help women to live more beautifully," says the charming director of home economics for Station WTIC, "to permit more leisure time for culture, entertainment and companionship with their families; to show how, with modern labor and time-saving equipment and food products, they may find short-cuts to efficient management of their homes."

Dispatched over the ether by a transmission power of 50,000 watts, the Mixing

George Malcolm-Smith *Reports WTIC Mixing Bowl Activities*

Bowl is the domestic forum of housekeepers throughout the whole of New England. It has a large audience in the southeastern Canadian provinces, New York State, Pennsylvania and New Jersey. Recently Miss Bowering received thanks for a lemon pie recipe heard by a housewife in Pueblo, Colorado. She has entertained in her kitchen housekeepers who have listened to her in several western states, including Illinois, Ohio and Wisconsin. Recently she attained a record for fan mail. The response to one broadcast totaled 1,032 letters requesting a certain recipe. This is believed to be the largest bundle of mail ever received for one domestic science program transmitted from a single station.

Miss Bowering's personality is a rare, almost paradoxical, combination of charm and efficiency. Reared in Nova Scotia, where men are men and demand good cooking, Miss Bowering's training for her present capacity was propitious. Following her education at Boston University, her dual talents as public speaker and culinary expert won her executive positions in several public utility concerns. She also conducted cooking schools sponsored by newspapers throughout the East, addressing as many as 10,000 women a week.

Last March she was chosen to address the National Electric Light Association convention held in Chicago. Her speech won her an assignment to outline a bureau of home economics for the Electric Supply Board of the Irish Free State. During the past summer she tutored a class of Columbia University co-eds. Several cookbooks and many articles in national periodicals manifest her ability as a domestic science authority.

AN INTERVIEW with her in her kitchen is just about the most pleasant assignment any reporter could desire. While he is putting a luscious piece of pie or cake where it will do the most good, he is regaled with an enthusiastic account of her work.

It came as a surprise to learn that many of her letters come from men. Those who keep bachelor quarters request recipes for simple dishes, such as meat loaf or chocolate cake. And here's one revelation that may give you a shock—men are as fond of that dainty, feminine delicacy known as angel cake as they are of any other form of dessert. That's what Miss Bowering's mail would indicate, at any rate. But the real, he-man dish, the most popular that may be placed before a member of the stern sex, is steak smothered in onions.

Requests for all manner of advice in gastronomical subjects are contained in Miss Bowering's mail. One woman craves to learn new sandwich-fillings, explaining that she puts up seven lunch boxes a day for her husband to take to work, for three youngsters in grammar school and three more in high school. Another listener is anxious to obtain a satisfactory diet for a son who is suffering from injuries received in the World War. No less than a dozen letters came from members of the congregation of a certain church in Troy, N. Y., all of them beseeching Miss Bowering to send them the recipe for a chocolate fudge cake that won the acclaim of everyone who attended a church supper.

According to Miss Bowering, there is a very definite need for educating women in the use of the new household contrivances, and to illustrate her point she tells several amusing mistakes made by women with whom she has come in contact during her lectures and demonstrations.

There was, for instance, the case of the woman who believed that the dust picked up by her new vacuum cleaner was carried away by the electric cord plugged into the wall. It was with considerable amazement that she learned that the waste was accumulated in the dustbag, for she had imagined that the dust was "burned up by the electricity in the electric wire."

Then, too, there was the case of the woman who wanted to know where she could buy the tiny cubes of ice to be placed in her electric refrigerator. More ludicrous perhaps than either of these cases was that of the housewife who called her washing machine a "fake" because it did not clean the clothes she placed in the tub. It was discovered that she had dumped them into the machine perfectly dry, expecting the electricity to remove the dirt.

These, of course, are extreme examples. But there are thousands of women, Miss Bowering contends, who are not getting full benefit of twentieth century household appliances because they do not understand how they operate.

Often Miss Bowering receives splendid recipes from her audience. These she passes on to other auditors. The Mixing Bowl being a sort of "give and take" arrangement. Any suggestions submitted by one listener are tested and then imparted to other listeners.

Perhaps the most sensationally popular of all the recipes that have come from members of her audience was Mrs. Smith's Mystery Cake. Believe it or not, it substitutes tomato soup for milk! It requires no milk, no eggs and only a tiny bit of butter. Nevertheless, it is one of the most delicious, fluffiest, daintiest cakes ever made.

One of the most popular of Miss Bowering's own creations is her Cubist Cake. When this masterpiece of the culinary art is cut, it reveals a cubistic maze of pink, green and white, with a central square of yellow. Each color constitutes a different flavor, such as orange, lemon and pineapple, with raspberry, vanilla or almond as the center piece. The icing is a vision of appetizing loveliness and daintiness and is as fragrant as an exotic perfume.

Because many readers have protested against the broadcasting of recipes so are not publishing here the "key" to the cake which Mr. Malcolm-Smith included in his article. However, the Women's Feature Editor will be pleased to supply the recipe for this luscious, creamy, mouth-watering dessert to those who write for it.



M-m-m-m. "Would you like to have a slice?" asks Miss Bowering as she cleaves the scientifically prepared cake into tempting portions.

"This Changing World"

Leading Suffragette Believes Modern Thinking and Teaching are Bearing Fruit of Long Desired Ideals

By Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt

SCHOLARS have found a new phrase which they like better than any other—"this changing world". They tell us that men are no longer thinking the same thoughts nor doing the same things as were their habits before the Great War.

They point to a very ancient history when they claim men of highest development could only manage to adopt on the average one new idea in a thousand years. Even so, the process was painful and was invariably accompanied by the incidents of assassination, murder, exile, war, confiscation of property, destruction of towns and cities, fire and brimstone.

The time came when men thought faster and here and there clever nations actually achieved a new idea about every five hundred years. Long after, an enterprising nation like ours, well stuffed with education and enlightenment, often hurried a new idea through all its necessary stages at the rate of one to a century. For example, it required a hundred years of very hard work and much eloquence to stop the importation of slaves and another hundred years, including a Civil War, was needed to free these slaves. From the time when the American Colonies first tried to prevent the sale of rum to savage Indians down to modern prohibition lies two hundred years. It took 150 years to get woman suffrage sufficiently discussed to persuade statesmen that it might safely be put into the constitution.

SO IT happened that the first step onward in making over the old world into the new was the determination to put war out of it. Thousands of men and women ranged themselves on the side of the new idea and thousands more said war always had been and, therefore, always would be. For eleven years these two groups, in forums, conferences, schools, classes, lectures, and round tables, have discussed the war and peace problem up and down, back and forth, and the statesmen of the great nations have led the world forward along staple trails.

In 1925 another conference, among many, took place in Washington. It was different from all the others. Nine dignified women sat in a row upon the platform and each was the president of a national organization with an enormous membership. In that first convention of 1925 two hundred and fifty-seven causes of actual wars were listed.

The Woman's Conferences on the Cause and Cure of War have learned three things and learned them well:

First, the 257 causes of war found in 1925 have been reduced to one. That one is the competition of the war system of nations;

Second, all possible cures of war have likewise been reduced to one; the demobilization of the war institution, not by ruthless destruction, but, bit by bit, as fast and as far as it may be replaced by a well constructed, successfully operating peace institution. War, then, is reduced to one cause, one cure; and

Third, the work yet to be accomplished before there will be a warless world is the demobilization of the war system and the mobilization of a substituted peace system.



Mrs. Catt, pioneer in the women's suffrage movement, who broadcast recently over the NBC.

CERTAINLY within the past ten years more constructive progress has been made toward permanent peace than in all the fifty millions of years preceding it. A League of Nations, with most of the world's states in its membership, has pledged itself to find a way to abolish war. A World Court, first suggested by our own nation at the Hague Conference in 1899, and again in 1907, has been established with fifty nation members. The Briand-Kellogg Pact has been ratified by most of the nations of the world, agreeing to renounce war and to settle disputes arising with another nation by peaceful methods. Treaties of arbitration have been signed by the dozens until a virtual compact binding all the nations of the world together has been effected. The demobilization of war machinery is under way. Yet, nowhere have men ceased marching, flying, building ships, making munitions, and everywhere taxpayers note that despite peace conferences, the cost of war rises each year.



Aileen Stanley, Musical Comedy Star. Her Perfect Poise Comes From the Assurance that She Knows She is Beautiful

Willing to be Beautiful

It's Not the Features that Make for Pulchritude. It's the Awareness of Being Attractive That Counts

By

FRANCES INGRAM

Consultant on Care of the Skin, Heard on NBC Every Tuesday Morning

WILLING to be beautiful—but, of course, who isn't?

Well, as a matter of fact, there are thousands of women who do not will to be beautiful. They are willing to be beautiful, yes, but they do not will to be beautiful, and this is something else again.

Alexander Woollcott, writing about a well-known actress in one of the national women's magazines lately, makes this rather illuminating statement in regard to the will to be beautiful. Speaking of this actress who has a reputation for great beauty as well as great talent, he says,

" . . . she made rapid, fortunate, and enlarging progress, and since it seemed an important thing in the theatre, she decided to be beautiful, too, achieving a transformation by sheer act of will, I think."

"By sheer act of will"—willing to be beautiful.

Stella Ryan teaches the same doctrine in one of her recent short stories when she writes the following dialogue for the heroine and her confidante:

" 'But you got to have something,' said Enid, 'eyes or hair or something.'

" 'Not necessarily. Often a reputation for beauty counts more than its possession; it helps if you act as though you had it,' " says the story.

" 'Oh, I couldn't do that,' said Enid. 'I'd never get away with it.'

" 'You must first convince yourself,' said Miss Sokarki. 'You *must* say firmly to yourself, 'I have a great but hidden beauty waiting for the eye of the discoverer.' "

In other words, the heroine of the story was to have the will to be beautiful. She was to believe first of all in her own attractiveness and so persuade other people to take her at her own valuation.

Clever women have done this since time immemorial. It is a matter of record that one of the most famous beauties in history was lame, and that another had a bad squint. It goes to prove that often the girl who draws forth the remark, "she thinks she is pretty", has both common sense and psychology on her side. She believes she is pretty and invariably you are willed to believe it, too.

Even experts on beauty can be deceived. This story is told of Florenz Ziegfeld who once took a famous artist to admire a popular show girl.

"Isn't she beautiful?" he demanded.

"No," said the artist. "She isn't even pretty, but she feels beautiful. Darn clever girl!"

And these clever girls keep right on drawing rings around their more beautiful sisters, too. At parties, at dances, in schools, on shipboard you see them all the time—willing to be beautiful and forcing you unconsciously to accept them at that valuation.

I had a splendid opportunity this winter to observe this psychology at work when I made a short trip to Bermuda. The most beautiful girl aboard that ship was not beautiful at all by Ziegfeldian standards, but it would have been very difficult indeed for me to convince anybody on board of that fact. Her confidence in her attractiveness was such that I am sure no one thought of questioning her unspoken claims. There were many more beautiful girls on that ship, but lacking confidence in themselves, they inspired none in others.

Clothes do not make the woman. Neither do regular features, nor a perfect figure. They help—they contribute to feeling beautiful. But no woman can feel beautiful or look beautiful who has not the confidence inspired by a beautiful skin. A blemish of the complexion has made many women lose their belief in themselves—in their own attractiveness. Smart clothes, in instances of this sort, defeat their own purpose because they call attention to defects of the skin.

A beautiful complexion is really beauty insurance. It inspires women with confidence in themselves. Its possession leaves them free from selfconsciousness and allows them to be unaffected and charming.

Even the elegante, or perhaps I should say, especially the elegante, will admit the truth of this. There are some dresses which the sophisticate does not dare to wear when her skin is not at its best. An evening dress by Maggy Rouff, for instance, demands perfection in the matter of complexion. The smallest blemish would ruin the effectiveness of the gown and its wearer.

This is not discouraging however—Skin can be improved. It can be beautiful. Then *will* to be beautiful.

Free booklets on the Care of the Skin by Frances Ingram will be mailed to readers of RADIO DIGEST. *Send your request to Miss Ingram, in care of* RADIO DIGEST, *420 Lexington Avenue, New York.—Editor.*

Scientific Progress of the Radio Arts

By Howard Edgar Rhodes, Technical Editor

Past, Present and Future of Television

AS WE LET our thoughts glide backward over the years, we find men who are eternal dreamers, thinking and working on things unknown but hoped for. And from the time that the ancient Greeks told of the shafts of light shot by Apollo, men have concerned themselves with the nature of light and means of transmitting it to a distance.

Back in 1884 in the days of kerosene lamps and cigar store Indians, an obscure and still almost unknown Russian scientist, Paul Nipkow, filed a patent for an "electrical telescope". Nipkow was a dreamer, but no idle dreamer, for in his patent he not only anticipated television but described a system with considerable precision. Add to Nipkow's devices a few modern electrical tools and you have the essentials of a modern television system built almost bolt for bolt as Nipkow would have built it if modern equipment had been available for his use. Alas for some theories that germinate in the minds of men—they wilt in the light of advancing knowledge. But Nipkow's devices have stood the test of time; a resume of television history without credit to Nipkow's vision would be blasphemy. We can almost say that in his mind the concept of modern television first found light; Nipkow was not only a scientist but a poet, for he breathed life into the facts which he discovered.

A complete summary of all the early scientists who devoted their thoughts to television and the closely allied art of picture transmission would fill many pages. In France, Italy, Germany, Russia, Austria, the problems were studied. But today most of the development work is concentrated in England, France, Germany and the United States.

The modern scientist, to produce our present day television transmitters and receivers, has in effect taken a number of individual units and assembled them into a television system. The néon lights used in television receivers are old; the foundation work on the photo-cell or "television eye" was done in the latter part of the nineteenth century by Hallwachs, Hertz, Elester, Geitel, Schmidt, names probably entirely unknown to the reader. The néon tube, the photo-cell, Nipkow's scanning disc and the vacuum tube; these are the essential elements of all television systems. The first three units had to await the development of the vacuum tube before they could efficiently be utilized in a complete television system.

And so television is the product of many dreams, of many hopes, of many failures. But, as Oliver Wendell Holmes said, "What have we to do with our time but to fill it with labor, to work, to know, to discover, to create." To this sentiment the scientist heartily subscribes.

Modern television, as we know it today, began about 1923. Actually this first modern work was concerned more with the development of picture transmitting systems, but much of the experience and practical knowledge which engineers obtained from this work in still picture transmission later proved almost directly applicable to the problems of television.

TELEVISION and the motion picture too, for that matter, would not be possible were it not for a certain characteristic of the eye known as "persistency of vision." Examples of this characteristic of the eye are familiar to all of us. Thus the glowing end of a match swung rapidly round in a circle looks like a complete ring of light and not a single glow of light changing its position every moment. Motion pictures and animated cartoons consist of many still pictures flashed on a screen in such rapid succession that we get the impression of continuous motion. If only a few pictures per second are flashed on a movie screen, we get an impression of motion but the image has a bad flicker. But when we reach a rate of ten or fifteen pictures per second the eye responds as though it were seeing a continuous picture. Were it not, therefore, a characteristic of the human eye to *retain an impression* the reproduction of moving objects would be utterly impossible.



Television as the New York *Herald Tribune* artist sees it. The actor and actress stand before brilliant lights, with prompter and technician "off-stage".

Probably the first modern demonstration of television was given in England in January, 1926, before the Royal Institute. The apparatus used was designed and built by J. L. Baird, who has for years been identified with the development of television apparatus. Baird made use of a modified Nipkow scanning disc. The results were quite poor, due largely, however, to crudeness of the apparatus rather than to the use of improper methods, for Baird used the same principles that have been used in all later types of television apparatus.

In this country the first important demonstration occurred on April 7, 1927, when the Bell Telephone Laboratories

gave a public demonstration of television between New York City and Washington, D. C. Again we find in use the all important Nipkow disc for scanning the subject's face being televised. For the television receiver use was made both of a small néon glow tube in combination with another scanning disc to produce small pictures and of a very large tubular néon tube to produce images several feet square; the detail in the large image was, of course, much poorer than in the small image. That the engineers of the Bell Telephone Laboratories had to overcome no inconsiderable problems in developing the apparatus to the point where it could be publicly demonstrated may be realized by the fact that the output of the "television eye" scanning the subject had to be amplified as much as 1,000,000,000,000,000 times, but it is interesting to note that the quality of the television images transmitted a distance of 250 miles from Washington to New York was not inferior to the quality obtained during preliminary laboratory tests over distances of but a few feet. In this first demonstration by the Bell Telephone Laboratories the signals were transmitted both by Radio and by wire.

IN JULY of 1928 the Bell Telephone Laboratories demonstrated an outdoor system in which outdoor subjects were televised. Television in color was exhibited in June, 1929.

More recently the Laboratories demonstrated a complete two-way television system combined with a regular telephone channel making it possible for two persons to see and talk to each other over a distance. The television images were quite small but of remarkably fine detail, making it possible to note even the slightest change in expression of a person's face. The reproduction was in fact so good that deaf persons who had acquired the art of lip reading could carry on a conversation simply by reading the other person's lips.

We have always had a lot of respect and admiration for the lone experimenter outside the laboratories of a large company whose lack of equipment and facilities are a constant goad to his ingenuity. Such experimenters choose their line of endeavor because it interests them rather than because they have been assigned to the task, and in the past no inconsiderable part in the development of new fields has been due to their work—and we don't believe the research laboratory of the industrial corporation will ever entirely replace the lone experimenter. The person with an inventive and ingenious mind is almost invariably a free lance and only with difficulty can he be caged in the laboratory of a large company. Though the laboratories of the Bell Telephone Laboratories, the General Electric Company and others have been responsible for major contributions to television, due credit must be given to the lone efforts of J. L. Baird in England and C. Francis Jenkins in America.

As early as 1923, Jenkins was giving demonstrations of picture transmission by Radio and more recently he has been actively engaged in the design of simple home television receivers. It was, if we remember rightly, about two years ago that Jenkins became identified with the Jenkins Television Corporation, organized to carry on his work and to produce simple television apparatus. Since that time this company has been actively engaged in the design of home television apparatus and now manufactures several different types of television receivers and regularly transmits television programs from its television stations in Washington, D. C., and New Jersey.

WE ALWAYS recall with pleasure a visit we made some years ago to the small laboratory in Washington where Jenkins was then carrying on his experimental work. We found very contagious his eagerness, and intense absorption in his work. Jenkins essentially is a pioneer; he pioneered in picture transmitting and in television experiments. To him also is frequently credited the design of the first motion picture machine. During our visit he showed us a new slow motion picture machine that took 2500 pictures per second; the ordinary slow motion machine takes about 300. He had taken some pictures of pigeons in flight and, when seen in slow motion, their graceful movements, the very slow open-

(*Continued on page* 101)



Television Reaches Broadway

REGULAR television programs over WGBS and W2XAR were made available to listeners in the New York City area beginning April 1st. At least this was the plan according to an announcement received just as this issue of RADIO DIGEST went to press. The television signals are transmitted from W2XAR, television station of the Jenkins Television Corporation and the accompanying synchronized sound from station WGBS key station of the General Broadcasting System, Inc. A [illegible] line system with 20 pictures per second is used and is capable of giving comparatively excellent reproduction. We understand that in the future most of the regular and experimental television programs transmitted by various stations will use 60 lines and 20 pictures so that a number of television programs should henceforth be available to owners of television receivers in the New York City area. Many new stations will soon be added to the growing list of those already broadcasting television programs.

Voice of the

GREAT BIG HAND FOR LITTLE JACK LITTLE

HERE are a few lines I would like to see in print to answer the person who signed a letter in your February issue under the name of M.F.L.C., Indiana. For my part, Little Jack Little is the best entertainer on the Radio. I admire his technical skill at the piano, and while his singing is not that of a well trained voice, it is very smooth and different from many other voices you hear on the air. I also admire his stage performances—he packs every theatre in which he is billed—and the songs he writes!—Mildred Bradley, Cincinnati, Ohio.

* * *

THIS is the first letter of its kind I have written, but the letter signed M.F.L.C. is so unjust and untrue that I cannot resist writing. I have traveled from coast to coast, and everywhere I go, have heard expressed great admiration for Little Jack Little as an artist. We think his voice and style of talking bright. Our greatest disappointment is when distance prevents us hearing him.—E. E. A., Vancouver, B. C., Canada.

* * *

THIS is one family that certainly would miss Little Jack Little if he were off the air, and I think there are millions more like us. At our house we never miss any of his programs.

What do the listeners think of Gene and Glenn, or to call them by their Radio names, Jake and Lena? We really like those two boys better than Amos and Andy.—Mrs. J. R. S., York, Pa.

* * *

RAH! RAH! RAH! W-A-B-C

I ENCLOSE my nomination blank and ballots for "Station Champ." I have been instrumental in making many friends for WABC. I try to know every feature. Example:

Me (to my wife): "Who is that announcing, Min?" Min (disgusted with me and the Radio): "How do I know, and please don't keep asking me about this voice and that voice."

That was a little while back. Now it is—Min: "Stan, who is that talking, George Beuchler or Frank Knight?" See? Well . . . look at this.

Frank Knight, Don Ball, Harry Vonzell, David Ross, John Mayo, Lewis Dean, George Beuchler and Ted Husing are the regular evening announcers. Men with personality, equal to any task in delivering a well-defined talk evenly, close to the point and with clarity.

For WABC's selection of programs—oh my! Why compare? . . . Tony's Scrapbook, Hamilton Watch, John P. Medbury, Annette Hanshaw's singing, True Story, Daddy and Rollo, Nitwits, Hank Simmons, Guy Lombardo, Jack Denny, Bert Lown . . . oh, how many! And—the symphony programs. Long live Radio, CBS, NBC, and last but by no means least. . . WABC. . . WABC. . . WABC! —Stanley Kroberger, 1429 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

* * *

INFORMATION WANTED

CAN you tell me the calls of any Radio station that broadcasts Spanish lesson_? I will appreciate it very much if you can furnish me with this information, giving me the day and the hour of broadcast—(Miss) Iva V. Pickering, Glockner San., Colorado Springs, Colo.

* * *

COULD you please give me the names of stations which broadcast question and answer games? Also stations which conduct English classes. And the hour Eastern Standard Time.—E. G. Hill, Rosina, W. Va.

We will appreciate it if readers or broadcasters with the required information will answer Miss Pickering and Mr. Hill.—Editor.

* * *

CATFISH BAND

(Dedicated to Jimmie Wilson's Catfish Band, Station KVOO)

THE music starts and we're all in a clatter,
Then someone speaks up, "Why what is the matter?"
Oh, it's that old, old song that is always new,
Moonlight and Roses bring Memories of You,
No song could be sweeter than this is each week
When played by this band down on Pole Cat Creek.

Next we hear jazz with plenty of pep,
With Jimmie announcing they don't need any help,
They play, and they sing, and they talk quite a while,
But what makes us sore is that fake Fish Fry,
They make us hungry, then invite us down
When they know we're all a thousand miles from their town.

Etta Fitzgerald, Birmingham, Ala.

* * *

HEY! MR. INSPECTOR!

I WONDER if it is possible to beat the fact into those bone-headed station operators' heads that they can't be heard satisfactorily, even in their home cities, when three or four stations are raving at the same time on the same wave. Take, for instance, the 550 to 560 kilocycle range. All those stations are strong enough to be heard anywhere in the U. S. on a good night. They should get together and divide nights and also hours of the day. There are a number of wave bands in this section where it is impossible to tune in any one station because three or four are broadcasting at the same time—H. H. Adolf, Sherman, Tex.

* * *

REGUSTED WITH ANDY

I AM an enthusiastic listener to Amos 'n' Andy and never miss an episode, but this Andy stuff is going too far. He acts like a half-wit, and some of his sayings are simply idiotic. They seem to be put up to fill in space. I hope every V. O. L. reader sees this (if it gets to the V. O. L. page) and that it soaks in.—Jack Davidson, Box 110, Manitou, Manitoba, Canada.

* * *

CONTINUITIES WANTED

YOU ask in your February issue if we would like drama continuities. I say yes, especially those of Arabesque presented by Columbia, which I regard as the best feature on the air. (*An Arabesque continuity appeared in September, 1930. We try to present a new air-drama in each issue—Editor.*) Continuities of the Silver Flute presented by NBC would also be welcome.—George W. Shepard, Marion, Kans.

PRAISE FOR OUR LITTLE BIRD

MARCELLA'S Columns are very enjoyable reading matter, especially those devoted to the great announcers. Upon hearing these voices over the Radio one forms a mental picture of the men, and that's why we enjoy seeing their pictures and hearing about them.

One Radio feature we certainly enjoy at home is "Gene and Glenn", and have looked forward to seeing a picture of these two in RADIO DIGEST. (See October, 1930. New one coming soon—Editor.) Why not publish one? —Betty Van Derheyden, Coeymans, N. Y.

* * *

CANADA ENJOYS BUFFALO

YOUR magazine makes Radio much more real, with its pictures of favorites and Radio news. I have one little objection to make. Each month I open up my copy of my favorite magazine, with the hope of seeing some of my favorite Buffalo announcers and entertainers. Do let us have some pictures of the Buffalo Broadcasting Corporation announcers. They also have some very fine entertainers. I'm sure they deserve some representation in your ranks. I shall wait patiently. (*Coming Soon—Editor.*)

Your articles on network programs are great. I certainly liked *The Golden Baton* and we all miss *The Old Curiosity Shop* and wish it would start again. I like the logs, however you run them.—Another Radio Fan, Grimsley, Ont., Canada.

* * *

OPINIONS DIFFER ON "CANNED MUSIC"

MAY I have space in your valuable magazine to register a vigorous complaint against this so-called "electrical transcription" mania which has hit most of the Radio stations. The advance that Radio has made in the past decade is one of the marvels of our day and age, but it is like taking a step backward with seven league boots to have Radio programs made up of phonograph records. The tonal quality of these programs should be sufficient to keep them off the air. Not only that, but you tune in on the same program from four or five stations on the same night, and on most every night in the week it can be heard from at least two.

Everyone connected with Radio, be he manufacturer, broadcaster or only the fan, knows that the available air channels are being constantly demanded by more stations than can be allowed. I believe the Federal Radio Commission should put these stations off the air who use these so-called "electrical transcriptions" to excess and let stations come on the air who would be glad to furnish us with flesh and blood talent.

Our family and many of the fans in this city will not listen to this "canned" music, and I do not believe we are alone in this matter, so let more of the fans speak up before all we have is "electrical transcriptions"! —Robert J. Doyle, 605 Litchfield St., Bay City, Mich.

How about it, fans? Opinions differ. A good one on wax or a bum one through the mike—if you have to choose? Or could you really tell the difference if the announcer didn't tell you? What do you think? Write, and join V.O.L.—*Editor.*

Listener

TO THE INTERWOVEN PAIR

BILLY JONES and Ernie Hare
Got famous through the air
They do not fly, that isn't why
They are known most everywhere.

We hear them every Friday night
Thirty minutes—what delight!
We wish to state that they are great
Their line, their songs are sure *all right!*

I also want to submit twelve reasons why I think the Radio is the most wonderful invention in the world. Here they are:—(1.) Ruth Etting singing any song (she's incomparable). (2.) The Interwoven Pair. (2.) The R.K.O. program with T. Kennedy singing the theme song. (4.) Guy Lombardo's orchestra. (5.) Effie Watt's singing. (6.) Rudy Vallee's soothing voice. (7.) Detroit police drama. (8.) Harold Keen, Radio's sunshine boy. (9.) Guy Lombardo's Royal Canadians (again). (10.) Baby Rose Marie (unusual child). (11.) Norman White's excellent voice. (12.) Harry Richman singing his own songs.—Gladys Allan, Sarnia, Mich.

* * *

DOCTOR LAUDS MRS. SCOTT'S ARTICLES ON CHILD TRAINING

IN THE March issue I note an article by Mrs. Miriam Finn Scott, and I wish to congratulate you on having her among the contributors. Her broadcasts on child training struck me as quite unusual because of the soundness of her ideas, clearness and directness of her presentation and the freedom from the so much abused and misused scientific jargon of the psychologists.

I think Mrs. Scott's articles will be of tremendous value to many of your readers, especially to those mothers who honestly want to give to their children a sound basis for future happiness and success.—Dr. Leonid Watter, 443 E. 87th St., New York, N. Y.

* * *

YOUR magazine appeals to me because of its broad scope. I think the educational features are particularly interesting, and I especially like "Do You Know Your Child?" by Mrs. Miriam Finn Scott. She knows how to make her point clear—please give us some more articles by Mrs. Scott.—(Mrs.) Helene Edwards, 179 Harrison St., East Orange, N. J.

* * *

SCORE ONE AGAINST "CRANKS"

THE biggest laugh each month comes between the covers of RADIO DIGEST. Some of these fan letters remind me of the story of the two maiden ladies who complained to the village authorities that the small boys were swimming without bathing suits. "But the swimming hole is back in the pasture, away from the road," said the puzzled official.

"Oh, yes, but sister and I can see them real plain from the attic window with our field glasses," said one of them! No one asks the cranks to listen to any special program and the manufacturer put those little buttons on the front of the Radio for use, not ornament.—Radio Bug (H.C.L.) New York.

* * *

ATTENTION, "DX" FANS!

SINCE I enjoy the RADIO DIGEST so much, I would like to make a few suggestions on how, in my opinion, it could be bettered. Why not have a DX department? Readers could become members and submit interesting bits of DX news that would prove a benefit to all members. I am a DX fan and would like to receive letters from all DX'ers, especially from those in the Mid-West.—Eddie G. Erlewine, Box 675, Tekamah, Neb.

* * *

I AM a shut-in, and sure like the RADIO DIGEST. I have logged 186 stations on 94 wave lengths. I had my first Radio seven years ago.—C. L. Swafford, Pratt, Kans.

* * *

HAVING started in 1926, I consider myself an ancient DX'er. Some Radio critics were astonished at that time when I heard WSMB, New Orleans, KOA, Denver, and KSD, St. Louis on a crystal set made on a thread spool. This winter I again started DX'ing on a new set. I have heard 170 stations in two months and have a mighty book, two feet by two feet and six inches thick, filled with verifications, pictures, stamps, etc. I do not belong to any DX clubs but would like to hear of any such organizations, and would like to hear from any DX'ers who cannot get stations to answer them, as I would be glad to help them. Radio bugs should stick together.—Frank E. Howell, Lynch, Neb.

* * *

THE suggestion of Mr. Erlewine is a mighty good one, and the editors of V. O. L. will be glad to throw these columns open to any DX fans who wish to send in news or communicate with other fans. In this connection, readers are invited to write to the three DX fans whose names and addresses are given above.

* * *

PANNING AND PRAISING THOSE ORCHESTRAS

RUDY VALLEE and his Connecticut Yankees are my choice. I think he has one of the best orchestras in the whole U. S.—M. R. V.—Philadelphia, Pa. . . . I was very much surprised and disappointed when I glanced through the March issue and found but one article and picture of the King of the Air—I mean Rudy Vallee. Why should a few old grouches begrudge us fans pictures of the World's Champion Radio Crooner—Marian Harvey, 130 Todd Place, N. E., Washington, D. C. . . . Being a member of the Vallee Krusaders I thought I'd have my say about him.—Georgia Waldman, 210 19th St., Union City, N. J. . . . Men hate him and women love him, but I want my name put under the Voice of The Rudy Vallee listeners—Edith Sagmiller, 109 Third Ave., N. E., Mandan, N. Dak. . . . Here's my two cents in defense of Rudy. He has the best orchestra on the air.—K. V. Brooklyn, N. Y.

* * *

GUY LOMBARDO—Listen, young and old, if you want to enjoy your Radio programs, listen to this boy's orchestra. Give me Guy, his three brothers, and keep the rest of the orchestras.—E. J. Starsinic, 596 S. 4th St., Steelton, Pa. . . . I am a Guy Lombardo fan, and my vote goes for Guy & Company.—Viola Perez, 635 Lindenhurst Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

* * *

BEN BERNIE—My opinion of the finest dance music entertainment on the air is that of "Ye Olde Maestro" and his boys. A combination of his pleasing personality in his announcing plus the splendid organization of musicians to back him up leaves nothing more to be desired. Do I have to face this cold world alone with this opinion or have I some followers? (*Plenty—See April V. O. L.*)—Gordon R. Davidson, Manitou, Manitoba, Canada. . . . My favorite orchestras are Phil Spitalny, Rolfe's Lucky Strike, Husk O'Hare, Coon-Sanders and Louis Panico—Sylvia Schugren, 205 Iron Mountain St., Iron Mountain, Mich. . . . I would like to see pictures of Wayne King, Isham Jones, Guy Lombardo, Ben Bernie, Dan Garber, Maurie Sherman.—Richard Glazier, Bunker Hill, Ind.

* * *

ECHOES FROM THE STATIONS

HAVE we pretty girls on our staff? You should ask! Why, Connecticut was full of pretty girls long before California was ever thought of! And Station WTIC had had pretty girl entertainers for more than six years—ever since the station went on the air in 1925. (*The proof's in the pictures—see WTIC answer to Beauty Challenge in this issue—Editor.*) Please don't take me as too much of a braggart when I tell you that in last week's mail we got four letters from Paris, France, twenty-six in one mail from New Zealand, all sorts of letters from the British Isles.—George Malcolm Smith, WTIC, Hartford, Conn.

* * *

ADDRESS WANTED

Harriett Irwin who asked for a horoscope is requested to give address.

* * *

CHALLENGE! WCOH CLAIMS IT'S MOST POPULAR LOCAL STATION

IT ISN'T the purpose of this letter to dwell on the pro and con of the beauty contest; except in so far as our slight vanity and desire to promulgate the truth leads us to remark in passing that, as for feminine beauty: well, you haven't seen anything yet. Some day we may overcome our bashfulness and submit photographic evidence of our superiority against all comers. Ah, well, enough of this.

But this challenge on the part of KROW gave us an idea. We heartily believe that our station is the most popular "local" station along the Atlantic Seaboard. And by local, we refer to the usual 100 watt plant, operating on part time. We know the residents of our community aren't of the particularly "gushing" type, still with only thirty operating hours a week we manage to ring in a hundred or more phone calls and requests per hour. During 1930 we totaled between 3,000 and 4,000 "fan" letters.

There's the challenge! Who'll take it up? —Frank A. Seitz, Jr., Program Director, WCOH, 35 South Broadway, Yonkers, N. Y.

Out of the AIR

HITS—QUIPS—SLIPS

By INDI-GEST

Cash for Humor!

IT WILL pay you to keep your ears open and your funny bone oiled for action. Radio Digest will pay $5.00 for the first selected humorous incident heard on a broadcast program, $3.00 for second preferred amusing incident and $1.00 for each amusing incident accepted and printed.

It may be something planned as part of the Radio entertainment, or it may be one of those little accidents that pop up in the best regulated stations. Write on one side of the paper only, put name and address on each sheet, and send your contribution to Indi-Gest, Radio Digest.

Well May comes around with all her lovely green sprouts and May parties and maypole dances but somehow or other all Indi-Gest can think of is revenge.

Revenge on the terrible person who started that new game that everybody is playing. You know, they're even dragging it into the NBC press rooms. The other day, when we all should have been working, Mr. Aylesworth, Mussolini, Lindbergh and myself were trying to figure out a way to get all the words beginning with May in the dictionary into one sentence. We had all the press typewriters snowed under with our attempts so that the Continuity Department had to write typewriters into every act so the boys (Mr. Stone, Shea, Sorenson, Miss Sullivan †good thing I don't lisp† Wilkerson, Hevessey *et* Mr. *Cetera*) could go up to the broadcast studios to turn out press releases.

The best we could do was "Mayhap if a Mayan committed mayhem upon the mayor with a stout Maypole—well, that was as far as we could go so we topped it off with—maybe mayonnaise isn't delicious on mayflowers, and I'm to be Queen of the May, tra, la.

Which brings up the old controversy. Am I (me, Indi-Gest) a man or a woman? Not that it makes any difference to me. But some of my fans want to know. Prizes given for the best answers, as follows:—

First prize . . . 3 brazil nuts
2nd prize . . . . 3 walnuts
3rd prize . . . . 3 peanuts
4th prize . . . . 3 pistache nuts
5th prize . . . . 3 INDI-an nuts

PHEW!

Gilmore circus (some Pacific station):

Spark: I hear they're going to cut Sharkey's nose off.

Plug: What for?

Spark: So he can stop Schmeling.—*John Kita, 846 Ramona St., Palo Alto, Cal.*

I'm burning up over this one. Ray Perkins, the Pineapple Prince, takes a package of cigarettes out of his pocket, removes one cigarette, and makes the package a Cigarette Lighter.—*Helen Healy, Douglas Ave., R.F.D. 3, Waterbury, Conn.*

The next one wins the prize for long distance contributions. All the way from China. We hereby announce a prize of two (2) cancelled stamps for the longest long distance contribution each month.

CURRENTS IN THE CAPITOL

Physics Teacher: Now you understand what A.C. and D.C. mean. Tell me which city has D.C.?

Little Jimmy: Washington.—*Liu E. Lo, Custom House, Newchang, China.*

THE RADIO MOTHER GOOSE

Bye, Baby Bunting!
Daddy's gone a-hunting,
To get himself a rabbit skin
To trade in on a good, inexpensive,
European-radio-broadcast-receiving,
three-tube, super-sensitive
short wave converter unit.

* * *

There was a man in our town,
And wisdom filled his attic:
He twiddled at his Radio dials
And tuned out all* the static—
BUT when he heard what was to hear
He choked (with might and main)
That crooning tenor's lovesick moans—
Tuned static in again!

* Well, most of . . .

John Douglas Leith, Grand Forks, N. Dak.

GET THE SMELLOVISOR

From the KOA Coons:

Mr. Talbot: I thought you were in the chicken raising business, Sambo?

Sambo: Ah am, suh, but you know, ah had hard luck yestiday. Ah found me a polecat in mah chicken coop.

Mr. Talbot: Were you angry?

Sambo: Yes suh; I wuz completely incensed.—*Don Peterson, 151 Pepin Street, Wisconsin Rapids, Wis.*

Little Joe Warner reading the Jolly Journal: The sound film of the baby's first year will be broadcast.

"It ought to be a scream," comments Joe.—*C. A. Zerza, 1367 N. 42nd St., Milwaukee, Wis.*

A MARKET QUOTATION

"There is one thing I think is unfair,"
Said the simple old goose with a frown,
"No matter what the stock market does,
My chief stock will always be down."

—*Stanley L. Ault, 5403 Ralston Ave., Norwood, Ohio.*

HANDLING A WOMAN ELECTRICALLY

Russ Gilbert's suggestion for a study in feminine psychology, on Cheerio's hour, NBC:—

When a woman is sulky and will not speak—*Exciter.*

If she gets too excited—*Controller.*

If she talks too long—*Interrupter.*

If her way of thinking is not yours—*Converter.*

If she is willing to come half way—*Meter.*

If she will come all the way—*Receiver.*

If she wants to be an angel—*Transformer.*

If you think she is picking your pockets—*Detector.*

If she proves your fears are wrong—*Compensator.*

If she goes up in the air—*Condenser.*

If she wants chocolates—*Feeder.*

If she sings inharmoniously—*Tuner.*

If she eats too much—*Reducer.*

If she is wrong—*Rectifier.*—*Mrs. J. A. Jones, Locke, N. Y.*

PIPE THIS DOG STORY

Lowell Thomas (NBC) drew a picture of comfort thus:—"Sitting before an open wood fire in my easy chair, with a good book to read, my dog in my mouth and my pipe at my feet!"—*Mrs. J. A. Reece, 331 Jackson Ave., Des Moines, Ia.*



OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES

From Orange Disc Smile Club, WSYR:

Little Girl: Mamma, when I grow up and get married will I have a husband like Daddy?

Mother: Yes, dear.

Little girl: And if I don't get married, will I be an old maid like Aunt Mary?

Mother: Yes, dear.

Little Girl: My, what a mess I'm in! —*Radio Bug, Fulton, N. Y.*

OH FOR THE SUDS OF YESTER-YEAR

Recited by Charles Buster Rothman, WMCA:

The boy fell off Anhauser Busch
He tore his pants to Schlitz
He rose a sad Budweiser boy
Pabst yes, Pabst no.

Latest Spanking Song: "It's Never Too Late To Go Back To Mother's Knee".

GOSSIP SHOP

Radio artists at WABC are nothing if not modest. Witness the following conversation between announcer Harry Vonzell and Harry Swan, noted character actor in Columbia's radio playlets.

"The best talent on the air," argued Vonzell, who hails from Los Angeles, "came originally from California."

"The devil I did!" retorted Mr. Swan.

Horoscopes for horses are the latest.

A stable-owner wrote to Evangeline Adams, Forhan's astrologer, and asked her to chart his horse's life, to determine whether or not his entry would be a winner in a not-far-future race.

Some of the prettiest girls in New York are NBC hostesses. But life isn't all easy for them. Here's a sample of the fool questions they get:

"Can I talk to Mr. Napoleon?"

"He is on the air but will be at liberty at three thirty," said the good-looking blonde on the 13th floor.

"Oh! thank you. Could you give me the telephone number so that I can call him at Liberty?"

Is it true that "Mary" of the True Story hour, has changed her "Bob"? Answer me yes or no! (? ? ? ?-Editor) —*E. C. Baird, Box 223, St. Joseph, Mo.*



I WILL NOW SING "*JUST A GIGOLO*"

WJZ Blackstone program:

Young girl gets $50,000 award from jury for broken heart. Same girl escapes with serious injuries after auto accident. Gets only $500.

Moral: Never break a girl's heart. Break her ribs instead.—*Dolly Diamond, 730 De Kalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.*



SLIPS THAT PASS THROUGH THE MIKE

ALL RIGHT, AS LONG AS HE DIDN'T RUN THROUGH A RED LIGHT—Lowell Thomas said, "I was driving from Poughkeepsie to New York City, and ran through the morning papers . . . " That's a new hair breadth escape for him.—*Reverend Thomas Walker, 174 Carteret Avenue, Jersey City, N. J.*

TREADING WATER—The WTIC announcer, reading names of orchestral numbers and the place from which the requests came, "We now hear '*Walking my Baby Back Home*' from England"!—*Edward Kocsau, 1445 Franklin St., Johnstown, Pa.*

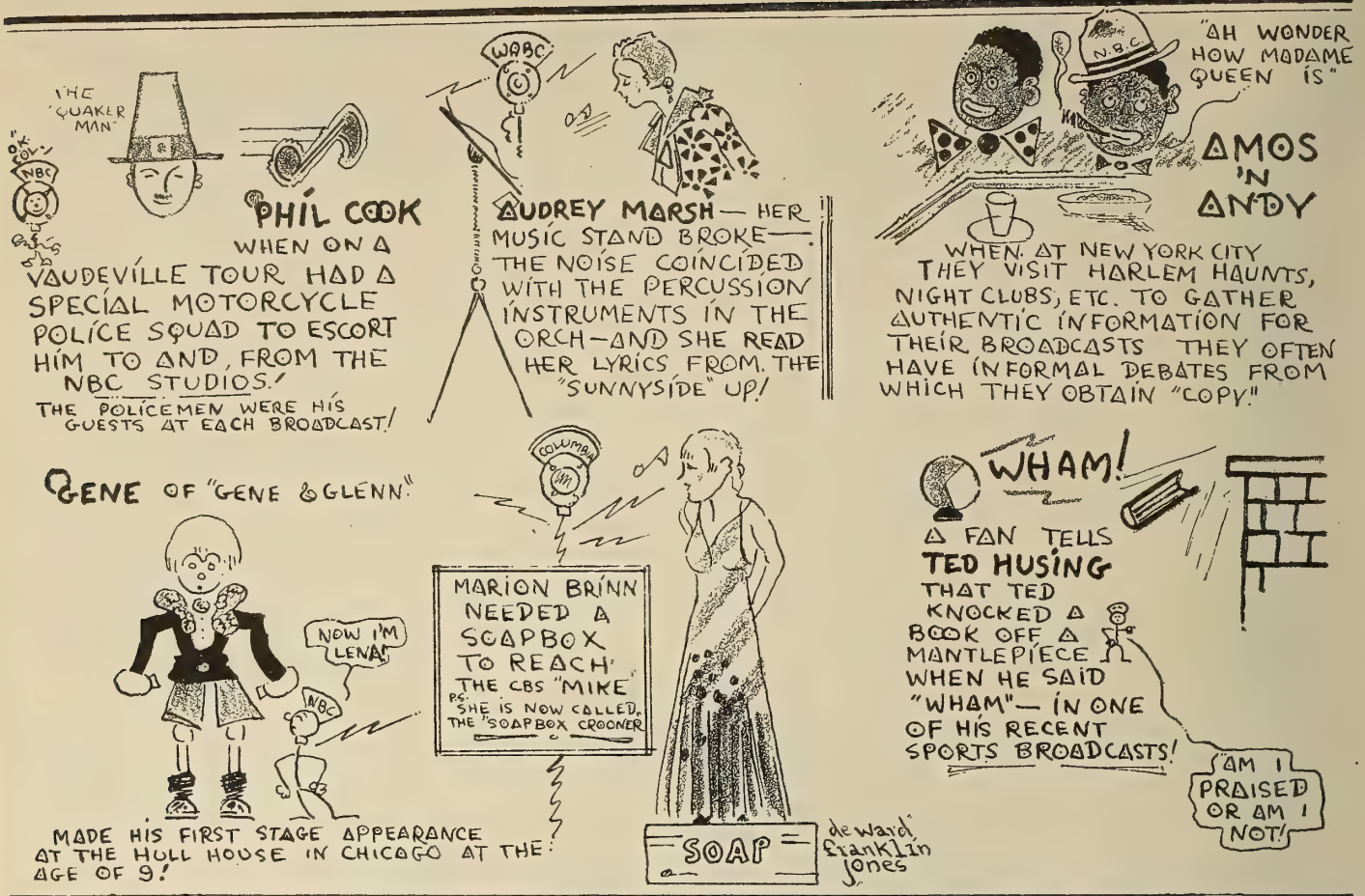
NOT WORTH YOUR SALT—Jimmie Paten, WEBC announcer, "A small boy has been lost. His name is Billy Blank, he has light hair, etc., etc. Anybody finding the little chap, please notify the distracted parents. We continue our program with '*He's Not Worth Your Tears*'."—*Mrs. K. L. Wornstaff, 1514 10th St., Superior, Wis.*

THEY WERE NOT RUGGED RUGS—WMCA announcer. "We have a most unusual bargain today. Velvet rugs at only $1.05 each. They can't last long at this price."—*Esther Lynn, Route 1, Richmond, Va.*

BATTER OUT—Charles B. Tramont struck out the other night in announcing the Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour program. He dwelt enthusiastically on the ease of making pancakes according to directions, and wound up with "drop the batter on the girdle! We like ours better hot off the griddle inside the vest.—*Nell C. Westcott, Chestertown, Md.*

(Mrs. Westcott was first at the tape with that slip. It was also reported by Mrs. A. E. Waldrop, Thrift, Tex., Elsie McCloskey, 231 W. Market St., Marietta, Pa., Henry J. Polzin, Saginaw, Mich.)

BY WHOSE REQUEST?—Announcer John B. Gambling of WOR: "We now play, '*I'm Up On A Mountain*' by special request."—*Grace L. Brock, Dayton Ave., Box 33, Basking Ridge, N. J.*



RADIOTIC PRATTLES

Good evening listeners-in. We introduce to you Miss Lydia Valley of the Lehigh Valleys who sings for you over NWN, and is accompanied by the Four Cymbal Clashing Sisters. Here they are—

"How can I leave thee?"
Sang the lovesick swain.
"Shall I take the New York Central
Or a Pennsylvania train?"

One more song we bring, holding a hint of sadness and the touch of a frustrated life. Miss Lydia Valley—

"It's not so much the soup you make
That makes me love you true.
It's thinking of the pains you take
To give me crackers too."

We are trying to perfect the tonal qualities of our music and this has come to you from a special device by courtesy of Mr. Leopold Kebitzer, who likes to mix the music of his Tinpanny Orchestra with his own egg beater. This is NWN bidding you God Speed.—*Fitzhugh Watson, 346 So. Smedley St., Philadelphia, Pa.*

TONGUE TWISTER

On NBC recently—Compositions of Tadeusz Jarecki were interpreted by Madame Marya Bogucka, concert soprano. Imagine the poor announcer stuttering over that!

Mr. & Mrs. GEORGE D. LOTTMAN

HAVE THE HONOR TO SPONSOR

THE DEBUT OF

THE NEW ARRIVAL

EVAN ALAN LOTTMAN

IN THE HOWLING SUCCESS

"IT'S A BOY"

Seven pounds of mellifluous and tuneful harmony

FIRST SHOWING
MARCH 20th, 1931
8:30 A. M.
At 901 Walton Ave., New York

Production under the Supervision of MORRIS BLUM, M. D.
Midnight performances nightly — with sound effects

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Happy Mother.....BETTY LOTTMAN
Proud Father.....GEORGE D. LOTTMAN
The New Arrival.....EVAN ALAN LOTTMAN
The Deposed Ruler.....HERBERT R. LOTTMAN
Mysterious Man With the Knife.....Mr. X

BOTTLE-HOLDERS, PIN-BEARERS, DIAPER-FOLDERS, FLOOR-WALKERS, CARRIAGE-WHEELERS, BLANKET-CARRIERS, ETC.

MUSICAL NUMBERS

Cheerful Little Earful
After the Bawl
You're Driving Me Crazy
Crying Myself to Sleep
Out Where the Wet Begins
Manhattan Serenade
Walkin' My Baby

CREDITS

Costumes by American Diaper Co., Best's and Macy's. Evan Alan Lottman's costumes in first act made by his grandmothers. Whoopee-dance by father. Toe dances into star's chamber by relatives and friends.

Our own Pipes of Pan columnist has an offspring and here is the way he announced it. As one columnist to another, Indi-Gest would like to know if the producer expects to make any money on this show for the next twenty years or so.

WANTS JOB AT STATION BARKING LIKE DOG

Here is a copy of an honest-to-goodness letter received at Station WOBU, Charleston, W. Va. It is reproduced exactly as written. Indi-Gest vouches for its verity:—

feb the 6th dear sir
Mr. Manager of this Broadcasting sasiton if you Please ans my LETTER in return to let me know if you May use me in your Bissness as BARCKING like a dog as I can inatat a Big NEW FOND LAND that it can not be told from one the Store manager has got at me to rite you Mr. Bell at Red Jacket W. Va

He said he know that i was the best he EVER heard as he has heard dogs on talking Mechines But not like me so if you ples ans and let me know as I would lik to have a job with you and let me know how and what way you could use me that is all i can do. Yours truly Ples ans soon W. M McDonald Red Jacket W Va. House no 153

READ THIS OUT LOUD

Cal Pearce of KFRC:—

"What's the difference between a bale of hay and a mouse?"

"No difference! The cattle eat it!"

If at first you don't succeed, try reading it out loud again.—*Jasper B. Sinclair, 318-20th Ave., San Francisco.*

The Pipes of Pan

The Guest-Star Racket Gets a Dig—Should Little Listeners Hear Amos and Andy Court Business?—Where Does O. O. McIntyre Get That Stuff?

By GEORGE D. LOTTMAN

IT'S readily understandable that the lesser local stations, unaffiliated with the large chains, have difficulty in getting choice talent. "Remote controls", in the shape of night clubs and the less important hostelries, and "new" talent obtained at auditions, are the best they can hope for.

They are to be commended for carrying on under those difficult conditions. Many of them compete quite successfully with the huge broadcasting corporations, despite their handicaps. Others, however, we are forced to report, flounder about helplessly in the face of their difficulties, readily accepting the services of any mediocre entertainer or orchestra that will broadcast "for the glory of it". The obvious result is that many of their programs are ludicrously amateurish.

The consequence also is that the station suffers irreparable harm, and those that have tuned-in "just to see what was doing" resolve to abstain from such temptations in the future. Difficult as it may be to present programs of merit on a *continuous* basis, the success of any station in the long run will be determined by *consistency* in the quality of programs presented.

* * *

HAVING done little welkin-ringing this season, we now lift our stentorian and sonorous voice to protest vehemently against a current practice that legislators ought to classify as a misdemeanor.

We refer to the "guest-star" racket, which is the present "ace-in-the-hole" of newspaper and magazine columnists from the rock-ribbed Coast of something to the sun-kissed shores of something else.

A columnist, with a weekly air period to fill, solicits a star playing in his town to "just come over and say 'hello' to the folks." The artist, mindful of the lineage that come with favors of that sort, consents.

Comes the night, and an impressive introduction by the gentleman of the Fourth Estate. Whereupon the son or daughter of Thespis dashes to the "mike", says "How've you been?" and then explains that, by the terms of his or her contract, it will be impossible to do anything else.

Naturally, the fans are disappointed, for there were other periods they might have tuned in, which would have brought greater entertainment. But the columnist is satisfied, the artist has lost nothing, and the management of the attraction which features the artist has gained some valuable publicity.

Don't, puh-leeze, give us guest stars unless they're ready to do something in return for our courtesy in tuning in. There's no room on the air for them.

* * *

LATEST bulletin on the cut-in situation: Very soon John Royal, director of programs on WEAF and WJZ networks, will call a general meeting of all orchestra directors on those chains, at which he will ask them to cooperate for the purpose of avoiding repetitions on their dance programs.

"Arbitrary orders will not be given," he explains, "but they will be asked to arrange some sort of alternation."

Good news, indeed. Organized control of programs and elimination of repetition are the strongest weapons with which to combat the cut-in menace.

* * *

IF IT be true that the kiddies must be considered, then why does an early evening program like the Amos 'n' Andy period, play up a subject like "breach of promise," as they did for so considerable a spell?

The genial duo told interviewers recently that they're now selecting subjects of more general interest. Hence the breach-of-promise twist.

Wrong, all wrong. Kiddies should hear nothing on the air but fairy tales, unless they've been unusually good that day, in which case, as a reward, they may listen in to the stock-market quotations.

* * *

OUR distinguished contemporary, O. O. McIntyre, is evidently beginning to suffer from that journalistic disease known as over-syndication.

In a recent column, the omnipotent "oom" delivers himself of the following amazing observations:

"The most fleeting of all popularity in the amusement world is that of the Radio artist . . . The Radio's audience, more than any other, demands change . . . So far, few Radio stars have maintained top furore for more than a year."

Let's interrupt the lad who sees-all-knows-all at this point to mention a few names which occur at random of Radio lights who have occupied top position for at least a quintette of years. Roxy, for example. The effervescent Jones and Hare. Lovely Vaughn de Leath. Major Bowes and the talented Phil Cook. Jessica Dragonette of the golden voice. Good ol' Rudy of the Vallee. Some more? Well there's Harry Reser, of the Clicquot Club Eskimos, Olive Palmer, Paul Oliver, Harry Horlick, Vincent Lopez, Welcome Lewis and Sam Lanin. There are scores of others, but space won't permit us to list local favorites, so we confine our rebuttal to those on chain programs.

Of course, if we wanted to engage in a long-winded controversy, we could also adequately refute your observation that "a stage star has often twenty fruitful years, the cinema star will hold audiences for five years and longer, but the Radio star cannot hope for more than two years as things are today."

Without resorting to musty archives, we could readily name half a hundred legitimate and screen stars whose careers have been ephemeral—merely "pan-flashes."

And as for your allegation that stage efforts on the part of Radio folk have been disappointing, we respectfully refer you to the box-office records of the Paramount-Publix organization, for example, which has of late been employing Radio "names" in their stage shows, resulting in "stand-up" business.

Tch, tch, tch, Mr. McIntyre.

* * *

IN LINE with the above, one of the half-dozen most prominent Radio officials in the East told us the other day that a peculiar thing about Radio fans is that they forget quickly. "If some of our greatest features went off the air for a month," he observed, "they'd be completely forgotten."

Which, if true, doesn't astonish us one iota. No more rabid, and apparently loyal set of fans exists, in our opinion, than movie devotees. Yet it took them no time at all to consign to oblivion the flicker idols who couldn't make the grade when the talkies debuted.

Audiences—"mobs" of any sort—are fickle the world over, we suppose.

Chain Calendar Features

See Index to Network Kilocycles on page 92

(Programs listed here are based on Daylight Saving Time, effective in New York April 26th)

Throughout Week

JOLLY BILL AND JANE—(daily except Sunday)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:45 a. m.	6:45	5:45	4:45
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
KDKA	WJR	WLW	

GENE AND GLENN—Quaker Early Birds. (Daily except Sun.)

8:00 a. m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WEAF	WJAR	WEEI	WTAG
WCSH	WFI	WRC	WGY
WCAE	WTAM	WWJ	WSAI
WRVA	WPTF	CKGW	WJAX
WIOD	WFLA	WSUN	CFCF
WBEN			

PERTUSSIN PLAYBOYS—Brad and Al. (Mon., Tues., Wed.)

8:15 a. m.	7:15	6:15	5:15
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WKBW
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WCAU
W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL	WADC
WHK	WKRC	WSPD	WOWO

MORNING DEVOTIONS—(daily ex. Sun.)

8:00 a.m.	7:00	6:00	5:30
WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WKBW
WDRC	WCAU	W3XAU	WHP
WJAS	WMAL	WDBJ	WADC
WWNC	WBT	WBCM	WSPD
WDOD	WLAC	WOWO	WBBM
KSCJ	KMOX	KLRA	KOIL
KFH	KFJF		

CHEERIO—(daily ex. Sun.)

8:30 a. m.	7:30	6:30	5:30
WEAF	WEEI	WCKY	WRC
WCSH	WWJ	WHO	WOC
WDAF	WAPI	KPRC	WFI
WSB	WSM	WJAX	WPTF
WTAG	WOAI	WBEN	WRVA
CKGW	WIOD	WHAS	WFLA
WSUN	WTAM	WJDX	WJAR
WGY	WOW	WCAE	WGN
WKY			

THE VERMONT LUMBER JACKS—John Whitcomb. (Daily ex. Sunday)

8:30 a. m.	7:30	6:30	5:30
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WBAL
WHAM	KDKA	WJR	

THE OLD DUTCH GIRL—(Mon., Wed., Fri.)

8:45 a. m.	7:45	6:45	5:45
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WKBW
WEAN	WNAC	WCAU	W3XAU
WJAS	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WBT
WGST	WXYZ	WSPD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WDSU	WISN
WOWO	WMAQ	WCCO	KMOX
KMBC	KOIL	KFH	KFJF
KRLD	KTSA	KLZ	KDYL
CFRB			

SOMETHING FOR EVERYONE—(daily ex. Sun.)

9:00 a. m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WKBW
WDRC	WPG	WHP	WJAS
WDBJ	WADC	WWNC	WBT
WBCM	WDOD	WREC	WLAC
WBRC	WOWO	KSCJ	WMT
KMOX	KLRA	KOIL	KFH
KFJF	KTRH	KDYL	

TONY'S SCRAP BOOK—Conducted by Anthony Wons. (Sun. 10:00 a.m. —daily 8:30)

8:30 a.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30
WABC	W2XE	WLBZ	WEAN
WNAC	WHP	WJAS	WLBW
WCAO	WDOD	WREC	WLAC
WISN	WFBM	KSCJ	WMT
KMOX	KMBC	KOIL	WIBW
KFH	KFJF	KDYL	

MORNING MOODS—Nat Brusiloff. (Daily except Sun. & Mon.)

9:30 a.m.			
WABC	W2XE	WKBW	WDRC
WPG	WCAU	W3XAU	WHP
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WDBJ
WADC	WAIU	WBT	WBCM
WSPD	WLAC	WOWO	WBBM
KSCJ	KMBC	KLRA	KOIL
KFJF	KRLD	CFRB	WTAQ

IDA BAILEY ALLEN—Radio Home Makers. (Mon. Wed. & Thurs.)

10:00 a. m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WKBW
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WADC	WWNC	WSPD	WDOD
WLAC	WISN	WBBM	WXYZ
WTAQ	KMOX	KFH	

RAY PERKINS—Libby, McNeil and Libby Program. (Thurs. and Friday)

10.00 a.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
WIBO	WLW	KDKA	WSB
WREN	KWK	WHAS	WSM
WMC	WAPI	WJDX	WSMB
WJR	WGAR		

RADIO HOUSEHOLD INSTITUTE—(except Friday and Sunday)

11:15 a. m.	10:15	9:15	8:15
WEAF	WJAR	WTAG	WCSH
WLIT	WRC	WCAE	WWJ
WTAM	KSD	WTMJ	KSTP
WEBC	WEEI	WGY	WMC
WBEN	WSAI	KYW	WOC
WHO	CFCF	CKGW	

PAUL TREMAINE—(daily ex. Sunday)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
12:00 noon	11:00	10:00	9:00
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WHEC
WKBW	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WORC	WPG	WCAU	W3XAU
WHP	WJAS	WLBW	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ	WADC
WKBN	WLAC	WBRC	WISN
KSCJ	WMT	KMBC	KLRA
WDAY	KOIL	KFJF	KLZ
KOL	WTAQ		

COLUMBIA REVIEW — (daily except Sat. and Sun.)

12:30 p. m.	11:30	10:30	9:30
WABC	W2XE	WLBZ	WDRC
WORC	WPG	WCAU	W3XAU
WHP	WJAS	WLBW	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WADC	WBT
WBCM	WSPD	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WISN	WOWO
WBBM	KSCJ	WMT	KMBC
KLRA	WDAY	KOIL	WIBW
KFJF	WGR		

FELIX FERDINANDO AND HIS PARK CENTRAL ORCHESTRA—(daily ex. Sunday)

1:00 p.m.	12:00noon	11:00	10:00
WABC	W2XE	WGR	WPG
WCAU	W3XAU	WJAS	WLBW
WMAL	WCAO	WTAR	WADC
WHK	WWNC	WDOD	WLAC
CFRB			

AMBASSADOR HOTEL ORCHESTRA —(Mon. and Thurs.)

1:30 p.m.	12:30	11:30	10:30
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WGR
WDRC	WPG	WFAN	WJAS
WLBW	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WDBJ	WADC	WKRC	WWNC
WBT	WBCM	WSPD	WDOD
WLAC	WBRC	WOWO	KLRA

COLUMBIA ARTIST RECITAL—(daily ex. Sun. & Tues.)

2:00 p. m.	1:00	12:00	11:00
WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WGR
WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC	WPG
WFAN	WHP	WJAS	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ	WHK
WKRC	WKBN	WWNC	WBT
WBCM	WSPD	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WISN	WOWO	WBBM
WCCO	KSCJ	WMT	KLRA
WDAY	KFJF	KTRH	KLZ
KOL			

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF THE AIR—(daily except Sat. & Sun.)

2:30 p. m.	1:30	12:30	11:30
WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WGR
WEAN	WNAC	WPG	WCAU
W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WADC	WHK	WWNC
WSPD	WDOD	WLAC	WISN
WCCO	KMOX	KMBC	KFH
KRLD	KTRH	KTSA	KLZ
KOL	WXYZ	WDSU	WTAQ
WMAQ	KOH	KFRC	

EDNA WALLACE HOPPER—(Wed., Thurs. and Friday)

2:30 p.m.	1:30	12:30	11:30
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WCSH
WLIT	WRC	WCAE	WWJ
WSAI	KSD	WOC	WHO
WOW	KVOO	WBAP	KPRC
WOAI	WKY	WTIC	WTAG
WBEN	WTAM	KYW	CKGW
CFCF			

COLUMBIA SALON ORCHESTRA—Emery Deutsch, Director. (Mon., Tues., Wed. and Thurs. at 3:30)

3:00 p. m.	2:00	1:00	12:00
WABC	W2XE	WGR	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WORC	WPG
WHP	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WDBJ	WADC	WHK	WKRC
WKBN	WWNC	WBT	WBCM
WSPD	WDOD	WREC	WLAC
WISN	WFBM	WGL	WBBM
KSCJ	WMT	KLRA	WDAY
KOIL	KFJF	KRLD	KTRH
KLZ	KVI	KOL	KFPY

TONY'S SCRAP BOOK—Anthony Wons. (Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat.)

5:45 p. m.	4:45	3:45	2:45
WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WGR
WJAS	WLBW	WCAO	WWNC
WXYZ	WSPD	WDOD	WLAC
WDSU	WTAQ	KMBC	KFH
KRLD	WACO	KLZ	KOH

LITERARY DIGEST TOPICS IN BRIEF—Lowell Thomas. (Daily except Sunday)

6:45 p. m.	5:45	4:45	3:45
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
WBAL	KDKA	WRVA	WPTF
WJAX	WIOD	WLW	WFLA
WSUN			

UNCLE ABE AND DAVID—(Wed. Thurs., Friday, Sat.)

6:45 p.m.	5:45	4:45	3:45
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WCSH
WFI	WRC	WTMJ	WSM
WEBC	WCAE	WGY	WTAG
WTAM	WWJ	WSAI	KSD
WOC	WHO	WOW	WDAF
WSB	WSMB	WJDX	WENR
WHAS	WBEN	CKGW	WMC

MORTON DOWNEY—With Freddie Rich and his Orchestra. (Daily except Sun., Mon. and Tues.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:00 p.m.	6:00	5:00	4:00
WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WGR
WDRC	WNAC	WORC	WCAU
W3XAU	WHP	WJAS	WLBW
WMAL	WTAR	WDBJ	WHK
WKRC	WKBN	WWNC	WBCM
WDOD	WBRC	WGL	KSCJ
KLRA	WDAY	KOIL	WIBW
KFH	KFJF	KRLD	KTRH
KVI	KOL	KFPY	KFRC

AMOS 'N' ANDY—Pepsodent. (Daily except Sunday)

7:00 p. m.	6:00	5:00	4:00
WJZ	WHAM	KDKA	WBZ
WBZA	WRC	CKGW	WRVA
WPTF	WJAX	WIOD	WCKY
WFLA	WSUN	WLW	WJR
WGAR	CFCF		

TASTYEAST JESTERS — (Monday, Thurs., Sat.)

7:15 p. m.	6:15	5:15	4:15
WJZ	WCKY	WHAM	WBZ
WBZA	WREN	KDKA	WRC
WGAR	WRVA	WPTF	WJAX
WIOD			

PHIL COOK—The Quaker Man. (Daily except Sat. and Sun.)

7:30 p. m.	6:30	5:30	4:30
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WOAI
KPRC	WJDX	KTHS	WPTF
WJAX	WIOD	WFLA	WSUN
WHAS	WSM	WMC	WSB
WSMB	WHAM	KDKA	WREN
KWK	WTMJ	WEBC	KOA
KSL	WRC	WGAR	CFCF

EVANGELINE ADAMS—Astrologer. Forhan's. (Mon. and Wed.)

7:30 p. m.	6:30	5:30	4:30
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WHEC
WKBW	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WCAU	W3XAU	WCAO	WTAR
WDBJ	WADC	WHK	WKRC
WAIU	WWNC	WBT	WGST
WXYZ	WSPD	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WDSU	WISN
WFBM	WGL	WBBM	WCCO
KMOX	KMBC	KLRA	KOIL
KFJF	WRR	KTRH	CFRB

DADDY AND ROLLO—Congress Cigar Co. (Tues., Wed. and Thurs.)

7:45 p.m.	6:45	5:45	4:45
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WKBW
WCAU	W3XAU	WJAS	WLBW
WGL	WCAO	WADC	WKRC
WXYZ	WSPD	WREC	WISN
WMAQ	WCCO	KMOX	KMBC
KOIL			

ARTHUR PRYOR'S CREMO MILITARY BAND—(daily except Sun.)

8:00 p. m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WABC	W2XE	WNAC	WCAU
W3XAU	WEAN	WDRC	WPG
WWNC	WLBZ	WBT	WTAR
WDBJ	WORC	WQAM	WDBO
WTOC	WDAE		

LITERARY DIGEST TOPICS IN BRIEF—Lowell Thomas. (Daily ex Sun.)

8:00 p. m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WFBL	WGR	WADC	WHK
WGST	WXYZ	WSPD	WREC
WBRC	WDSU	WFBM	WGL
WMAQ	WCCO	WMOX	WMBC
KOIL	KEJF	WRR	KTSA

JULIA SANDERSON AND FRANK CRUMIT—Blackstone Plantation. (Tues. and Thurs. at 9:00)

8:00 p.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WTAG
WCSH	WFI	WRC	WIBO
KSD	WOC	WGY	WBEN
WCAE	WTAM	WWJ	WSAI
WHO	WDAF	WOW	WEBC
KSTP	Thurs. network:		WJZ
WBZA	WBZ	WBAL	WHAM
KDKA	WCKY		

OLD GOLD CHARACTER READINGS —Lorna Fantin. (Tues.,) (Thurs. 9:15)

8:15 p.m.	7:15	6:15	5:15
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WHEC
WGR	WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC
WNAC	WORC	WPG	WCAU
W3XAU	WHP	WJAS	WLBW
WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ	WADC
WKRC	WAIU	WKBN	WWNC
WBT	WGST	WTOC	WQAM
WDBO	WDAE	WXYZ	WBCM
WSPD	WDOD	WREC	WLAC
WBRC	WDSU	WISN	WJJD
WCCO	KSCJ	WMT	KMOX
KMBC	KLRA	WDAY	WNAX
KOIL	WIBW	KFH	KFJF
WRR	KTRH	KTSA	KLZ
KDYL	KVI	KOL	KFPY
KOIN	KHJ	KFRC	

BARBASOL PROGRAM—(Mon., Wed. and Friday)

8:15 p. m.	7:15	6:15	5:15
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WKBW
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WCAU
W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL	WCAO
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WXYZ
WSPD	WISN	WFBM	WMAQ
WCCO	KMOX	KMBC	KOIL

RADIOTRON VARIETIES — "Bugs" Baer. (Wed. and Sat.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:15 p.m.	7:15	6:15	5:15
WEAF	WEEI	WTIC	WJAR
WTAG	WCSH	WRC	WLIT
WBEN	WTAM	WSAI	WIBO
WWJ	KSD	WOC	WHO
WOW	WDAF	WIOD	WFLA
WSUN	WSM	WSB	WSMB
WJDX	WFAA	WOAI	KOA
KSL	KGO	KECA	KGW
KHQ	KOMO	KTAR	KFSD
WPTF	KPRC	WEBC	KVOO
WTMJ	WSTP		

KALTENBORN EDITS THE NEWS—(Sun., Tues. and Thurs.)

8:30 p.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WGR
WEAN	WNAC	WORC	WCAU
W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL	WCAO
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WXYZ
WSPD	WOWO	WFBM	WCCO
KMOX	KMBC	KOIL	

B. A. ROLFE AND HIS LUCKY STRIKE DANCE ORCHESTRA—(Tues. Thurs. Sat.)

10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WTAG
WCSH	WFI	WRC	WCAE
WWJ	WSAI	KSD	WOC
WHO	WTMJ	WEBC	WRVA
WJAX	WIOD	WFLA	WSUN
WHAS	WSM	WMC	WSB
WSMB	WJDX	WOAI	KOA
KGO	WKY	KECA	KGW
KHQ	KOMO	KTAR	KFSD
WIBO	WDAF	WTAM	WAPI
WBEN	WOW	Thurs.:	same except
WAPI	KECA	WIBO	are off.
Add	WGY		
Sat.:	WEAF	WJAR	WTAG
WCSH	WFI	WRC	WGY
WCAE	WWJ	WSAI	KSTP
WRVA	WTAM	WBEN	WOC
WHO	KFKX	WIOD	KFI
KGO	KOMO	WSM	WEBC
KGW			

CLARA, LU AND EM—(daily except Sun and Mon.)

10:30 p.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30
WJZ	WBAL	WHAM	KDKA
WJR	WLW	KWK	WREN
WGAR	WBZ	WBZA	WGN

RAPID TRANSIT—(Tues. and Thurs.)

11:00 p.m.	10:00	9:00	8:00
WEAF	WEEI	WFI	WCAE
KSD	WWJ	WSAI	WOC
WHO	WIOD		

Sunday

MORNING MUSICALE—Emery Deutsch Conducting.

9:00 a.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WGR
WLBZ	WORC	WPG	WCAU
W3XAU	WHP	WCAO	WTAR
WWNC	WBT	WSPD	WDOD
WREC	WLAC	WISN	WFBM
WMT	KMOX	WNAX	WIBW
KFH	KFJF	KRLD	KTRH
KDYL			

NEAPOLITAN DAYS—

11:00 a.m.	10:00	9:00	8:00
WEAF	WJAR	WTAG	WDAF
WLIT	WHO	KGO	KECA
WEBC	WMC	WAPI	KOA
KOMO	KFSD	WENR	

ROXY SYMPHONY CONCERT—

11:30 a.m.	10:30	9:30	8:30
WEAF	WJZ	KWK	WKY
WRC	WOC	WHO	WPTF
WLW	WJAR	WGN	WDAF
WTMJ	WMC	WREN	KOA
KGW	KOMO	KFSD	WCSH
WCAE	WFLA	WSUN	WHAS
WAPI	WSMB	WHAM	KDKA
WBAP	KFAB	(WLIT	WIOD on
12:00)	WTAG	WTAM	WBAL
WGY	KGO	KECA	WENR

INTERNATIONAL BROADCAST—

12:30 p.m.	11:30	10:30	9:30
WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WGR
WLBZ	WDRC	WORC	WPG
WHP	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WDBJ	WADC	WHK	WWNC
WBT	WBCM	WSPD	WDOD
WISN	WOWO	WCCO	KSCJ
WMT	KMBC	KLRA	WDAY
KFJF	KLZ	KDYL	KVI
KFPY			

LITTLE JACK LITTLE—

1:30 p.m.	12:45	11:45	10:45
WJZ	WREN	KFAB	WJR
WGAR	WLW		

CATHEDRAL HOUR—

2:00 p.m.	1:00	12:00	11:00
WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WKBW
WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WORC	WPG	WCAU	W2XAU
WHP	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WDBJ	WKRC	WKBN	WWNC
WBT	WBCM	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WFBM	WGL
WBBM	KSCJ	WMT	KMBC
KLRA	WDAY	KOIL	WIBW
KFH	KFJF	KRLD	KTRH
KTSA	KLZ	KVI	KFPY

MOONSHINE AND HONEYSUCKLE—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
2:00 p.m.	1:00	12:00	11:00
WEAF	WTAG	WJAR	WRC
WGY	WBEN	WTAM	KSD
WWJ	WDAF	WEEI	WLIT
WCAE	KOA		

NATIONAL YOUTH CONFERENCE—
Dr. Daniel A. Poling.

3:00 p.m.			
WJZ	WBAL	KDKA	KWK
WREN	KFAB	WRVA	WJAX
WIOD	WFAA	KVOO	WOAI
WFLA	WSUN	KGW	WPTF
KGO	KOA	KSTP	WEBC
WMC	WSMB	KPRC	WKY
KOMO	KHQ	WSB	WAPI
WGAR	WTMJ	KSL	

SWIFT GARDEN PARTY—

3:30 p.m.	2:30	1:30	12:30
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WTAF
WCSH	WLIT	WRC	WGY
WBEN	WCAE	WTAM	WWJ
WFI	KYW	KSD	WOC
WHO	WOW	WDAF	WSAI
CKGW			

DR. S. PARKES CADMAN—

4:00 p.m.	3:00	2:00	1:00
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WCSH
WTAG	KOA	WOW	WKY
WOAI	WSAI	WJAX	WHAS
WJDX	KVOO	KPRC	WEBC
WDAF	WWJ	WFLA	WSUN
KHQ	WHO	WOC	KGO
KOMO	WCAE	WFJC	WRC
KGW	WPTF	WMC	WGY
WSM	KTHS	WBAP	WSB
WAPI	WBEN	WRVA	WIOD
WGN	KPO	KHQ	

SERMON BY REV. DONALD GREY BARNHOUSE—

5:00 p.m.	4:00	3:00	2:00
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WGR
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WJAS
WMAL	WADC	WKRC	WXYZ
WSPD	WOWO	WMAQ	KOIL
WCAU	W3XAU	KRLD	WRR

DAVEY HOUR—

5:00 p.m.	4:00	3:00	2:00
WEAF	WJAR	WTAG	WCSH
WFI	WRC	WGY	WCAE
WTAM	KSD	WSAI	WENR
WOC	WHO	WOW	WDAF
CKGW	WBEN	WEEI	WWJ

SWEETHEART HOUR—

5:30 p.m.	4:30	3:30	2:30
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WKBW
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WCAU
W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL	WCAO
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WXYZ
WSPD	WOWO	KMBC	KOIL

THE GOLDEN HOUR OF THE LITTLE FLOWER—

7:00 p.m.	6:00	5:00	4:00
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WGR
WCAU	W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL
WCAO	WKRC	WXYZ	WBCM
WLAP	WDOD	WMAQ	WCCO
WMT	KMOX		

IODENT CLUB—

7:00 p.m.	6:00	5:00	4:00
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WTAG
WCSH	WRC	WCAE	WWJ
WSAI	WLS	KSD	WOC
WHO	WOW	WEBC	WTMJ
WBEN	WFI	WDAF	

WESTINGHOUSE SALUTE—

7:00 p.m.	6:00	5:00	4:00
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WBAL
WHAM	KDKA	WGAR	WJR
WCKY	KYW	KWK	WREN
WIOD	WHAS	WMC	WSM
WSMB	WJDX	KVOO	WOAI
WKY			

RCA VICTOR PROGRAM—

7:30 p.m.	6:30	5:30	4:30
WEAF	WJAR	WTAG	WCSH
WWJ	KPRC	WBEN	WRC
WGY	WCAE	WTAM	WSAI
KYW	WRVA	WIOD	WFLA
WSUN	WHAS	KSD	WDAF
WTMJ	WEBC	WMC	WSB
WSMB	WJDX	KTHS	KVOO
WOAI	WKY	KOA	KSL
KGO	KFI	KHQ	KTAR
KFSD	KGW	KOMO	WFAA
WWJ	KPRC		

ENNA JETTICK MELODIES—

8:00 p.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
KWK	KYW	WKY	WJR
WREN	WFAA	KPRC	WOAI
WHAS	WSM	WTMJ	KSTP
KDKA	WMC	KOA	WENR
WIOD	KTHS	WSMB	KOMO
KFI	KGW	KSL	KHQ
WLW	WCKY	WSB	WPTF
WRVA	WFLA	WSUN	KFAB
KFSD	KTAR	WJDX	KPO
KVOO	KHQ	WGAR	WEBC
CFCF			

COLLIER'S RADIO HOUR—

8:15 p.m.	7:15	6:15	5:15
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
KDKA	WJR	WLW	KYW
KWK	WREN	KAO	KSL
KHQ	KOMO	WFI	KGW
KPO			

MAURICE CHEVALIER—Chase and Sanborn.

8:00 p.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WJAR	WTAG	WCSH	WRC
WGY	WCAE	WWJ	WSAI
KSD	WOW	WIOD	WHO
KSTP	WHO	WOC	WHAS
WEBC	WMC	WSB	WSMB
WKY	KTHS	KPRC	WOAI
WTMJ	WTAM	WJDX	WFLA
WSUN	WDAF	WTIC	KVOO
WBEN	WLIT	WEAF	

THE COTY PLAYGIRL—Irene Bordoni.

9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WGR
WEAN	WDRC	WCAO	WADC
WHK	WKRC	WXYZ	WSPD
WNAC	WCAU	W3XAU	WJAS
WMAL	WOWO	WBBM	KMOX
KMBC	KOIL		

ATWATER KENT HOUR—

9:15 p.m.	8:15	7:15	6:15
WEAF	WEEI	WRC	WFI
WGY	WCAE	WTAM	WWJ
WSAI	KSD	WOW	WSM
WFEA	KOA	WOAI	WSMB
KFI	KGW	KOMO	KPO
KHQ	KPRC	WKY	WHAS
WGN	WSB	WOC	WHO
WMC	WDAF	KSL	CKGW
WAPI	WBEN	KSTP	

GRAHAM PAIGE HOUR—

9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WKBW
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WCAU
W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL	WCAO
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WBT
WGST	WTOC	WQAM	WDBO
WDAE	WXYZ	WSPD	WREC
WDSU	WOWO	WBBM	WCCO
KMOX	KMBC	KOIL	KFJF
KRLD	KTRH	KTSA	KLZ
KDYL	KOL	KFPY	KOIN
KHJ	KFRC		

"WORLD ADVENTURES WITH FLOYD GIBBONS"—Libby-Owens-Ford Glass Co.

9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
KDKA	WJR	KWK	WREN
KYW	WCKY	WGAR	

ROYAL'S POET OF THE ORGAN—

10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WKBW
WEAN	WNAC	WCAU	W3XAU
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WGST
WXYZ	WSPD	WLAC	WOWO
WBBM	KMOX	KMBC	KOIL
KLZ	KDYL	KOL	KFPY
KOIN	KHJ	KFRC	

NATIONAL DAIRY PRODUCTIONS—Famous Trials in History.

10:15 p.m.	9:15	8:15	7:15
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WTIC
WTAG	WCSH	WFI	WRC
WGY	WBEN	WCAE	WTAM
WWJ	WSAI	WOW	WDAF
WSB	WAPI	WSMB	WJDX
WRVA	WJAX	WIOD	WFLA
WSUN	WHAS	WSM	WMC
KYW			

BE SQUARE MOTOR CLUB*

10:30 p.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30
WXYZ	WSPD	WISN	WOWO
WBBM	KOIL	WIBW	KRLD
WCCO	KSCJ	WMT	KMOX
KMBC	KLRA		

KAFFEE HAG SLUMBER MUSIC—

10:30 p.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	KDKA
WHAM	WJR	WLW	KWK
WREN	WENR		

SUNDAY AT SETH PARKER'S—

10:45 p.m.	9:45	8:45	7:45
WEAF	WEEI	WCHS	WRC
WGY	WOW	WDAF	CKGW
KSTP	WCAE	WTAM	WWJ
KYW	WHO	WEBC	WJAX
WIOD	WHAS	WSM	WJDX
KPRC	WKY	KOA	KGO
KGW	WSB	KTAR	KFSD
WRVA	WBEN	WFI	WOC
WFLA	WSUN	KECA	

Monday

THE MADISON SINGERS—Musical Program by Mixed Quartet.

11:15 a.m.	10:15	9:15	8:15
WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WKBW
WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WPG	WCAU	W3XAU	WJAS
WLBW	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WDBJ	WKBN	WWNC	WBCM
WSPD	WDOD	WREC	WLAC
WBRC	WISN	WOWO	KSCJ
KMBC	KLRA	KOIL	KFJF
KTSA			

NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR

12:30 p.m.	11:30	10:30	9:30
WJZ	WHAM	WJR	KSTP
WRVA	WHAS	WREN	WFAA
WEBC	WIOD	WAPI	WOW
WNC	WSB	WGAR	KVOO
WKY	WOAI	WRC	WHO
WDAF	WJDX	WBAL	WSMB
KWK	KOA	WBZ	WBZA
WOC	KTHS	WFLA	WSUN
WJAX	KFAB	KPRC	KDKA
WLW	KFRX	WPTF	WSM

RADIO LISTENING TEST—

4:00 p.m.	3:00	2:00	1:00
WFBL	WGR	WLBZ	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WCAU	W3XAU
WHP	WJAS	WCAO	WADC
WAIU	WXYZ	WSPD	WISN
WFBM	WCCO	KSCJ	WMT
KMOX	KMBC	WDAY	KOH
KFH	KFJF	KRLD	KTRH
KLZ	KDYL	KVI	KOL
KFPY	KOIN	KHJ	KFRC

U. S. ARMY BAND—

4:15 p.m.	3:15	2:15	1:15
WABC	W2XE	WGR	WNAC
WCAU	W3XAU	WCAO	WADC
WSPD	WDOD	WLAC	WISN
WBBM	WCCO	WLBW	WMAL
WTAR	WXYZ	WDSU	WTAQ
WACO	KOH	KFRC	CFRB

ART GILLHAM

5:00 p.m.	4:00	3:00	2:00
WABC	W2XE	WGR	WEAN
WLBW	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WWNC	WXYZ	WSPD	WDOD
WLAC	WDSU	WISN	WTAQ
KMOX	KMBC	KRLD	WACO
KLZ	KOH		

MALTINE STORY PROGRAM—

5:00 p.m.	4:00	3:00	2:00
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WBAL
WHAM	KDKA	WLW	KYW
KWK	WREN	KFAB	WJR
KOA	KSL	KGO	KFI
KOMO	KFSD		

CURRENT EVENTS—H. V. Kaltenborn.

7:00 p.m.	6:00	5:00	4:00
WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WGR
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WWNC	WSPD	WDOD
WTAQ	KFH	WACO	KOH
KFRC	CFRB		

ANHEUSER BUSCH PROGRAM—Tony Cabooch.

7:45 p.m.	6:45	5:45	4:45
WABC	W2XE	WJAS	WHK
WAIU	WXYZ	WSPD	WDOD
WREC	WDSU	WFBM	WMAQ
WMT	KMOX	KMBC	KLRA
KOIL	KFJF	KRLD	KTRH

"HOW'S BUSINESS?"—

8:00 p.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WEAF	WJAX	WJAR	WRC
WCAE	KSD	WWJ	KOMO
WSAI	WDAF	WJDX	KGO
KVOO	KECA	KHQ	WFLA
WSUN	WHAS	WEBC	WSMB
KGW	KTAR	KFSD	KSL
WMC	WPTF	WIOD	

A. & P. GYPSIES—

8:30 p.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30
WEAF	WEEI	WTAG	WJAR
WTIC	WCSH	WLIT	WRC
WGY	WCAE	WWJ	WSAI
WGN	KSD	WOC	WDAF
WTAM	WOW	WHO	WBEN

THE SIMMONS HOUR—Metropolitan Opera Stars.

8:30 p.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30
WABC	W2XE	WGR	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WORC	WJAS
WLBW	WMAL	WTAR	WDBJ
WHK	WAIU	WBCM	WLAC
WBRC	WISN	WFBM	WCCO
KSCJ	WMT	KMBC	KLRA
WDAY	WNAX	KFJF	KRLD
KTSA	KDYL	KOL	KFPY
WTAQ			

GOLD MEDAL EXPRESS—

8:30 p.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	KDKA
WJAX	WIOD	WFLA	WSUN
WGAR	WJR	WLW	WOAI
WKY	KYW	KWK	WREN
KOA	KSL	KFAB	WRVA
WPTF			

THE THREE BAKERS—Leo Reisman's Orchestra.

9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WHEC
WKBW	WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC
WNAC	WORC	WPG	WCAU
W3XAU	WHP	WJAS	WLBW
WMAL	WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WWNC
WBT	WGST	WTOC	WQAM
WDBO	WDAE	WXYZ	WBCM
WSPD	WLAP	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WDSU	WISN
WOWO	WFBM	WMAQ	WCCO
KSCJ	WMT	KMOX	KMBC
KLRA	WDAY	WNAX	KOIL
WIBW	KFH	KFJF	KRLD
KTRH	KTSA	KLZ	KDYL
KOL	KFPY	KOIN	KHJ
KFRC			

MAYTAG ORCHESTRA—

9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
KDKA	WJR	KWK	KWY
WREN	KSTP	WEBC	KTHS
WKY	WOAI	KOA	KSL
KGO	KECA	KGW	KSQ
KOMO	KVOO	WLW	WFAA
KPRC	WGAR		

GENERAL MOTORS PROGRAM—

9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WCSH
WTAG	WLIT	WRC	WGY
WCAE	WTAM	WWJ	WGN
KSD	WOC	WOW	WSAI
WDAF	KSTP	WHAS	WSM
WMC	WSB	KPRC	WJAX
WFAA	WOAI	WKY	KOA
KSL	KGO	KGW	KFI
KOMO	KHQ	WTIC	WHO
WBEN	WTMJ		

CHESEBROUGH REAL FOLKS—

9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
KDKA	WLW	KWK	KYW
WREN	CKGW	WJR	WGAR

GUY LOMBARDO'S ORCHESTRA—Robert Burns Panatela Program.

10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WKBW
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WCAU
W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL	WCAO
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WXYZ
WSPD	WOWO	WFBM	WMAQ
WCCO	KMOX	KMBC	KOIL
KFJF	KRLD	KTRH	KTSA
KLZ	KDYL	KOL	KFPY
KOIN	KHJ	KFRC	

SYMPHONIC RHYTHM MAKERS—Vaughn de Leath.

10:30 p.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30
WEAF	WJAR	WTAG	WRC
WCAE	WTAM	WLIT	WWJ
WDAF	WMC	WSB	WJDX
WBEN	WGY	WOC	WHO
CFCF	WEEI		

EMPIRE BUILDERS—

10:30 p.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
KDKA	WJR	WLW	KYW
KWK	WREN	WTMJ	WOAI
KSTP	WEBC	KOA	KSL
KGO	KECA	KOMO	KHQ
KTAR	KFSD	WKY	WBAP
KPRC	WGAR	KGW	

Tuesday

JOSEPHINE B. GIBSON—

10:45 a.m.	9:45	8:45	7:45
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
KDKA	WCKY	KWK	WSM
WMC	WSB	WAPI	WSMB
WKY	WTMJ	WPTF	WJDX
WJAX	WIBO	WREN	KSTP
WEBC	WRVA	WIOD	KTHS
KVOO	WBAP	KPRC	WOAI
WHAS	WJR	WFLA	WSUN

SISTERS OF THE SKILLET—

2:45 p.m.	1:45	12:45	11:45
WJZ	WHAM	KDKA	WREN
KWK	KFAB	CKGW	KOA
WGAR	WGN	WMC	WSB
CFCF	WTMJ		

POND'S—

5:00 p.m.	4:00	3:00	2:00
WEAF	WRC	KSD	WTAG
WWJ	WBEN	WCSH	WEEI
WAPI	WTIC	WJAR	WSAI
WOC	WTAM	KYW	WHO
WOW	WDAF	CKGW	WSB
WCAE	WSM		

ADVENTURES IN WORDS—Dr. Frank H. Vizetelly.

5:15 p.m.	4:15	3:15	2:15
WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WGR
WDRC	WFAN	WHP	WLBW
WMAL	WCAO	WTAR	WKBN
WWNC	WBCM	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WISN	WGL
WCCO	KSCJ	WMT	KLRA
WDAY	KFJF	KRLD	KTRH
KTSA	KLZ		

NATIONAL SECURITY LEAGUE BROADCAST SERIES—

6:00 p.m.	5:00	4:00	3:00
WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WDRC
WHP	WLBW	WTAR	WDBJ
WWNC	WBT	WBCM	WDOD
WREC	WLAC	WBRC	WGL
WBBM	KSCJ	WMT	KLRA
WDAY	KFJF	KTSA	KLZ
KDYL	KVI	KOL	KFPY

POLITICAL SITUATION IN WASHINGTON TONIGHT—Frederic William Wile.

7:00 p.m.	6:00	5:00	4:00
WABC	W2XE	WGR	WDRC
WORC	WCAU	W3XAU	WHP
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WTAR
WDBJ	WHK	WAIU	WKBN
WBCM	WBRC	WGL	KSCJ
KLRA	WDAY	KOIL	KFH
KFJF	KRLD	KOL	KFPY
KHJ	KFRC	WTAQ	

SOCONYLAND SKETCHES—

7:30 p.m.	6:30	5:30	4:30
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WTAG
WCSH	WGY	WBEN	

PAUL WHITEMAN'S PAINT MEN—

8:00 p.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
KDKA	WTMJ	WJR	WLW
KYW	KWK	WREN	WRVA
WJAX	KGW	KOMO	KHQ
KFSD	KTAR	WGAR	WGY
KOA	WBAP	WIOD	WHAS
WSM	WMC	WSB	WJDX
WSMB	WOAI	KFAB	KGO
KECA			

FLORSHEIM FROLIC—

8:30 p.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30
WEAF	WTAG	WEI	WRC
WCAE	WTAM	WWJ	WSAI
WGN	KSD	WDAF	WFBC
WRVA	KVOO	WJAX	WIOD
WSUN	WFLA	WSM	WMC
WSB	WSMB	WJDX	KPRC
WOAI	WKY	KOA	KSL
KTHS	WJAR	WHAS	WCSH
WBAP	WBEN	KSTP	WOW

LEE MORSE—Nat Brusiloff's Orchestra.

8:45 p.m.	7:45	6:45	5:45
WABC	WFAN	WFBL	WKBW
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WCAU
W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL	WCAO
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WCSH
WFBM	WQAM	WDBO	WDAE
WNYZ	WSPD	WLAC	WDSU
WOWO	WMAQ	WCCO	KMOX
KMBC	KOIL	KTRH	KLZ
KDYL	KVI	KOL	KFPY
KOIN	KHJ	KFRC	

McKESSON MUSICAL MAGAZINE

9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WTAG	WEAF	WEEI	WJAR
WBEN	WCSH	WFI	WRC
WOW	WTAM	WSAI	KSD
WJAX	WTMJ	WFBC	WRVA
WSM	WIOD	WFLA	WSUN
WJDX	WMC	WSB	WSMB
KOA	KPRC	WOAI	WKY
KTAR	KSL	KGO	KECA
KHQ	KFSD	KGW	KOMO
KVOO	WWJ	KYW	WHAS

Blue Ribbon Chain

Throughout the Week

8:00 a.m.—WEAF—Gene and Glenn. Quaker Early Birds. (Daily ex. Sun.)

8:30 a.m.—WEAF—Cheerio. Beloved Gloom Killer, incog. (Daily ex. Sun.)

10:00 a.m—WJZ—Ray Pineapple Perkins. Old Topper with piano patter and a squirt of broadcastor oil. (Thurs. and Fri.)

6:45 p.m.—WEAF—Uncle Abe and David. Two retired merchants from Skowhegan, Maine, with a bagful of quaint New Englandisms. (Wed., Thurs., Fri., Sat.)

6:45 & 8:00 p.m.—NBC and CBS—Lowell Thomas, gentleman reporter of Literary Digest. (Daily ex. Sun.)

7:00 p.m.—WJZ—Amos 'n' Andy. Lovable pair of Negro Dialecticians—"Ain't dat sompin!" (Daily ex. Sun.)

7:00 p.m.—WABC—Morton Downey with Freddie Rich and his orchestra. (Daily ex. Sun., Mon. and Tues.)

7:30 p.m.—WABC—Evangeline Adams, astrologer, interprets your destiny. A Forhan's period. (Mon. and Wed.)

7:45 p.m.—WABC—Daddy and Rollo. J. P. McEvoy humor when little Rollo puts daddy on the spot for a question mark. (Tues., Wed. and Thurs.)

8:00 p.m.—WABC—Arthur Pryor's Cremo Military Band. B-r-r-m. Only twenty words of advertising. Count 'em! (Daily ex. Sun.)

8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Sanderson and Crummit. Julia and Frank at the Blackstone Plantation. "Foolish facts and crazy cracks." (Tues. and Thurs.)

8:15 p.m. — WEAF — Radiotron Varieties with "Bugs" Baer, master with or without cermonies. (Wed. and Sat.)

10:00 p.m.—WEAF—B. A. Rolfe and his Lucky Strike Orchestra. "Everybody knows—" (Tues., Thurs. and Sat.)

10:30 p.m.—WJZ—Clara, Lu and Em, Super Suds Girls, speak of kings and goldfish. (Daily ex. Sun. and Mon.)

Sunday

11:00 a.m.—WEAF—Roxy Concert. One of the world's greatest orchestras.

1:45 p.m.—WJZ—Little Jack Little, Master of Melody. Favorite songs. "Here 'tis."

8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Maurice Chevalier, Play Boy of France. Songs with Zis an' Zat. (Chase and Sanborn.)

8:15 p.m.—WJZ—Collier's Radio Hour. A cocktail of short-short drama, serious comment, nut comedy, wit, and a lively dash of music.

9:15 p.m.—WEAF—Atwater Kent Hour. Orchestra, direction Josef Pasternack. De luxe talent. Graham McNamee, M. C.

9:30 p.m.—WABC—Edgar Guest. Detroit Symphony Orchestra under direction Victor Kolar. For Graham-Paige.

9:30 p.m.—WJZ—Floyd Gibbons. "Hullo, Everybody." World adventures.

10:15 p.m.—WEAF—Famous Trials in History re-enacted under modern conditions of court procedure. For National Dairy Products.

10:45 p.m.—WEAF—Sunday at Seth Parker's.

Monday

8:30 p.m.—WJZ—Simmons Hour presents operatic stars to Diamond Horseshoe of Radio.

8:30 p.m.—WEAF—A. & P. Gypsies. Orchestra under direction Harry Horlick.

9:30 p.m.—WJZ—Chesebrough Real Folks. Excitement never ends for simple folk at Thompkins' Corner.

HENRY GEORGE—

Eastern 9:00 p.m.	Central 8:00	Mountain 7:00	Pacific 6:00
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WGR
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WCAU
W3XAU	WHP	WJAS	WMAL
WCAO	WADC	WHK	WKRC
WXYZ	WSPD	WISN	WOWO
WFBM	WBBM	WCCO	KMOX
KMBC	KOIL	KFH	

HAPPY WONDER BAKERS—

9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WTAG
WCSH	WFI	WRC	WGY
WBEN	WCAE	KVOO	WBAP
KSTP	WEBC	WTMJ	WRVA
WTAM	WWJ	WSAI	WIBO
KSD	WOC	WHO	WOW
WDAF	WKY	KOA	KSL
KGO	KECA	KGW	KOMO
KHQ			

THE PHILCO SYMPHONY CONCERT

9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WHEC
WKBW	WEAN	WNAC	WCAU
W3XAU	WHP	WJAS	WMAL
WCAO	WDBJ	WADC	WHK
WKRC	WAIU	WKBN	WBT
WGST	WXYZ	WSPD	WDOD
WREC	WLAC	WDSU	WOWO
WFBM	WMAQ	WCCO	WMT
KMOX	KMBC	KLRA	WDAY
KOIL	KFH	KFJF	KRLD

DEATH VALLEY DAYS—

9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WJZ	WBAL	WCKY	WREN
KWK	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
KDKA	WENR		

GRAYBAR'S—Mr. and Mrs.

10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WHEC
WKBW	WEAN	WNAC	WCAU
W3XAU	WJAS	WLBW	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ	WADC
WHK	WKRC	WKBN	WWNC
WGST	WXYZ	WSPD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WDSU	WISN
WOWO	WFBM	WBBM	WCCO
KMOX	KMBC	KLRA	KOIL
KFH	KFJF	KRLD	KTRH
KTSA	KLZ	KDYL	KOL
KFPY	KOIN	KHJ	KFRC

RICHIE CRAIG, JR.—Blue Ribbon Malt Jester.

10:15 p.m.	9:15	8:15	7:15
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WGR
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WCAU
W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL	WCAO
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WBT
WXYZ	WSPD	WBRC	WDSU
WOWO	WMAQ	WCCO	KMBC
KLRA	KOIL	KFH	KRLD
KTSA			

PARAMOUNT PUBLIX RADIO PLAYHOUSE—

10:30 p.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WHEC
WMAK	WKBW	WGR	WLBZ
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WORC
WPG	WCAU	W3XAU	WHP
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WDEL	WTAR	WDBJ	WSAZ
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WCAH
WKBN	WWNC	WBT	WGST
WTOC	WQAM	WDBO	WDAE
WXYZ	WBCM	WSPD	WLAP
WFIW	WDOD	WREC	WLAC
WBRC	WDSU	WISN	WOWO
WFBM	WBBM	WCCO	KSCJ
WMT	KMOX	KMBC	KLRA
WDAY	WNAX	KOIL	WIBW
KFH	KFJF	KRLD	WRR
KTRH	KTSA	KLZ	KDYL
KVI	KOL	KFPY	KOIN
KHJ	KFRC	KNX	CFRB

VINCENT LOPEZ AND HIS ORCHESTRA—

11:30 p.m.	10:30	9:30	8:30
WEAF	WFI	KOA	WRC
KSTP	WOC	WHO	WOW
WJDX	KSD	WTAM	WDAF
WBEN			

Wednesday

MARY HALE MARTIN'S HOUSEHOLD PERIOD.

10:00 a.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WJZ	WBAL	WIBO	KDKA
KWK	WREN	WJDX	WSMB
KFAB	WHAS	WSM	WMC
WSB	WBZ	WBZA	WLW
WGAR	WHAM		

BEN AND HELEN—

11:15 a.m.	10:15	9:15	8:15
WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WKBW
WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WORC	WPG	WCAU	W3XAU
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WDBJ	WKBN	WWNC
WBCM	WSPD	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WISN	WOWO	WBBM
KSCJ	KMBC	KLRA	KOIL
KFJF	KRLD	KTSA	KDYL

EASTMAN SCHOOL SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—

4:00 p.m.	3:00	2:00	1:00
WJZ	WHAM	WJR	WREN
KFAB	WRC	CKGW	KSTP
WJAX	WSM	KOA	KGO
KECA	KTAR	WGAR	

"BILL SCHUDT'S GOING TO PRESS"—

6:00 p.m.	5:00	4:00	3:00
WABC	W2XE	WDRC	WFAN
WHP	WLBW	WMAL	WTAR
WDBJ	WADC	WWNC	WBT
WBCM	WDOD	WREC	WLAC
WBRC	WGL	WCCO	KSCJ
KLRA	WDAY	KFJF	KRLD
KTSA	KLZ	KDYL	KVI
KOL	KFPY		

GLORIA GAY'S AFFAIRS—(Katterman & Mitchell)

Eastern 6:30 p.m.	Central 5:30	Mountain 4:30	Pacific 3:30
WJZ	WGAR	WENR	WHAM

BOSCUL MOMENTS WITH MME. ALDA—Frank LaForge, pianist.

7:30 p.m.	6:30	5:30	4:30
WEAF	WLIT	WBEN	WCAE
WSAI	WRC	WTAM	WWJ

SMITH BROTHERS' ORCHESTRA—

7:45 p.m.	6:45	5:45	4:45
WJZ	WGAR	KDKA	WJR
WIBO	KWK	WREN	KFAB
WLW			

"BACK OF THE NEWS IN WASHINGTON"—William Hard.

7:45 p.m.	6:45	5:45	4:45
WEAF	WRC	KOA	KECA
KGO	WCAE	WBEN	KOMO
KFSD	WSAI	WIBO	KSD
WOC	WHO	WOW	WDAF
WEEI	WJAR	WFLA	WSUN
KSTP			

LISTERINE PROGRAM—Bobby Jones, golf chats.

8:00 p.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WEAF	WTIC	WEEI	WJAR
WTAG	WCSH	WLIT	WRC
WBEN	WTAM	WWJ	WSAI
WIBO	KSD	WOC	WHO

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
WOW	WPTF	WIOD	WFLA
WSUN	WHAS	WSM	WMC
WSB	WJDX	WFAA	WOAI
KOA	KSL	KGO	KECA
KGW	KOMO	KHQ	KTAR
KFSD	WGY	KPRC	

MOBILOIL CONCERT—

8:30 p.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WCSH
WTAG	WLIT	WRC	WSAI
KSD	WOW	WTAM	KOA
KVOO	WFAA	WOAI	WKY
WTIC	KPRC	KSL	WGY
WGN	WEBC	WDAF	WCAE
WHO	WOC	WWJ	WBEN
KSTP	WTMJ		

THE SUNKIST MUSICAL COCKTAIL—Raymond Paige's Orchestra.

8:30 p.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WGR
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WFAN
WCAU	W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL
WCAO	WADC	WHK	WKRC
WXYZ	WSPD	WOWO	WMAQ
WJJD	KMOX	KMBC	KOIL
KLZ	KDYL		

GOLD MEDAL FAST FREIGHT—

9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WKBW
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WCAU
W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WDBJ	WADC	WHK

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
WKRC	WCAH	WXYZ	WSPD
WLAP	WREC	WLAC	WISN
WOWO	WFBM	WMAQ	WCCO
KSCJ	KMOX	KMBC	KOIL
KFH	KFJF	KRLD	KLZ
KDYL	KOL	KFPY	KOIN
KHJ	KFRC	KMJ	KFBK

HALSEY, STUART PROGRAM—

9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WTAG
WCSH	WLIT	WRC	WGY
WCAE	CKGW	WRVA	WJAX
KOA	KSL	KGO	KGW
KOMO	KHQ	WSAI	KSD
WOC	WHO	WOW	WWJ
WSMB	KVOO	KPRC	WOAI
KSTP	WTMJ	KYW	WHAS
WSM	WMC	WSB	KFI
WBEN	WTAM		

PALMOLIVE HOUR—

9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WEAF	WEEI	WTIC	WJAR
WTAG	WCSH	WLIT	WRC
WGY	WCAE	WSAI	WGN
KSD	WOC	WOW	WSMB
WTMJ	CKGW	KSTP	WHAS
WSM	WMC	WDAF	WHO
WSB	WOAI	KOA	KSL
KGO	KGW	KOMO	KHQ
WFAA	KPRC	WWJ	WTAM
WBEN	KFI		

Features

Selected by the Editors

To provide you with the outstanding features for each day of the week the RADIO DIGEST *program editor has selected the programs indicated as Blue Ribbon. Do you agree with her selections? (For stations taking the programs, see adjoining list.)*

9:30 p.m.—**WABC—Guy Lombardo's Orchestra.** "Sweetest music this side of heaven."

9:30 p.m.—**WEAF—General Motors.** Orchestra direction Frank Black.

Tuesday

2:45 p.m.—WJZ—Sisters of the Skillet. Five hundred pound team. Knows nothing, tells everything. All kitchen questions cheerfully answered.

8:00 p.m.—WJZ—Paul Whiteman's Paint Men. King of Jazz clings to regal title and is putting it on in purple.

9:30 p.m.—WEAF—Sigmund Spaeth of Happy Wonder Bakers introduces a popular composer each week.

9:30 p.m.—WABC—Philco Symphony Concert, with Howard Barlow conducting.

10:00 p.m.—WABC—Mr. and Mrs. Trials and tribulations of marital existence.

10:15 p.m.—WABC—Richie Craig, Jr., Blue Ribbon Malt Jester. Funny side up. Snappy comic. "Jest for fun."

10:30 p.m.—WABC—Paramount Publix Radio Playhouse. Good variety.

Wednesday

6:00 p.m.—WABC—Bill Schudt's Going to Press. Reporters, editors and publishers have their say, and say it.

8:30 p.m.—WABC—Sunkist Musical Cocktail from Los Angeles.

9:30 p.m.—WEAF—Palmolive Hour, with Revelers Quartet, Olive Palmer, Elizabeth Lennox and Paul Oliver as regular features.

9:30 p.m.—WJZ—Camel Pleasure Hour. Reinald Werrenrath, Mary McCoy and orchestra.

11:00 p.m.—WEAF—The Voice of Radio Digest, with Nellie Revell and her "gabalogue." Gossip about notables of air and stage by famous author and journalist.

Thursday

8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Rudy Vallée and his Connecticut Yankees. "Heigh Ho!"

8:45 p.m.—WABC—The Hamilton Watchman. Tense drama when split-seconds count.

9:30 p.m.—WJZ—Maxwell House Ensemble under direction of Don Voorhees.

11:00 p.m.—WABC—Ben Bernie, the Old Maestro, is making music history. "Hope you'll like it."

Friday

11:00 a.m.—WABC—Emily Post. Mind your peas (don't use a knife) and cues (beware of faux pas).

4:00 p.m.—WJZ—Radio Guild adapts the better plays to Radio.

8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Cities Service Concert, with Jessica Dragonette of the golden voice.

9:00 p.m.—WEAF—The Cliquot Club broadcasts from an Esquimo night club. Those Igloo Blues.

9:00 p.m.—WABC—Mary and Bob. True Story drama.

10:00 p.m.—WJZ—Armstrong Quakers, with Lois Bennett, Mary Hopple and a male quartet.

10:30 p.m.—WABC—March of Time. Vitalizing news of the day by dramatic characterization and presentation. Time Magazine, sponsor.

10:30 p.m.—WEAF—RKO Theatre of the Air. Famous stage stars, smart music. Ahoy, Leviathan!

Saturday

8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Weber and Fields in the Webster Program. "Ach! By golly, vot a comicals dey iss!"

8:15 p.m.—WABC—Ben Alley—and Ann Leaf at the organ.

8:45 p.m.—WABC—Alexander Woollcott—Early Bookworm reviews, turns a page and tells a story.

9:00 p.m.—WEAF—General Electric Hour, featuring Floyd Gibbons and Walter Damrosch.

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

Thursday

MASTER GARDNER—

10:15 a.m.	9:15	8:15	7:15
WEAF	WGY	WCAE	WTAM
WGC	WHO	WFI	WFC
WWJ	WDAI	WSAI	WIDX
KOA	WRVA	WSM	WSB
WJAX	CKGW		

FIVE ARTS—Radio Home Makers.

11:00 a.m.	10:00	9:00	8:00
WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WKBW
WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WPG	WCAU	W3XAU	WJAS
WLBW	WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ
WKBN	WWNC	WBCM	WSPD
WDOD	WREC	WLAC	WISN
WOWO	KSCJ	KMOX	KMBC
KLRA	KOIL	KFJF	KTSA

PETER PAN FORECASTS—
11:45 a.m.

WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WKBW
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WCAU
W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL	WCAO
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WCAH
WGST	WXYZ	WSPD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WDSU	WOWO
WMAQ	WCCO	KMBC	KOIL
KFJF	KRLD	KLZ	KDYL
KVI	KOL	KFPY	KOIN
KHJ	KFRC	CFRB	

MID-WEEK FEDERATION HYMN SING—

7:00 p.m.	6:00	5:00	4:00
WEAF	WMC	WIBO	WWJ
WHAS	WOC	WHO	KOA
WBEN	WCAE	WTMJ	KDYL

FRIENDLY FIVE FOOTNOTES—

7:45 p.m.	6:45	5:45	4:45
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WREN
KWK	KFAB	WHAS	WSM
WMC	WSB	WAPI	WSMB
WJDX	WRVA	WPTF	WJAX
WIOD	WFLA	WSUN	KGO
KECA	KOMO	KHQ	KTAR
KFSD	WBAL	KDKA	WIBO
KOA	KSL	WGAR	

RUDY VALLÉE—Fleischmann Hour.

8:00 p.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WEAF	WEEI	WTAG	WJAX
WJDX	WJAR	WCSH	WFI
WRC	WGY	WHO	WOW
WDAF	WWJ	WHAS	KTAR
WMC	WSAI	WSB	WSMB
WEBC	KOA	WRVA	KSL
KOMO	WOAI	WSM	WOC
WAPI	KSO	KHQ	KECA
KSD	CKGW	WTAM	KGW
KSTP	WGN	KPRC	WBEN
CFCF	WFLA	WSUN	WCAE
(WTMJ KTHS		WIOD	WBAP
WKY, off 8:30)			

SALADA SALON ORCHESTRA
Nathaniel Shilkret.

8:30 p.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WBAL
WHAM	KDKA	WJR	WIBO
KWK	WREN	KFAB	WGAR

THE HAMILTON WATCHMAN—

8:45 p.m.	7:45	6:45	5:45
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WGR
WEAN	WNAC	WCAU	W3XAU
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WXYZ
WSPD	WOWO	WJJD	KMOX
KMBC	KOIL		

ARCO BIRTHDAY PARTY—

9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WTAG
WCSH	WFI	CKGW	WRC
WGY	WSB	WSM	WIOD
WJAX	WOAI	KOA	KSL
WKY	WBAP	WRVA	WSAI
KSD	WDAF	KYW	WCAE
WEBC	WOW	WSMB	WJDX
WOC	WMC	WHO	KGO
KECA	KOMO	KHQ	KGW
WAPI	WTAM	WBEN	WFLA
WSUN	KTAR	KFSD	WWJ

JACK FROST'S MELODY MOMENTS

9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WEAF	WJAR	WWJ	WTAG
WCSH	WFI	WRC	WCAE
WSAI	WTAM	WIBO	WGY
WBEN			

MAXWELL HOUSE ENSEMBLE—

9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WBAL
WLW	WKY	WTMJ	WJDC
WHAS	WSM	WJAX	KPRC
KOA	WRVA	WSB	WBAP
KYW	KWK	WREN	WIOD
WJR	WSMB	WOAI	KECA
KGW	KOMO	KHQ	WAPI
WMC	WHAM	KDKA	KSL
KGO	WJDX	WSUN	WFLA
KFAR	KFSD		

THE LUTHERAN HOUR—
10:00 p.m.

WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WKBW
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WCAU
W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL	WCAO
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WXYZ
WSPD	WDSU	WOWO	WSMB
WCCO	WMT	KMOX	KMBC
WEAN	KOIL	KFJF	KTSA
KDYL	KOL	KFPY	KOIN
KHJ	KFRC		

TOSCHA SEIDEL AND CONCERT ORCHESTRA

10:30 p.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30
WABC	W2XE	WKBW	WJAS
WDRC	WNAC	WORC	WEAN
WHP	WJAS	WTAW	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ	WADC
WHK	WKBN	WDE	WISN
WSPD	WLAC	WBRC	WISN
WOWO	WCCO	KSCJ	WMT
KMBC	KLRA	WDAY	WNAX
KOIL	KFJF	KRLD	KLZ
KYDL	KHJ	WTAQ	

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

CAMEL PLEASURE HOUR—

9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
KDKA	WREN	WLW	KYW
WSIS	WRVA	WJR	KWK
WIOD	WJAX	WFLA	W8UN
WGAR	WOAI		

SAVINO TONE PICTURES—Domenico Savino, Conductor.

9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WABC	W2XE	WKBW	WNAC
WPG	WEAN	WJAS	WLBW
WMAL	WTAR	WWNC	WXYZ
WDOD	WLAC	WDSU	WISN
WTAQ	WCCO	KMOX	KMBC
KFH	WACO	KLZ	KFRC
CFRB			

VITALITY PERSONALITIES*—

10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WABC	W2XE	WADC	WJAS
WNAC	WKBW	WBRM	WKRC
WBT	WXYZ	WOWO	KMBC
KOIL	WCAU	W3XAU	WEAN
KMOX	WFBL	WSPD	WMAL
WDRC	WGST	WBRC	WRR
KTRH	WFBM	KLRA	WISN
WCAH	WLAC	WDSU	KFJF
KTSA	KDYL	KHJ	KOIN
KFRC	KOL	KFPY	

COCA COLA PROGRAM—

10:30 p.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30
WEAF	WEEI	WTIC	WJAR
WTAG	WCSH	WLIT	WRC
WCAE	WSAI	WOC	WEBC
WKY	KYW	KSD	WRVA
KSTP	WJAX	WIOD	WSM
WSMB	KTHS	KPRC	WOAI
KOA	KSL	KGO	KGW
KHQ	KOMO	KFSD	WJDX
WDAF	WHAS	WTAM	WHO
WOW	WMC	WSB	WWJ
WAPI	WBEN	KFI	WGY

COLUMBIA CONCERTS CORPORATION PROGRAM—

10:30 p.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30
WABC	W2XE	WKBW	WGR
WEAN	WNAC	WMAL	WXYZ
WPG	WCAU	W3XAU	WDSU
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WADC	WTAQ	KRLD
WWNC	WSPD	WDOD	CFRB
WISN	WCCO	KMOX	KMBC
KLZ			

"THE VOICE OF RADIO DIGEST"—Nellie Revell.
11:00 p.m.

WEAF	KSD	WFLA	WSUN
WLIT	WTAM	WOC	WHO

VINCENT LOPEZ—

11:00 p.m.	10:00	9:00	8:00
WEAF	WRC	WCAE	KSD
WGY	WLIT	WOC	WHO
WWJ	WFLA	WSUN	

GUY LOMBARDO AND HIS ROYAL CANADIANS

11:00 p.m.	10:00	9:00	8:00
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WADC
WEAN	WNAC	WHK	WXYZ
WPG	WDSU	WTAQ	WACO
CFRB	WKBW	WLBW	WCAO
WTAR	WDBJ	WADC	WHK
WWNC	WDOD	WLAC	WISN
KMBC	KFH	KLZ	

JOHNNY JOHNSON'S PENNSYLVANIANS FROM ST. PAUL.

11:30 p.m.	10:30	9:30	8:30
WABC	W2XE	WKBW	WEAN
WNAC	WCAU	W3XAU	WLBW
WCAO	WTAR	WLAC	WISN
WCCO	KFH	KLZ	WADC
WWNC	WXYZ	WSPD	WDOD
WACO	WDSU	WTAQ	KMBC
CFRB			

BEN BERNIE AND HIS ORCHESTRA—

Eastern 11:00 p.m.	Central 10:00	Mountain 9:00	Pacific 8:00
WABC	W2XE	WGR	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WORC	WPG
WCAU	W3XAU	WHP	WLBW
WMAL	WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ
WADC	WKBN	WBT	WBCM
WLAC	WBRC	WISN	WFBM
WGL	WMT	KLRA	WDAY
WNAX	KOIL	KFH	KFJF
KTSA	KLZ	KDYL	CFRB
WTAQ			

RADIO ROUNDUP—

Eastern 11:30 p.m.	Central 10:30	Mountain 9:30	Pacific 8:30
WABC	WCAO	WFBM	KTSA
W2XE	WTAR	WGL	KLZ
WKBW	WDBJ	WCCO	KFPY
WEAN	WADC	WMT	CFRB
WDRC	WKBN	KMBC	WTAQ
WNAC	WBT	KLRA	WORC
WBCM	WDAY	WPG	WSPD
WNAX	WHP	WLAC	KOIL
WLBW	WBRC	KFH	WMAL
WISN	KFJF		

Friday

BOND BREAD PROGRAM—

Eastern 10:15 a.m.	Central 9:15	Mountain 8:15	Pacific 7:15
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WHEC
WKBW	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WORC	WCAU	W3XAU	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WADC	WHK
WAIU	WXYZ	WSPD	WDSU
WFBM	KMOX	KMBC	KOIL
KFH	KFJF		

JOSEPHINE B. GIBSON—

Eastern 10:45 a.m.	Central 9:45	Mountain 8:45	Pacific 7:45
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WBAL
WHAM	KDKA	WCKY	WIBO
KWK	WREN	WTMJ	WSM
KSTP	WEBC	WRVA	WJAX
WIOD	WHAS	WMC	WAPI
WSMB	KTHS	KVOO	WBAP
KPRC	WOAI	WKY	WJDX
WPTF	WSB	WJR	KDKA
WFLA	WSUN		

NBC MUSIC APPRECIATION HOUR—
Walter Damrosch.

Eastern 11:00 a.m.	Central 10:00	Mountain 9:00	Pacific 8:00
WJZ	WEAF	WBZ	WOAI
WBZA	WBAL	WHAM	KDKA
WJR	WGAR	WWJ	WLW
KWK	WREN	KFAB	WEEI
WJAR	WTAG	WCSH	WLIT
WRC	WGY	WBEN	WCAE
WTAM	WSAI	KSD	WOC
WHO	WOW	KYW	CKGW
WTMJ	KSTP	WDAF	WRVA
WPTF	WJAX	WEBC	WFLA
WSUN	WHAS	WIOD	WMC
WSB	WAPI	WSM	WJDX
KVOO	KPRC	WSMB	WKY
KOA	KSL	(WGN	WCFL
WFAA	KYW on	11:30)	

EMILY POST—

Eastern 11:00 a.m.	Central 10:00	Mountain 9:00	Pacific 8:00
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WKBW
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WCAU
W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL	WCAO
WADC	WKRC	WXYZ	WSPD
WISN	WOWO	WBBM	KMOX
KMBC	KOIL	CFRB	

RADIO GUILD—

Eastern 4:00 p.m.	Central 3:00	Mountain 2:00	Pacific 1:00
WJZ	WBAL	WHAM	KGO
CKGW	WPTF	WJAX	KTAR
KFI	KOMO	KFSD	WSM
KFAP	KSTP	WEBC	WBZA
WMC	WREN	WBZ	WJR
KSL	KOA	KYW	KWK
WGAR	WLW	WTMJ	WSB
WSMB	KVOO	WOAI	WKY
KPRC	WRVA	WRC	

CURTIS INSTITUTE OF MUSIC—

Eastern 4:00 p.m.	Central 3:00	Mountain 2:00	Pacific 1:00
WABC	W2XE	WGR	WLBZ
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WORC
WPG	WCAU	W3XAU	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ	WADC
WKRC	WWNC	WBT	WBCM
WSPD	WDOD	WREC	WLAC
WBRC	WISN	WBBM	WCCO
KSCJ	WMT	KMOX	KMBC
KLRA	WDAY	KOIL	KFJF
KRLD	KTRH	KTSA	KLZ
KDYL	KVI	KOL	KFPY
KHJ			

LIGHT OPERA GEMS—

Eastern 5:00 p.m.	Central 4:00	Mountain 3:00	Pacific 2:00
WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WGR
WDRC	WHP	WLBW	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WKRC	WKBN
WWNC	WBT	WBCM	WSPD
WDOD	WREC	WLAC	WBRC
WISN	WGL	WCCO	KSCJ
WMT	KMOX	KMBC	KLRA
WDAY	KFH	KFJF	KRLD
KTRH	KTSA	KLZ	KDYL

WINEGAR'S BARN ORCHESTRA—

Eastern 6:00 p.m.	Central 5:00	Mountain 4:00	Pacific 3:00
WABC	W2XE	WGR	WDRC
WEAN	WHP	WJAS	WLBW
WMAL	WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ
WADC	WKBN	WWNC	WBT
WBCM	WDOD	WREC	WLAC
WBRC	WISN	WFBM	WGL
WBBM	WCCO	KSCJ	WMT
KMBC	KLRA	KOIL	KFJF
KRLD	KTRH	KTSA	KLZ
KDYL	KVI	KOL	KFPY
KHJ			

MAJOR BOWES' FAMILY—

Eastern 7:00 p.m.	Central 6:00	Mountain 5:00	Pacific 4:00
WEAF	WJAR	WCSH	WLIT
WBEN	WCAE	WWJ	WENR
WOC	WHO	KSTP	WHAS
WMC	WSB	WSMB	KOA
KGO	KECA	KGW	KOMO
KTAR			

BROWNBILT FOOTLITES—

Eastern 7:45 p.m.	Central 6:45	Mountain 5:45	Pacific 4:45
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WREN
KPRC	WFAA	WMC	KWK
KFAB	WTMJ	WEBC	WRVA
WPTF	WJAX	WIOD	WFLA
WSUN	WHAS	WSM	WAPI
WSMB	WJDX	WOAI	WIBO
KOA	KSL	KDKA	WSB
WLW	KSTP	WGAR	

CITIES SERVICE CONCERT ORCHESTRA—Jessica Dragonette

Eastern 8:00 p.m.	Central 7:00	Mountain 6:00	Pacific 5:00
WEAF	WEEI	WTIC	WLIT
WRC	WCAE	WJAR	WCSH
WOW	KYW	KSD	WDAF
KSTP	WTMJ	WKY	WOC
WEBC	KOA	WOAI	KOMO
KGO	KGW	KHQ	WTAG
KSL	CKGW	KECA	WHO
WSAI	WTAM	WBEN	WWJ

NESTLE'S PROGRAM—

Eastern 8:00 p.m.	Central 7:00	Mountain 6:00	Pacific 5:00
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
WIBO	KWK	WREN	KFAB
WJR	WLW	KDKA	WGAR

THE DUTCH MASTERS—

Eastern 8:30 p.m.	Central 7:30	Mountain 6:30	Pacific 5:30
WADC	WCAO	WNAC	WGR
WBBM	WKRC	WHK	WXYZ
WOWO	WDRC	KMBC	WABC
W2XE	KOIL	WCAU	W3XAU
WJAS	WEAN	KMOX	WFBL
WSPD	WMAL	WCCO	

INDEX TO NETWORK KILOCYCLES

National Broadcasting Company

	Kc.		Kc.
CFCF	1030	WENR	870
CKGW	960	WFAA	800
KDKA	980	WFI	560
KECA	1340	WFLA	620
KFAB	770	WGAR	1450
KFI	640	WGN	720
KFKX	1020	WGY	790
KFSD	600	WHAM	1150
KFYR	550	WHAS	820
KGO	790	WHO	1000
KGW	620	WIBO	560
KHQ	590	WIOD	1300
KOA	830	WJAR	890
KOMO	920	WJAX	900
KPO	680	WJDX	1270
KPRC	920	WJR	750
KSD	550	WJZ	760
KSL	1130	WKY	900
KSTP	1460	WLIT	560
KTAR	620	WLS	870
KTHS	1040	WLW	700
KVOO	1140	WMC	780
KWK	1350	WOAI	1190
KYW	1020	WOC	1000
WAPI	1140	WOW	590
WBAL	1060	WPTF	680
WBAP	800	WRC	950
WBEN	900	WREN	1220
WBZ	990	WRVA	1110
WBZA	990	WSAI	1330
WCAE	1220	WSB	740
WCFL	970	WSM	650
WCKY	1480	WSMB	1320
WCSH	940	WSUN	620
WDAF	610	WTAG	580
WDAY	940	WTAM	1070
WEAF	660	WTIC	1060
WEBC	1290	WTMJ	620
WEEI	590	WWJ	920

Columbia Broadcasting System

	Kc.		Kc.
CFRB	960	WFAN	610
CKAC	730	WFBL	1360
KDYL	1290	WFBM	1230
KFH	1300	WGL	1370
KFJF	1480	WGR	550
KFPY	1340	WGST	890
KFRC	610	WHEC	1440
KHJ	900	WHK	1390
KLRA	1390	WHP	1430
KLZ	560	WIP	610
KMBC	950	WIBW	580
KMOX	1090	WISN	1120
KOH	1380	WJAS	1290
KOIL	1260	WJJD	1130
KOIN	940	WKBN	570
KOL	1270	WKBW	1480
KRLD	1040	WKRC	550
KSCJ	1330	WLAC	1470
KTRH	1120	WLBW	1260
KTSA	1290	WLBZ	620
KVI	760	WMAK	900
WABC	860	WMAL	630
WACO	1240	WMAQ	670
WADC	1320	WMT	600
WAIU	640	WNAC	1230
WBBM	770	WNAX	570
WBCM	1410	WOKO	1440
WBRC	930	WORC	1200
WBT	1080	WOWO	1160
WCAH	1430	WPG	1100
WCAO	600	WQAM	560
WCAU	1170	WREC	600
WCCO	810	WRR	1280
WDAE	1220	WSPD	1340
WDBJ	930	WTAQ	1330
WDBO	1120	WTAR	780
WDOD	1280	WTOC	1260
WDRC	1330	WWNC	570
WDSU	1250	WXYZ	1240
WEAN	780	W2XE	6120

W3XAU ..6060—9590

NATURAL BRIDGE DANCING CLASS —with Arthur Murray.

Eastern 8:45 p.m.	Central 7:45	Mountain 6:45	Pacific 5:45
WJZ	WHAM	KDKA	KWK
WREN	WJAX	WIOD	WIBO
WBZ	WBZA	WFLA	WSUN
WRVA	WJR	WGAR	WCKY

INTERWOVEN PAIR—

Eastern 9:00 p.m.	Central 8:00	Mountain 7:00	Pacific 6:00
WJZ	WHAM	WMC	KDKA
WJAX	WKY	WREN	KPRC
KWK	WBZ	WBZA	KGW
WSMB	WIOD	WFAA	WJR
WTMJ	KSTP	WHAS	KYW
WEBC	WCKY	WSM	WRVA
WSB	WAPI	WOAI	KOA
KSL	KGO	KGW	KOMO
KHQ	KFSD	KTAR	WGAR
KFI			

THE CLICQUOT CLUB—

Eastern 9:00 p.m.	Central 8:00	Mountain 7:00	Pacific 6:00
WEAF	WEEI	WTIC	WJAR
WTAG	WCSH	WLIT	WRC
WOW	WCAE	WSAI	WIBO
KSD	WWJ	WDAF	WOC
WHO	WGY	WBEN	

TRUE STORY HOUR—

Eastern 9:00 p.m.	Central 8:00	Mountain 7:00	Pacific 6:00
WABC	W2XE	WNAC	WKBW
WEAN	WDRC	WMAL	WCAU
W3XAU	WJAS	WXYZ	WCAO
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WSPD
WOWO	WMAQ	KMOX	KMBC
KOIL	WFBL		

ARMOUR PROGRAM—

Eastern 9:30 p.m.	Central 8:30	Mountain 7:30	Pacific 6:30
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WJR
KYW	WREN	KSTP	WEBC
WRVA	WMC	WSB	WOAI
KOA	KSL	KGO	WKY
WHAS	KGW	KHQ	KOMO

TWO TROUPERS—Marcella Shields and Helene Handin.

Eastern 9:45 p.m.	Central 8:45	Mountain 7:45	Pacific 6:45
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WTAG
WCSH	WRC	WLIT	WGY
WBEN	WSAI	KSD	WOC
WHO	WDAF		

EASTMAN PROGRAM—

Eastern 10:00 p.m.	Central 9:00	Mountain 8:00	Pacific 7:00
WEAF	WJAR	WCSH	WCAE
WWJ	KSD	WSAI	WRC
WBEN	WLIT	WTAG	WGY
WTAM	WOW	WENR	KGO
KGW	KOMO	KHQ	KOA
KSL	KTAR	KFSD	KFI

RKO THEATRE OF THE AIR—

Eastern 10:30 p.m.	Central 9:30	Mountain 8:30	Pacific 7:30
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WTAG
WLIT	WGY	WCAE	WWJ
WSAI	WIBO	KSD	WDAF
WRVA	WJAX	WIOD	WMC
WSB	WSMB	WOC	WJDX
KGO	KTHS	WOAI	WKY
WRC	WCSH	KOA	KGW
KFI	KHQ	KOMO	KTAR
KFSD	WHO	WOW	WTAM
KSL	WFLA	WSUN	WBEN
WTIC			

Saturday

SAVOY PLAZA ORCHESTRA — Rudolph Bochco, Director

Eastern 1:30 p.m.	Central 12:30	Mountain 11:30	Pacific 10:30
WABC	W2XE	WGR	WEAN
WDRC	WCAU	W3XAU	WHP
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WDBJ	WADC	WAIU
WBT	WBCM	WSPD	WLAC
WBRC	WOWO	KLRA	CFRB

TED HUSING'S SPORTSLANTS—

Eastern 6:00 p.m.	Central 5:00	Mountain 4:00	Pacific 3:00
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WFAN
WAP	WLBW	WTAR	WDBJ
WADC	WHK	WAIU	WBT
WBCM	WREC	WLAC	WBRC
WISN	WOWO	WBBM	WCCO
KSCJ	WDAY	KOIL	WIBW
KFH	KFJF	KRLD	KTRH
KTSA	KLZ	KVI	KOL
KFPY	KHJ	KFRC	CFRB

RISE OF THE GOLDBERGS—

Eastern 7:30 p.m.	Central 6:30	Mountain 5:30	Pacific 4:30
WJZ	WHAM	KWK	WREN
WIBO	WSB	WJDX	WSMB

VALSPAR SATURDAY NIGHT CLU

Eastern 7:30 p.m.	Central 6:30	Mountain 5:30	Pacific 4:30
WEAF	WTIC	WJAR	WTAG
WLIT	WRC	WGY	WBEN
WCAE	WTAM	CFCF	WSAI
WENR	KSD	WOC	WHO
WOW	WDAF	CKGW	WEBC
WRVA	WPTF	WJAX	WIOB
WFLA	WSUN	WMC	WSB
WSMB	WJDX	KTHS	KPRC
KOA	WKY		

"THE HIGHROAD OF ADVENTURE", Gilbert E. Gable—

Eastern 6:00 p.m.	Central 5:00	Mountain 4:00	Pacific 3:00
WEAF	WTAG	WBEN	WCAE
WTAM	WWJ	WSAI	WOC
WHO	KSTP	WEBC	KGO
KGW	KFSD	KTAR	

WEBSTER PROGRAM — featuring Weber and Fields—

Eastern 8:00 p.m.	Central 7:00	Mountain 6:00	Pacific 5:00
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WTAG
WCSH	WFI	WRC	WGY
WBEN	WCAE	WTAM	WWJ
WSAI	WIBO	KSD	WOC
WHO	WOW	WDAF	WTMJ
KSTP	KOA	KSL	

THE SILVER FLUTE—

Eastern 8:30 p.m.	Central 7:30	Mountain 6:30	Pacific 5:30
WEAF	WCSH	WGY	WCAE
WSAI	KSD	WDAF	WIOD
WJAR	WBEN	WOC	WHO

BEN ALLEY—Ann Leaf at the Organ.

Eastern 8:15 p.m.	Central 7:15	Mountain 6:15	Pacific 5:15
WABC	W2XE	WGR	WORC
WPG	WFAN	WHP	WJAS
WLBW	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WDBJ	WADC	WKBN	WBT
WBCM	WSPD	WLAC	WERC
WISN	WOWO	WFBM	WMAQ
KSCJ	WMT	KMBC	KLRA
WDAY	WNAX	KOIL	KFH
KFJF	KTSA	KDYL	KFPY
KHJ	KFRC		

FULLER MAN—

Eastern 8:30 p.m.	Central 7:30	Mountain 6:30	Pacific 5:30
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WBAL
WHAM	KDKA	WJR	WLW
KWK	WREN	KOA	CKGW
WHAS	KPRC	KGO	KECA
KGW	KOMO	KFAB	KHQ
WIBO	WKY	WTMJ	WMC
WEBC	WSB	WAPI	WSMB
WJDX	KSTP	WBAP	

ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT — Early Bookworm.

Eastern 8:45 p.m.	Central 7:45	Mountain 6:45	Pacific 5:45
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WDRC
WNAC	WORC	WPG	WJAS
WLBW	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WDBJ	WADC	WKRC	WWNC
WBT	WBCM	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WISN	WOWO
WMAQ	KSCJ	WMT	KMOX
KLRA	WDAY	WNAX	KOIL
WIBW	KFH	KFJF	KRLD
KTSA	KLZ	KFPY	KHJ
KFRC			

GENERAL ELECTRIC HOUR—

Eastern 9:00 p.m.	Central 8:00	Mountain 7:00	Pacific 6:00
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WTAG
WCSH	WFI	WRC	WGY
WBEN	WCAE	WTAM	WWJ
WSAI	WIBO	KSD	WOC
WOW	WDAF	WTMJ	WKY
KSTP	WEBC	WRVA	WJAX
WHAS	WMC	WSB	WAPI
WSMB	WBAP	KPRC	WOAI
KOA	KSL	KGO	KFI
KGW	KOMO	KHQ	KFSD
KTAR	WHO		

AROUND THE SAMOVAR—

Eastern 9:00 p.m.	Central 8:00	Mountain 7:00	Pacific 6:00
WABC	W2XE	WKBW	WDRC
WNAC	WORC	WPG	WFAN
WHP	WJAS	WLBW	WCAO
WTAR	WDBJ	WADC	WKBN
WBCM	WSPD	WBRC	WISN
WGL	WCCO	KSCJ	WMT
KMBC	KLRA	WDAY	WNAX
KOIL	KFH	KFJF	KTSA
KLZ	KOL	KFPY	KHJ
KFRC			

HANK SIMMONS' SHOW BOAT—

Eastern 10:00 p.m.	Central 9:00	Mountain 8:00	Pacific 7:00
WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WKBW
WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WORC	WPG	WFAN	WHP
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WDBJ	WADC	WKRC
WKBN	WWNC	WBT	WBCM
WSPD	WDOD	WLAC	WBRC
WISN	WFBM	WGL	WMAQ
WCCO	KSCJ	WMT	KMOX
KMBC	KLRA	WDAY	WNAX
KOIL	WIBW	KFH	KFJF
KRLD	KTRH	KTSA	KLZ
KDYL	KOL	KFPY	KHJ

State and City Index

Compiled from latest issue of Federal Radio Commission Bulletin (February 28, 1931). Changes take place almost daily. Our readers are asked to report any inaccuracies that they may be checked against our regular sources of information.—EDITOR

Alabama

Birmingham.....WAPI
100 w.—1140 kc.—263 m.
Birmingham.....WBRC
500 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
Birmingham.....WKBC
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Gadsden.....WJBY
50 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Mobile.....WODX
500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
Montgomery.....WSFA
500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
Talladega.....WFDW
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.

Alaska

Anchorage.....KFQD
100 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
Juneau.....KFIU
10 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Ketchikan.....KGBU
500 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.

Arizona

Flagstaff.....KFXY
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
Jerome.....KCRJ
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Phoenix.....KTAR
500 w.—620 kc.—483.6 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
Phoenix.....KOY
500 w.—1390 kc.—215.7 m.
Prescott.....KPJM
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
Tucson.....KVOA
500 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.
Tucson.....KGAR
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
250 w. until local sunset

Arkansas

Blytheville.....KLCN
50 w.—1290 kc.—232.4 m.
Fayetteville.....KUOA
1000 w.—1390 kc.—215.7 m.
Fort Smith.....KFPW
50 w.—1340 kc.—223.7 m.
Hot Springs.....KTHS
10,000 w.—1040 kc.—288.3 m.
Little Rock.....KLRA
1000 w.—1390 kc.—215.7 m.
Little Rock.....KGHI
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
Little Rock.....KGJF
250 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
Paragould.....KBTM
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.

California

Berkeley.....KRE
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Beverly Hills.....KMPC
500 w.—710 kc.—422.3 m.
Burbank.....KELW
500 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.
Culver City.....KFVD
250 w.—1000 kc.—299.8 m.
El Centro.....KXO
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
Fresno.....KMJ
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Hayward.....KZM
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Hollywood.....KFWB
1000 w.—950 kc.—315.6 m.
Hollywood.....KNX
5000 w.—1050 kc.—285.5 m.
(C. P. to increase power to 50,000 w.)
Holy City.....KFQU
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
Inglewood.....KMCS
500 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
Long Beach.....KGER
1000 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
Long Beach.....KFOX
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
Los Angeles.....KFI
5000 w.—640 kc.—468.5 m.
(C. P. to increase power to 50,000 w.)
Los Angeles.....KFSG
500 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
Los Angeles.....KGEF
1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
Los Angeles.....KGFJ
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
Los Angeles.....KHJ
1000 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
Los Angeles.....KTBI
1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
Los Angeles.....KECA
1000 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.
Los Angeles.....KTM
500 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
Los Angeles.....KMTR
500 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
Oakland.....KLX
500 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.
Oakland.....KLS
250 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
Oakland.....KROW
500 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
Pasadena.....KPPC
50 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Pasadena.....KPSN
1000 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
Sacramento.....KFBK
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
San Bernardino.....KFXM
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
San Diego.....KFSD
500 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
San Diego.....KGB
250 w.—1330 kc.—225.4 m.
(C. P. to increase power to 500 w.)
San Francisco.....KGO
7500 w.—790 kc.—379.5 m.
San Francisco.....KFRC
1000 w.—610 kc.—491.5 m.
San Francisco.....KGGC
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
San Francisco.....KFWI
500 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.
San Francisco.....KJBS
100 w.—1070 kc.—280.2 m.
San Francisco.....KPO
5000 w.—680 kc.—440.9 m.
San Francisco.....KTAB
1000 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
San Francisco.....KYA
1000 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
San Jose.....KQW
500 w.—1010 kc.—296.8 m.
Santa Ana.....KREG
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
Santa Barbara.....KDB
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
Santa Maria.....KSMR
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
Stockton.....KGDM
250 w.—1100 kc.—272.6 m.
Stockton.....KWG
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.

Colorado

Colorado Springs.....KFUM
1000 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
Denver.....KPOF
500 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.
Denver.....KFUP
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Denver.....KFEL
500 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.
Denver.....KFXF
500 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.
Denver.....KOA
12,500 w.—830 kc.—361.2 m.
Denver.....KLZ
1000 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
Edgewater.....KFXJ
50 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
(C. P. to increase power to 100 w.)
Fort Morgan.....KGEW
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
Greeley.....KFKA
500 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
Pueblo.....KGHF
250 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.
500 w. until local sunset
Trinidad.....KGIW
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
Yuma.....KGEK
50 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.

Connecticut

Bridgeport.....WICC
500 w.—1190 kc.—252 m.
Hartford.....WTIC
50,000 w.—1060 kc.—282.8 m.
Hartford.....WDRC
500 w.—1330 kc.—225.4 m.
Storrs.....WCAC
250 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.

Delaware

Wilmington.....WDEL
250 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
350 w. until local sunset
Wilmington.....WILM
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.

District of Columbia

Washington.....WOL
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Washington.....WMAL
250 w.—630 kc.—475 .9 m.
500 w. until local sunset
Washington.....WRC
500 w.—950 kc.—315.6 m.

Florida

Clearwater.....WFLA-WSUN
1000 w.—620 kc.—483.6 m.
2500 w. until local sunset
Gainesville.....WRUF
5000 w.—830 kc.—361.2 m.
Jacksonville.....WJAX
1000 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
Miami.....WQAM
1000 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
Miami.....WIOD-WMBF
1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
Orlando.....WDBO
500 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
Pensacola.....WCOA
500 w.—1340 kc.—223.7 m.
Tampa.....WDAE
1000 w.—1220 kc.—245.8 m.
Tampa.....WMBR
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.

Georgia

Atlanta.....WGST
250 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
500 w. until local sunset
Atlanta.....WSB
5000 w.—740 kc.—405.2 m.
Augusta.....WRDW
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
Columbus.....WRBL
50 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
Macon.....WMAZ
250 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
500 w. until local sunset
Rome.....WFDV
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Savannah.....WTOC
500 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.
Thomasville.....WQDX
50 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Tifton.....WRBI
20 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
(C. P. to increase power to 100 w.)
Toccoa.....WTFI
500 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.

Hawaii

Honolulu.....KGU
1000 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
Honolulu.....KGMB
500 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.

Idaho

Boise.....KIDO
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
Idaho Falls.....KID
250 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.
500 w. until local sunset
Nampa.....KFXD
50 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
Pocatello.....KSEI
250 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
Sandpoint.....KGKX
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
Twin Falls.....KTFI
250 w.—130 kc.—227.1 m.
(C. P. to increase power to 550 w.)

Illinois

Carthage.....WCAZ
50 w.—1070 kc.—280.2 m.
Chicago.....KYW-KFKX
10,000 w.—1020 kc.—293.9 m.
Chicago.....WAAF
500 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.
Chicago.....WBBM-WJBT
25,000 w.—770 kc.—428.3 m.
Chicago.....WCFL
1500 w.—970 kc.—309.1 m.
Chicago.....WCRW
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Chicago.....WEDC
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Chicago.....WENR-WBCN
50,000 w.—870 kc.—344.6 m.
Chicago.....WGES
500 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
1000 w. until local sunset—On Sunday
Chicago.....WGN-WLIP
25,000 w.—720 kc.—416.4 m.
Chicago.....WIBO
1000 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
1500 w. until local sunset
Chicago.....WKBI
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
Chicago.....WLS
5000 w.—870 kc.—344.6 m.
(C. P. to increase power to 50,000 w.)
Chicago.....WMAQ
5000 w.—670 kc.—447.5 m.
Chicago.....WMBI
5000 w.—1080 kc.—277.6 m.
Chicago.....WCHI
5000 w.—1490 kc.—201.2 m.
Chicago.....WPCC
100 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
Chicago.....WSBC
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Cicero.....WHFC
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
Decatur.....WJBL
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
Evanston.....WEHS
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
Galesburg.....WKBS
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Harrisburg.....WEBQ
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Joliet.....WCLS
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Joliet.....WKBB
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
La Salle.....WJBC
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
Mooseheart.....WJJD
20,000 w.—1130 kc.—265.3 m.
Mount Prospect.....WJAZ
5000 w.—1490 kc.—201.2 m.
Peoria Heights.....WMBD
500 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
Quincy.....WTAD
500 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
Rockford.....KFLV
500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
Rock Island.....WHBF
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Springfield.....WCBS
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Springfield.....WTAX
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Tuscola.....WDZ
100 w.—1070 kc.—280.2 m.
Urbana.....WILL
250 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
500 w. until local sunset
Zion.....WCBD
5000 w.—1080 kc.—277.6 m.

Indiana

Anderson.....WHBU
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Connersville.....WKBV
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
150 w. until local sunset
Culver.....WCMA
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
Evansville.....WGBF
500 w.—630 kc.—475.9 m.
Fort Wayne.....WGL
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Fort Wayne.....WOWO
10,000 w.—1160 kc.—258.5 m.
Gary.....WJKS
1000 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
1250 w. until local sunset
Hammond.....WWAE
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
Indianapolis.....WFBM
1000 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
Indianapolis.....WKBF
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
La Porte.....WRAF
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
Marion.....WJAK
50 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Muncie.....WLBC
50 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
South Bend.....WSBT
500 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
Terre Haute.....WBOW
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
West Lafayette.....WBAA
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.

Iowa

Ames.....WOI
5000 w.—640 kc.—468.5 m.
Boone.....KFGQ
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Cedar Rapids.....KWCR
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Clarinda.....KSO
500 w.—1380 kc.—217.3 m.
Council Bluffs.....KOIL
1000 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.
Davenport.....WOC
5000 w.—1000 kc.—299.8 m.
Decorah.....KGCA
50 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
Decorah.....KWLC
100 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
Des Moines.....WHO
5000 w.—1000 kc.—299.8 m.
Fort Dodge.....KFJY
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Iowa City.....WSUI
500 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.
Marshalltown.....KFJB
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
Muscatine.....KTNT
5000 w.—1170 kc.—256.3 m.
Ottumwa.....WIAS
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
Red Oak.....KICK
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
Shenandoah.....KFNP
500 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
Sheraton.....KMA
500 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
Sioux City.....KSCJ
1000 w.—1330 kc.—225.4 m.
2500 w. until local sunset
Waterloo.....WMT
500 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.

Kansas

Dodge City.....KGNO
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Kansas City.....WLBF
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
Lawrence.....KFKU
500 w.—1220 kc.—245.8 m.
Lawrence.....WREN
100 w.—1220 kc.—245.8 m.
Manhattan.....KSAC
500 w.—880 kc.—516.9 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
Mulvane.....KFKB
5000 w.—1050 kc.—285.5 m.
Topeka.....WIBW
1000 w.—580 kc.—516.9 m.
Wichita.....KFH
1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.

Kentucky

Covington.....WCKY
5000 w.—1490 kc.—201.2 m.
Hopkinsville.....WFIW
1000 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
Louisville.....WHAS
10,000 w.—820 kc.—365.6 m.
Louisville.....WLAP
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset
Paducah.....WPAD
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.

Louisiana

Monroe.....KMLB
50 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
New Orleans.....WABZ
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
New Orleans.....WDSU
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
New Orleans.....WJBO
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
New Orleans.....WJBW
30 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
(C. P. to increase power to 100 w.)
New Orleans.....WSMB
500 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.
New Orleans.....WWL
5000 w.—850 kc.—352.7 m.
Shreveport.....KRMD
50 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Shreveport.....KTBS
1000 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
Shreveport.....KTSL
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Shreveport.....KWEA
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Shreveport.....KWKH
10,000 w.—850 kc.—352.7 m.

Maine

Augusta.....WRDO
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Bangor.....WABI
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
Bangor.....WLBZ
500 w.—620 kc.—483.6 m.
Portland.....WCSH
1000 w.—940 kc.—319 m.

Maryland

Baltimore.....WBAL
10,000 w.—1060 kc.—282.8 m.
(1060 kc. during daytime Sun., Mon., Wed. and Friday and during evening on Tues., Thurs. and Sat. At all other times dial 760 kc. The change from one wave to the other is made at 7:30 p.m. on Sun. and at 4 p.m. week days.)
Baltimore.....WCAO
250 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.
Baltimore.....WCBM
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
250 w. until local sunset
Baltimore.....WFBR
500 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
Cumberland.....WTBO
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
250 w. until local sunset

Massachusetts

Boston.....WBZA
500 w.—990 kc.—302.8 m.
(C. P. to increase power to 1000 w.)
Boston.....WEEI
1000 w.—590 kc.—508.2 m.
Boston.....WHDH
1000 w.—830 kc.—361.2 m.
Boston.....WLOE
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset
Boston.....WNAC-WBIS
1000 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
Boston.....WSSH
500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
Fall River.....WSAR
250 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
Lexington.....WLEX
500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
Lexington.....WLEY
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
250 w. until local sunset
Needham.....WBSO
500 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.
New Bedford.....WNBH
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
South Dartmouth.....WMAF
500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
Springfield.....WBZ
15,000 w.—990 kc.—302.8 m.
Worcester.....WORC-WEPS
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
Worcester.....WTAG
250 w.—580 kc.—516.9 m.

Michigan

Battle Creek.....WELL
50 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
(C. P. to increase power to 100 w.)
Bay City.....WBCM
500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
Berrien Springs.....WKZO
1000 w. 590 kc.—508.2 m.
Calumet.....WHDF
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
250 w. until local sunset
Detroit.....WXYZ
1000 w.—1240 kc.—241.8 m.
Detroit.....WJR
5000 w.—750 kc.—399.8 m.
Detroit.....WMBC
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
Detroit.....WWJ
1000 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.
East Lansing.....WKAR
1000 w.—1040 kc.—228.3 m.
Flint.....WFDF
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Grand Rapids.....WASH
500 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
Grand Rapids.....WOOD
500 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
Highland Park.....WJBK
50 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Jackson.....WIBM
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Lapeer.....WMPC
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
Ludington.....WKBZ
50 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
Marquette.....WBEO
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Royal Oak.....WEXL
50 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.

Minnesota

Fergus Falls.....KGDE
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset
Minneapolis.....WCCO
7500 w.—810 kc.—370.2 m.
Minneapolis.....WDGY
1000 w.—1180 kc.—254.1 m.
Minneapolis.....WHDI
500 w.—1180 kc.—254.1 m.
Minneapolis.....WLB-WGMS
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
Minneapolis.....WRHM
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
Moorhead.....KGFK
50 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
Northfield.....KFMX
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
Northfield.....WCAL
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
St. Paul.....KSTP
10,000 w.—1460 kc.—205.4 m.

Mississippi

Greenville.....WRBQ
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
250 w. until local sunset
Gulfport.....WGCM
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Hattiesburg.....WRBJ
10 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Jackson.....WJDX
1000 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
Meridian.....WCOC
500 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
Tupelo.....WDIX
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
Vicksburg.....WQBC
300 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.

Missouri

Cape Girardeau.....KFVS
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Clayton.....KFUO
500 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
Columbia.....KFRU
500 w.—630 kc.—475.9 m.
Grant City.....KGIZ
50 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
(C. P. to increase power to 100 w.)
Jefferson City.....WOS
500 w.—630 kc.—475.9 m.
Joplin.....WMBH
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
250 w. until local sunset
Kansas City.....KMBC
1000 w.—950 kc.—315.6 m.
Kansas City.....KWKC
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Kansas City.....WDAF
1000 w.—610 kc.—491.5 m.
Kansas City.....WHB
500 w.—860 kc.—348.6 m.
Kansas City.....WOQ
1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
St. Joseph.....KFEQ
2500 w.—680 kc.—440.9 m.
St. Joseph.....KGBX
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
St. Louis.....KFWF
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
St. Louis.....KMOX
50,000 w.—1090 kc.—275.1 m.
St. Louis.....KSD
500 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.
St. Louis.....KWK
1000 w.—1350 kc.—222.1 m.
St. Louis.....WEW
1000 w.—760 kc.—394.5 m.
St. Louis.....WIL
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset

Montana

Billings.....KGHL
1000 w.—950 kc.—315.6 m.
Butte.....KGIR
500 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
Great Falls.....KFBB
1000 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.
2500 w. until local sunset
Kalispell.....KGEZ
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Missoula.....KGVO
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
Wolf Point.....KGCX
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset

Nebraska

Clay Center.....KMMJ
1000 w.—740 kc.—405.2 m.
Lincoln.....KFOR
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
250 w. until local sunset
Lincoln.....KFAB
5000 w.—770 kc.—389.4 m.
250 w. until local sunset
Lincoln.....WCAJ
500 w.—590 kc.—508.2 m.
Norfolk.....WJAG
1000 w.—1060 kc.—282.8 m.
North Platte.....KGNC
500 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.
Omaha.....WAAW
500 w.—660 kc.—454.3 m.
Omaha.....WOW
1000 w.—590 kc.—508.2 m.
Ravenna.....KGFW
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Scottsbluff.....KGKY
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
York.....KGBZ
500 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.

Nevada

Las Vegas.....KGIX
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
Reno.....KOH
500 w.—1380 kc.—217.3 m.

New Hampshire

Laconia.....WKAV
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.

New Jersey

Asbury Park.....WCAP
500 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.
Atlantic City.....WPG
5000 w.—1100 kc.—272.6 m.
Camden.....WCAM
500 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.
Hackensack.....WBMS
250 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
Jersey City.....WAAT
300 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
Jersey City.....WHOM
250 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
Jersey City.....WKBO
250 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
Newark.....WAAM
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
2000 w. until local sunset
(C. P. to increase power to 2500 until local sunset)
Newark.....WGCP
250 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
Newark.....WNJ
250 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
Newark.....WOR
5000 w.—710 kc.—422.3 m.
Paterson.....WODA
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
Red Bank.....WJBI
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Trenton.....WOAX
500 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.
Zarephath.....WAWZ
250 w.—1350 kc.—222.1 m.

New Mexico

Albuquerque.....KGGM
250 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
500 w. until local sunset
Raton.....KGFL
50 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
State College.....KOB
20,000 w.—1180 kc.—254.1 m.

New York

Auburn.....WMBO
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Binghamton.....WNBF
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
Brooklyn.....WBBC
500 w.—1400 kc.—215.2 m.
Brooklyn.....WBBR
1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
Brooklyn.....WCGU
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
Brooklyn.....WCLB
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
Brooklyn.....WFOX
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
Brooklyn.....WMBQ
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
Buffalo.....WBEN
1000 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
Buffalo.....WEBR
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
200 w. until local sunset
Buffalo.....WGR
1000 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.
Buffalo.....WKBW
5000 w.—1480 kc.—202.6 m.
Buffalo.....WMAK
1000 w.—1040 kc.—288.3 m.
Buffalo.....WSVS
50 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Canton.....WCAD
500 w.—1220 kc.—245.8 m.
Freeport.....WGBB
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Glens Falls.....WBGF
50 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Ithaca.....WEAI
1000 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
Ithaca.....WLCI
50 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Jamaica.....WMRJ
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Jamestown.....WOCL
25 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Long Island City.....WLBX
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
New York.....WABC-WBOQ
5000 w.—860 kc.—348.6 m.
(C. P. to increase power to 50,000 w.)
New York.....WBNX
250 w.—1350 kc.—222.1 m.
New York.....WCDA
250 w.—1350 kc.—222.1 m.
New York.....WEAF
50,000 w.—660 kc.—454.3 m.
New York.....WEVD
500 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
New York.....WGBS
250 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.
500 w. until local sunset
New York.....WHAP
1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
New York.....WHN
250 w.—1010 kc.—296.8 m.
New York.....WJZ
30,000 w.—760 kc.—394.5 m.
New York.....WLWL
5000 w.—1100 kc.—272.6 m.
New York.....WMCA
500 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
New York.....WMSG
250 w.—1350 kc.—222.1 m.
New York.....WNYC
500 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
New York.....WOV
1000 w.—1130 kc.—265.3 m.
New York.....WPCH
500 w.—810 kc.—370.2 m.
New York.....WQAO-WPAP
250 w.—1010 kc.—296.8 m.
New York.....WRNY
250 w.—1010 kc.—296.8 m.
Patchogue.....WPOE
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Poughkeepsie.....WOKO
500 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
Rochester.....WHAM
5000 w.—1150 kc.—260.7 m.
Rochester.....WHEC-WABO
500 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
Saranac Lake.....WNBZ
50 w.—1290 kc.—232.4 m.
Schenectady.....WGY
50,000 w.—790 kc.—379.5 m.
Syracuse.....WFBL
1000 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
(C. P. to increase power to 2500 w.)
Syracuse.....WSYR-WMAC
250 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
Troy.....WHAZ
500 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
Tupper Lake.....WHDL
10 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
(C. P. to increase power to 100 w.)
Utica.....WIBX
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
300 w. until local sunset
Woodside.....WWRL
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
Yonkers.....WCOH
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.

North Carolina

Asheville.....WWNC
1000 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
Charlotte.....WBT
5000 w.—1080 kc.—277.6 m.
Gastonia.....WSOC
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Greensboro.....WBIG
500 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
Raleigh.....WPTF
1000 w.—680 kc.—440.9 m.
Wilmington.....WRBT
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Winston-Salem.....WSJS
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.

North Dakota

Bismarck.....KFYR
1000 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.
2500 w. until local sunset
Devils Lake.....KDLR
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Fargo.....WDAY
1000 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
Grand Forks.....KFJM
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Mandan.....KGCU
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
Minot.....KLFM
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.

Ohio

Canton.....WHBC
10 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
Cincinnati.....WFBE
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset
Cincinnati.....WKRC
1000 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.
Cincinnati.....WLW
50,000 w.—700 kc.—428.3 m.
Cincinnati.....WSAI
500 w.—1330 kc.—225.4 m.
Cleveland.....WGAR
500 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
Cleveland.....WJAY
500 w.—610 kc.—491.5 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
Cleveland.....WHK
1000 w.—1390 kc.—215.7 m.
Cleveland.....WTAM
50,000 w.—1070 kc.—280.2 m.
Columbus.....WAIU
500 w.—640 kc.—468.5 m.
Columbus.....WCAH
500 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.
Columbus.....WEAO
750 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
Columbus.....WSEN
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Dayton.....WSMK
200 w.—1380 kc.—217.3 m.
Mansfield.....WJW
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Mount Orab.....WHBD
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Steubenville.....WIBR
50 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
Tallmadge.....WADC
1000 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.
Toledo.....WSPD
500 w.—1340 kc.—223.7 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
Youngstown.....WKBN
500 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
Zanesville.....WALR
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.

Oklahoma

Alva.....KGFF
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
Chickasha.....KOCW
250 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
500 w. until local sunset
Elk City.....KGMP
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Enid.....KCRC
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
250 w. until local sunset
Norman.....WNAD
500 w.—1010 kc.—296.8 m.
Oklahoma City.....KFJF
5000 w.—1480 kc.—202.6 m.
Oklahoma City.....KFXR
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset
Oklahoma City.....KGFG
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Oklahoma City.....WKY
1000 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
Ponca City.....WBBZ
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
South Coffeyville.....KGGF
500 w.—1010 kc.—296.8 m.
Tulsa.....KVOO
5000 w.—1140 kc.—263 m.

Oregon

Astoria.....KFJI
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Corvallis.....KOAC
1000 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.
Eugene.....KORE
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
Marshfield.....KOOS
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Medford.....KMED
50 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Portland.....KBPS
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
Portland.....KEX
5000 w.—1180 kc.—254.1 m.
Portland.....KFJR
500 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
Portland.....KGW
1000 w.—620 kc.—483.6 m.
Portland.....KOIN
1000 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
Portland.....KTBR
500 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
Portland.....KWJJ
500 w.—1060 kc.—282.8 m.
Portland.....KXL
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.

Pennsylvania

Allentown.....WCBA
250 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
Allentown.....WSAN
250 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
Altoona.....WFBG
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
(C. P. to increase power to 250 w.)
Carbondale.....WNBW
10 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
Elkins Park.....WIBG
50 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.
Erie.....WEDH
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.

Grove City.....WSAJ
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Harrisburg.....WBAK
500 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
Harrisburg.....WCOD
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
Harrisburg.....WHP
500 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
Johnstown.....WJAC
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Lancaster.....WGAL
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Lancaster.....WKJC
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
Lewisburg.....WJBU
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Oil City.....WLBW
500 w.—1260 kc—238 m.
100 w. until local sunset.
Philadelphia.....WCAU
10,000 w.—1170 kc.—256.3 m.
Philadelphia.....WELK
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
250 w. until local sunset
Philadelphia.....WFAN
500 w.—610 kc.—491.5 m.
Philadelphia.....WFI
500 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
Philadelphia.....WHAT
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Philadelphia.....WIP
500 w.—610 kc.—491.5 m.
Philadelphia.....WLIT
500 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
Philadelphia.....WPEN
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
250 until local sunset
Philadelphia.....WRAX
250 w.—1020 kc.—293.9 m.
Philadelphia.....WTEL
50 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
(C. P. to increase power to 100 w.)
Pittsburgh.....KDKA
50,000 w.—980 kc.—305.9 m.
Pittsburgh.....KQV
500 w.—1380 kc.—217.3 m.
Pittsburgh.....WCAE
1000 w.—1220 kc.—245.8 m.
Pittsburgh.....WJAS
1000 w.—1290 kc.—232.4 m.
2500 w. until local sunset
Pittsburgh.....WWSW
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
Reading.....WRAW
50 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
(C. P. to increase power to 100 w.)
Scranton.....WGBI
250 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.
Scranton.....WQAN
250 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.
Silver Haven.....WNBO
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
State College.....WPSC
500 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
Wilkes Barre.....WBAX
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Wilkes Barre.....WBRE
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Williamsport.....WRAK
50 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
(C. P. to increase power to 100 w.)

Porto Rico

San Juan.....WKAQ
500 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.

Rhode Island

Newport.....WMBA
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
Pawtucket.....WPAW
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Providence.....WDWF-WLSI
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Providence.....WEAN
250 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.
500 w. until local sunset
Providence.....WJAR
250 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
400 w. until local sunset

South Carolina

Charleston.....WCSC
500 w. 1360 kc.—220.4 m.
Columbia.....WIS
500 w.—1010 kc.—296.8 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
Spartanburg.....WSPA
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
250 w. until local sunset

South Dakota

Brookings.....KFDY
500 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
Huron.....KGDY
100 w.—1200 kc—249.9 m.
Mitchell.....KDGA
100 w.—1370 kc—218.7 m.
Pierre.....KGFX
200 w.—580 kc—516.9 m.
Rapid City.....WCAT
100 w.—1200 kc—249.9 m.
Sioux Falls.....KSOO
2000 w.—1110 kc.—270.1 m.
Vermillion.....KUSD
500 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
750 w. until local sunset
Watertown.....KGCR
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Yankton.....WNAX
1000 w.—570 kc.—526.0 m.

Tennessee

Bristol.....WOPI
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
Chattanooga.....WDOD
1000 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.
2500 w. until local sunset
Knoxville.....WFBC
50 w.—1200 kc.—249. 9 m.
Knoxville.....WNOX
1000 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
2000 w. until local sunset
Knoxville.....WROL
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Memphis.....WGBC
500 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.
Memphis.....WHBQ
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Memphis.....WMC
500 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
Memphis.....WNBR
500 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.
Memphis....WREC—WOAN
500 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
Nashville.....WLAC
5000 w.—1470 kc.—204.0 m.
Nashville.....WSM
5000 w.—650 kc.—461.3 m.
Springfield.....WSIX
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Union City.....WOBT
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset

Texas

Abilene.....KFYO
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
250 w. until local sunset
Amarillo.....KGRS
1000 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
Amarillo.....WDAG
1000 W.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
Austin.....KUT
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
Beaumont.....KFDM
500 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
Brownsville.....KWWG
500 w.—1260 kc.—238.0 m.
Brownwood.....KGKB
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
College Station.....WTAW
500 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
Corpus Christi.....KGFI
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset
Dallas.....KRLD
10000 w.—1040 kc.—288.3 m.
Dallas.....WFAA
50000 w.—800 kc.—374.8 m.
Dallas.....WRR
500 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.
Dublin.....KFPL
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
El Paso.....KTSM
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
El Paso.....WDAH
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Fort Worth.....KFJZ
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Fort Worth.....KTAT
1000 w.—1240 kc.—241.8 m.
Forth Worth.....WBAP
50,000 w.—800 kc.—374.8 m.
(licensed at present for 10000 w.)
Galveston.....KFLX
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Galveston.....KFUL
500 w.—1290 kc.—232.4 m.
Greenville.....KFPM
15 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Harlingen.....KRGV
500 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.
Houston.....KPRC
1000 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.
2500 w. until local sunset
Houston.....KTLC
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Houston.....KTRH
500 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
Houston.....KXYZ
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
San Angelo.....KGKL
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
San Antonio.....KMAC
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
San Antonio.....KONO
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
San Antonio.....KTAP
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m
San Antonio.....KTSA
1000 w.—1290 kc.—232.4 m.
2000 w. until local sunset
San Antonio.....WOAI
50,000 w.—1190 kc.—252 m.
Waco.....WACO
1000 w.—1240 kc.—241.8 m.
Wichita Falls.....KGKO
250 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
500 w. until local sunset

Utah

Ogden.....KLO
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
Salt Lake City.....KDYL
1000 w.—1290 kc.—232.4 m.
Salt Lake City.....KSL
5000 w.—1130 kc.—265.3 m.

Vermont

Burlington.....WCAX
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
Rutland.....WSYB
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
Springfield.....WNBX
10 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
St. Albans.....WQDM
5 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
(C. P. to increase power to 100 w.)

Virginia

Alexandria.....WJSV
10,000 w.—1460 kc.—205.4 m.
Danville.....WBTM
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Emory.....WEHC
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset
Lynchburg.....WLVA
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Newport News.....WGH
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Norfolk.....WTAR—WPOR
500 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.
Petersburg.....WLBG
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset
Richmond.....WBBL
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Richmond.....WMBG
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Richmond.....WRVA
5000 w.—1110 kc.—270.1 m.
Roanoke.....WDBJ
250 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.
500 w. until local sunset
Roanoke.....WRBX
250 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.

Washington

Aberdeen.....KXRO
75 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
(C. P. to increase power to 100 w.)
Bellingham.....KVOS
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
Everett.....KFBL
50 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Lacey.....KGY
10 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
Pullman.....KWSC
1000 w.—1220 kc.—245.8 m.
2000 w. until local sunset
Seattle.....KFQW
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
Seattle.....KJR
5000 w.—970 kc.—309.1 m.
Seattle.....KOL
1000 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
Seattle.....KOMO
1000 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.
Seattle.....KPCB
100 w.—650 kc.—461.3 m.
Seattle.....KRSC
50 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
Seattle.....KTW
1000 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
Seattle.....KVI
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Seattle.....KXA
500 w.—570 kc.—526. m.
Spokane.....WFIO
100 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
Spokane.....KFPY
1000 w.—1340 kc.—223.7 m
Spokane.....KGA
5000 w.—1470 kc.—204 m.
Spokane.....KHQ
1000 w.—590 kc.—508.2 m.
2000 w. until local sunset
Tacoma.....KMO
500 w.—860 kc.—348.6 m.
Tacoma.....KVI
1000 w. 760 kc. -394.5 m
Walla Walla.....KUJ
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Wenatchee.....KPQ
50 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
Yakima.....KIT
50 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.

West Virginia

Bluefield.....WHIS
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
(C. P. to increase power to 250 w. and change frequency to 1410 kc.)
Charleston.....WOBU
250 w.—580 kc.—516.9 m.
Fairmont.....WMMN
250 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m
500 w. until local sunset
Huntington.....WSAZ
250 w.—580 kc.—516.9 m.
Wheeling.....WWVA
5000 w.—1160 kc.—258.5 m.

Wisconsin

Eau Claire.....WTAQ
1000 w.—1330 kc.—225.4 m.
Fond du Lac.....KFIZ
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
Green Bay.....WHBY
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
Janesville.....WCLO
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
La Crosse.....WKBH
1000 w.—1380 kc.—217.3 m.
Madison.....WHA
750 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
Madison.....WIBA
500 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.
Manitowoc.....WOMT
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Milwaukee.....WHAD
250 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
Milwaukee.....WISN
250 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
Milwaukee.....WTMJ
1000 w.—620 kc.—483.6 m.
2500 w. until local sunset
Poynette.....WIBU
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Racine.....WRJN
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Sheboygan.....WHBL
500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
South Madison.....WISJ
250 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.
500 w. until local sunset
Stevens Point.....WLBL
2000 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
Superior.....WEBC
1000 w.—1290 kc.—232.4 m.
2500 w. until local sunset

Wyoming

Casper.....KFDN
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.

The following list of Mexican, Cuban and Canadian stations has been corrected from the latest report of the Department of Commerce, Washington, D. C., Feb. 27, 1931.

Canada

CFAC-CNRC, Calgary, Alta.
500 w.—690 kc.—435 m.
CFBO.....St. John, N. B.
50 w.—890 kc.—337 m.
CFCA-CKOW Toronto, Ont.
500 w.—840 kc.—357 m.
CFCF.....Montreal, P. Q.
500 w.—1030 kc.—291 m.
CFCL-CKCL-CKNC
Toronto, Ont.
500 w.—580 kc.—517 m.
CFCH.....North Bay, Ont.
50 w.—1200 kc.—250 m.
CFCN.....Calgary, Alta.
500 w.—690 kc.—435 m.
CFCO.....Chatham, Ont.
100 w.—1210 kc.—248 m.
CKCR.....Waterloo, Ont.
50 w.—1010 kc.—297 m.
CFCT.....Victoria, B. C.
500 w.—630 kc.—476 m.
CFCY, Charlottetown, P. E. I.
250 w.—960 kc.—313 m.
CFJC..... Kamloops, B. C.
15 w.—1120 kc.—268 m.
CFLC.....Prescott, Ont.
50 w.—1010 kc.—297 m.
CFNB....Frederickton, N. B.
50 w.—1210 kc.—248 m
CFQC-CNRS, Saskatoon, Sask.
500 w.—910 kc. 330 m.
CFRB-CNRX, King, York Co. Ont.
4000 w.—960 kc.—313 m.
CRFC..... Kingston, Ont.
500 w.—930 kc. 323 m.
CHCK, Charlottetown, P. E. I.
50 w.—960 kc.—313 m.
CHCS.... Hamilton, Ont.
10 w.—880 kc. 341 m.
CHGS, Summerside, P. E. I.
100 w.—1120 kc. 268 m.
CHMA.. Edmonton, Alta.
250 w.—680 kc. 517 m.
CHML.....Hamilton, Ont.
50 w.—880 kc.—341 m.
CHRC.....Quebec, P. Q.
100 w.—880 kc.—341 m.
CHWC Prince Bruce, Sask.
500 w.—960 kc.—313 m.
CHWK.....Chilliwack, B. C.
50 w.—1210 kc.—248 m.
CHYC Montreal, P. Q.
5000 w.—730 kc.—411 m.
CJCA-CNRE, Edmonton, Alta.
500 w.—930 kc.—323 m.
CJCB Sydney, N. S.
50 w.—880 kc.—341 m.
CJCJ CHCA Calgary, Alta.
500 w.—690 kc.—435 m.
CJGC-CNRL London, Ont.
5000 w.—910 kc.—330 m.
CJGX Yorkton, Sask.
500 w.—630 kc.—476 m.
CJOC..... Lethbridge, Alta.
50 w.—1120 kc.—268 m.
CJOR..... Sea Island, B. C.
50 w.—1210 kc.—248 m.
CJRM Moose Jaw, Sask.
500 w.—600 kc.—500 m.
CJRW ....Prince Albert, Sask.
500 w.—600 kc.—500 m.
CJRX....Middlechurch, Man.
2000 w.—11,720 kc.—25.6 m.
CKAC-CHYC-CNRM
St. Hyacinth, Quebec
5000 w.—730 kc.—411 m.
CKCE-CHLS, Vancouver, B.C.
50 w.—730 kc.—411 m.
CKCI..... Quebec, P. Q.
2214 w.—880 kc.—341 m.
CKCK-CJBR-CNRR
Regina, Sask.
500 w.—960 kc.—313 m.
CKCL.....Toronto, Ont.
500 w.—580 kc.—517 m.
CKCO.....Ottawa, Ont.
100 w.—890 kc.—337 m.
CKCR.....Waterloo, Ont.
50 w.—1010 kc.—297 m.
CKCV-CNRQ Quebec, P. Q.
50 w.—880 kc.—341 m.
CKFC.....Vancouver, B. C.
50 w.—730 kc.—411 m.
CKIC.....Wolfeville, N. S.
50 w.—930 kc.—323 m.
CKGW - CJBC - CJSC - CPRY
Bowmanville, Ont.
5000 w.—910 kc.—330 m.
CKLC - CHCT - CNRD
Red Deer, Alberta
1000 w.—840 kc.—357 m.
CKMC.....Cobalt, Ont.
15 w.—1210 kc.—248 m.
CKMO.....Vancouver, B. C.
50 w.—730 kc.—411 m.
CKNC..... Toronto, Ont.
500 w.—580 kc.—517 m.
CKOC.....Hamilton, Ont.
30 w.—880 kc.—341 m.
CKPC.....Preston, Ont.
25 w.—1210 kc.—248 m.
CKPR.....Midland, Ont.
50 w.—930 kc.—323 m.
CKUA.....Edmonton, Alta.
500 w.—580 kc.—517 m.
CKX.....Brandon, Man.
500 w.—540 kc.—556 m.
CKY-CNRW, Winnipeg, Man.
5000 w.—780 kc.—385 m.
CNRA.....Moncton, N. B.
500 w.—630 kc.—476 m.
CNRH.....Halifax, N. S.
500 w.—930 kc.—323 m.
CNRO..... Ottawa, Ont.
500 w.—600 kc.—500 m.
CNRV.....Vancouver, B. C.
500 w.—1030 kc.—291 m.
10AE.. Bowmanville, Ont.
1199 kc.—250 m.
10BQ..... Brantford
1199 kc.—250 m.
10AK..... Stratford
1199 kc.—250 m.
10BP.....Wingham
1199 kc.—250 m.
10BC.... Caronport, Sask.
1199 kc.—250 m.
10CB... Liverpool
1199 kc.—250 m.
10AB Moose Jaw
1199 kc. 250 m.
10BI Prince Albert
1199 kc.—250 m.
10AY .....Kelowna
1109 kc.—250 m.

Cuba

CMAA Guantanamo
30 w. 1090 kc.—275 m.
CMAB.....Puerto del Rio
20 w.—1249 kc.—240 m.
CMBA... Habana
50 w.—1345 kc.—223 m.
CMBC Habana
150 w.—955 kc.—314 m.
CMBD. Habana
150 w.—955 kc.—314 m.
CMBF... Habana
75 w.—1345 kc.—223 m.
CMBG.. Habana
150 w.—1070 kc.—280 m.
CMBH.. Habana
30 w.—1500 kc.—200 m.
CMBI Habana
30 w.—1405 kc.—213 m.
CMBJ Habana
15 w.—1285 kc.—233 m.
CMBK Matanzas
15 w.—1405 kc.—213 m.
CMBL Habana
15 w.—1500 kc.—200 m.
CMBM Habana
15 w.—1285 kc.—233 m.
CMBN Cienfuegos
30 w.—1405 kc.—213 m.
CMBP..... Habana
15 w.—1500 kc.—200 m.
CMBR.. Arroyo Apolo
15 w.—1500 kc.—200 m.
CMBS Habana
150 w.—790 kc.—380 m.
CMBT... Cienfuegos
150 w.—1070 kc.—280 m.
CMBW.. Matanzas
150 w.—1010 kc.—297 m.
CMBX. Habana
30 w.—1405 kc.—213 m.

CMBY.....Havana
100 w.—1405 kc.—213 m.
CMBZ.....Havana
150 w.—1010 kc.—297 m.
CMC.....Havana
500 w.—845 kc.—355 m.
CMCA.....Havana
150 w.—1225 kc.—245 m.
CMCB.....Havana
150w.—1070 kc.—280 m.
CMCD.....Havana
15 w.—1345 kc.—223 m.
CMCF.....Havana
250 w.—900 kc.—333 m.
CMCG.....Guanabacoa
30 w.—1285 kc.—233 m.
CMCH.....Havana
15 w.—1275 kc.—233 m.
CMCJ.....Havana
250 w.—550 kc.—545 m.
CMCM.....Marianao
15 w.—1500 kc.—200 m.
CMCN.....Marianao
250 w.—1225 kc.—245 m.
CMCO.....Marianao
225 w.—660 kc.—454 m.
CMCQ.....Havana
600 w.—1150 kc.—260 m.
CMCR.....Havana
20 w.—1285 kc.—233 m.
CMCT.....Guanabacoa
5 w.—1500 kc.—200 m.
CMCX.....Marianao
250 w.—1010 kc.—297 m.
CMCY.....Havana
15 w.—1345 kc.—223 m.
CMGA.....Colon
100 w.—834 kc.—360 m.
CMGB.....Matanzas
7½ w.—1185 kc.—253 m.
CMGC.....Matanzas
30 w.—1063 kc.—282 m.
CMGD.....Matanzas
5 w.—1140 kc.—263 m.
CMGE.....Cardenas
30 w.—1375 kc.—218 m.
CMGF.....Matanzas
50 w.—977 kc.—307 m.

CMGH.....Matanzas
60 w.—1249 kc.—240 m.
CMGI.....Matanzas
30 w.—1094 kc.—274 m.
CMHA.....Cienfuegos
200 w.—1154 kc.—260 m.
CMHB.....Sagua la Grande
10 w.—1500 kc.—200 m.
CMHC.....Tuinucu
500 w.—791 kc.—379 m.
CMHD.....Caibarien
250 w.—926 kc.—325 m.
CMHE.....Santa Clara
20 w.—1429 kc.—210 m.
CMHH.....Cifuentas
10 w.—870 kc.—345 m.
CMHI.....Santa Clara
15 w.—1110 kc.—270 m.
CMHJ.....Cifuentas
40 w.—645 kc.—465 m.
CMJA.....Camaguey
10 w.—1332 kc.—225 m.
CMJC.....Camaguey
15 w.—1321 kc.—227 m.
CMJE.....Camaguey
5 w.—856 kc.—350 m.
CMK.....Havana
3000 w.—730 kc.—411 m.
CMKA.....Santiago de Cuba.
20 w.—1450 kc.—207 m.
CMKB.....Santiago de Cuba
15 w.—1200 kc.—250 m.
CMKC.....Santiago de Cuba
150 w.—1034 kc.—290 m.
CMKD.....Santiago de Cuba
20 w.—1100 kc.—272 m.
CMKE.....Santiago de Cuba
250 w.—1249 kc.—240 m.
CMKF.....Holguin
30 w.—1363 kc.—220 m.
CMKG.....Santiago de Cuba
30 w.—1176 kc.—255 m.
CMKH.....Santiago de Cuba
250 w.—1327 kc.—226 m.
CMQ.....Havana
250 w.—1150 kc.—261 m.

CMW.....Havana
700 w.—588 kc.—510 m.
CMX.....Havana
500 w.—900 kc.—333 m.

Mexico

XEA.....Guadalajara, Jal.
100 w.—1200 kc.—250 m.
XEB.....Mexico City
1000 w.—1030 kc.—291 m.
XEC.....Toluca
50 w.—1333 kc.—225 m.
XED.....Reynosa, Tamps
10,000 w.—960 kc.—312 m.
XEE.....Linares, N. L.
10 w.—1000 kc.—300 m.
XEF.....Oaxaca, Oax.
100 w.—1132 kc.—265 m.
XEFA.....Mexico City
250 w.—1250 kc.—240 m.
XEFE..Nuevo Laredo, Tamps
100 w.—980 kc.—306 m.
XEG.....Mexico City
2000 w.—910 kc.—330 m.
XEH.....Mexico City
100 w.—1132 kc.—265 m.
XEI.....Morelia
100 w.—1000 kc.—300 m.
XEJ.....C. Juarez, Chih.
100 w.—857 kc.—350 m.
XEK.....Mexico City
100 w.—990 kc.—303 m.
XEL.....Saltillo, Coah.
10 w.—1090 kc.—275 m.
XEM.....Tampico Tamps.
500 w.—841 kc.—357 m.
XEN.....Mexico City
1000 w.—719 kc.—417 m.
XEO.....Mexico City
5000 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
XEP...Nuevo Laredo, Tamps
200 w.—1500 kc.—200 m.
XEQ.....Ciudad Juarez, Chih.
1000 w.—750 kc.—400 m.

XER.....Mexico City
100 w.—674 kc.—445 m.
XES.....Tampico, Tamps.
500 w.—890 kc.—337 m.
XET.....Monterey, N. L.
1500 w.—630 kc.—476 m.
XETA.....Mexico City
500 w.—1140 kc.—263 m.
XETF.....Vera Cruz
500 w.—680 kc.—441 m.
XEU.....Vera Cruz, Ver.
100 w.—800 kc.—375 m.
XEV.....Puebla, Pue.
100 w.—1035 kc.—290 m.
XEW.....Mexico City
5000 w.—780 kc.—385 m.
XEX.....Mexico City
500 w.—1190 kc.—252 m.
XEY.....Merida, Yucatan
100 w.—547 kc.—549 m.
XEZ.....Mexico City
500 w.—588 kc.—510 m.
XETA.....Mexico City
500 w.
XFA.....Mexico City
50 w.—(n-21,429 kc.—0-14 m.)
(7,143-6,977 kc.—42-43 m.)
(600-500 kc.—500-600 m.)
XFC.....Aguacalientes
350 w.—804 kc.—323 m.
XFD.....Mexico City
50 w.—(9,091 kc.—33 m.)
(11,111 kc.—27 m.)
(6,667 kc.—45 m.)
XFE.....Villahermosa Tab.
350 w.—804 kc.—373 m.
XFF.....Chihuahua, Chih.
250 w.—923 kc.—325 m.
XFG.....Mexico City
2000 w.—638 kc.—470 m.
XFH.....Mexico City
250 w.
XFI.....Mexico City
1000 w.—818 kc.—367 m.
XFZ.....Mexico City
500 w.—860 kc.—349 m.

Television Stations

Channel 2000 to 2100 kc.
W3XK.....Wheaten, Md.
5000 w.
W2XBU.....Beacon, N. Y.
100 w.
W2XCD.....Passaic, N. J.
5000 w.
W9XAC.....Chicago, Ill.
500 w.
W2XAP....Jersey City, N. J.
250 w.
W2XCR.....Jersey City, N. J.
5000 w.
Channel 2100 to 2200 kc.
W3XAD.....Camden, N. J.
500 w.
W2XBS.....New York, N. Y.
5000 w.
W3XAK...Bound Brook, N. J.
5000 w.
W8XAV.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
20,000 w.
W2XCW...Schenectady, N. Y.
20,000 w.
W9XAP.....Chicago, Ill.
1000 w.
Channel 2750 to 2850 kc.
W2XBC.....L. I. City, L. I.
500 w.
W9XAA.....Chicago, Ill.
1000 w.
W9XC....W. LaFayette, Ind.
1500 w.
Channel 2850 to 2950 kc.
W1XAV.....Boston, Mass.
500 w.
W2XR.Long Island City, L. I.
500 w.
W9XR.....Chicago, Ill.
5000 w.
W9XAO.....Chicago, Ill.
1000 w.

The Rise of Carol Deis

(Continued from page 20)

found, produced the best results.

Her teacher was confident she would win. Her voice was sure and dependable now. To hear her was to sense, as she had seen that gracefully circling plane years ago, a lifting exaltation into the ethereal blue.

Soon came the first of the elimination contests. Singing from behind a screen directly to the judges Carol Deis won the Dayton contest with ease. At WAIU in Columbus, the state capital, it was the same story with the Radio audience participating in judging the merits. She felt slightly nervous as she progressed to the broader district elimination at WGN, Chicago. But she was soon advised that she had qualified to represent the Mid-west in the New York finals.

With other district winners she enjoyed a visit to the White House in Washington. Even there it seemed she was picked as a winner, for one of the columnists remarked: "Were this a beauty contest there would be no doubt about the Dayton girl."

What a broad world—and after all how much alike were humans wherever you find them. The young woman from Dayton was beginning to shed her self-consciousness. She welcomed the day for the greatest test of her life—her last chance to win an Atwater Kent prize.

The *Bell Song!*

Clearly, distinctly she remembered Galli-Curci on that eventful day. She prayed to be a Galli-Curci just for an hour. And, perhaps, her prayer was answered.

Madame Schumann-Heink was stirred to the depths of her soul. She had done it, she had done it—this unknown youngster from a Dayton law office, a stenographer, not only had presumed to choose the *Bell Song* for such an occasion but she had gone ahead and sung it—marvelously, thrillingly. Brave, enduring Schumann-Heink paced the floor striving to contain herself while the other judges were making up their minds. At that it was the quickest decision in the four year history of these annual contests. All were unanimous for the Carol Deis. It was all settled in fifteen minutes.

These were incidents I recalled as I sat and chatted with the girl who had dreamed and wondered if two years of high school would be the end of her higher education. I had read of the great reception tendered to her on her return to Dayton; how the newspapers had commented: "her intonation of the aria, which makes most exacting demands upon the voice, was limpid and flawless . . . Miss Deis sang 'E' above high 'C' with the same sureness and clarity characteristic of her notes in the lower register."

Accepting her check for $5,000 and choosing Curtis Institute at Philadelphia, she began her studies last January. Voice, piano, languages, dramatic art and opera are a few of the subjects included. She has a three year contract with the NBC Artist Bureau and will receive $500 every time she sings. This summer she goes to Europe to study under the French and Italian maestros.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,
of RADIO DIGEST, published monthly at New York, N. Y. for April 1, 1931. State of New York, County of New York, ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Raymond Bill, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of the RADIO DIGEST and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher—RADIO DIGEST PUBLISHING CORP., 420 Lexington Avenue, New York; Editor—Raymond Bill, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York; Managing Editor—Harold P. Brown, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York; Business Manager—Lee Robinson, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Radio Digest Publishing Corp., Edward Lyman Bill, Inc., Raymond Bill, Edward L. Bill, C. L. Bill, Randolph Brown, J. B. Spillane, B. Titman, and Chas. R. Tighe all located at 420 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is. ..... (This information is required from daily publications only.)
Raymond Bill, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 27th day of March, 1931. Wm. A. Low, Notary Public, N. Y. Co., No. 473. Reg. No. 11,337. Commission expires March 30, 1931. [Seal].

The Countess and Her Stars

(*Continued from page 54*)

has Neptune trine Mercury, trine Mars and that means a very active mind, ready to delve into any subject, no matter how mysterious or difficult. Saturn in Aquarius gives her balance and profundity. There's a square between Saturn and Mars which is responsible for her ability to read people, analyze them.

Leo people (that's what the astrologers call persons born in that sign) are often extravagant and impatient, but the Countess doesn't possess the latter fault. She has infinite patience to accomplish anything she sets out to do, but she is very fond of luxury and beautiful things and it will be difficult for her at times to say "no" when she's tempted to spend more than she should. From the outlook, however, she'll probably be able to have anything her little heart desires, for Leo people just naturally attract wealth, position and fame, and she is now coming into some of the best aspects she has ever experienced. The good influences will surround her all through 1931 and 1932 and if she should make up her mind to "go west" there is no better time than now.

Betty McGee Broadcasts

(*Continued from page 69*)

organist of WHK, and a few of the interesting things her recent programs have brought her. The Saturday midnight program is an all request hour. From six P.M. till the end of her program, letters, telegrams, and phone calls pour in keeping the office staff busy. Miss Wyant's programs are all memory work and she rarely carries any music with her. Listeners delight in trying to stump the versatile Helen and, when they fail, as they most usually do, their answers are unique. An odd note from Novia Scotia, a five dollar gold piece from a fan she never knew—Helen calls it her "believe it or not" piece.

* * *

NOW enters the Radio woman's hour director who never is heard on the air. She is Mary Kyle of station WLW who has just taken over the duties of Sally Fisher who left the Crosley station to be married. Miss Kyle is a director of the Crosley Homemakers in every sense of the word. She plans all the programs WLW broadcasts for women, engaging experts to talk on specialized subjects and arranging entertainment features for women. Instead of spending much of her time before the microphone, she delegates the broadcasting to people selected because of their voice appeal.

WALLY COLBATH, graduate of Northwestern in the class of 1930, the "Lilacs" of Harold Teen, WGN feature, is one of the nation's outstanding divers. He was on the Olympic team in 1928 and was former national intercollegiate diving champion . . . He often hurries into the studios in the Drake Hotel with his hair still wet from diving at the Lake Shore Athletic or Medina Athletic Club.

Chinning with the Chain Gang

(*Continued from page 63*)

When Lula Vollmer brought her into the play she was supposed to be the villainess, but fans refused to hiss her and sent applause cards instead.

* * *

ALWAYS be on your best behavior and enunciate clearly in restaurants, even when your mouth is full of soda crackers, for the man at the next table may be a Radio manager in search of new talent.

Six men were singing in harmony in a Rochester restaurant one night . . . a Ford salesman, a school-teacher, a banker, two insurance agents and a realtor. William Fay, manager of WHAM and Jack Lee, the station's ace announcer, heard 'em and signed 'em on the dotted line for the Barbasol Barber Shop Ballads, now on the Columbia system. Their names are George Doescher, Robert Woerner, Ted Voellnagel, Jim Carson, Earl Remington and George Culp, and they take their broadcasting as a side line to their regular occupations.

Radio Theater Columnist



Douglas Brinkley is the magnet who attracts theater celebrities . . . actors, authors and producers . . . to WGBS Wednesday nights for his "Theater Going" column of the air.



Learn RADIO, TELEVISION, TALKING PICTURES

Don't spend your life slaving away in some dull, hopeless job! Don't be satisfied to work for a mere $20 or $30 a week. Let me show you how to make REAL MONEY in RADIO—THE FASTEST-GROWING, BIGGEST MONEY-MAKING GAME ON EARTH!

Jobs Leading to Salaries of $60 a Week and Up

Jobs as Designer, Inspector and Tester, paying $3,000 to $10,000 a year—as Radio Salesman and in Service and Installation work, at $45 to $100 a week—as Operator or Manager of a Broadcasting Station, at $1,800 to $5,000 a year—as Wireless Operator on a Ship or Airplane, as a Talking Picture or Sound Expert — HUNDREDS of Opportunities for fascinating BIG PAY Jobs!

Without Books *or* Lessons in 10 Weeks

By Actual Work *in* Great Coyne Shops

Coyne is NOT a Correspondence school. We don't teach you from books or lessons. We train you on the greatest outlay of Radio, Broadcasting, Television, Talking Picture and Code Practice equipment in any school. You don't need advanced education or previous experience. We give you right here at Coyne—all the actual practice and experience you'll need. And because we cut out all useless theory, you graduate as a Practical Radio Expert in 10 weeks.

TELEVISION

Talking Pictures

And Television is already here! Soon there'll be a demand for THOUSANDS OF TELEVISION EXPERTS! The man who gets in on the ground-floor of Television can make a FORTUNE in this new field. Learn Television at COYNE on the very latest Television equipment! Big demand in TALKING PICTURES and SOUND REPRODUCTION! Hundreds of good jobs for WIRELESS OPERATORS! Learn ALL branches of Radio at Coyne—the one school that has been training men for 32 years.

Earn as You Learn

You get FREE EMPLOYMENT HELP FOR LIFE! And if you need part-time work while at school to help pay expenses, we'll gladly help you get it. Coyne Training is tested—proven beyond all doubt. You can find out everything absolutely free. Just Mail Coupon for MY BIG FREE BOOK!

H. C. LEWIS, President
Radio Division, COYNE ELECTRICAL SCHOOL
500 S. Paulina St., Dept. 51-9H, Chicago, Ill.

Send me your Big Free Radio Book and all details of your Special Introductory Offer. This does not obligate me in any way.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... *State*.....



Sometimes WE *are surprised*

BUT we try not to show it... This time a husband said his wife was arriving in 10 minutes, and could we help him arrange a surprise dinner party for her? Here was a list of 12 guests ... would we telephone them and "fix things up" while he dashed to meet his wife at the station? There were 14 at that dinner ... and his wife *was* really surprised!

It's our belief that a hotel should do *more* than have large, airy rooms, comfortable beds, spacious closets. Beyond that, we daily try to meet the surprise situation *(without surprise)*, no matter what the guest wants.

Extra service at these 25

UNITED HOTELS

NEW YORK CITY'S *only United* ....The Roosevelt
PHILADELPHIA, PA. ..... The Benjamin Franklin
SEATTLE, WASH. ..... The Olympic
WORCESTER, MASS. ..... The Bancroft
NEWARK, N. J. ..... The Robert Treat
PATERSON, N. J. ..... The Alexander Hamilton
TRENTON, N. J. ..... The Stacy-Trent
HARRISBURG, PA. ..... The Penn-Harris
ALBANY, N. Y. ..... The Ten Eyck
SYRACUSE, N. Y. ..... The Onondaga
ROCHESTER, N. Y. ..... The Seneca
NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y. ..... The Niagara
ERIE, PA. ..... The Lawrence
AKRON, OHIO ..... The Portage
FLINT, MICH. ..... The Durant
KANSAS CITY, MO. ..... The President
TUCSON, ARIZ. ..... El Conquistador
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. ..... The St. Francis
SHREVEPORT, LA. ..... The Washington-Youree
NEW ORLEANS, LA. ..... The Roosevelt
NEW ORLEANS, LA. ..... The Bienville
TORONTO, ONT. ..... The King Edward
NIAGARA FALLS, ONT. ..... The Clifton
WINDSOR, ONT. ..... The Prince Edward
KINGSTON, JAMAICA, B.W.I. .. The Constant Spring

UNITED HOTELS

Gabalogue

(Continued from page 45)

matter whom you hear before or after you are certain to remember her . . . especially if she sings "Kiss Me Again". * * * Fritzi Scheff will ever remain in the heart and memory of her public as a great artist, a great woman, and a credit to the theatre. * * *

And now here's a lady I neither have to *introduce* nor *welcome* to Radio. * * * She saw it first. * * * Miss Vaughn de Leath. * * * Vaughn de Leath was the first American woman to broadcast. * * * An Italian opera singer radioed a song for Marconi in 1920 and shortly after that, Vaughn took the air and has been on it ever since. * * *

Miss de Leath has a further distinction. * * * She is the originator of the crooning type of singing now so popular. * * * She tells me that crooning was born of necessity. * * * In those days the microphone wasn't so perfectly adjusted to the human voice as it is now. * * * Delicate and costly tubes in the transmitting panel were often shattered by a soprano's high note. * * *

So Miss de Leath sang with a *new* note to save tubes. * * * It was a throaty modulation, well within the mike's range. * * * The result was most happy. * * * The tubes liked the new style of singing . . . and so did the public. * * * And that's where we women beat the men to at least one field. * * *

This mike-made queen even looks the part. * * * Vaughn de Leath is tall, handsome and majestic. * * * (Has dark hair and eyes and, I might add, above the average size.) * * * She was born in Mt. Pulaski, Ill., and her father was a manufacturer of windmills. * * * So she naturally accepts the benefits of the air as her rightful heritage, whether they come through a wind-mill or a mike. * * *

Diamond Horseshoe

(Continued from page 10)

ironed out, hark to this bit of prestidigitation.

On at least one occasion when the Metropolitan is on tour it has been found necessary to make arrangements for bundling Mr. Pelletier and the artist of the evening into a fast "ship" at an airport for the long jump to New York. A quick airplane hop was the one and only way out of the difficulty—but it went further than that.

It was equally necessary to rush them back to the air field once the Simmons Program was concluded at the Columbia studios and to shoot them away through the night to rejoin fellow artists and there go on with their parts with the sang-froid that might be expected had they merely taken time out for a nap.

In other instances, when the distance of the company from New York was not so great, fast trains have been found to meet requirements of the time element.

In the case of Sigrid Onegin, for instance, the only one of the artists so far "booked" who is not at this time connected with opera, she found that her coast-to-coast tour concluded on the very day of the broadcast. It was a case of rush on to New York. Then, the program over, she blithely sailed away to Europe the very next day to fill another series of concert engagements.

But hark—all is not gold that glitters, and the confines of full dress do not always lend themselves to that freedom of the thoracic pipes which an opera star desires when he is about to give way to those rich and sonorous tones which have made name and voice famous.

Radio is Radio, be the man of the moment a world-renowned opera singer or a song plugger from Tin Pan Alley. And so it was at the premiere of the Simmons program, when the artist to whom was given the honor of inaugurating the series, Beniamino Gigli, got down to business.

There was a flutter of lorgnettes and laces, a coughing into coats—in fact a general and audible gasp and a moment's awful silence.

Gigli with no ado was shedding coat and waistcoat, dress collar and tie, and loosening the neckband of his shirt!

And so, though the diamond horseshoe of the Metropolitan may move to the broadcasting studios—and there is every indication that the process is under way—Radio stays Radio and sticks by its own conventions and quixoticies—informal though they be. The tiaras and trappings of the one will have to assimilate the shirtsleeves of the other.

And that's that!

Classical Music

(Continued from page 71)

manly boys playing violin, viola, cello, flute, oboe, bassoon and all the rest of them. What is more, these young people played well. They were having a marvelous and happy time; and their playing showed it.

Well, what is true of other instruments is true also of the piano. As the eminent amateurs who are helping in the NBC piano broadcasts on Tuesdays and Saturdays are showing, any intelligent person who cares to take a little trouble can learn to produce a tune with its accompaniment from the piano keyboard; and to read simple music. After that much has been accomplished . . . why, there are plenty of piano teachers! The piano is, after all, the finest of all musical instruments, because it alone can reproduce both harmony and melody. May a million of grown-ups take this new fad to their hearts and become piano strummers. There is no better fun to be had, and no finer occupation for spare hours. Get this started and there will be less complaint about home and its dullness. There will be less craving for morbid excitement, less jazz madness, less discontent, less unhappiness.

Popular Announcer



A. L. Alexander of WMCA.

SINCE Radio is a comparatively new field, most of the popular announcers started out in life to be something quite different, but not many have studied for the ministry! That is just one of the claims to distinction of WMCA's popular chief announcer and studio director.

The stage, newspaper work and social service are some of the other things "Alec" has tried his hand at since he left his home town, Boston. He's been with the New York station, however, since 1927, where his abilities at spot newscasting, sports reporting and the entertaining use of words have been recognized. He gets prodigious quantities of fan mail.

Yes, American Women Are Happy

(*Continued from page 22*)

upon anyone for a livelihood, she can afford to postpone marriage until a man comes along who measures up to her standards. And if when she marries him, she finds she has made a mistake, she does not have to endure punishment for the rest of her life. She can divorce him and try again.

"I recently met an American friend who had just procured a divorce from her husband. 'Just think,' she said, her eyes sparkling, 'I can have another chance! Isn't that just too marvelous? It makes me feel that life is worth living again.'

"There is little sentiment about European marriages. They are arranged primarily for economic reasons. The relationship may last longer than the American one does, but it has no flavor or beauty to it. Naturally men look outside of marriage for love and the wife has to condone extramarital relationships. I cannot see how such a state of affairs makes a woman happy.

"Because a *dot* is necessary in a European marriage, it means that parents have to work themselves gray and gaunt in order to save the money for it. For that reason they cannot afford to travel or to have any luxuries. Every spare dollar must be put away for the *dot*. When you further realize that the European woman has none of the labor-saving devices to help her in her work, you can see what a grind life is for her. By the time her children are married, she is too worn and spent to start to lead a life of her own.

"But in this country one finds the older woman as active as ever. Because she has kept abreast with the trend of the times and has not let her mind stagnate, and because she continues to exercise and diet so that she retains her health, the joys of life are still hers."

Mr. Hamilton next took up Miss Loos' statement that European husbands and wives have a closer companionship than do the American husbands and wives.

"It is true that the American man devotes more time to busines ," he said, "and the wife has many interests which are not shared by her husband. But I believe that when husbands and wives are together too much, they are apt to become bored and fed up with each other. Before long they are seeking love affairs to relieve the monotony of their marriage. Perhaps that is one reason," twinkled Mr. Hamilton, "why the European husband has so many adventures.

"I find that when the American husband and wife are together, there is a splendid comradeship between them. The wife can readily discuss any topic with her husband, whether it is politics, finance or prize fighting. She has an intelligent understanding of his problems and knows what he has to cope with in the business world. On Sundays and holidays they take the car and go to the country or seashore or to the golf links.

"However, if, as Miss Loos claims, American women are not satisfied with their men, and there is disharmony between the sexes, you must realize that the women have advanced so far that today they would not be satisfied with any man. The hand kissing and the flowery effusions of the European man which the American woman likes, would soon pall on her, and the circumscribed life which he would demand of her, would make her miserable. As it is, when an American girl marries a foreigner, she generally gets a divorce in a few years.

"But I do agree with Miss Loos in this," smiled the famous author. "If women are not satisfied with their relationship with men, they have it in their power to change the men. Let the women start right now with their sons to make them the kind of men they would like them to be!"

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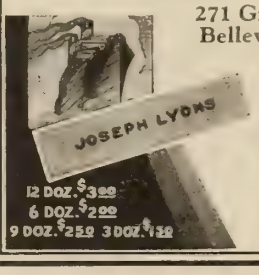
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Stand By for Morocco

(*Continued from page 17*)

from an overall input of 2 kilowatts. The large valves are specially mounted to avoid vibration. There is a studio with two microphones, one for announcements and discourses, the other for items of music. Items are also relayed from other stations. The huge multicone loud speakers have a wide range—in certain circumstances up to six miles.

Listeners to Algiers broadcasting are already familiar with the concerts of Arab music given every week—music so simple and at the same time so complex, with its piercing and alluring melancholy. But perhaps they have never seen skilled Arab musicians. In the wireless studio at Algiers native broadcasters rarely wear their long and flowing robes: they prefer a dinner jacket, and usually keep their heads covered with their red chechia or fez. It seems to give them real pleasure to sing and play before the microphone, broadcasting their love songs or the cradle songs sung by their mothers. Many natives in Algiers have wireless sets and gramophones in their homes (usually obtained on the hire purchase system), for music and visits to the cinema are welcome reliefs from their monotonous toil in the vineyards and factories of North Africa.

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Tuneful Topics

(*Continued from page 48*)

with it is, that aside from being a popular dancing craze in England, the song is in a very odd rhythm, namely that of 3/2 time. And yet it may be danced by the average couple without their realizing that the tempo is intrinsically odd.

The exhibition dance which various feature dancers do with the composition itself, is quite an unusual one, being quite barbaric and sensuous in nature, though like all savage dances the savage does not intend the dance to be immoral.

We were privileged at the Villa Vallée, on a Saturday evening after the broadcast of the song, to witness an exhibition by two of America's foremost dancers, Miss Dorothy Cropper and Mr. Fred Le Quorne, who gave us a beautiful ballroom exhibition, all by themselves, of this London craze. They executed it beautifully and were rewarded by a round of applause.

Although I have not heard the song broadcast much on the air, I understand that there has been considerable demand by dance orchestras for the orchestrations of the composition, and there should be—it is a fine, rhythmical bit of work.

The verse tells how the dance came to pass—that old King Chaka, realizing that his subjects needed music to keep them dancing and happy, evolved the Moochi dance, which makes them slaves to rhythm, but happy in their slavery. I always enjoy doing the composition, as it is away from the monotonous trend of some of the rhythmical compositions of our own American writers.

We play it quite briskly. Try to hear it when we do it on the Fleischmann Hour.

King Paul

(*Continued page 32*)

song, *Rhapsody in Blue*, and others in the new and delightful vein.

A moving picture does not convey the real Whiteman. In a picture, he is on show. In his various press photos he is made to look comical. He makes you laugh. But seen in person he makes you gasp a little at his realness, you notice him because he has the force of long used power in his two plump hands. He has the modesty of true nobility. He has the mental strength of a giant. Generations from now a music teacher will be saying, "That, my dear, is the *Rhapsody in Blue*. It belongs to the age of Whiteman, sometimes known as the jazz age."

And, in closing, let me say but one more thing. It is more than noticeable that the crown of fame has not turned the dignified head of Paul Whiteman, nor has it blinded his sight from the road to the goal he has in reality long since attained. He is undoubtedly the world's orchestra leader, but when you talk to him, he seems to be plain John Jones, our neighbor.

Sigmund Spaeth

(*Continued from page 7*)

favor. He made it a feature of the "studio parties" at Chickering Hall, New York, also broadcast by WOR, introducing many a celebrated musician of the day in an informal, chatty fashion which seemed to make a great hit with the listeners as well as the artists.

The first long distance broadcast of an athletic event also went to the credit of Sigmund Spaeth. He had written much on sports for the New York *Times* and the old Evening *Mail,* and when station WGBS (which he had helped to open with an all-star program) arranged with the Daily *News* to broadcast the Stanford-Notre Dame football game with the help of a direct wire from Pasadena, the Spaeth type of announcing seemed a logical choice.

It was quite a feat, as it turned out. Dr. Spaeth sat in a little room in Gimbel's New York store and was handed from time to time a few telegraphic lines such as "Miller gains three yards around right end." This material he had to dramatize and turn into a vivid story for all the eastern football fans. Of course, he was familiar with the work of both teams (he had seen the famous Four Horsemen play against the Army) and he knew football well enough to talk it in his sleep. Fortunately, also, it was a very exciting game, with Leyden twice intercepting forward passes for touchdowns, and Notre Dame once taking the ball on downs six inches from the goal line, against the line plunging of the great Ernie Nevers, and finally winning by a small margin. Spaeth was on the air for nearly three hours continuously, for he had to talk even through the long intermission between halves, summing up, recapitulating, and making wise comments on plays which he later proved to have guessed quite correctly. People still talk about that broadcast.

Among the thousands of letters and telegrams that came to our office at the time was one from Roxy, who had been sick in bed that afternoon and listened to the entire game. He said later that it was his one and only fan letter, and emphasized his admiration by writing the introduction to one of Dr. Spaeth's books, *Words and Music.*

John McCormack still later sent us a letter from Japan, written by an American who had heard the Irish tenor and the Irish football victory on the same New Year's Day. It happened to be McCormack's first appearance on the air.

Another sport broadcast in the Spaeth record was that of the fifteen round fight between the present middleweight champion, Mickey Walker, and the late Harry Greb. At one stage in the proceedings there was a delay of over twenty minutes, which had to be "stalled" somehow. Dr. Spaeth had used up all the ringside celebrities, the description of the crowd and other bits of color. Finally, he turned in desperation to the current rumor that Greb did his training to a musical accompaniment, and enlarged on this topic till the fighters appeared.

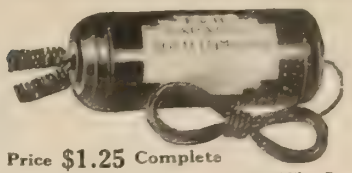
"I told you so", said one of his friends, listening in. "I would have been willing to bet that old Sig wouldn't let the evening go by without some reference to *The Common Sense of Music."* (That was the name of his first popular book.)

There are many other details of pioneer Radio days that linger in the memory, but they cannot all be included here. One of Dr. Spaeth's books, *Read 'Em and Weep, The Songs You Forgot to Remember,* started the craze for old ballads on the air and has been used by every studio in the country. His own programs of old songs are still popular and have been widely imitated.

He was one of the earliest broadcasters at KDKA, Pittsburgh, to be heard in England on the short wave-length. In Chicago he was selected by the *News* to entertain the Radio audience while waiting for Lloyd George to start his speech at the stockyards.

Meanwhile Sigmund Spaeth was doing a tremendous amount of general lecturing and writing, appearing in successful Movietones, composing and arranging music and an occasional lyric, such as the theme song of the Colman-Banky "Magic Flame" and "Down South" in "Show Boat", which also appeared as the musical signature of the Maxwell Coffee Hour. For the past two years he has been almost completely absorbed by the exacting and difficult work of creating musical audiences throughout the east under the Community Concert Plan. But he finds time to direct and act as Master of Ceremonies for the Happy Wonder Bakers' Hour on NBC each Tuesday night; so when old Sig Spaeth decides to tune up his vocal chords and takes a fling at the ether-waves, his struggling secretary simply makes the best of it and starts right in to sort the fan mail.

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Television

(*Continued from page 81*)

ing and closing of their wings proved delightful to watch.

One of the first demonstrations of television in a theatre was given by Doctor Alexanderson of the General Electric Company in the Proctor Theatre in Schenectady. Through the use of a high intensity arc light it was possible for Dr. Alexanderson to throw the television images on a large screen some six by seven feet in dimension.

This demonstration is of special interest because the television receiver utilized a new method of varying the intensity of the light. In the ordinary receiver the light itself is varied in brilliancy in accordance with the picture. In Alexanderson's receiver the light intensity was constant but the amount of light striking the screen of the receiver was varied by means of a special light cell developed by Karolus. The use of the Karolus cell made it possible to use a high intensity arc light and in this manner obtain very brilliant images. At various times during the past few years the General Electric Company has given television demonstrations, most of them using the ordinary type of transmitter and receivers.

Demonstrations of television have also been given by other companies and by various broadcasting stations and at present there are a number of television stations transmitting regular programs Many companies have also assigned some of their best engineers to research in television. Practically all of the large electrical and Radio manufacturing companies have staffs of research engineers devoting most of their time and thought to this intriguing subject. In addition, in Boston we have the Short Wave and Television Corporation, in New Jersey, the Jenkins Television Corporation, in Chicago, the Western Television Corporation and Farnsworth in California

Everyday television broadcasts in America received their greatest impetus from Chicago. Incentive was furnished when Eastern experimenters withheld demonstrations shown in Madison Square Garden from the Chicago Radio Show in 1929. Whereupon WMAQ of the Chicago Daily *News* installed its own television demonstration. The first television "commercial" program was broadcast by this newspaper station in 1930. Stations WIBO and WCFL in Chicago also broadcast regular television programs during the past year

To see some of the better demonstrations of television is to realize that the work of the modern engineers and the tools of modern science have changed television from a dream, a vision, to a

reality. With proper apparatus it is now possible to transmit and receive what can justly be called high quality pictures. The apparatus required is expensive, but commercial television as an adjunct of the telephone is probably not far in the future. But as we study all of these demonstrations we find that the advance of television has largely been due to an improvement in detail, an improvement in technique, rather than to changes in methods. The best and most recent demonstrations use fundamentally the same system used in the earliest demonstrations. Now, if the methods we are using are sound, we are on the right track in improving detail and simplifying operation; but out of all this work we cannot help but hope that some new and better method will evolve.

Television for the home? That is another problem. Scientists who have devoted thought to the subject would agree, we believe, that we must go somewhat further in experimental laboratory work before television can be brought to the public in a large way. To the world at large, perhaps, pep and a hearty laugh are the attributes of the stock promoter, a fish-tail handshake, absent-mindedness, and a narrow viewpoint the attributes of the scientific outlook. Such views must, however, be held only by those who have never been on the inside, for the scientist gets as much joy out of looking through a spectrobolometer as does a baseball fan when he catches the ball that Babe Ruth knocks into the stands. They merely get their joy in different ways. The scientist knows the importance of television and is only too anxious to bring it to practical realization. That's the biggest thrill a scientist can get, for science does not ask man to live in an empty world. Science is not a hod carrier but a torch bearer.

Do you want to get into television? Then for the time being you will have to be satisfied with small pictures of comparatively poor detail. Thousands of experimenters get pleasure from present day television reception. Can you? Or do you have to see the previously mentioned Babe Ruth knock a homer to get a thrill?

Radiographs

(*Continued from page 59*)

And all the time in the fields of literature and philosophy, he was snatching at beauty; he was writing poetry himself. Magazines that have accepted his poems are *The New Republic, The Nation, The American Caravan, This Quarter,* and *The Herald Tribune Sunday Magazine.*

About four years ago he happened to drop in at a Radio studio. In those pioneer days programs had a habit of going wrong at the last minute. On the particular day that David Ross happened to be there, there came a sudden gap that had to be filled. To fill it, David Ross offered to give a dramatic reading. So well did he do it that he was put on Columbia's staff as a regular announcer.

Among the programs that he now conducts are *Coral Islanders; Arabesque; True Story; Russian Village,* and *Around the Samovar.*

Georgia Backus

"GORGEOUS GEORGIA," they call Georgia Backus up at Columbia. The day I saw her she was sitting in her very plain, businesslike little office up on the nineteenth floor of the Columbia building. She had on a simple black and white jersey suit. But even so, there was about her that same exotic quality that one sees in pictures à la harem. She would come under that special list of people whom I classify as having "purple in their souls", and I can't define it any more than that.

Tall, slender, slightly curling light brown hair brushed off her face, nice smile, nice teeth, nice eyes—she gives the impression of having been places and done things.

She has had an interesting background. She comes of a theatrical family. Her early life was the roaming life of stage folk on the road. Schooling had to be sandwiched in between tours. She got in a year at Smith College. She also went to Ohio State University.

It was only natural that she should go on the stage. Through the training school of stock she graduated to Broadway. *East Side, West Side; In the Next Room; The Shanghai Gesture,* are some of the plays she has worked in.

Incidentally it was while playing stock in Schenectady that she had her first chance at Radio. But she scorned it. What, go into Radio, she, Georgia Backus, who was going to be the great American actress!

But somehow, as happens in stage life, the great American actress found herself without a job. Temporarily she turned to writing. She wrote special aviation stories, fiction, publicity, anything.

"I always turned to writing for immediate funds. But I never intended to make it a permanent thing. I didn't want to write. I made up my mind I wouldn't write. And that's a good joke on me, isn't it?"

It is; for if there's one thing Georgia Backus does up at Columbia it is write. One of the company's continuity people, she writes original programs, edits others that are not original, does any little odd job that happens to come along. For eight weeks she was in charge of Columbia's experimental hour, in which new forms of Radio writing were tried out. One of the forms tried was the "aside", the showing of a character's thoughts—the thing Eugene O'Neill did on the stage in *Strange Interlude.* Another experiment was called *Split Seconds,* and gave a dying man's impressions of his whole life. Again an attempt was made to carry drama to a certain point with words, and then let music tell the rest.

One conclusion she has reached from her experimental work is that Radio is not yet ready for exceptional writing. It sounds like heresy, but what she means is that Radio with its appeal only to the ear, and often an inattentive ear, cannot as yet put over the subtleties of fine writing.

Miss Backus directs and acts as well as writes. As has been said before, she is in *Arabesque.* She is Aphrodite Godiva in the *Nit Wit* program. But writing is her forte. And not alone for the Radio. She has a play that she has been working on for four years and which will probably see Broadway very soon.

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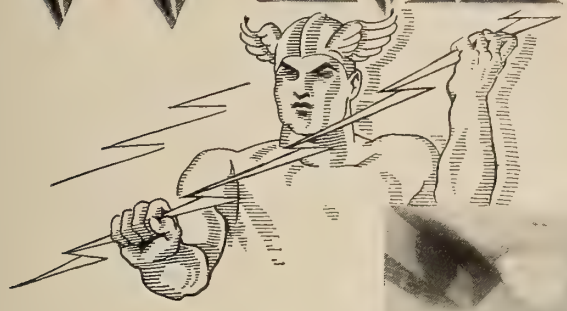
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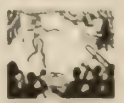


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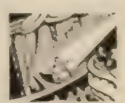
Bowery Mission



Night Clubs



Banquets



Theatres



Sports

BROADCASTING · IN · THE · NEW YORK · MANNER

Commander of the Smiling Army

(*Continued from page 53*)

ous to know how he got the idea. In the front line trenches, one day during a lull in the fighting, Doc and his comrades heard music coming from the German lines, and not to be outdone Doc decided to give the "Jerries" some music too. Thus the Canadian "Tin Can Band" came into being, comprised of biscuit tins and dish pans for rhythm, and harmonicas and tin-whistles for melody. That band grew in popularity until it became a permanent part of the army's musical division.

Hesitantly I asked Doc how he lost his arm. He smiled, and said, "It was during the second battle of Ypres, I took charge of a company whose Commander had been killed—six out of 168 survived—and while directing rifle fire into the oncharging enemy, a machine-gun got me—five bullets in the left wing—a dizziness—sweet distant music—a pleasing sensation of floating in the air—then the next thing I remember was hearing guttural voices that grew louder and louder. I couldn't talk and I had a horrible fear that they might bury me alive. Finally my voice came back enough to let them know they weren't to bury me—that I was alive. I was taken later to a Convent in Rouliers, Belgium, where my arm was amputated by a German doctor, and where, for a few weeks, I was nursed by Belgian Sisters of Mercy. Then I was sent into Germany to the prison camps."

Doc's sojourn of five months in the prison camp was climaxed by an exciting experience which took him and a Scotch comrade into Holland. They feigned insanity so that they might be included in a group of prisoners booked for exchange, and from which, so they had been told, all non-commissioned and commissioned officers would be barred. Their scheme discovered by the German doctors, they were told by an attendant that they would be returned to the prison camps. That night five prisoners made a break for it, Doc and his Scotch friend taking one road, the other three taking the road furthest from the guard house—Doc and his friend made it—the other three were not so fortunate.

Being greatly handicapped by wounds, Doc was forced to lay under a bridge all night and the next day while the whole country-side, soldiers and civilians, combed the fields and hedges for him. A little dog came sniffing under the bridge and gave a growl—a bark would have cost Doc's life—but Doc put out a friendly hand and the dog went to him. As Doc said, "The hardest thing I had to do during the war was to hold that little innocent puppy under the water while I drowned him—but you see, it was either he or I."

In recognition of Sergeant Wells' valiant service, and because he could no longer serve at the front, having been severely wounded, gassed and shell-shocked, the Canadian Government appointed him Official Lecturer. He toured the United States and Canada with the official war film, "Canada's Fighting Forces". Later when America entered the World War, he was engaged by Red Cross and Liberty Loan committees to give a series of lectures throughout this country, during which tour he was accredited with the sale of more than $8,000,000 in Liberty Bonds.

Recently one of the members of his "Smiling Army of the Air", a French war hero, presented his treasured and hard won Croix de Guerre, which contains sixteen citations, to Sergeant Wells, saying "I wish to decorate the 'Smiling Army' for bravery in this great battle of life, even as regiments were decorated for bravery on the battlefield." He added, "My friend, you who have the courage to keep smiling in this hard old life, are far braver than I, even in deeds of valor on the field of battle."

"Why do I broadcast smiles?" said Doc. "Because I've seen so much suffering, both on the battlefield and in everyday life. Many times I've been in great need of a cheery word or a friendly smile. As a stranger, hungry and friendless in a big city, those smiles were not forthcoming, and many times I've wandered off by myself, and tried to tell myself that 'The easiest way out' was the best. Yes, I know the feeling of happiness that a bright cheery smile or a cheery word of encouragement brings, and I want to give freely of mine as I walk my path along the highway of life.

"Then again, it would seem that during that brief lapse of unconsciousness, caused by the pains from my many wounds, that I had stood on the threshhold of eternity, and in that brief space of time, I had seen many smiling faces—it may have been, of course, the mere fancy of a fevered brain—nevertheless, I—well, I somehow want to 'hold that picture'—hence my concluding words in my broadcast—KEEP SMILING!

"The thing that makes me happiest of all, is to broadcast smiles to my buddies in the veterans' hospitals—to any, in fact, who are ill and to receive their grateful letters of thanks.

"Sometimes I stay up all night answering each and every letter personally, on my own typewriter. All the letters I receive are wonderful, each one a document of great human interest."

Doc has a great number of anonymous contributors to his popular broadcast, including "The Hill Philosopher", "The Old Eagle"—"The Vagabond Trooper", "The Little House on the Hill", "Bosco" and "Sergeant Bea".

As a Past Department Commander of the Disabled American Veterans of the World War, and a Life Honorary Member of The Veterans of Foreign Wars of The United States, "Doc" rates high in Veteran circles on the Pacific Coast.

* * *

PARKER WHEATLEY, program director of KYW, is the youngest to hold that title at a major station in Chicago. Parker started announcing at WFBM, Indianapolis, while still attending Butler University. In odd moments between preparing term papers and exams he dashed off Radio announcements. When school days were over he came to Chicago and got a job at KYW.

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Friend Husband

(*Continued from page 11*)

oysters were sent to Graham when he was away one time, and the last thing he said before he left was, "Now, dear, when the oysters come treat 'em right." So for three days and three nights (and two or three times a night) I gave them fresh water, put ice in the tub, and fed them their corn meal. And I didn't lose an oyster.

One of Graham's hobbies is sprinkling the pent house porch and flowers. He used to borrow the neighbor's hose—where have I heard of that being done before—and have a grand time. So one day I bought him a hose for a present. I think it was the next evening that the superintendent of our building telephoned to say: "Mrs. McNamee, please ask your maid to be more careful. The people on the street are getting all wet." Well, it happened the maid was standing near me as I was talking. So I had my suspicions. And I was right. There on the roof, twenty floors above Broadway, was Mr. Graham McNamee very calmly and very deliberately aiming the hose not at the porch, not at the flowers, but at the sidewalk below. He explained that it was very difficult to estimate the rapidity at which people were walking, to take accurate aim, and then considering the velocity of the wind, hit the target.

Before I stop I want to tell you just one thing more. From the minute Graham comes in the house until he leaves, the Radio is turned on. I might say, one of the five sets we have is turned on. I guess he's just like the mail man who always takes a long walk on his day off.

Broadcastor Oil

(*Continued from page 27*)

where in the vicinity of the point, the thing that is really holding Radio back is the taxicab business. What with traffic and careless driving, a Radio artist (or a performer, as in my case) can't get to the studio in time to stage an argument with the production director before going on the air. You see the crux of the situation lies with the taxicab drivers. Ah, my friends, they are the crux! The solution is to have the production director meet the artist (or performer, as in my case) at his or her home so that they can come to the studio in the same taxicab and have the argument finished by the time they enter the studio.

In summing up I might say that it's all very poignant (pronounced pwanyant). Now there's a word. I got it from Ted Jewett, my personal announcer. We use each other's words because we both take about the same size. His are a little broader in the vowels, but I make them do. You have to watch announcers though. They take words from you when you're not looking. I used the word zestful two years ago while speaking of eating noodle soup, and would you believe it they've been using that word ever since to describe Brahms' Hungarian Dances. And the joke is really on them because I really said zestful by mistake. What I meant to say was vest full. When eating noodle soup you have to lean over the plate or you'll get a vest full.

My next program incidentally will be put up in a cellophane wrapper and the opening signature will be more legible to encourage forgery. I shall insist that my sponsors shall have plenty of maps on the walls of the sales department because I have a deep seated passion for sticking bright-colored pins in wall-maps that has never been fully indulged.

My present sponsors have their offices in Chicago and keep all their maps there, and if you've ever tried standing in New York and sticking pins in maps that are located in Chicago you know what a pet one can get into. If my present sponsor and I ever get a divorce, I shall not sign up with any advertiser until after many meetings of the board of directors in conference with representatives of the advertising agency. It's well to have these things understood. And do you know what will happen after all these conferences? The prospective advertiser will conceive the brilliant idea of putting on a new and startling original idea, to wit, a dance orchestra with a singer.

So then I'll look for still another new sponsor.

Jest for Fun

(*Continued from page 51*)

the girls. But I have a system that works pretty well. If you happen to meet someone that you are in doubt about, you tell it a story about a traveling salesman and if you get a slap in the face—you know it's a boy.

"The women of today are just like the men; they drink, smoke, gamble—why I was out with a girl the other night to dinner and when I asked her if she would like some corn—she passed her glass.

"But I know a girl that I'm going to fall in love with—some time after Christmas. She is a wonderful girl—and beautiful too. Miss America. In fact, she looks like several of our moving picture stars. She was taken twice for Greta Garbo and once for grand larceny. And she has those Gloria Swanson eyes and those Clara Bow-legs; she's really lovely. And speaking of eyes, she has one of the most beautiful eyes I have ever seen. I was up to her house the other night and her father threw my hat out the window. I wouldn't have minded so much, only I had it on."

That hat must have been a straw that didn't show which way the wind blows, because Richy Craig, Jr., as Radio's newest wit, is finding his way back to the audience he won in his trouping days. As he would put it himself, he is making his mark, even if it is an easy mark.



Encouraged by $100

"Perhaps you will be interested to learn that I have succeeded in selling a short story to 'War Birds,' aviation magazine, for which I received a check for $100. The story is the best I have attempted. As the 70% was paid for at higher than the regular rates, I certainly felt encouraged."

DARRELL JORDAN,
Box 277, Friendship, N. Y.

How do *you* KNOW *you can't* WRITE?

Have you ever tried?

Have you ever attempted even the least bit of training, under competent guidance?

Or have you been sitting back, as it is so easy to do, waiting for the day to come some time when you will awaken, all of a sudden, to the discovery, "I *am* a writer"?

If the latter course is the one of your choosing, you probably *never will write.* Lawyers must be law clerks. Doctors must be internes. Engineers must be draftsmen. We all know that, in our times, the egg does come before the chicken.

It is seldom that anyone becomes a writer until he (or she) has been writing for some time. That is why so many authors and writers spring up out of the newspaper business. The day-to-day necessity of writing—of gathering material about which to write—develops their talent, their insight, their background and their confidence as nothing else could.

That is why the Newspaper Institute of America bases its writing instruction on journalism—continuous writing—the training that has produced so many successful authors.

Learn to write by writing

NEWSPAPER Institute training is based on the New York Copy-Desk Method. It starts and keeps you writing in your own home, on your own time. Week by week you receive actual assignments, just as if you were right at work on a great metropolitan daily. Your writing is **individually** corrected and constructively criticized. A group of men with 182 years of newspaper experience behind them are responsible for this instruction. Under such sympathetic guidance, you will find that (instead of vainly trying to copy some one else's writing tricks) you are rapidly developing your own distinctive, self-flavored style—undergoing an experience that has a thrill to it and which at the same time develops in you the power to make your feelings articulate.

Many people who **should** be writing become awe-struck by fabulous stories about millionaire authors and therefore give little thought to the $25, $50 and $100 or more that can often be earned for material that takes little time to write—stories, articles on business, fads, travels, sports, recipes, etc.—things that can easily be **turned out in leisure hours, and often on the impulse of the moment.**

How you start

We have prepared a unique Writing Aptitude Test. This tells you whether you possess the fundamental qualities necessary to successful writing: acute observation, dramatic instinct, creative imagination, etc. You'll enjoy taking this test. The coupon will bring it, without obligation. Newspaper Institute of America, 1776 Broadway, New York.

Newspaper Institute of America
1776 Broadway, New York

Send me your free **Writing Aptitude Test** and further information on writing for profit as promised in Radio Digest May.

Mr.
Mrs.
Miss } .....

Address .....

(All correspondence confidential. No salesman will call on you.) 96L-81

Why don't you write?

SOLD OUT!

"The only way I can make sure of my RADIO DIGEST is to camp at the stand until it is delivered there," writes an enthusiastic Ohio fan.

But she is mistaken. There is another way. She can subscribe for a year in advance, and every copy will be mailed to her home as soon as it comes from the press. That's the *surest* way.

Special Summer Suggestion

$1.00

If you are moving about you may not be able to get your current copies of RADIO DIGEST. However, you can remedy this by sending $1 for the Vacation Numbers of RADIO DIGEST. Four issues—June, July, August and September, sent postpaid anywhere in the United States for $1. Put One Dollar with your name and address in an envelope and mail it to RADIO DIGEST, *420 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.*

Your subscription will begin at once. For 12 issues, one year's subscription, send $3.

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NEW YORK, N. Y.

Please enter my subscription for RADIO DIGEST for:—

Four months (special summer offer)
☐ $1.00 {June, July / Aug., Sept.

One year subscription starting with
☐ $3.00—issue of.....

Enclosed find check or money order

Name.....

Street.....

City, State.....

The Play's the Thing

(*Continued from page 23*)

that are not built around an idea.

"When I add the next necessity, that a play must have 'Radio adaptability'," Mr. Radcliffe says, "I eliminate most plays at once. The only way to tell whether a drama will or will not be suited to Radio, is experience. It has taken me a year to find out what a Radio play is. The best way I can describe it, is to say, that one thing it must have is concentration in its scenes. It must have a gripping struggle between two people to make good ether material. 'Michael and His Lost Angel', which we did in the Guild, is ideal in this respect. The scene between Michael and the woman he loves never went over so well on the stage, but in Radio it was perfect. 'L'Aiglon' we found not so good; there were too many characters and they were too dispersed."

Mr. Radcliffe adds, that when he says a play must have Radio adaptability, he means that its structure must be so compact that you can shorten it, you can write in scenes, and the play will still be there. The ether director says you must be able to reduce the idea of the play to three or four sentences or it isn't a good Radio play anyway.

Mr. Radcliffe feels that Shakespeare's plays are ideal for Radio. They have all the qualifications,—highly dramatic content, great ideas and issues, proven worth, a well known author and a perfect structure.

A third point of view is expressed by another man, a most attractive young man with an instinct for the theatre, who chooses most of the Radio dramas you hear over the Columbia chain and writes many of them himself. I refer to the gentlemen who has sometimes been called the Ronald Colman of the air—Don Clark, Continuity Chief.

Don tells me that he thinks suspense and situation are more important in our theatre of the air than with its legitimate sister, because on the ether, we have no lights, no costumes, no gestures nor sets to help create the glamour—little else, in fact, but just suspense. And moreover, Mr. Clark believes that the success or failure of a Radio drama depends largely on the reality of its characters. We cannot have artificial characters on the air,—they show up like a bad complexion in the sun. Mr. Clark likes the surprise-ending in a Radio script. He says in this sense O. Henry would have been the ideal Radio dramatist.

Stories about romantic royalty and deposed noblemen are good material for microphonic dramas, according to Don, as are fairy tales and the fields of psychology and mythology. He prefers the half hour period to the hour.

Joe Bell (Joseph, to you!), who is responsible for your favorite Radio play "Sherlock Holmes", tells me that the prime necessity in this field is an author who understands dialogue, who makes it human, intelligent, and of such nature as to make the story progress."

For dramatic contrast, let us present NBC's Continuity Editor, Burke Boyce, who tells me, that "Radio dramas must have a good story. Just smartly written dialogue won't do. We must have conflict", Mr. Boyce says.

The only thing about which all of these men are in perfect agreement is that the scripts that pour in from east and west, not to mention north and south, are on the whole utterly useless.

Now you've heard the views from Olympus, write me what you consider a good Radio drama, won't you?



BIG 3 FT. TELESCOPE Five Sections, Brass bound Powerful Lenses. 10 mile range. Special Eye Piece for looking at the Sun, included FREE. Can be used as a Microscope. Guaranteed. Big value. Postpaid $1.75, C. O. D. 15c extra. **BENNER & COMPANY, T 72, Trenton, N. J.**

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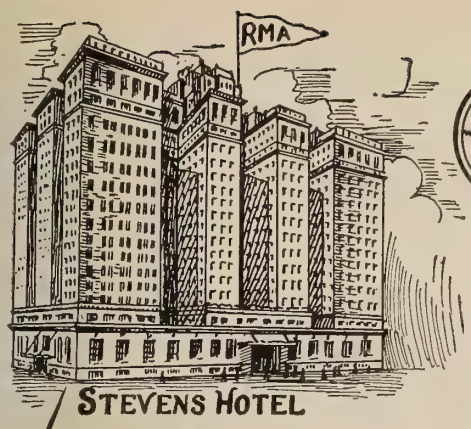
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FREE Radio Log and Map, with 3 Radio Station Stamps, 10c. Chas. Phildius, 510 East 120 St., New York, N. Y.

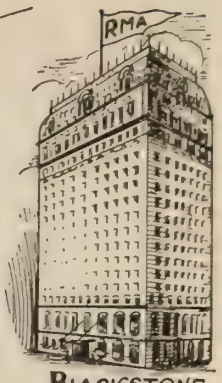


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BLACKSTONE HOTEL

RMA *Trade Show*

AND 7TH ANNUAL RMA CONVENTION

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JUNE 8 *to* 12 *th*

RADIO MANUFACTURERS ASSOCIATION RMA

EVERYBODY WILL BE THERE

Every branch of the radio industry will be at Chicago during the week of June 8th. This will be the largest gathering and biggest annual event of the industry.

Thirty thousand (30,000) square feet of radio exhibits in Grand Ball Room and Exhibition Hall of Stevens Hotel.

ADMISSION TO THE TRADE ONLY. NO VACANT BOOTHS—ALL EXHIBITORS REQUIRED TO SHOW CURRENT MERCHANDISE. The newest and latest receiving set models and accessories will be displayed and demonstrated at the show and in hotel demonstration rooms, for the trade to see what the manufacturers offer for the coming season.

25,000 radio manufacturers, jobbers and dealers expected to attend.

Reduced railroad rates—special trains.

Official hotels—Stevens Hotel (headquarters), Blackstone, Congress and Auditorium Hotels, all within short walking distance on Michigan Avenue.

INDUSTRIES AND EXHIBITIONS

Radio industries, June 8-12—RMA, National Federation of Radio Associations and Radio Wholesalers Association.

Music Industry Convention and Show—June 15-17.

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Annual national "Furniture Mart" with 25,000 furniture buyers, jobbers, dealers and manufacturers—June 1-15.



CONGRESS HOTEL

Entertainment galore for visitors—Make a trip to Chicago for business and vacation combined.

Apply now direct to hotels for room reservations.

Invitation credentials for the trade show will be mailed to the trade about May 1st.



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Gentlemen: Please send me your FREE book which tells about your laboratory method of radio instruction at home.

Name .....

Address .....

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Occupation .....

Caught in the Act

(*Continued from page 30*)

by Commissioner Roche himself, who always plays his own rôle. He's quite an actor, for in his youth the commissioner played juvenile parts in Broadway shows, and many years in police fields have not dimmed his histrionic talents.

Commissioner Roche explained the purpose of these broadcasts and the nightly police reports to our correspondents.

"Many mothers have called to thank us for broadcasting information that has opened their eyes to a dangerous thing their children have been doing. We have located stolen cars, missing persons, reunited relatives who have been separated for years."

Automobile accident prevention is another side of the Buffalo broadcasts. Police announcers will occasionally intersperse their remarks with rhymes:

"Grandpa in a speedy car,
Pushed the throttle down too far
Twinkle, twinkle little star
Music by the G.A.R."

"He thought his car would never skid
He left behind a wife and kid."

Many "missing" persons have been found through broadcasting. Even mules have been recovered through Radio broadcasting! In the little township of State Hill, near Harrisburg, Pa., George Miller sought his two mules, Jimmie and Jennie, gone astray.

He broadcast his forgiveness to the erring ones and begged them to return home through "The Voice of Pennsylvania," WBAK, the state police station at Harrisburg. Sure enough, Jennie and Jimmie heard the summons and returned (or perhaps some farmer found two strange mules hanging around his feed bins and sent them home).

Of course, such cases are docketed as minor ones on the records of the Pennsylvania State Police, with their five stations on the air. Michigan, too is another progressive state which utilizes Radio to keep its state police cruisers in touch with every criminal incident in the remotest rural districts.

At the East Lansing, Mich., barracks, broadcasts are made to eighty receivers in sheriffs' offices, municipal police departments, state police detachments and the cruising Radio cars as well. Where it formerly took a telephone operator two hours to call all the offices and make reports, instantaneous information is now broadcast.

What a deterrent it would prove to desperate criminals if the other forty-six states would follow Pennsylvania and Michigan's splendid example! In the meantime, not waiting for state action, city officials and bands of business men are meeting every day to curb crime, and deciding to employ Radio to keep their urban precincts free.

In New York at the moment, a general shake-up and clean-up process is being gone through in police and other departments. But perhaps when reforms are made, consideration will be given to the efficient method of tracking criminals by Radio cruisers. Meanwhile, Inspector Donovan, the department's spokesman to the press, states, "The good old-fashioned patrol box system is still in force here and we feel it is better than the Radio system, which we have tried out. We do have a police broadcasting station, but it is used only for broadcasting orders to harbor patrol and fire boats."

Pioneer in the field west of Chicago has been the small city of Tulare, California, with but 7,000 population. Since December 1929 its police department has been on the air, under the supervision of Chief of Police John R. MacDonald. This small city has two Radio cruisers on duty each night, and since their inception, only one burglary of major importance has been committed in Tulare. This despite the almost daily reports of bank holdups, burglaries, and safe-blowings coming from surrounding valley towns.

SO REPORTS from all over the country show what the Radio police systems are doing to prevent crime and capture criminals. And a glimpse into the crystal ball of the future envisions the further extension of Radio patrols to air police cruisers. The Western Electric Company has perfected a receiver for airplanes, and in a test demonstration in New York City air patrol planes showed the feasibility of this method of patrol.

Looking ahead, we can imagine a cold-blooded murder in a remote section of the country, miles from any cruising car. A receiver off the hook will warn the telephone operator of some mishap . . . a quick call to police Radio headquarters is made and the operator tells her suspicion. "Airplane Cruiser No. 8, watch for suspicious fleeing cars on lonely country roads!" is the broadcast.

The aviator-policeman arrives in the vicinity in a few moments, sees a car burning up the road, and by telephone-Radio tells headquarters. Headquarters answers, "Follow car and report progress. We are dispatching Radio cruisers to intercepting road." In the meantime, all unsuspicious of its aerial watcher, the crime car speeds on . . . to be caught by a combination of auto and airplane tracking. A vision of the future, perhaps, but it is feasible, and who knows, we may see it not too many years hence.

The author wishes to express her appreciation for co-operation in gathering material to RADIO DIGEST *correspondents Betty McGee in Chicago, Robert K. Doran in Buffalo, B. G. Clare in Detroit and Dr. Ralph L. Power in the West.*

The Most Glorious Lip-Color You Ever Used!



To every type of beauty, Phantom Red Lipstick brings that crowning, artful touch that allures and captivates. For Phantom Red matches the warm, healthy glow of nature—imparting to lips a soft, smooth brilliance as invitingly luscious as sun-ripened cherries. A sweet reason why men gather around, as bees to honey—a good reason why girl rivals frown and pout.

Discovered and perfected by beauty-chemists, Phantom Red is healing, lasting, waterproof. No less famous is the Phantom Red Rouge Compact, twin in color to the lipstick and another popular Carlyle product.

End your hopeful search for ideal lip-color. It is yours if you'll clip and mail the coupon below without delay. The coupon with 10c brings you a vanity size Phantom Red Lipstick and make-up guide by return mail. An additional 10c brings the dainty model Phantom Red Rouge Compact. Address Carlyle Laboratories, Inc., 67 Fifth Avenue, New York.

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LIPSTICK



Phantom Red Rouge Compact (universal shade) price 75c

Phantom Red Lipstick is presented in a smart, modern, red and black enamel case, $1.00; Junior size, 50c.



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Enclosed is 10c for which please send me Phantom Red Lipstick . . . or 20c for both Lipstick and Phantom Red Vanity Size Compact. 259

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Sunshine Mellows Heat Purifies



The advice of your physician is: Keep out of doors, in the open air, breathe deeply; take plenty of exercise in the mellow sunshine, and have a periodic check-up on the health of your body.

LUCKIES are always kind to your throat

Everyone knows that sunshine mellows — that's why the "TOASTING" process includes the use of the Ultra Violet Rays. LUCKY STRIKE — made of the finest tobaccos — the Cream of the Crop — THEN — "IT'S TOASTED" — an extra, secret heating process. Harsh irritants present in all raw tobaccos are expelled by "TOASTING." These irritants are sold to others. They are not present in your LUCKY STRIKE. No wonder LUCKIES are always kind to your throat.

TUNE IN— The Lucky Strike Dance Orchestra, every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evening over N. B. C. networks.

"It's toasted"

Your Throat Protection—against irritation—against cough

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Radio Digest

JUNE, 1931 25 Cents



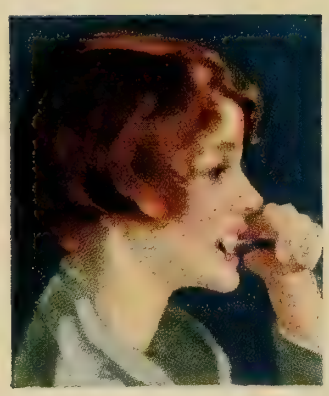
MARY HOPPLE NBC N. Y.

Helen Keller's Radio Adventure

FALSE TEETH ARE A GREAT INVENTION *BUT*
KEEP YOUR OWN AS LONG AS YOU CAN



Humanity has good reason to fear *pyorrhea*



MANY people are self-conscious and uncomfortable today with false teeth who might have been spared the loss of their own.

Pyorrhea, which comes to four people out of every five who pass the age of forty, can rob you of your teeth and break down your very health if permitted to go unchecked. The first symptoms are tender gums that bleed easily when brushed. As it progresses, it makes gums soft and spongy until teeth often loosen in their sockets and either fall out or must be extracted.

But don't wait for these symptoms. Many people have the beginnings of pyorrhea in their mouths for ten years before outward signs appear. To be safe, see your dentist at least twice a year and brush your teeth twice daily with Forhan's.

The formula of a pyorrhea specialist

In your own home your teeth are your own responsibility. It is up to you to give them the finest care possible.

Forhan's was created by R. J. Forhan, D.D.S., who for 26 years specialized in the treatment of pyorrhea.

It is unique in that it contains the benefits of an ethical preparation developed by Dr. Forhan, which thousands of dentists use in the treatment of pyorrhea.

Don't gamble with pyorrhea

Start using Forhan's today. You can make no finer investment in the health of your mouth and the safety of your teeth.

False teeth are a great invention, but keep your own as long as you can. Forhan Company, Inc., New York; Forhan's Ltd., Montreal.

NOW ON THE AIR!

New Forhan program—featuring Evangeline Adams, world-famous astrologer—every Monday and Wednesday at 7.30 P.M. Eastern Daylight Saving Time—Columbia network.



Forhan's

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

False teeth often follow pyorrhea, which comes to four people out of five past the age of 40

FOLLOW MY STARS OF YOUTH TO A ★ ★ Clearer, softer skin

Frances Ingram herself tells how to keep the skin lovely at its 6 vital places

"YOU are just as young and attractive, or just as old, as your skin looks," I told a charming woman who recently came to consult me. "Keep your skin immaculately clean... Keep it youthful at my six stars... And *you* are youthfully lovely."

Then I explained to her my method with Milkweed Cream.

"To cleanse the skin, spread my Milkweed Cream generously over your face and neck. Let it remain for several minutes, to allow the delicate oils to penetrate deeply into the pores, and then remove every vestige of it with soft linen.

"Now—apply a fresh film of the Milkweed Cream. With outward and upward strokes pat it into the skin at the six points starred on my mannequin.

"There are special *toning* ingredients in this Milkweed Cream. These penetrate the cleansed pores and defend the skin against blemishes and aging lines and leave it clear, soft and lovely."

* * *

This charming woman came back to see me, a day or two ago. Her skin looked *marvelously* clear and soft and fresh! She looked at least five years younger—and said she felt it!

* * *

I have recommended my Milkweed Cream and my method to so many women, and I have *seen* their skin grow fresh, clear, young. Won't *you* follow my six stars to a clearer, softer, younger skin?

If you have any special questions to ask about skin care, write for a copy of my booklet, "Why Only A Healthy Skin Can Stay Young." Or tune in on my radio hour, "Through The Looking Glass With Frances Ingram," Tuesdays, 10:15 A. M., E. S. T., over WJZ and Associated Stations.





STUDY MY MANNEQUIN AND HER "STARS" TO KNOW WHY

"Only a healthy skin can stay young"

1 THE FOREHEAD — *To guard against lines and wrinkles here, apply Milkweed Cream, stroking with fingertips, outward from the center of your brow.*

2 THE EYES—*If you would avoid aging crow's feet, smooth Ingram's about the eyes, stroke with a feather touch outward, beneath eyes and over eyelids.*

3 THE MOUTH — *Drooping lines are easily defeated by filming the fingertips with my cream and sliding them upward over the mouth and then outward toward the ears, starting at the middle of the chin.*

4 THE THROAT — *To keep your throat from flabbiness, cover with a film of Milkweed and smooth gently downward, ending with rotary movement at base of neck.*

5 THE NECK — *To prevent a sagging chin and a lined neck, stroke with fingertips covered with Milkweed from middle of chin toward the ears and patting firmly all along the jaw contours.*

6 THE SHOULDERS — *To have shoulders that are blemish-free and firmly smooth, cleanse with Milkweed Cream and massage with palm of hand in rotary motion.*

INGRAM'S Milkweed Cream

Frances Ingram, Dept. R-110
108 Washington St., N. Y. C.

Please send me your free booklet, "Why Only a Healthy Skin Can Stay Young," which tells in complete detail how to care for the skin and to guard the six vital spots of youth.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ *State* _____

JUN -2 1931

THE NATIONAL BROADCAST AUTHORITY

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Radio Digest

Charles R. Tighe *Associate Editor*

Nellie Revell, *Associate Editor*

Including RADIO REVUE and RADIO BROADCAST

Raymond Bill, *Editor*



DOROTHY STONE . . . is still the clever daughter of Fred Stone but if papa doesn't watch out he may soon be known as the "Father of that adorable Dorothy Stone"! Both the big networks have sent her voice on coastwise air waves lately as guest artist.

June, 1931

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MARY HOPPLE . . . She's the Covergirl this month, and don't you like that fan. Biggest thrill for her was when Schumann Heink heard her sing as a youngster and prophesied that Mary would succeed. She has—have you heard her on the Armstrong Quaker Hour Friday nights at NBC?



DOROTHY DEE . . . Dot's in a triangle—not the three-sided love figure, but in a three-cornered job at KTM in Los Angeles. She's Official Organist, Music Librarian and Member of Symphony Orchestra. Her eyes are black (not blacked) and so's her hair.

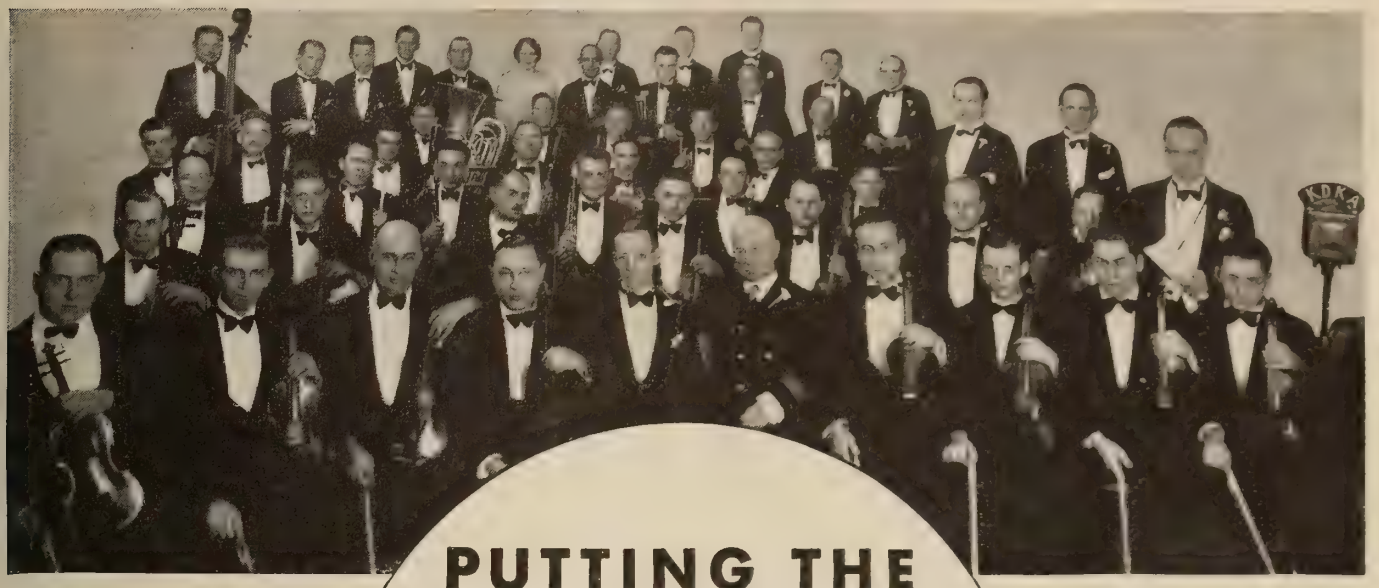


KATE SMITH . . . NBC had her first but neglected to sign her on the dotted line, so CBS grabbed her for twice-a-week appearances. She's new to Radio but has been in vaudeville and musicomedy ever since sweet sixteen, which isn't so very, very long.

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Coming *and* Going

Observations on Events and Incidents in the Broadcasts of the Month

LADIES and gentlemen of the Radio audience, the meeting will now come to order. The chair recognizes Mr. I. I. Ego, the ancient sage and philosopher who has tucked his long gray beard beneath his vest and is now anxious to address you. Mr. Ego.

"I arise, Mr. Chairman, to make a nomination. But first let me explain. We have heard through the air and by the public prints that certain well known broadcasters are considering whether or not they will be forced into the publishing business. Well, and what's to hinder? Why not, instead of going into paper and ink, publish a great magazine of the air by broadcast? Issue 180 pages, each page a minute long, each second an agate line, during the period from 8 to 11 p. m. Organize this great book into fact articles, fiction, art, editorial, columns, humor, cartoons, comic strips. Design a well balanced format and follow that structure through every night. Dramatize all the prose. Let music serve for illustrative art. Advertising would be placed with "space" rated by minutes, or seconds. The advertiser would not have to worry about talent—that would be the editor's job. But he could negotiate for 'preferred position'. The listener would set his dial at 8 o'clock and be sure of a well diversified program from 'cover to cover'. He would avoid tiresome repetitions of the same tunes and disorderly or incongruous advertising. It would all be arranged by a master mind editor. And I arise, Mr. Chairman, to nominate Mr. Floyd Gibbons as editor-in-chief of this great magazine of the air."

You have heard the nomination of Mr. Gibbons as editor-in-chief of the proposed magazine of the air. Do I hear a second to the nomination?

Listeners who are interested in Father Ego's proposal may write to the editor, either seconding the nomination of Mr. Gibbons the highpowered headline hunter; or offering other nominations.

* * *

THE next point of business at this meeting concerns your health. Are you one of the 4,000,000 members of the Tower Health League? Or do you take your *getting*-up exercises from some other tower of strength? It would be interesting if our committee on vital statistics could tell us just how many thousands of citizens are alive and active today because of their morning exercises through Radio direction. Who can tell just how effective that extra ounce of strength may have been in throwing off a cold or infection that might have resulted fatally? The Metropolitan Life Insurance is back of the Tower of Health League. While you live, if you are insured there, you pay them. When you die they do the paying. It's good business for them to keep you alive and well. And that's quite satisfactory to you of course. They have put this matter of keeping you fit in the hands of Mr. Arthur E. Bagley who is physical director to the 4,000,000 members of the Tower of Health League. He has been putting them through their paces for six years now. And it's a real story. You will see it in July RADIO DIGEST.



* * *

WHICH reminds us at this point we had expected to have a most interesting article in this issue by Mr. Merlin H. Aylesworth. As some of the original conditions mentioned in the article were changed since it was finished it had to go back for his revision. We hope to have it back in time for you to read in your July issue.

* * *

IT'S all so blamed intangible, boys. First you think it's one thing and then it's something else that makes you feel that way about Her. When it's love why it's awful, of course. But it isn't always necessarily love. How are you going to define it? There she is and you don't know whether to worship like an abandoned idiot or kick yourself down stairs. Her eyes? Her hair? Her exquisite symmetry? Her manner? Her voice, or the magic of Her smile? Don't believe even Old Man Ego could tell you what it is. But She has a word for it. And that word is CHARM. No mere man could possibly get very far with the question, "What is the secret of Charm?" But give the assignment to our Miss Lillian Genn and she will go right to the most charming women in the world and talk to them in the language they all understand. So we are going to discover what she found out about the *Secret of Charm* from personal interviews with Miss Grace Moore, Miss Irene Bordoni, Miss Mary Pickford and Miss Ruth St. Dennis. It's promised for your July RADIO DIGEST.



* * *

PETER DIXON, who knows all about Radio writing has written a book called *Radio Writing*. It seems to be the first book of the kind in the field. Book reviewers have given it the highest praise. Writers, ambitious to understand the technique of writing for Radio production, will find Mr. Dixon's *Radio Writing* invaluable . . . Raymond Warren, author of the *Prairie President,* has completed a sequel to the first series which will be published in book form. This life story of Abraham Lincoln heard over WLS, Chicago, is said to be one of the most popular dramatic historical subjects ever presented by an independent station . . . We are in receipt of an autographed copy of *Bread and Love* by Betty Ross who has had many exciting adventures abroad. She has been heard on various networks . . . Our own Peggy Hull is just finishing a book of her adventures. She has been correspondent in nine wars since the Pancho Villa disturbance in Mexico. Just now she is all excited about reporting the "air attack" on New York for NBC. She has been assigned to the top of the Empire State building for observation.

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Morton Downey

"PE-E-E-E-NUTS? Pe-e-e-e-nuts?" Ah, you smile. But have a care, do not despise the humble little peanut vendor in the uniform of a train news butcher. He may turn out to be another Morton Downey who once carried a basket on his arm through a swaying train. Read about him on the opposite page

Riding the Crest with

Morton Downey

Columbia Star Meets the Breaks, Good and Bad, with a Stout Heart and Surges Forward from Obscurity to Popularity, Fame and Fortune

By

GRENVILLE RICHARDS

JUST an ingenuous kid!

There—in the fewest possible words—is he of the silvery larynx, Morton Downey.

As if there were not enough color and variety and drama packed into his mere twenty-nine years already, Radio comes along when by all signs his value as an entertainer in this country is completely "washed up" and lifts him high to the dizziest peaks of popularity.

Did I say ingenuous?

That little word covers a multitude of sins, traits and varied qualities, and means far more than mere artlessness. For instance, I am rather sure that somewhere you will find that it is a synonym for not only a rough diamond but also, according to our French cousins across the seas, an *enfant terrible*. Or, to get downright and poetically high-hat—*Davus sum non Oedipus; liberavi animam meam;* or again "as frank as rain on cherry blossoms." Now ain' 'at somepin'?

That is Morton all right, but when he gets really going he is to me more reminiscent of the frankness of a fire hose playing with a field full of daisies.

There is one thing he has never learned, and here is one of his friends who hopes he never does; and that is to say a thing other than that which he really thinks. In other words, if he has anything to say he will say it, let the quips fall where they may. Be the recipient of the moment a blushing maid, she may still blush, but taking full account of the possibility that beauty and brains are not compatible, she will still, methinks, though still blushing, tumble to the fact that it is refreshing frankness and not freshness.

From other angles the lad is a paradox. All too often the man who makes friends very easily loses them with an equal or greater facility and rapidity. Not so Morton—for although he makes many friends—just like that—he keeps them year in and year out, and they grow closer and dearer with each cycle of the seasons.

Take your humble scribe, for instance. Two paragraphs ago I referred to him as being a friend of Downey's. He is—or rather—I am! Yet I never laid eyes on the man until one day not so long ago when I ambled up to his apartment, way, way over East on 86th street.

Down at the door two things struck the observing eye with a wallop. Parked at the curb was a shiny black phaeton (touring car to you), a Chrysler Eight of decidedly modernistic trend, which fitted the description passed on of what Downey's pet plaything looked like.

Second was a neat sign at the door, informing one and all that Vincent Astor was still in the business of building and renting doggy apartment houses.

Inside the lobby it was borne in upon the alert faculties that Vincent had either transferred all the manservants from the defunct Fifth Avenue manse to this project or had hired an army corps of generals and aides de camp.

NOW it has been this fellow's experience that, as a rule, so the surroundings so the man.

While being shot up in an elevator after having passed muster and run the gauntlet below decks, I endured a mental panorama of just another singer who would talk of his "art" and his "public" with a dreamy, faraway look in blue eyes—who would be surrounded with funny furniture and things—divans that turned unexpected corners—chairs that might take a head lock on an imprudent sitter, and bookcases that climbed up and down and then lost themselves in an indeterminate curve—to say nothing of rugs bearing huge and impossible flowers that might well be the product of an exotic dream of a Ben Hecht.

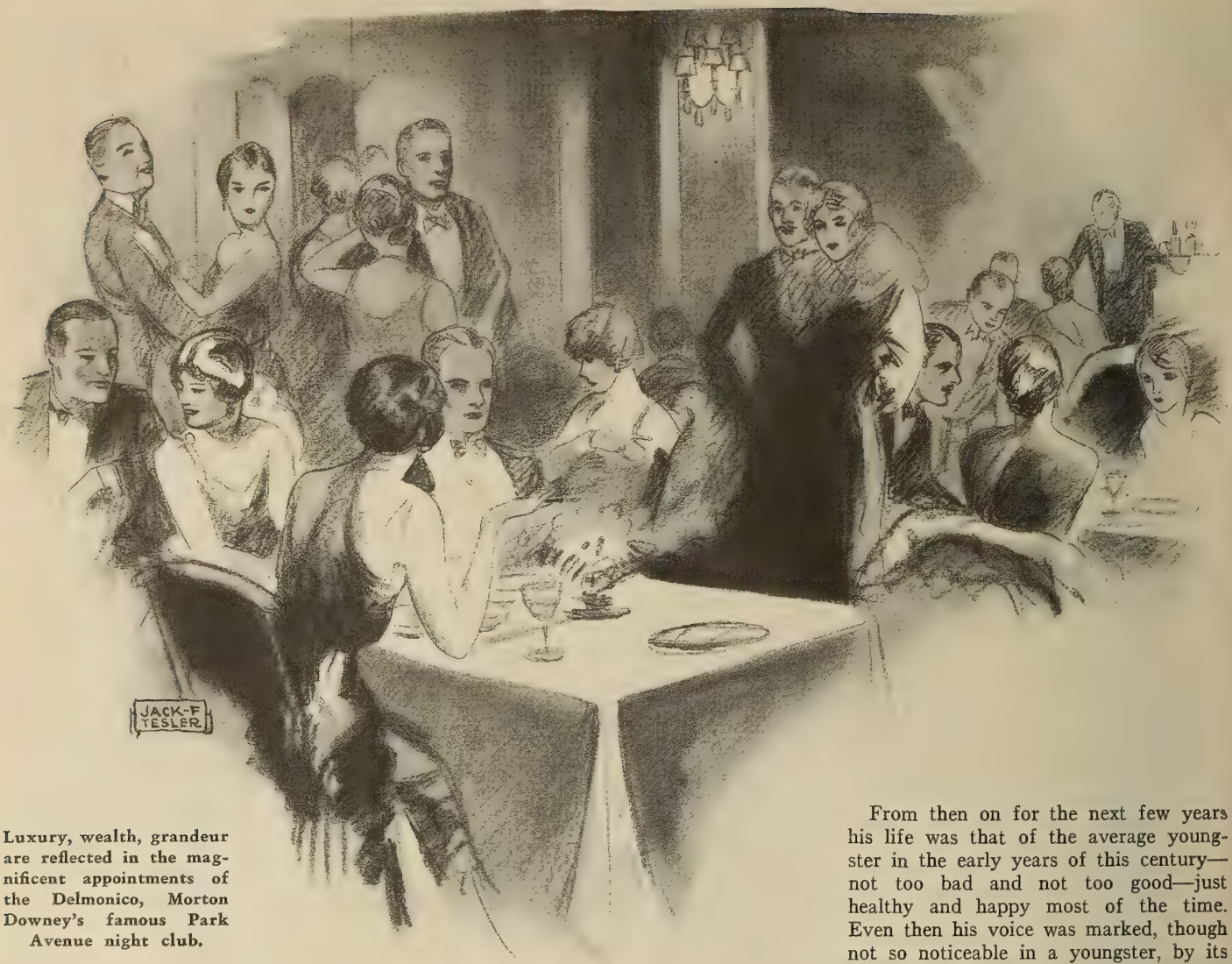
What actually happened was a cordial greeting by a slender and wholly charming lady. Meet Mrs. Downey, née Barbara Bennett, a daughter of the inimitable and unexpected Richard Bennett. There was advice to throw coat and hat on a convenient and antique settle and to come in and make myself at home.

THAT was easy, for it was a particularly homey sort of a place. This feeling of ease and comfort was magnified a moment later when Downey hove into view from some unidentified region in the rear of the apartment, a Downey wholly at his ease and who immediately clicked in my mental classification as a regular fellow.



Quite at his ease was right—in rumpled hair, shirt-sleeves and house slippers. He had not even bothered to don a coat on my impending arrival, thanks be to all the gods of the ancient Romans and Greeks. After chatting for awhile we repaired at his suggestion to those regions from which he had first appeared and which proved to be his holy of holies, his sanctuary from a laudatory and hero-worshiping world.

Here we got down seriously



Luxury, wealth, grandeur are reflected in the magnificent appointments of the Delmonico, Morton Downey's famous Park Avenue night club.

to the business of getting really acquainted. Here I could see and study—and enjoy—the man as he really was.

It is not amiss here, perhaps, to make note of the fact that this visit was made on the afternoon of the first day that he had been out for two weeks after a severe attack of laryngitis. That is what the papers called it—his physician spoke awesomely of a streptococcus throat.

Nor is it out of place to say that right off the bat, so to speak, Downey made it clear just why he was living where he was, behind the protective phalanxes of the Astor organization. So far as became discernable his one and only reason for picking out the apartment house he did was that it was situated out on a bend of the East River—water on three sides as it were—with all the attendant breezes and other emoluments of such a situation, no doubt including the musical voices and personalities of various and sundry towboats and this and that of a city river's life.

THE man intrigued me—he was a distinct surprise—and wholly refreshing in view of what, from prior and similar experiences with subjects of my study I had every right and reason to expect. I called intending to stay perhaps half an hour and stayed more than two. As our friendship ripened I was in for more surprises.

But enough of that for now.

Let us get down to brass tacks—in other words, to a consideration of the background, the life of this greatly intriguing fellow.

From his very earliest days Downey's life has been one of breaks both good and bad, of chance and mischance. Often it was mischance and the breaks went against him. Sometimes the fickle goddess smiled and he got the breaks.

To be wholly conventional it would be fitting and proper here to state at the very outset that Morton was born of poor but honest parents who were resident in Brooklyn, N. Y.

And so he was, but not in Brooklyn. Never did find out what part of Brooklyn they lived in—Flatbush or Red Hook or where—but that really does not make any difference as things turned out.

His parents hied themselves off one day to Wallingford, Connecticut, for a visit with relatives. They stayed longer than they had at first intended, and when they did come back to Brooklyn they brought Morton with them.

From then on for the next few years his life was that of the average youngster in the early years of this century—not too bad and not too good—just healthy and happy most of the time. Even then his voice was marked, though not so noticeable in a youngster, by its peculiar and insistently high range—a thin sort of clarity which spelled nothing but purity of tone.

WELL—he has been using that voice to sing with ever since—singing most of the time. More than once it has got him into no little trouble. Later it brought him moderate fame and financial independence. Then for a time it seemed to let him down—though more probably this was due to a fickle public which let Morton pine in obscurity while other forms of entertainment became the rage.

More recently—very much so in fact—Downey "came back". Radio did it! Did I say Radio alone? No—with it was coupled an unfaltering faith in his own ability to put himself over and a confidence bolstered by marked successes abroad.

Be that as it may, here is Morton Downey, riding the crest of a wave of popularity with all that he undertakes, and which, unless I know nothing whereof I speak, will continue to carry him high, wide and handsome for at least two years.

All that, however, is way ahead of the story. So back to the good old schooldays when the lad known as Mort struggled through readin', 'ritin' and 'rithmatic.



HERE gather Elite of New York Society for Sparkling Evenings of Romance and Pleasure—Morton sings them his own songs. His musicians are the best

More than once he was kept after school to write fifty times on the blackboard—"I must not sing in class"—even though the singing had been but a whisper.

Along about the time of high school Morton got the idea in his head that he would be of far greater value to the family at work than at school. He summoned all the arguments that a youthful mind can conjure to its aid and finally had his way about it.

After casting about at this and that he finally settled upon the precarious and mobile existence of a train "butcher"—though whether he hawked his wares in prose, poetry or song, history does not state nor can Morton be so persuaded.

He was assigned to an express train running from New York to Springfield, Massachusetts, at which point he had but about five minutes to get to the other end of the train yard and aboard the other express, New York bound, which he "worked" coming back. It was often a close call, particularly if his incoming train was at all late.

Morton developed the trick of sliding out of the baggage car door as the train entered the Springfield station, pulling his trunk of wares after him, and running as if the devil were in pursuit to the other end of the station with his trunk on a hand truck.

All went well for a time despite a station master with a perpetual grouch against train butchers who looked on the daily foot race with no kindly eye.

Come the day, however, when the train pulled into Springfield at a goodly clip. Morton got out safely but the trunk got completely out of hand, sailed through the air, and landed with nearly the force of a coast defense shell square into a truck piled high with crates and crates of—eggs.

Compared to the net result all of Mack Sennett's custard pie classics pale to mediocrity. The truck, the trunk, the station platform—and Morton—were a swimming, gleaming, gluey sea of yellow and white.

With the passing years that dimmed the awful tragedy of the moment and left the comedy predominant, Downey has figured out that there were at least 15,000 eggs on that truck and that barring perhaps a dozen or so they were all very thoroughly broken—one might almost say scrambled.

IT WAS a moment for quick thinking and quicker action. The kid wiped his eyes clear, got a strangle-hold on the trunk, and set out for his train—figuring—and rightly, that in this particular instance discretion, and flight, was the better part of valor.

He did escape capture by the station master, but not that worthy's eagle eye. He was doomed—convicted and sentenced without trial—and it was many a long day before he dared set foot in that station again.

This was where some of the early breaks went against him, for about this time the youngster began to have thoughts of using his voice for something other than a means of letting off surplus energy and pent up feelings.

Thus it was that one early summer day when life seemed gay and bright and full—and birds and trees and brooks and beaches sent out their siren calls to a myriad of pleasure seekers—and the day coaches were intolerably hot and stuffy and crowded—that Morton heard the call as well.

The call of the great outdoors seemed far more alluring than that of "Cig'rs—cig-rettes—candy—choongum" up and down the swaying, dirty, smelly aisles. Trouble was that Morton failed to comprehend that his boss might also feel the urge to take the day off.

Even so, how was he to know that the boss, who could hand himself a day off while mere "butchers" could not, would pick out the same amusement park which Downey had chosen as the scene of his straying?

Moreover, Morton had real reason for his choice and the boss had little. It was obviously unfair. Morton had learned

(Continued on page 96)



Lily Pons in the title rôle of "Mignon"

Lily Pons *Unspoiled Child of* Fame

Glory shines on obscure French Girl who becomes American Operatic and Radio Star

•

By Lillian G. Genn

A BREATHLESS air of expectancy hung over the Metropolitan Opera House on January 3rd when its heavy gold curtains parted. A new and youthful coloratura soprano was to appear in the title rôle of *Lucia di Lammermoor,* and it was said that at the dress rehearsal she had moved Gigli, the great tenor, by her singing. Naturally everyone was eager to know whether this could be merely a rumor.

Soon a slender, petite girl appeared. Her voice rose above the orchestra limpidly clear and beautiful, like that of a bell. Higher and higher it soared, until one had the feeling of being wafted upward by its spiritual-like tones. After the difficult "Mad Scene", which she sang in a higher key than had long been heard of, the young singer was greeted with tumultuous applause. Cries of "brava" were heard from every part of the house and she was recalled before the curtain more than thirty times.

The new star that had appeared in the musical firmament was, as music lovers now know, Lily Pons. At twenty-six she is a full fledged operatic singer. She has won the hearts of her audiences not only with her voice, but with her simple, unassuming manner and her charm.

There has been considerable speculation as to the history of her career. All kinds of stories have circulated, the chief one being that she had been a poor French girl who had been discovered in an obscure opera house.

Romantic as this tale is, it is completely overshadowed by the amazingly true one. Amazing because until five years ago, Lily Pons had never sung and had never dreamed of operatic heights. Her rise was a meteoric one, singularly devoid of the weary struggles and the heart-breaking disappointments that usually beset the path of an artist.

The story was told to the writer by Lily Pons and her Dutch husband, August Mesritz, when they were visited at their hotel apartment in New York. The young prima donna was resting on a sofa prior to leaving for a concert tour. She is small and almost fragile looking, with large, sparkling eyes, and quick birdlike movements. While she understands English, she does not speak it. Her husband, though, is an able interpreter, since he has a perfect command of the language. He is a mature, cultured man, with a manner as friendly and as simple as his wife's.

LILY PONS quaintly apologized for not being able to converse in English. Her days, she explained, have been busy ones since her début. Rehearsals, practicing, shopping, singing at the opera and concerts, making victrola records, giving interviews, sitting for photographers, receiving distinguished visitors and getting in a proper amount of rest, completely take up her time. But, she promised, she would take a teacher in South America, where she was going for a few operatic performances, and when she returns here next season, she would be able to speak to her many new American friends in their language.

Lily was born in Cannes, the famous French resort on the Riviera. While there was no indication, when she was a child, that she would be a singer, yet she showed a talent for the piano and for the stage which augured an artistic career for her. Her parents were well-to-do French people, with a sincere interest in music and they were only too willing to cultivate their daughter's taste in that direction.

Lily had two younger sisters and it was her greatest delight to play make-believe with them. In school and in church she never missed an opportunity to take part in plays. Even when she went to study at the Paris Conservatory of Music, she continued to be interested in amateur theatricals.

She graduated from the Conservatory at sixteen and decided to make piano her career. But she fell ill and the doctor advised her not to return to her music studies for two years. Lily was too active a person to remain idle for so long a period. She wanted to occupy herself with something. It happened that a friend of the family was the manager of a theatre in Paris and since he had seen Lily act, he offered her a place in his company. She remained there for two years playing ingenue rôles.

YET much as she loved the theatre, she was drawn back to her study of music. It seemed to give her more satisfaction than acting. She returned to Cannes with the intention of resuming her piano work. But that was the summer when August Mesritz, a Dutchman and resident of Paris, came to Cannes for his health. He was a lawyer, economist, writer and publisher of a newspaper. He had traveled to almost every part of the world and spoke several languages.

One evening his physician invited him to have dinner with some of his friends. Mr. Mesritz went with him to the home



LILY PONS, the young unknown whose thrilling voice roused lethargic New York critics to huzzahs in print. She remains simple and unaffected through showers of praise.

of the Pons family and there met Lily, who had just returned from Paris. He was at once enamored with this charming and talented young girl who shared his enthusiasm for art. A few months later they were married in Cannes. Little did Lily dream that the hand of Destiny was in that match, guiding her to the path of fame.

THE couple had a comfortable home and servants, and Lily spent much of her time shopping for pretty clothes. She had given up all thought of a musical career, but she continued to play the piano for pleasure.

One day, when she had been married about a year, Lily sang a few songs. Mr. Mesritz, who had been a music critic for his paper and who had heard many famous voices, was at once struck by the beautiful quality of his wife's voice.

"You have a lovely voice," he said. "You ought to study."

Lily was surprised at the suggestion. But managing the house took so little of her time and she was so bored with shopping, that she thought it would be nice to have another avocation. Her husband took her to a well-known teacher and when he heard her sing, he said: "Avocation? No, no. It must be your very life's vocation."



Signor Gatti-Casazza, whose praise is sparing, was enthusiastic over Lily Pons

Under this teacher's instruction her voice developed marvelously. She then went to Alberti, in Paris, who is considered the greatest voice teacher in the world. After she had been studying for two years, she made her opera debut in *Lakme*, in a French opera house. Her musical education, her theatrical training, and her exceptional musical taste, combined with her unusual voice, at once made her a unique and outstanding artist. She sang in noted houses in France and in Belgium and in private audiences before royalty. Many impresarios offered her contracts to sing in various parts of Europe and South America. But Lily had her eyes on the Metropolitan Opera House in New York—that gleaming goal of singers from every corner of the world.

Last year Alberti, her teacher, had some artists from the Metropolitan Opera Company at his studio. He told them of his gifted pupil and they asked to hear her. After her recital, they cabled to Gatti-Casazza, the impresario of the Metropolitan Opera Company, and urged an audition for this young girl. Since the retirement of Galli-Curci and Marion Talley from the opera, Gatti had been eager to find another coloratura soprano and he was therefore glad to invite Lily Pons to come for an audition.

Mr. Mesritz was unable to leave Paris at the time. So, alone, Lily boarded a steamer for America. She was very seasick and frightened all the way over and when she arrived here it took her two weeks to recover.

Finally she was ready for the audition. Gatti saw before him a small, slender girl, very pale and nervous. It was difficult to believe that she had been called "The Nightingale of the Riviera". But as soon as she began to sing, her qualms dropped from her and she was in complete control of herself. She sang the arias "Caro Nome," from *Rigoletto*, the "Mad Scene" from *Lucia di Lammermoor*, and the "Bell Song" from *Lakme*.

There were about twenty people gathered in the dim auditorium of the Metropolitan, including several conductors, and singers and Gatti-Casazza. When she finished, there was silence in the vast house. Then:

"ARE you too tired to sing again?" asked Gatti.

"Not at all," Lily replied.

Gatti went to the telephone and called Otto Kahn, financier and head of the Metropolitan Opera Company, requesting that he come at once. When he arrived there, Lily sang her arias again.

Otto Kahn turned to Gatti and said: "Don't let her get away from us."

When Lily returned to Paris she had three contracts with her. One was for five years with the Metropolitan, the second for concert engagements, and the third for making victrola records. The next few months were busy ones for the young singer. She knew the operas in French and now had to learn them in Italian. She had never seen *Lucia di Lammermoor*, the opera in which she was to make her debut, and she had to create her own interpretation of the rôle. That it was an artistic and intelligent one, was proved the momentous day of her debut.

"Lily has a great sense of responsibility toward her work," said Mr. Mesritz. "When she returned from her debut, she took the score of *Lucia* to see whether she had done as well as she could."

"Success," put in the young prima donna, "is a one-night butterfly. You have to capture it every night again."

"Yes," agreed her husband. "Lily wants to give the best of herself. The American public is very appreciative of fine music and it is a stimulus for her to work hard to improve herself. She gives up everything which may in any way hinder her progress in her art."

While the singer won success quickly, yet it has by no means been easy. She puts in long hours of hard work, and when she is not rehearsing or practising, she is reading books on literature, history, art or music. She goes frequently to the Museum of Art to study the paintings and to get ideas for her costumes. She designs them herself and the critics have said that they are "masterpieces of good taste".

Lily is fortunate in that she has married a man who shares her interests and who has been an encouraging influence in the development of her career. Art is their great love and bond. Indeed, one would have to seek far to find a more congenial and devoted couple.

Mr. Mesritz looks after his wife's increasing business affairs so that she can give her entire thought to her music. He also helps her to overcome those nerve-wracking, tense periods that she faces before every performance and which usually make her ill. Once on the stage, though, the response of the audience helps her to forget her fears.

It is because she misses the personal touch of the audience that singing over the Radio terrifies her. The "mike" never gives her a chance to lose herself in her singing. It is a cold, indifferent stranger. Her fear of it, however, proved to be to her advantage. For at the time of her audition with the Metropolitan, she had another one at a broadcasting station and she was offered but a small contract. She refused it because she felt she could not sing over the Radio. Now the station has paid her many times that amount for her Radio recital. She has appeared on the Simmons and the R. C. A.-Victor programs.

LILY PONS has already sung in many cities of the country, so that she has had a good opportunity to see something of American life. She loves it here and hopes next season to establish a home of her own in New York.

Her phenomenal success has not changed her. She is a genuine, frank person, and her husband confided, with a twinkle in his eyes, that "her hats still fit".

With the pride of a little girl, the singer brought out a present which had been sent to her by an unknown admirer. The card was inscribed, "To a second Melba." On the fan was the signature of the great diva, Nellie Melba. May it not be significant that at a time when one of the most famous songbirds of the age passed away, her fan should be given to Lily Pons?

The Prodigy who Grew Up

Toscha Seidel is one Child Genius who Fulfilled the Promise of Early Years—Columbia's Musical Director and "First Violin"

By David Ewen

A LITTLE boy in sailor-suit, led by the hand by his mother, approached the great Leopold Auer at the Conservatory of Music at Petrograd. A violin-case, slung under his arm, told what his mission was; and something about those brilliant eyes, that shining intelligent face, seemed to confidentially reassure that this mission could not go unrealized. Would Dr. Leopold Auer—it was the mother speaking, in faltering accents—give her little boy an audition? Leopold Auer beckoned to the boy to come to him, and placed him upon his lap.

"What is your name, my boy?" Leopold Auer asked kindly, as he affectionately stroked the curly head.

The boy lifted his small pug-nose, and looked with his two bright blue eyes at the great teacher.

"My name is Toscha—Toscha Seidel, sir."

"How old are you?"

"I am ten years old, sir!"

"How long have you been playing the violin?"

Toscha looked at the master with surprise brightening his eyes; it was as though this were a most absurd question. "Why, sir, I've been playing all my life, sir!"

"And what can you play?"

Once again Toscha was to be surprised by the absurdity of the question. "Why, sir, I can play everything!"

"Very well," Leopold Auer said finally, lowering the boy, "we shall hear what we shall hear. Will you play something for me, my boy?"

There was no nervousness or fear as Toscha opened his violin-case, tuned his violin and then placed it under his chin—nothing but a cool confidence and a reassuring faith in himself. He lifted his bow to the strings. He was playing the opening bars of the Brahms *D Major Concerto!* Now his fingers flew across the fingerboard with impeccable precision. From where did this lad procure such a glistening technique which magically inspired those tender fingers? From where did he procure that tone of silk—thin, delicate silk? From where did he procure a maturity, a depth, an intelligence in penetrating the profundities of so great a musical work? As Leopold Auer sat there, his head in his hands, tears in his eyes, he realized that the answer to such questions was far beyond human powers.

"You are a genius, my boy," was all he said when the boy had finished his playing, "and I am proud and happy to be your teacher!"

From where had this boy come? He was born in Odessa, Russia. His mother, a school-teacher, and his father, a business man, realized almost immediately what Fate had entrusted into their hands. For the boy was born with a fiddle in his hand. At the age of two, the child delighted in plucking the strings of his uncle's violin, and piecing together little melodies; the following year, his first teacher, Max Fiedelman, began to give him his first regular instruction. But the boy seemed to learn his music instinctively. Both under Max Fiedelman and, shortly afterwards, at the Stern Conservatory of Music he learned with a rapidity and ease which terrified his teachers. They realized that there was only one teacher in Russia who could do justice to such a genius—the great Leopold Auer, foremost violin-teacher of the age. And the great Leopold Auer had welcomed him with wide open arms!



Toscha Seidel and his violin

Under Leopold Auer, Toscha matured. Native talent he already had; the entire violin repertoire was already well under the grasp of his chubby fingers. What he needed now was the gloss which Auer put upon all of his prodigies—that, and the maturity that comes only with years. When Toscha was fifteen years old, he was the full-fledged virtuoso. Auer passed favorably upon him and said he was prepared to concertize. And so, in his fifteenth year, Toscha began his first tour of Europe—and a tour of triumph it turned out to be! Finally, he reached Christiania, Norway, where his overwhelming success became converted into a rousing triumph. Each of his concerts was sold out far in advance. "Tosca"—for so his audiences called him—was the idol of the hour. The story goes that two gentlemen in evening dress met, one evening. "Are you going to hear the 'Tosca' of Puccini?" asked one of the other. "Oh no!" the other answered. "I'd much rather hear the 'Tosca' of Seidel!"

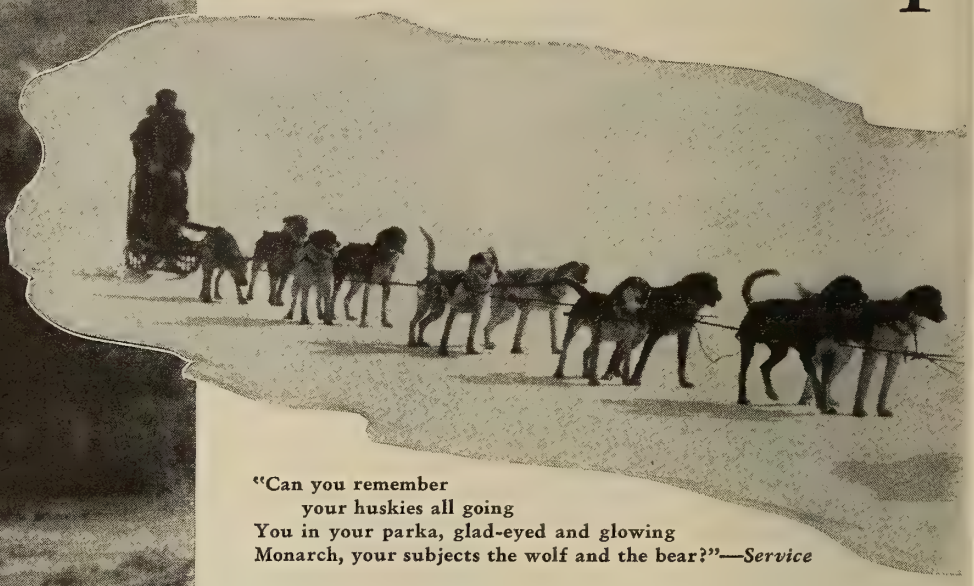
Simultaneous with Seidel's triumph in Christiania was the equally rousing success of another wizard of the fiddle, also a pupil of Auer—by name, Jascha Heifetz. All of musical Norway was now divided into two parts: there were those who still stoutly maintained that Seidel was God's greatest genius, and there were those who, at least, were skeptical after hearing Heifetz. The Queen herself was eager to solve this problem, and so she invited both prodigies to her palace for the purpose of judging for herself. They played the Bach Concerto for Two Violins, and separately each played a set of solos—and when they finished, the Queen was more perplexed than ever. "Every time I hear Jascha I am sure that he is superior, and then Toscha plays a solo and I am just where I was before!" And when, sometime afterwards, the Queen was asked which she really preferred—Jascha or Toscha—she answered simply: "Why, the one I hear last!"

(*Continued on page 87*)

From Dog Whip



Bob Crawford of the Arctic was tall, bronzed and sinewy. Guitar, pack, and powerful youth were his only assets.



"Can you remember
your huskies all going
You in your parka, glad-eyed and glowing
Monarch, your subjects the wolf and the bear?"—*Service*

Today Robert M. Crawford conducts a His Cutaway was a Caribou Parka, He a

LATE evening of March twenty-sixth this year found me searching out the owner of a name—a name that came to me over the air from the lips of a Radio station announcer—a name that took me back to Alaska, within a hundred miles of the Arctic Circle—a name I had not heard since the year before the Great War.

Following the station announcer's lead, I found the Mutual Benefit Auditorium in Newark, New Jersey, brightly lighted. Music lovers of three cities filled the seats, and on the spacious stage were assembled the voices of the Newark Foundation Chorus, the Bach Singers Club of New York, the Barrington Girls' Choir and the Oratorio Society of Elizabeth.

From the throats of this great chorus came Johann Sebastian Bach's profound expression of eighteenth century religious emotionalism—"The Passion of Our Lord, according to St. Matthew," and on a raised dais, directing the music, stood Robert M. Crawford . . . so the program said.

Robert M. Crawford . . . the name that had come to me over my Radio, but . . . could this be the Bob Crawford of my distant home?

I had arrived late, and slipped quietly into a rear seat. As the beautifully blended voices filled the hall, I sat back, closed my eyes, and pictured Bob Crawford as I had known him.

He was tall and bronzed, and sinewy with the flat muscles of youth. His hair was dark and unruly . . . his eyes clear and gray, and behind his high forehead there was stored a knowledge of trail wisdom and woodcraft that would have taxed the prowess of the best hunters in the neighboring Indian camps.

He was a typical "Sourdough Kid" . . . born within a hundred and fifty miles of the Arctic Circle, and knowing no other life than that which he saw on all sides as America's last frontier opened up under the hands of such pioneer families as the Crawfords.

The cutaway coat that he now wore was then a caribou calf parka . . . his patent leather shoes were the soft moosehide of native moccasins, and the hand that now wielded a conductor's baton was then swinging a whip over the backs of a team of slant eyed, pointed nosed malamute sled dogs. Those powerful arms, that were now beating out the measures of this stirring music were wrestling a sled over drifted trails.

I opened my eyes . . . feeling that I must be mistaken. The contrast was too great. I tried to retain the picture in my mind, but the magnificent music brought me back to the present, and only added to my doubt.

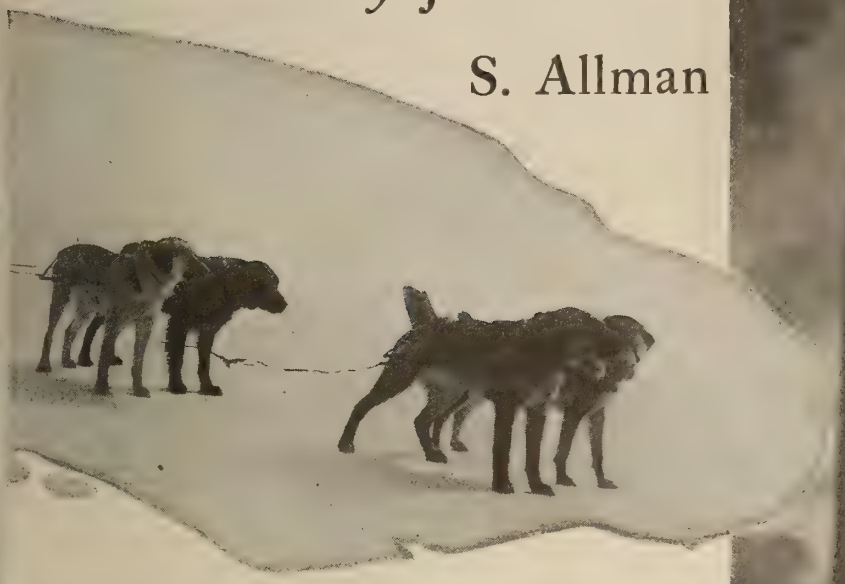
I tried to picture those wide shoulders swinging a paddle as a fragile canoe shot down the white water canyon of some nameless river . . . tried to visualize a hundred pound pack strapped to that broad back as a trail was being blazed through a country where the ring of White Man's axe had never before been heard. My uncertainty increased. Surely this couldn't be the man I sought! This master of beautiful music couldn't be the lad who had shared my youth in far off Alaska. Then, when he turned his head, I saw that it was, indeed, the same man.

THERE was the same sharply chiseled profile. No mistaking that thick chest and lean waist. Broadcloth and starched linen failed to hide the impression of tremendous physical strength that I knew to be his.

Yes! Robert M. Crawford of the music world, and Bob Crawford of the

to Baton

By Jack S. Allman





Robert M. Crawford is now director of the Newark Symphony Orchestra of 82 pieces and conductor of the New York Bach Singers Club.

Symphony Orchestra —Yesterday "Sourdough Kid" of Frontier, Alaska

Arctic, are one and the same person. I impatiently awaited the end of the singing that I might renew a friendship broken fourteen years ago. And while waiting, I asked myself a question. I had long known of Bob's ambition along musical lines, but . . . "But by what possible association of circumstances could this change have taken place?"

As youngsters in the North our trails had often crossed and now I rehearsed what I knew of his early life.

HE was born in Dawson in 1899, when this roaring gold camp was making the third year of its turbulent history. Dawson . . . the Golconda of the North . . . the city of cabins and tents. The heart of the Klondyke, where fortunes were made over night, and in many instances spent almost as fast over the bars of the river front saloons. Saloons where a drunken entertainer might be heard reciting the, as yet, unpublished poems of a certain Robert W. Service, who weighed gold dust in a nearby bank.

When the news of rich paystreaks in the Tanana district came drifting up the Yukon River, the Crawford family joined the stampede and helped start the town of Fairbanks, and it was in this metropolis of central Alaska that little Bobby's concert talents were first exploited.

Some of the older children in the camp would load their seven year old warbler on a hand sled and moving around among the gathered tents and cabins, would have him sing *In The Good Old Summer Time* (the only song he knew) while they passed a fur cap among the amused miners. Few failed to contribute, and when one remembers that twenty-five cents is the smallest coin we have up there, it looks as though Bobby's earnings might have been considerable for one of his tender years.

I recalled that Sam Crawford, an older brother, had the first phonograph in camp, and hour upon hour young Bob stood before the huge morning glory horn setting the raucous notes of the worn cylinders to the pitifully cheap tones of his mail order violin.

As soon as he decided that he was going to be a violinist he started taking lessons from one of those mysterious characters that one always encounters in frontier mining camps.

Some said that Vic Durand was a political exile. Others, who claimed to know, said that it was a woman and not the French government that had caused him to forsake a title and come into the North to lose himself. I knew him as a gentleman, a linguist and an artist, and as one who enjoyed sharing the hardships of a country in the throes of savage birth.

FOR three years Bob studied under Vic Durand, at the same time passing beyond the educational facilities offered by the Territory. About this time he found that a piano was as easy to master as a violin . . . his ambitions were divided. He compromised on music . . . music in all its multitudinous branches would be his career. He sat down and wrote the words and music to a song that he called *My Northland*. It was published and unofficially adopted by the sourdoughs of Alaska as their Territorial anthem.

Shortly after this I saw Bob Crawford for the last time before tonight. Let me tell you of that meeting.

The pale Arctic sun slanted its heatless rays down over the frozen landscape. Red, green and purple jewels flashed among the icicles that clung to the eaves of my little log cabin, and the smoke from the stove pipe spiraled straight up into the thin white light.

I COULD tell by the actions of my dogs that some one was coming in on the thin ribbon of trail that led off north a hundred miles to the Circle and the mighty Yukon.

"Mush, boys! Mush!"

The voice came to me faintly through the frozen silence. The biting forty below zero air nipped my ears as I raised the flaps of my cap, the better to hear. A musher was coming up the trail! Who? Where from? Would he have any fresh news?

Visitors are a welcome break in the monotony of long Alaskan winters. I hoped it might be a friend. He would stop with me. We'd have a great talk fest.

A white snow-shoe rabbit hopped into view, hesitated for a moment; his nervous, translucent ears erect.

"Mush, there, Brandy!"

The rabbit hurriedly disappeared as the crack of a whip split the crisp air. A team of seven malamutes swung around the bend, their tongues standing out like pieces of red flannel against the frost coated breath that clung to their gray breasts. They swung up to the door of my cabin.

"Hi, Jack!"

The tall lean musher on the handle bars of the long basket sled didn't have to throw back the wolverine trimmed hood of his skin parka for me to recognize him. I'd know that voice anywhere.

"Better anchor the sled and have a snack, Bob," I suggested. "Pot of moose stew on the stove."

"Won't have time, Jack, thanks." He melted the frost from his eyelashes with the heat of his bare hands before going on.

"I'm going through to Fairbanks," he added. "I want to get there for that Belgian Relief dance, tonight."

"You won't feel much like dancing after another thirty miles of this drifted trail," I pointed out.

"Perhaps not," he grinned. "But I won't be too tired to listen to the music."

We chatted for a few minutes, and then he was on his way, his whip cracking high over the backs of his dogs.

This was to be a big night in Fairbanks. The charity affair for the starving Belgians had been advertised far and wide. All of the town's two thousand inhabitants would be there, as well as many from the surrounding creeks. There would be entertainment . . . dancing . . . music. Ah! Music! There was the magic word. It would take more than drifted trail to keep Bob Crawford away from music.

I doubt if I understood the gnawing hunger that sent my friend over that cold trail that wintery day. I do now, though. It was ambition. The same ambition that surmounted the handicap attendant to getting even a rudimentary musical education in a frontier so sparsely settled that an area one-fifth the size of the United States can only boast of a population of twenty-five thousand whites.

And that was fourteen years ago.

WHEN the singing finished I awakened to the fact that I was in Newark . . . not Alaska. I pressed my way through those of the audience who waited to congratulate Bob on the success and beauty of his oratorio. He recognized me and pressed my hand in the firm grip of friendship. The night was spent in chatting over old times.

As that same Robert W. Service of Dawson put it:

"We talked of yesteryears, of trails and treasure,
Of men who played the game and lost or won;
Of mad stampedes, of toil beyond all measure,
Of camp-fire comfort when the day is done.
We talked of sullen nights by moon-dogs haunted,
Of bird and beast and tree, of rod and gun;
Of boat and tent, of hunting-trip enchanted
Beneath the wonder of the midnight sun;
Of bloody-footed dogs that gnawed the traces,
Of prisoned seas, wind-lashed and winter-locked:
The ice-gray dawn was pale upon our faces,
Yet still we filled the cup and still we talked."



It was in rush camps like this that Bob Crawford was raised.

I was to learn a lot more about Bob Crawford during those hours, but not only by dint of adroit questioning. The facts came out, piecemeal, that after I had left Alaska he had set his mind on a college education. The next thing was, of course, to get the where-with-all together.

About the time I left, the government started to build a railroad from salt water to Fairbanks. Contractors were recruited, as far as possible, from the trail blazers who had helped survey the route. Bob became a contractor . . . made some money and came out to enter Princeton, but after the first year funds ran short. Work in a Ford service station filled in the gaps for the ex-Alaskan musher.

Many men have worked their way through Princeton, but I wonder how many can look back on a name so deeply etched into student activities of such an enduring nature.

Crawford organized the Princeton Conservatory of Music with an enrolment of two hundred students. He started the Princeton University Orchestra, and for seven years has orchestrated and directed the music (written by under-grads) of the annual "Triangle" show. He was regular contributor to the *Princetonian,* and his rich baritone voice was in demand wherever close harmony was heard on or around the campus.

THEN Bob's French examination began to worry him. He made a sporting proposition to the professor. He agreed to put La Fontaine's fable, *"The Curé et le Mort,"* (The Priest and the Corpse) to music as a symphonic poem for orchestra, in lieu of a thesis. The French professor was evidently a good sport . . . he took Bob up, and today, the Princeton orchetsra plays the piece as something of a school tradition. Needless to say, Bob passed his French class.

"But where did you get the necessary training to fit you for conducting such an organization as the Newark Symphony Orchestra of 82 pieces?" I asked him, boring another hole in the hard shell of his inherent modesty.

"Well, you know, Jack," he parried, "I only direct them over the air."

(Continued on page 92)



Eddy East (left) and Ralph Dumke. Combined weight 525 pounds.

SISTERS *of the* SKILLET

The Lowdown on those Two Intrepid "Female" Purveyors of Domestic Wisdom Revealed

By

Their Own Announcer

Jean Paul King

HELLO, Radio listeners. RADIO DIGEST has asked me to tell you a few things you don't know about those two very funny, funny fellows, Ed East and Ralph Dumke—or as you may know them better, The Sisters Of The Skillet.

Working with them as I do every day, except Sunday, in that padded cell in Studio C of the Chicago headquarters of the National Broadcasting Company, this should be easy. Only one of two things can happen. The strain of preparing this article may kill me before I'm through or Eddie and Ralph may sue for slander and libel when it appears in print. But in either case it won't make much difference, so here goes.

You've all probably heard the Sisters of the Skillet on the NBC network and enjoyed them. Your 1500 or more enthusiastic letters every week prove it. And do the boys enjoy those letters? Daily when I arrive for the program I find them roaring with laughter over some new problem sent in for them to solve by a worried sister or over some new "dishwater poemtry," as the poetic contributions have come to be known.

What do they look like? Well, Eddie and Ralph are two good-looking young fellows in their early thirties who enjoy having a hearty laugh and who take great pleasure in passing it on to you, their listeners. You've heard the old saw "laugh and grow fat"—well, it certainly fits in this instance as the boys tip the beam at 260 pounds apiece. (Have you their picture?)

Both East and Dumke are experienced entertainers with many years of successful vaudeville appearances behind them. They are both sons of the Middle West; Ed East's advent in Bloomington, Indiana, is still mentioned in hushed tones, but Ralph Dumke's origin in South Bend, Indiana, isn't mentioned at all. High school in their "good old home towns"—then college—Dumke gracing the halls of Notre Dame and East attending the University of Indiana—very temporarily.

The meeting of these two wise crackers makes an illuminating story. The time—a hot summer day; the place—Michigan City, a lake resort not far from Chicago. Being a hot summer day the beach was crowded with bathers. One of these, a flighty female, found herself out beyond the depth where her pink toes could touch good hard sand. She began to splash—to scream—to shriek—and finally to gurgle—filled nearly to the brim with cold, lake water. Two heroes came dashing to her aid. Two enormous heroes—two heroes no eye could miss. They reached the gal and towed her to shore—a frail and nearly submerged craft being piloted to port by two huge and efficient seagoing tugs.

As East and Dumke faced each other across the prostrate form of their salvage, an observer might have seen an identical expression on their faces. It was an expression which said, "Gosh all hemlock (slang, 1921), am I that big?" Without a doubt they were the two largest men

even seen in a pair of bathing suits.

Two years later they really met, show business bringing them together. Eddie was the shining luminary of a band playing in Indianapolis, doing all the singing and clowning as well as playing banjo. Many of the numbers which he was using to "wow" the Indiana folks were his own. He wrote them then as he does now. One day, Ralph, who also plays banjo, joined the band; the second day he and Eddie became acquainted and sang together; the third day they were working on a comedy skit and had decided to leave the band and try their luck in vaudeville. This was eight years ago, in 1923. They have been together ever since.

The summer of 1923 saw the creation of their vaudeville act and on Labor Day they headed for Chicago to meet "Their Future." They were booked on a junior circuit for a week's trial—at $60—and at the end of the week they had impressed the bookers to such an extent that they were told they could continue working—for $60. In the meantime, the head of the Chicago Orpheum office who had seen the act, sent for them and shortly after they were on their way to New York to sign a six year Keith-Orpheum contract. Quoting Ralph—"Those six years were the only ones we didn't have to worry—question mark."

SO FOR six years they toured the country; Keith in the East, Orpheum houses in the West. Probably many of you have seen their old stage act. If so, I know you haven't forgotten it. It was a fast, comedy-harmony act with both boys at the piano, Ed playing very little piano. (As today.) As Dumke says, "Ed knows three chords on the piano, but hasn't been able to place them in their proper relationship, and as I'm a banjo player, I can only see the black keys."

It was not until the time of the Mississippi flood disaster that they became interested in a microphone and as Ed said "saw the handwriting on the wall for vaudeville, and rubbed it off." Sick of one night stands and "the road," East and Dumke found themselves in the devastated flood area where the situation was acute. People were starving and shelterless, so the boys organized relief benefits, gave midnight performances after their regular shows and as some of these relief benefits were broadcast by southern Radio stations which were cooperating, Eddie and Ralph had their first experience on the air.

THEIR second air appearance was over WJR, Detroit, where they were playing Publix time in the beautiful Fisher theatre. It was this appearance in front of the mikes which did much to decide them on a Radio career. Their final decision to leave vaudeville was caused by a fan letter written by a girl who watched for their appearance in Detroit each year and who, since their last visit, had become an invalid and a shut-in. She heard them over WJR and wrote, telling them she was "simply delighted" to hear them as she thought that pleasure was to be denied her since she could no longer visit a theatre. She wrote "You don't know how much your merry chatter and clever songs have done to make my life more livable. Please tell me when I may hear you on the air again."

This human little letter showed the boys the possibilities of Radio; they realized how much larger their air audiences would be as compared to a theatre audience; they saw that their clowning could bring cheer to countless ill and shut-in persons and they became Radio converts. For years they had made it a point to appear in hospitals, penitentiaries and children's homes in cities which they visited, so they were fully able to realize the value of a good laugh as medicine.

Their first Radio contract was with WGN, Chicago, where they appeared for two years with a harmony act heard each evening. Realizing the value of an act which would appeal to women listeners, Eddie and Ralph conceived the idea of *Sisters of the Skillet*, a daily feature which enabled them to retain the singing part of their act and add to it patter and wisecracks from their stage shows. On November eleventh of last year the *Sisters of the Skillet* appeared as a feature of the National Broadcasting Company and has proved to be one of the Chicago studio's most popular programs.



The Sisters of the Skillet in their bungle-aprons. Left, Miss Pet Plenty (Eddie East) and right, Miss Isabella Fryit (Ralph Dumke).

THE skit is fifteen minutes of fun, introduced and signed off by this "poor old broken-down Radio announcer" who has the robin's nest in his hair. The opening song, written by East, is the Housewives' Lament and the words are good enough to keep over your kitchen sink. Here they are—

"While your hearts are yearning
And the toast is burning,
Turn the roast and scrape the toast
Before the boys come home.
Onions keep on frying,
Baby keeps on crying,
Get the tub and rub and scrub;
That's your home, sweet home."

(*Con. on page 95*)

Helen Keller's Radio Adventure

World's Wonder Woman Although Blind and Deaf Enjoys Movies, Jazz and Broadway Crowds

By Anne B. Lazar



Helen Keller as she was sketched during special interview for RADIO DIGEST

Illustrated by Miriam D. Brown

IT WAS a blowy March day. Whirlwinds stirred up the sleepy dust and discarded papers from their winter's rest and did the spiral dance on every corner. Men's hats suddenly became animated and playful and disported themselves in front of hurrying autos, while ladies' skirts looked like umbrellas turned inside out on a storm-storm-stormy day.

The spirit of life could be restrained no longer. Miriam and I felt it in our very bones. It was grand to be alive and healthy—to be able to see the world's limitless treasures—to catch the slightest sign of song or melody in the city's multitudinous undertones, and to improvise a little tune so that we could be in harmony with the rest of things.

Oh, it was good to exist! Every fibre of our being was touched with the breath of life. We were awake with the newness and freshness.

And as Miriam and I were thus enjoying the freedom of being born again, we both suddenly stopped. Our thoughts swung immediately to the object of our errand.

We were both going to see Helen Keller—the wonder woman—Miriam Brown to sketch her in pencil and I—to interview her. Miriam is only sixteen—that golden age when happy visions have not yet been scarred by bitter experiences and when fascinating illusions have all of the essence of reality. She had just come from her art class at New York University with books under her arms, and a beret settled carelessly on a mass of dark brown hair.

As an interviewer of maturer years, I could not help but catch something of the thrill that was hers in this first experience of sketching a famous person.

But something caught in our voices when we started talking about Miss Keller. It was with a feeling of awe and reverence as if we were approaching something holy, something savoring of the divine and not of this world.

We had just reached the studio. Upstairs everything was in a state of expectancy. Photographers were planting their cameras at acute, right and oblique angles—and scattered about was a variety of microphones.

Helen Keller had just had a thrilling adventure—an adventure in Radio. That was an event—and newspaper offices and photographers were busy broadcasting the news to the world.

She went to Washington with her teacher and her secretary, Mrs. Macy and Miss Thompson—to broadcast for the Better Vision Institute—an organization devoted to the important task of protecting human sight.

The Washington studios of the Columbia Broadcasting System were crowded with curious spectators to witness this modern miracle—a woman broadcasting her voice—a voice she herself had never heard—to hundreds of thousands of eager listeners.

There was a deep suspense in the atmosphere—people held back their breath as if afraid to break the spell of the enchantment.

Miss Keller made her way through the dense gathering and finally reached the microphone. Her firm fingers swept quickly but carefully, so as not to miss a single detail, over the outlines of the instrument. Then, as her hand traced the mike's head, she exclaimed, "It looks like a big eye." Not ever having herself beheld an eye, the significance of her statement made us marvel at her aptitude for forming delightful comparisons from what the ordinary mortal would consider mere commonplaces.

At a glance we read the word, *Columbia,* which was printed vertically on the shield. But Miss Keller's indefatigable fingers had to trace the raised letters carefully to learn what we knew instantly and effortlessly.

Fingers—they are her eyes and ears—and the accuracy of her information indicates that they neither belittle nor magnify the things which she touches.

She had been keeping her fingers busily employed but in a few moments she was to speak. How would her voice sound to these anxious listeners? Could it possibly express in sound the words which she had for her message. Would she have mike fright? Oh, if she could only for a moment—just for that occasion—tear down the dark and dreary veil of deafness—to hear the sound of her voice so that she could be sure she could actually speak and be heard!

And what if she spoke—and nobody could hear her—just as she couldn't hear

It would be unbearable—the silence on the air—those few minutes in which she would be going through the motions of speaking—but with no sound falling from her lips.

It must have been an anxious moment as she took over the microphone after having been introduced by both Mrs. Macy and Miss Thompson.

BUT her fears were groundless. For as soon as she opened her lips—and although she herself was no witness to the sounds she was uttering—this is what the listeners in every part of the country heard Miss Keller say:

"I am happy to greet you all and to convey a thought which may help to bring greater happiness, comfort and efficiency to you in your daily tasks and recreation. For many years now my work has been aiding those who live in darkness and spreading the message of eye-care to those who are more fortunate.

"If you could meet as I have the hundreds of educated men and women who testify that they were grown up before they knew that it was faulty vision which kept them backward in school, and later in business, you would at once find out all there is to know about improving and conserving your sight. The ounce of prevention is worth many times the pound of cure. So I urge you to investigate at once the true condition of your eyes and those of your children. 'Guessing' or assuming that your vision is all that it should be is extremely foolish and may prove costly. Should glasses be found necessary, they should be worn unhesitatingly, because they are a positive asset and safeguard.

"Do what you can to enlighten your neighbors, especially those who are ignorant and impoverished. Conservation is true economy as well as a humane measure. Prevention of human misery is not an idle dream—do help yourself and help others, that we may all create saner social conditions and a healthier, happier humanity."

Miss Keller stepped away from the microphone. The reassuring handclasp of her friends made her happy. Then she had been heard—and those fears—she must never have them again. There was comfort in the thought that others could hear her voice even though she herself has never known its sound, except—through her wonderful fingers.

Mrs. Macy and Miss Thompson cleared the way for Miss Keller through the gathering throngs to keep a luncheon engagement with the President and the First Lady of the Land at the White House, where they probably discussed the activities of the World Conference, either through lip-reading or through the manual alphabet—spelling sentences in Miss Keller's palms. Then they made a hurried tour through the historic places and points of interest in and around the Capital and Mt. Vernon—and as usual Miss Keller had the time of her life.

After these few days at Washington—fraught with activity—Miss Keller had returned to New York and we were all expecting her at the Times Wide World Studio.

A note of keen expectancy dominated the hustle and bustle at the studio. Then all at once the busy motions ceased. Into the sudden hush a page announced Miss Helen Keller. What a personality! What a miracle of a human being! It was almost like a demonstration of the supernatural just to behold this marvelous woman. And yet there was a feeling that one would like to be of service to her—to help in some way.

She was neatly tailored in a green canton crepe dress. Her low cut patent leather shoes set off her slender ankles to advantage, and except for a slight inclination to expand a bit beyond the generally accepted standard of slimness and for a few streaks of gray hair among her rich brown wavy tresses, Helen Keller would not look over thirty-five. She has passed the fifty mark.

AFTER the first few moments of general introductions among those present, the cameras began to click, and Helen Keller went through the regular process of posing, Miriam in the meantime standing in the background with sketch block and pencil snatching every possible line of character for her sketch. Into this awed circle which seemed almost ceremonial in reverence there suddenly beamed a dash of color with the appearance of Sidney Franklin, renowned American matador.

He had just returned from Spain where he had settled a few public arguments with some mad bulls, but from his appearance we could see that he had the best of arguments. He didn't have a single scar—and well—as for Adonisian looks—I can't understand why those Spanish senoritas ever allowed Mr. Franklin to leave the country.

Mr. Franklin was introduced to Miss Keller. "Oh, I have read all about you," she said. "You must be very brave to fight all of those bulls, but you should be careful." She then placed her hands on his shoulders and felt of his muscles and remarked, "My, but you are very strong."

We could all see that Mr. Franklin doubtless sensed a greater thrill from this momentary meeting with gentle Miss Keller than he did from his ferocious conquests in the Spanish arena. He felt a little richer for the experience.

Finally Miriam and I were able to have a few minutes by ourselves with Miss Keller. The crowds were still around us and we were limited to only a very short interview.

MISS KELLER sat erect in her chair. She has a dignified bearing but withal a tenderness about the expressions around her face and the movements of her hands that betrayed little of her early sufferings. She hasn't that empty stare that most blind people seem to have. Her mind is so intensely active, her spirit so effervescent that expression forces its way even through her lightless eyes. You have the feeling of coming in contact with a great force when you meet Helen Keller—a power so vibrant that nothing could hold in leash the magnitude and beauty of her thoughts which escape through every movement of her body. One might as well try to build a wicker fence around Niagara or put the sun behind prison bars as for blindness and deafness to limit Helen Keller to the realm of darkness and despair.

Between her and Beethoven there is a great parallel. It is a well-known fact that this great composer wrote his greatest masterpieces when he was stone deaf. Music came to him not through the natural organs of hearing, but through deep draughts of inspiration of which he drank freely, and which he in turn gave to the world in his immortal compositions.

Helen Keller at the early age of two was stricken with a serious illness which robbed her of sight and hearing—the natural channels through which the universe pours its infinite bounties to mankind. With all means of communication shut off between her and the rest of the world, she presented a lonely and pitiful figure. The softness of her mother's voice was lost in the deep void that engulfed the young child. She could know her parents' love only through their gentle caresses and handclasps. Deprived of sight and hearing the problem of educating this handicapped child was a mighty one. Then her teacher, Mrs. Macy, at that time Anne Sullivan, came into her life. She needed a reserve of patience and perseverance for this child who was standing as if on a brink of another world, stretching out her hand for a sympathetic and discerning heart.

THEN came the slow process of learning things by name through her fingers—from the cool water that ran through her fingers to the outlines of her dog. Through this system of education and with her companion, friend and teacher ever at her side to guide and help her, and with her own native intelligence, Miss Keller has come to be one of the most prominent figures of our day. Her mind leaps with amazing alacrity from one subject to another and she shows a surprising fund of general information.

To those of us who have the heaven-born privilege of being able to see with our eyes it is hard to imagine how Miss Keller can get such vivid pictures through her fingers. But her fingers have been to her what our eyes and ears are to us. We can hear the songs of the birds, the laughter of little children, the beautiful

(*Continued on page 94*)



HELEN KELLER listens to a savant's philosophy of life through her finger tips. She is shown here with Tagore, Indian Poet-Philosopher.

Characters Direct from Life in the Raw, as Fate Has Cast them in a Spinning World Drama, Make up the Personnel of Beloved Mission Worker's Broadcast

By Dorothy Thomas



Tom Noonan—now, something past middle age, tall, lean, a quick smile, and humorous eyes.

IF YOU tune in any Sunday afternoon at 3:30 to WMCA you hear Tom Noonan, the "Bishop of Chinatown", broadcast his cheerful meetings from the old Chinese theater in New York's Bowery. You've probably just eaten a good dinner and you sit in a comfortable chair in a warm, cozy home. Well, Tom Noonan talks over the Radio to anyone who'll listen in, but the men and women who are habitués of his mission probably can't remember when they last had a good dinner or a warm and cozy home—if ever!

At Tom Noonan's Mission every creed, color and race are welcome. There's a feed and a flop for all and no questions asked. If charity is cold, it certainly is inquisitive. It's apt to be the custom, before a starving man is fed, to inquire into his ancestry, his morals and to discover if possible whether it is through any weakness or vice of his own that he has come to this pitiful pass. But Tom Noonan doesn't work that way. If the down-and-outer wants to talk, this practical Evangelist will listen and do what he can to help solve the problems—but he figures a man needs food and rest before he is ready for spiritual advice or help to a better life.

Who is Tom Noonan? Nearly everyone knows by this time, but in case you don't, I'll tell you that he came up from the gutters of the lower East Side, knew starvation and homelessness and all the bitter humiliations that are suffered today by the unfortunate men and women who come to him for aid. He had reached Sing Sing by the time he was seventeen and says he might still be making trips there or to other state hostelries, had it not been for Maud Ballington Booth of the Salvation Army. Working in the prisons, she not only preached the gospel to the inmates, but offered practical aid to them when they left prison. She gave Tom a job helping at a home for ex-convicts. From there he joined the staff of The Rescue Society—organized about thirty years ago by a group of people who believed that some effort should be made to uplift Chinatown—and for the past twenty-five years Tom Noonan has been its leading spirit. Now, something past middle age, he is a tall, lean man with a quick smile, agile movements, and humorous eyes. He has an office in the Bible House where he keeps four stenographers busy answering his fan mail—surely the strangest, most tragic and appealing fan mail any public character receives today.

"See that stack?" he asked, pointing to a white mountain on his desk. "They're mostly from people who're ashamed to stand in a bread line—people who've always had good jobs but are down and out today. I never knew such a depression as this one—I never had so many calls for help—especially from the white collar class."

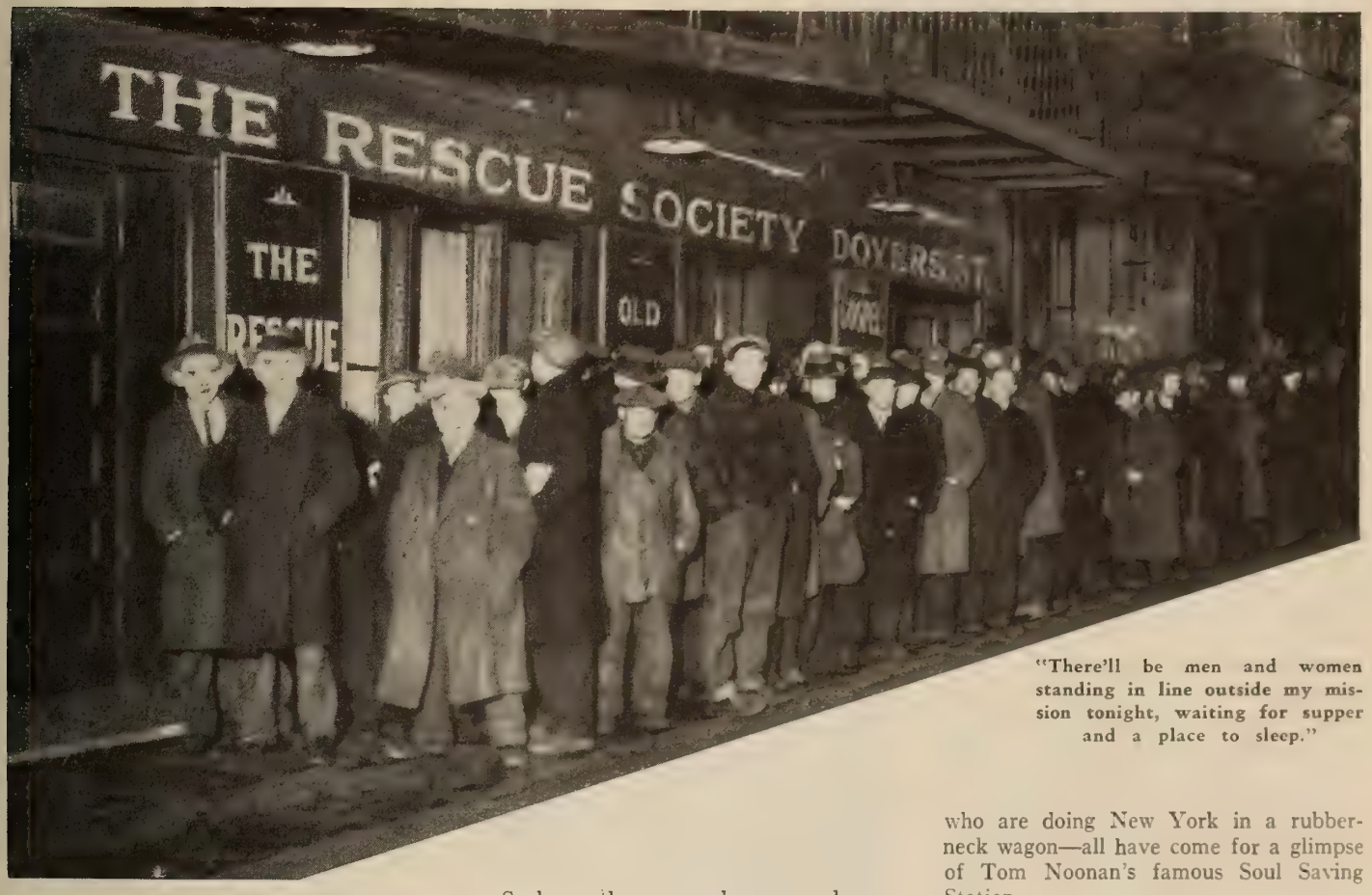
Sitting there in his busy little office Tom Noonan told me tales that made me shudder—stories that made me scared and ashamed to ever spend another cent for taxis or beauty parlors or any sort of luxury—scared for myself and ashamed because so many people are without the bare necessities of life right now.

"There'll be men and women standing in line outside my Mission tonight waiting for supper and a place to sleep that have seen better days than any of the prosperous who sit up on the platform and put money in my collection plate."

Among those who seek his help are women who were once the toast of the town, men who held responsible positions in the business and financial world, a secretary to one of our presidents, a member of a well-known but decayed Southern family, a newspaper man—people who just couldn't get over this quicksand called life.

"OF COURSE there are the perpetual bums too," he admitted. "A certain percentage are just drifters—probably the inevitable leftovers of our present industrial system. They may be incompetent mentally or physically, they may be lazy or drunken or dopes—but anyway, here they are with no place to go and we've got to do the best we can for them."

Tom Noonan's Soul Saving Station



"There'll be men and women standing in line outside my mission tonight, waiting for supper and a place to sleep."

He told me about "Three Drink Harry" —whose name might embarrass someone in the Social Register, also of a district attorney from California who landed at the Mission after his wife had run away with his best friend, of ladies who trod the primrose path to be sidetracked to the streets and alleys and wharves until they landed in a "flop house" in the Bowery—a long way from where they started out to go! "Galloping Nell," "Hop Head Amy," "Singing Mary," "Chinatown Gertie" are just a few of the names some of these ladies go by.

"A lot of people only need temporary help—a job—a new way of looking at life—a helping hand over the dark places and they're ready to get back into their proper sphere in life. Sometimes boys get stranded in a strange city between jobs or promised money from home. I think the most helpless are the old men —chucked out of a job because they're past forty. There just is no place for most of them. Nothing but a bleak existence of bread lines, flop houses, park benches, Municipal Lodging Houses, hallways and maybe jails."

Such are the men and women who are sitting on the benches of the old Chinese theater when Tom Noonan broadcasts every Sunday afternoon. While you in your comfortable homes are listening in to the Evangelist's lively sallies, rousing hymns, requests for aid, his music and speakers, these others are gratefully looking toward this man who has been for so many years their friend. But instead of tuning in let's look in—

IT'S a rainy, warmish afternoon in dirty Doyers Street—that crooked cavern that winds though the lower East Side like a slimy snake. It's three o'clock and outside of a shabby old hall plastered with signs——"Rescue Mission," "If you haven't got a friend you'll find one here" ——a line stretches itself halfway down the street. Women in sables, men in handsome ulsters—a very prosperous bread line, you think. And you're right. Half right. The people patiently standing out there in the rain are prosperous. They are big hardware men from Hackensack debutantes from Westchester, clubwomen from Boston, Ladies' Aid Societies from Schenectady, tourists from the corn belt who are doing New York in a rubberneck wagon—all have come for a glimpse of Tom Noonan's famous Soul Saving Station.

This old Chinese theater that had been converted into a Tabernacle for the Lost is inconvenient to get at. It is much too small to hold the throngs who come there to be saved—or help others be saved as the case may be. It is badly ventilated, the heat and breath from many bodies fill the old building. But the dynamic Evangelist can pack the place to overflowing and make Park Avenue and prosperous suburbanites like it!

THE first floor is arranged like any hall for political or religious meetings—a large platform facing a line of benches and chairs. Tom Noonan and the churchly sit on the raised dais and the down-and-outers sit below on the benches. The meeting is opened with a prayer and Noonan's popular theme song, *There's a Rainbow Shining Somewhere*. Then like a genial, informal host at a night-club, he greets various friends who are either present in the hall or listening in over the Radio. He mentions the names of various Ladies' Auxiliaries and Girls' Friendly Clubs that are present.

(Continued on page 85)



At the age of twelve Freddie Rich, CBS batoneer, was pianist in a nickelodeon.

Seventy Radio How They

What Are You? Clerk—Stenographer—Really Repeats You too May Step from

By **Evans**



Ruth Etting was wasting beauty backstage as costume designer. A chorus girl sick—Ruth filled in and her voice "clicked."

CONCLUSION

WHAT brings success in Radio? That's the question our untiring reporter, Ev Plummer asked himself. He came to the conclusion that *good voice, dramatic ability or musicianship do not necessarily mean success in Radio!* The important qualification for the would-be star is "X"—air "it".

Background and training don't mean a thing if the aspirant hasn't "X". Amos was a tobacco salesman, Andy laid brick for his father's construction company. Phillips Lord was a teacher, Roxy a department store clerk . . . many other revelations were made in last month's story.

BUT if you missed the first installment, you can start right now and read these bombshells about more of the air famous:—

YOU all know Jolly Bill Steinke of the "Jolly Bill and Jane" programs. Jolly Bill has been a New York newspaper cartoonist for years. Going to the studios to cartoon artists, he caught the mike bug by association, and success was fast in coming.

How about Baby Rose Marie (Mazeppa)? Well, this talented young miss had Radio come to her along with vaudeville and the movies. She talked at nine months of age, won an amateur stage contest at two years, carried on regular conversation at thirty months, and at three years of age was before the footlights imitating Sophie Tucker in "hot mama" jazz numbers!

Big Brother Bob Emery divided time between studying at Tufts College and playing his ukulele at Station WGI, Medford, Mass., from 1922 to 1924. He developed the Big Brother Club idea at WGI, took it to WEEI, Boston, with him in 1925, and to NBC and a sponsor in September of last year.

Here's how several radactors entered the studios. Marcella Shields made her stage bow at four years of age and trouped as a vaudeville comedienne from then on to September, 1928, when she was given a Radio play role. Other bits followed and in June, 1929, she became a member of NBC's New York staff.

George Frame (Matt Thompkins) Brown of Real Folks studied to be an architect, went to France for Uncle Sam, returned and studied theatrical architecture and stage settings, and was lured into accepting small parts in plays. He wrote a one act play that was produced, played stock for a season and from then on was an actor-playwright. He nibbled at Radio with a burlesque solo sketch, then was invited to become a regular Radio writer and actor. His creation of Real Folks made its bow for NBC in 1928.

Peter and Aline Berry Dixon, of *Raising Junior,* were newspaperman and stock company actress, married and hopeful. Peter became a publicity writer for NBC. Then he began to write radarios. "Raising Junior," the joint idea of the Dixons, was written by them as a result of watching their own young son. A sponsor liked it and asked the two to tryout for the leading parts of Junior's parents. They did, clicked, and are still clicking.

HERBERT POLESIE, accidentally fell into Radio as an early announcer of pioneer station KDKA. Raymond Knight, production director of KUKU and many other NBC dramatic programs, really studied for his present work. His master was Professor Baker of the famous "47 Workshop" at Harvard. Legitimate stage direction and production work preceded his being employed by NBC. Virginia Gardiner, trained to sing, paint, write poetry, compose songs, dance and act, applied to NBC for a singing audition. Her words requesting the trial brought her an audition as a Radio actress instead. It wasn't long until she was starred.

Another unusual entry into radacting

Stars *Tell* Started

Cowpuncher? Student? If History Obscurity to Fame as Did These Folk

E. Plummer

Cartoons by Walter Van Arsdale



Muriel Wilson earned her keep and singing lessons as deputy collector of taxes.

was made by David Owen, dramatic director of the CBS farm network. Owen was director of the North Shore Theatre Guild. One day Walter Preston, director of WBBM, called the guild to obtain the services of some actors. Owen talked to Preston. "By the way," Preston remarked, "you have a perfect voice yourself on the telephone. Why not try it on the microphone?" Owen did, and he's still in Radio.

Band leaders generally seem to have had clearly defined ambitions to be musicians in their heads. Few wandered about. As for their receiving microphone honors, good and novelty orchestras have always been in heavy demand at the studios or for remote pickups. Let's look over a few of the leaders.

RUDY VALLEE and Leonard Joy both attended college and paid the bill by playing in orchestras. Guy and Carmen Lombardo and Fred Kreitzer started the Royal Canadians—3 pieces—in 1918, playing at a mothers' club meeting in London, Ontario. Wayne King, university graduate account, worked a year at figures before he switched to his saxophone hobby as a breadwinner. B. A. Rolfe for eight years threw his lot with the movies, and was alternately wealthy and broke, before he took a band to a New York restaurant. Art Kassel, trained in both music and art, went to war, and returned from France with a definite ambition to form an orchestra.

Frank Black, chemistry student and amateur musician, was pursuaded to fill the vacant post of an ill pianist in the orchestra at a Summer hotel where he was vacationing. Harold Sanford wavered between electricity and music as a youth until a job paying $1.50 nightly for playing the violin decided him for the latter. Eugene Ormandy, Hungarian violinist, is a Roxy protege. Horace Heidt only took up orchestra playing in college in order to pay a hospital bill caused by a football injury. David Mendoza almost turned from music to medicine, but friends and family changed his mind. Freddie Rich's first job, at twelve, was pianist in a nickelodeon.



Said dad to Howard Barlow, "No long-haired musicians in my family!" He cut his hair but became a symphony conductor.

Wanderlust set Vincent Sorey to playing his violin all over South America and collecting folk tunes as he roamed. Except for a few unsuccessful months trying to sell airplanes, Sorey kept to music. Ludwig Laurier very nearly became a druggist in Buffalo, N. Y.

PARENTS would have denied us many noted directors. Paul Whiteman's concert singing family practically disowned him for starting a jazz band. Vincent Lopez' folks would have made him a priest, but the monastery's far seeing father director sided with Vincent. Howard Barlow's dad would have no "long-haired musicians" in his family, but he did, anyway, because of Howard's persistence. Channon Collinge, director of the Cathedral hour, was sent to a textile school by his English family who were prominent in the cotton business. Channon won a scholarship medal and composed a song. He sent both home, asked his parents to choose between the two, and the next month was enrolled in a musical conservatory. Incidentally, during his career, Collinge spent six years as a comic strip artist.

Among the fair sex who thrill you at the loud speaker, Jessica Dragonette climbed her first rung when she applied for a soprano role in Reinhardt's "The Miracle". Olive Palmer (Virginia Rae) was singing at five years of age and was a concert and opera success before the advent of Radio. Lois Bennett sang on the stage at the same age as Olive, and had her first chance when she was nineteen in a tour of vaudeville with Carrie Jacobs Bond. Ruth Etting was cabaret

show costume designer in Chicago until she jokingly filled in a vacancy in the chorus one night. Local station singing helped to bring her to the attention of Paul Ash. Recording and the Follies followed. Vaughn De Leath, crooning contralto and "original Radio girl", won her title by singing from a "wireless room" atop a New York skyscraper in 1915, history shows. She crooned then and later in 1920 to keep from "blowing" tubes of the early transmitters costing $110 each.

MARY CHARLES, revue star and character impressionist, got into Radio by applying for an audition and doing better than 149 other aspirants tried out at the same time. Lillian Taiz, of CBS special productions, was "discovered" by at least five impresarios, including Leopold Stokowski and George Gershwin. Mary McCoy made her first public appearance at nine, and when Schumann-Heink made her golden jubilee tour four years ago, Mary was honored by being selected by the beloved Ernestine as her assisting artist. Operettas immediately sought her and Radio followed. Muriel Wilson had a hard struggle to train her voice, and to pay the bill, she worked as deputy collector of internal revenue. She's been with NBC so long she's forgotten how she started on the chain. Harriet Lee sold sheet music behind a Chicago store counter to pay her vocal teacher. A violinist friend accidentally learned she was studying voice and offered to take her to a broadcasting station. For years she broadcast in a girl duo and then Wendell Hall gave her the push that put her on CBS programs.

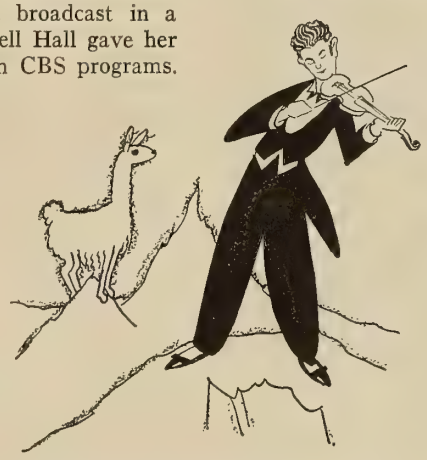
Ruth Lyon completed her college education in which she majored in French, and was seeking a job teaching the latter when friends convinced her that she should follow singing, her hobby. The Ponce Sisters, who are really sisters, were trained to sing by their mother. They laughed at friends who told them they "ought to go on the stage" but finally went to the studios for an audition which discovered their voices to be of excellent quality for Radio. Annette Hanshaw, who started singing at private parties, and finally was singing for four recording companies, was signed by CBS because of her phonograph fame.

The announcers came from more assorted occupations than perhaps any other branch of Radio entertainers, for there was no such "thing" as an announcer before Radio. Mr. Graham McNamee was a salesman in the Central Northwest until he went to New York to finish his voice training. Applying to the young WEAF for a job singing baritone, he was heard and given one as announcer instead. David Ross almost became a poet instead of an announcer, and broke into Radio one day by happening to be in the studios when something happened that left a hole in the program. He volunteered to do a dramatic reading, and his voice won him an immediate post as mikeman.



Channon Collinge supported himself while studying music by commercial art work—he was good at that too.

Ted Husing was athlete, amateur boxer, boxing instructor for the U. S. Army, professional football and basketball player, furniture salesman, aviation instructor for the New York police force, gymnastics and Charleston dance instructor, and finally one of 609 other applicants for the job of announcer at old WJZ. John S. Young graduated from college and flipped a coin to see whether he would follow law or write the great American drama. Playwrighting won but his play couldn't find a producer. Disappointed Young tried out for Radio and here he is. Bill (W. G.) Hay was a successful vocal instructor and piano merchant until roped into Radio announcing to fill out Radio programs at KFKX, in Nebraska. Then the fans wouldn't let him desert the mike. Henry M. Neely, the "Old Stager", was drama critic, arctic explorer, seaman in Uncle Sam's navy and Radio magazine publisher before his magnetic Radio personality was discovered. Sen Kaney, one of KYW's first announcers, practically grew up with Radio.



Vincent Sorey wandered all over South America playing his fiddle, learning folk songs and singing for his supper.

What Louis A. Witten, guest announcer for CBS, did before Radio is not known to the writer, but it is common knowledge that he broke into it as announcer at a small station in Patchogue, L. I., some six years ago. Neel Enslen, of NBC, is an Ohio State University graduate who was taken under the wing of George Eastman, the music philanthropist, along with eleven other singers, in order to start an American Grand Opera Company. For a while he taught piano and voice in Chicago, next he starred in an operetta, and finally in February, 1929, he went to New York for further musical study and to sing in many of the important churches. In May of that year he was granted an audition by NBC and was one of the first announcers to qualify without previous Radio training of any sort. Kelvin Keech, who graduated as a chemical engineer who knew how to sing and play both the ukulele and mandolin, decided to make his living as an entertainer. After years of doing so, more or less, during which one of his high spots was teaching the Prince of Wales to strum a uke, he decided to try to break into NBC as a performer. He broke in all right, but as an announcer, a job he took half seriously but at which he made good. Norman Brokenshire, ex-soldier and former mechanical draftsman, was sitting in a New York park reading the want-ad section of a newspaper when his eyes saw that WJZ was in need of an announcer, "experience not necessary". He and 499 other young men applied, but Brokenshire was selected.

Most of Radio's masculine stars of song trained for singing early in life, if not for the unheard of broadcast mike, but there are some exceptions and others with interesting pasts. Among these is Frank Luther, NBC tenor and member of the "Men About Town" quartet, who rode herd on the Kansas prairies until he was ordained as a minister. Then his marriage required more money than a minister's remuneration, so he took up professional singing. Theo Karle, CBS tenor, punched cows on his father's ranch until he was eighteen. Wilfred Glenn, NBC soloist and bass of the Revelers, was in Alaska with the salmon fleet as representative of a salmon packing company when the gold rush started. Lewis James, NBC tenor and another Reveler, failed by a point to become a cadet at West Point, so he became an engineer. This profession he continued until friends persuaded him to take up singing.

Billy Hughes thought he would be a wall street operator until Radio claimed him. Darl Bethmann, NBC baritone, worked in Pennsylvania steel mills to earn money with which to finance a musical education.

So, you will see, many of the present favorites of the dial had as commonplace beginnings as perhaps many of you who will be reading this article. None of them expected to be bigtimers in Radio. It just—happened.



Wuxtry! Brokenshire *Elected Mayor of Mirthquakers*

THIS is Inside Story No. 1 on the "Making of a Radio Program." Written because Anxious Letter Writer and Mr. Vox Pop ask, "Do the Presidents of big business Corps. scratch their noodles and wonder, 'Will a soprano or a ventriloquist or an animal act sell more for us?'" Do they worry about what you like, Mr. Vox Pop? Of course.

You hear the Mirthquakers program now with Brother Brokenshire and Brother Macy. But only lately the Garcia Grande cigar company wondered what Mr. Vox Pop likes and staged a contest to let Mr. V. P. and the rest of the Public vote. Did the listeners like Norman Brokenshire as an announcer and M. C., or did they prefer him in bigger doses as Chief Entertainer? Everybody was invited to vote by mail.

The election was crooked, because every ballotteer was paid. One cigar was the bribe. But one party was as black as the other was burnt-corked, so neither demanded a legislative investigation.

Faster and faster came the votes! If all the mail ballots in the station mail bags had been piled end to end and the ink squeegeed out and used in a rain machine there wouldn't be any drought problem for the farmers. But the result was apparent from the first. Norman Brokenshire (right) won, hands down, with the second man on his ticket, Everett Macy, pulling another record-breaking vote.

Mr. G. Grande heaved a sigh of relief, put Norman and Everett to work in a padded, sound-proof studio where the gags would rebound harmlessly and the "Mirthquakers'" result can be heard via electrical transcriptions any day now via WOR in New York, WFBM in Indianapolis, or if that doesn't suit you, try WHK, Cleveland, WSTP, Minneapolis, or WFBR, Baltimore. Welcome back to Radio, Mr. Pioneer Brokenshire! We're glad to hear you again.



Abe Lincoln Was a Rail Splitter but Norman Sweeps into Office on Reputation as a Side Splitter—Everett Macy (Left) Cleans up in Second Place on Ticket

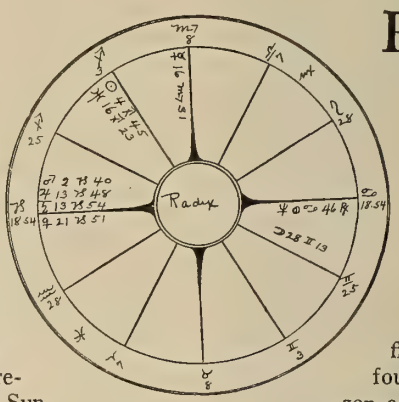
Ted Husing

May Become President



If Blustery old Planet Mars isn't Talking through his Helmet, this Boy may Land in the White House!

By Peggy Hull



Here's a chart of the dusty diamond which to Ted is more thrilling than all your sparklers. With his eye on the ball, his pencil follows players in their course from base to base.

TIPS from Ted Husing's horoscope.

Don't call him by his first name the first time you meet him.

Don't step up to him and slap him violently on the back to show how glad you are to see him.

Don't call him up at any old hour and invite him to a party just because you have met him a couple of times.

And don't think because I have given you these tips that Ted Husing is a snob, a highbrow, or an orchid. He is just darned exclusive, extremely conservative and abhors familiarity.

Where did I get my dope? Right out of the natal chart which you can see for yourself. That funny little curlycue at the center of the left side of the circle is the sign Capricorn and it is this sign with Mars, Jupiter, Saturn and Venus posited therein which makes Mr. Husing that way. He can't help it and as a matter of fact there is no reason why he should. Surely, in spite of his exclusiveness, he is one of the most beloved sports announcers on the air. It may be unusual for a man who goes in for all the outdoor sports to be formal and reserved, but after all, that expresses Ted Husing's personality. He is unusual. Oh, so unusual!

From an astrological standpoint he has a remarkable horoscope. His Sun in Sagittarius gives him a jovial, genial disposition. A love for animals, horse races and sporting events of all kinds. The Sagittarians, or those having Sagittarius strongly posited in their charts are the people who really make the sporting world. The position of the Sun also makes it possible for him to talk about sports events with fluency and enthusiasm.

Uranus, the planet of invention and originality, also in the sign Sagittarius emphasizes this gift and augments it by giving him the ability to express himself in a novel way. He has a ready wit, an excellent memory and a gift for talking.

If it weren't for the cold and conservative and exclusive Capricorn on the horizon, Ted Husing would be an entirely different chap. He would wear flashy clothes, conspicuous jewelry and be the life of the party through the simple expedient of being the noisiest person present. But you all know that Ted Husing is just the opposite. Capricorn the sign of the Tenth house, the house of honor, of public position, of ambition, of dignity, strongly influences the rays of the four planets on the horizon at birth.

It is very easy to be deceived by the informality of that first name, Ted. It is perfectly natural for everyone to assume that anyone with the name of Ted expects to be called "Ted" and nothing else. But it would be far more in keeping with his inner nature to speak of him, even after you have known him twenty years or more, as Theodore!

THE Sun and Uranus in conjunction give him a public career. As long as he lives he will be before the public in some kind of work. Later on it may be politics. When he has reached middle age he will find his thoughts, ambitions and desires turning from the sporting world to the more substantial and constructive affairs of state, and if he ever goes in for public office he will make a popular and successful representative of the people.

At present he has a love of adventure, a longing for change, an ever present restlessness that makes it difficult for him to settle down in one spot. He likes

speed, excitement and sudden changes. Nothing gives him a greater kick than a telephone call to catch the next plane for the other side of the nation.

As long as he lives he will contact many people and from all walks of life. He will always attract many, many would-be friends. They will come from all walks of life and from all kinds and conditions. Everybody will like Ted Husing but Ted Husing will not like everybody. He will be known as a good fellow, generous, agreeable and pleasant to meet but his intimate circle of friends will be extremely small and carefully guarded. In other words he will have thousands of acquaintances and very, very few friends.

THIS tendency is evidently a safeguard put up by Fate for Uranus in the eleventh house, house of friends, to prevent his undoing through friends. He could be held responsible for events over which he had no control but which involved persons close to himself, if he were the kind who mixed easily with all classes. Fortunately for himself and his future he is exclusive, for he'll never be tried for murder, or anything else unpleasant just because he was around when the event occurred, or after it had taken place, or because the actual murderer's hat was found in his apartment. And if you don't think people can get in a lot of trouble by having too many friends, or knowing too many persons whose ways and means of earning a living will not bear close scrutiny, just pause and recall the prominent men who were dragged into the Vivian Gordon murder case because they had been visitors at her apartment..



This is Ted Husing—but MR. Husing to you!

Mr. Husing's later years will bring him much more satisfaction than the present, although he is now in one of the best periods he will experience. His popularity will increase this year and continue on the upgrade for some time to come. This is a splendid time for him to make money, to take advantage of every opportunity which presents itself and to conserve his assets for the future.

This is his big earning era and he will be perfectly justified in adding a couple of zeros each time he makes a contract.

Mars in Capricorn gives him that strength of character which amazes so many who think, having met him a few times that they know him. He possesses a peculiar quality of character which the casual or superficial observer never would suspect. On the surface he is friendly, almost, we might say, easily impressed. Or at least that is what you think. You might even say to yourself, here is a chap I can wind around my little finger. But try and do it. Beneath that pleasant, affable exterior is solid granite. Nothing under the sun will ever be able to make Ted Husing do or be something he doesn't want to be. Courage, indomitable courage, and will power are the two qualities which Mars strongly posited in Capricorn gives the people who receive its reflected rays. It also gives perseverance, well nigh inexhaustible energy, and patience, so if you have ever wondered how Ted Husing was able to shake the alkali dust of Deming, N. Mex., from his shoes and land right in the middle of the "big time" in New York, there is your answer.

And here are some of the other things Mars in this position contributes to a horoscope. It arouses the esteem of the community and brings honors from public posts so who knows? Perhaps one of these days Mrs. Husing's little boy Ted will be the head man at the White House. Certainly if there is anything in astrology the natal chart would indicate nothing less than presidential material in Ted Husing.

JUPITER, the ruler of his horoscope is also posited in Capricorn. This makes him very ambitious, self-reliant and self controlled. It crystallizes the Martian influence and makes his strength of character stronger. He could manage a large corporation with great efficiency and success. This position of Jupiter is the stamp of honesty and integrity. If Mr. Husing was the head of a big bank it would never fail and neither would a depositor lose a penny in any institution for which he was responsible. Saturn, the ruler of Capricorn occupies almost the same degree with Jupiter. This tends to strengthen the splendid influences of the benefic planet Jupiter and to add to his determination and will power.

Whenever I see a chart with the planet Venus in Capricorn I always remember one of the first examples given me in Astrology. I was at the theater and Ann Pennington, the diminutive and lovely Ann who has been the darling of Broadway for several years, was twinkling her pretty feet across the stage and occasionally giving us a delightful glimpse of a pair of dimpled knees. My companion who was well versed in astrology said, "Ann Pennington has Venus in Capricorn. That's why she has dimpled knees. Everyone with Venus in Capricorn has dimpled knees."

Mr. Husing has Venus in Capricorn but of course, I can't tell you whether he has lived up to this ancient rule of the stars or not.

His Moon in Gemini is significant. It is the one restless note in his whole horoscope. However, Mr. Husing is a fine example of one who controls his stars instead of being controlled by them.

WMBC Broadcasts Buckley MURDER TRIAL



Gerald E. (Jerry) Buckley, prominent WMBC Radio announcer who is credited with the recall of Mayor Charles Bowles. He is also responsible for the closing up of the larger gambling houses in the vicinity of Detroit.

THOUSANDS of persons have listened to murder trials in the courtrooms of this country, but never before have they been able to listen to a real one through the loudspeaker of their Radio set.

Radio station WMBC, the Michigan Broadcasting Company, of Detroit, has made history for itself and Radio broadcasting. WMBC is believed to be the first station ever to broadcast actual word for word description of a murder trial—that of the alleged killers of Gerald E. Buckley.

Known to thousands of Radio listeners as "Jerry", Buckley acted as announcer for WMBC, conducting a daily broadcast from 6:30 to 7 p.m. He was shot and killed on the morning of July 23rd, 1930 when three men entered the lobby of the hotel where the Radio station is located.

Investigation got under way, which resulted in the arrest of a number of suspects. The Grand Jury later indicted three men, Ted Pizzino, Angelo Livecchi and Joseph Bommarito, all of whom have police records. They were placed on trial February 25th, 1931. Testimony in the case was completed April 13th. Tuesday the 14th, WMBC was given permission by presiding Judge Edward J. Jeffries to broadcast the closing arguments of the defense, prosecution and the judge's charge to the jury.

Judge Edward J. Jeffries delivered a Radio address to his audience in the courtroom and the invisible audience of Radio, saying:

"The microphone or the Radio as a means of disseminating the details of a lawsuit probably found its first introduction in the murder trial of Gerald E. Buckley, slain Radio announcer of WMBC, Detroit." While this may be a new thing, it is thoroughly compatible and in policy with the law.

"I cannot conceive," Judge Jeffries added, "of anything more satisfactory than the broadcasting of not only the testimony, but the arguments of counsel and the charge of the court and the entire proceedings, so that people of this city, especially in as important a trial as the Buckley trial, should know what their jury is doing, what their officials are doing, what the officers of the court are doing; so that they too, at the end of a lawsuit, may be able to pass with some degree of accuracy, upon the outcome of the trial."

The facts developed in the trial showed that for several months, Buckley had been giving a daily digest of news, carrying on a crusade to rid the city of vice and racketeers, gaining for himself thousands of friends who were loud in their praise of his fearlessness. Later, he devoted more or less of his time securing positions for the unemployed.

Then came the movement for the recall of Mayor Charles Bowles.

Buckley severely criticized any public official who had not lived up to his promise and received various threats, both over the telephone and through the mails. He had exposed the larger gambling establishments which resulted in raids and padlocks. But still he carried on—the people were for him and the police praised him.

CONFINING his criticisms later to Bowles, who had held office only six months, Buckley alleged that the former mayor had been in league with the underworld.

Then came the recall of the mayor.



The grand jury, shown at the right, was composed of eight men and four women. The WMBC microphone in the foreground was the same one used by "Jerry" Buckley during his crusade over the air against racketeers and the minions of vice and crime.

FOR the first time in the history of American Radio, a real murder trial has been broadcast. Jerry Buckley, a friend of the poor and beloved Radio announcer, was slain by gunmen. Nothing was more fitting than that the accused be tried in "full hearing" of that great public which knew him in life

By Ted Dawood

"The Arabian Knight" of WMBC



All photos courtesy of Detroit Times

These three gentlemen from left to right are Joseph Bommarito, Ted Pizzino and Angelo Livecchi, all of whom were accused of killing Buckley. However, all three were found "not guilty" after a jury had deliberated for more than 33 hours.

Upon his return to the studio from the City Hall, where Buckley had broadcast details of the election returns, the Radio announcer received a mysterious telephone call. A few minutes later he was seated in the lobby of the hotel. He heard newsboys crying out an extra. Purchasing a copy of a paper Buckley returned to the lobby and started reading an account of the recall election.

Several minutes had elapsed when the three gunmen entered through the side entrance of the hotel. One of the men was said to have opened fire at close range from behind, the shots taking effect in the Radio announcer's head. The other two gunmen walked around facing Buckley and poured a volley of lead into his body. Employes of the hotel, who heard the shots, disappeared. So did the killers.

In commenting on the Radio broadcasting of the trial Judge Jeffries said, "Honest judges, honest lawyers, honest jurors, can have no objection to a broadcast of the testimony, the argument and the charge of the court. It is of public concern. It is not only of public concern but is highly beneficial in the protection to not only the state but to the defendants on trial.

"WHEN the people of the city of Detroit are watching or listening, officials are more likely to be respectful in their conduct and more accurate in their statements.

"I want to say further that the sessions and proceedings of the Legislature of the state of Michigan as well as the Common Council of the city of Detroit should be broadcast, so that the people of the state of Michigan and the city of Detroit would know first hand regarding the conduct of their public affairs."

In delivering his charge to the jury, Judge Jeffries gave orders to either bring in a verdict of "guilty in the first degree" or "not guilty." However, after 33 hours and 5 minutes' deliberation the jury, composed of eight men and four women returned a verdict of "not guilty", acquitting the three defendants.

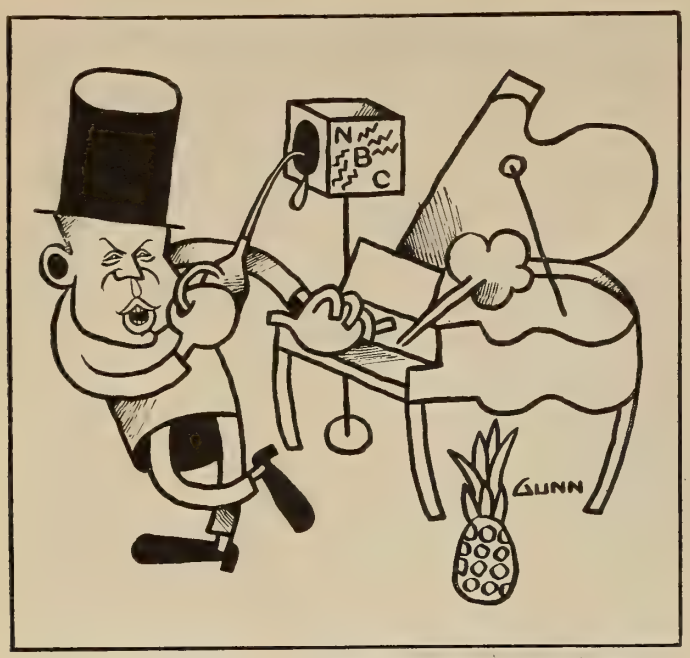
The foreman of the jury spoke through the microphone used by Buckley when he announced the verdict of "not guilty," for the WMBC microphone in the courtroom was the same one used by "Jerry" Buckley during his crusade over the air against vice conditions and racketeers. A new style "condenser" type of microphone was also used in the courtroom to pick up the voices of the defense, prosecution and judge.

Nothing was more fitting than that the men accused of the murder of "Jerry" Buckley be tried in full view of the public who knew and loved the announcer. It was a great achievement on the part of Radio Station WMBC, and listeners from all over the country sent in congratulations to the sponsors of the dramatic broadcast.

They expressed their thanks for the opportunity given them to pay last respects in a new fashion to the memory of "Jerry" Buckley. The general consensus of opinion, as shown in the letters, can be expressed in a few words——

Radio is a great thing, but—the mystery as to who killed "Jerry" Buckley, beloved Radio announcer, remains unsolved.





Ray Perkins, Clarence his Piano and Flossie the Oil Can

Broadcastor OIL

More Squirts and Smears from the NBC Lubricator who Lets Drip a Few Deep, Dark Radio Secrets

By Ray Perkins

MY DEARS, you have no notion how difficult it is for an old dyed in the woof micro-phony like myself to open this thesis without chimes or an opening signature. You know what an opening signature is, don't you, a bright reader like you? It's a cute bit of musical fol de rol that precedes and identifies a program as smell does a cheese. Sometimes a whole festive board of directors of some prominent firm get to wrangling and snarling among themselves for days just because they can't agree on an opening signature.

It was that way with the editors when I suggested having one for this series. The managing editor had an aunt who loved zithers, so he wanted a zither. Then one of the associate editors thought we ought to have a mystery tenor wearing nothing but a silver gas-mask, singing "We're the voice of the Broadcastoroil articles," only we couldn't find a word to rhyme with articles and anyway we were afraid of being sued by RKO because they've used the idea. RKO is related by merger to NBC, in fact it's one of NBC's rich relatives and it wouldn't pay me, as an NBC artist, to offend it. For awhile it looked as though we'd open each article with one of those rip-snorting, razzle dazzle flourishes of brass. You know—blow your hat off. Well, I and the editors got to thinking that people don't wear hats anyway as a rule while reading this type of magazine, so we dropped that idea.

We even got as far as engaging the band. It was a band of low frequencies, and we consulted Arthur Pryor about engaging it. The real reason why we abandoned the flourish in brass for our opening signature was because it was a full brass band and nobody felt equal to flourishing it. And besides, by purest coincidence, someone had fired the band a week before we started this series. Even the bass drum was all lit up by a roaming candle, and had a picture painted on it of an Indian girl bending over a waterfall, which made a mighty pretty effect at night, I can tell you. That bass drum will be valuable when Television arrives. The drummer had got so expert that he could hit the drum, manufacturing the highest quality bomboms, with *or without* striking the Indian girl where she bent over, depending on the mood of the audience and the requirements of the music.

(Note to our readers: Kindly do not send insulting or disrespectful letters to the author of this series. The mere fact that you have paid a paltry 25c for this stylebook of studiodom hardly warrants unbridled license on your part. Do you want to hurt my feelings? Of course you don't. There, there now, dry your tears and we'll forget all about the four scurrilous invectives I received since last month's article.—R. P.)

SO THAT'S why we don't have an opening signature at the top of this essay, though why I should pour forth these intimate confidences to you who are perfect strangers, I cannot understand.

The signature I use in my Radio lectures as Prince of Pineapple is not the same as that with which I sign checks, there being no rubber in my programs, despite the tendency of Ed Strong, control engineer extraordinary, to snap back at me. When we started my programs, the sponsors (whose pineapples are the Hawaiian, not the Chicago variety) agreed that we should open merely with a chord-in-G. The NBC for some time held out for G-and-a-half, but we beat them down. But alas for the best laid plans of mikes and men!

The very first time we went on the air, just as we were ready to give our Chord-in-G, Ted Jewett, announcer pineappletentiary to the Prince of Pineapple, got nervous and hollered "Good Morning Everybody." Then with a naughty toss of his head, quicker than you could say your prayers, assuming that you ever do, he was scampering through the opening announcement fast as his little tonsil would carry him. So we never used our Chord-in-G and if it's of any use to you you're welcome to it, because it's as good as new.

FOR a long time we followed the Parnassus trio on the air. Never mind wondering what Parnassus means. Neither do I. For heaven's sake, if you're going to take time out to figure out one little word, you'll lose the drift of this whole treatise and then how do you expect to get anything out of it? Any words you don't understand, just skip. Tush, child, what's one word in 1500? (Note to editor: that's just a rough estimate, but I'm sure there's *more* than enough.) Well anyway, the Parnassus Trio is made up of three of the best looking stringed instruments you ever saw, playing on girls.

For love interest they use two canaries named Dickey and Blue Boy, both tenors, who are paid to sing by piece work while the trio plays pieces. I'll never forget my embarrassment one day when I stopped to ask Dickey if he knew of a canary whom I could get to hatch an egg. Olga Serlis, head girl of the trio, insisted on giving me the bird. I've been given the bird by experts and I

(Continued on page 85)



Anita Page

'TenSHUN! Guess ATTention would be the thing you'd be doing the most of, what, Doughboy? Look at those lucky goose-steppers! O-kay, Colonel Anita (maybe she's a general)—and here's to you over the Musical Cocktail on the CBS from California.



Lee Morse

DON'T blame this little lady if she seems to have a predilection to whoop a little now and then. She grew up next door to an Indian reservation in Idaho. Her well trained soprano voice can put a gold tip to a nice lady-like whoop. She's only five feet tall but packed sole to crown with the dynamic energy of her famous ancestor, Zach Taylor. Besides that she's a minister's daughter and her two brothers opposed each other in race for governorship of Tennessee. She sings on CBS programs from New York.

Welcome Lewis

Lew Conrad

SOMETIMES you may wonder how these two popular NBC stars manage to infuse so much sincerity and enthusiasm in their delightful croonsongs. But, now that you have seen this picture, you will understand. It is only fair to state, however, that the picture originally showed a microphone as a third party directly in front of Miss Lewis. When Mike, Welcome and Lew get their heads together your dial is immovable. Their fame reaches from coast to coast.



Jesse Crawford

LIFE is just one key after another in the Royal Crawford family. What with being Poet of the Organ and everything at CBS poor Jesse must help eke out an existence by rhapsodizing short stories on a typewriter. His lovely wife serves tea as his fingers strum over the keys and Louis A. Witten scowls at the script he has produced.





Andy Sannella

BIG time on the air at NBC-N. Y. is just an item in the life of Mr. Sannella who finds his greatest thrill at home in the attic where he talks with hams in Australia and Cape Town over his 150 watt transmitter. "Sax" the cat stands by to absorb any stray static.



Ben Alley and Ann Leaf

IS BEN ALI an Arabian sheik? Mebbe so, but not our Ben Alley of CBS who lolls thus casually over the windshield of Little Organ Annie's organ. You know them—Ben of the tender and bewitching tenor voice and Miss Ann Leaf of the lyric pipes.



Gloria Caruso

ENRICO CARUSO took to his grave the greatest tenor voice the world has ever known. But perhaps his little daughter, Gloria, may some day become similarly renowned. Here she is with her mother waiting to broadcast at WABC for the American Child Health Association.



Ann and Phil Brae

THERE'S no use trying to account for the lure that lurks in a well oiled saxophone. Behold Ann and Phil Brae, who play the parts of a retired vaudeville team at CBS, N. Y., fooling these ducks into thinking they're canaries. The quacking chorus was heard from Maine to California.



Colonel Coffee and Captain Bean

JAVA hear these two old sidesplitters at WTMJ, Milwaukee? Such predicaments! They wanted to adopt a baby. Then decided they would have to have a mamma for the baby. Colonel Coffee is negotiating with a matrimonial agency as we go to press. Who'll be Colonel Coffee's sugar and cream?



Floyd Gibbons

HELLO everybody! Just got a cablegram from a little town up near the Arctic Circle in Siberia. Think I know about where it is but guess I'd better roll out the old world and take a look—yep, here it is, and I think we're going to get a lot of hot dispatches from this sector before another Sunday night comes around—Jimminy crickets, Floyd, hope we get to hear you every night again.



Gertrude Lawrence

THIS English comedy star was one of the delightful entertainers on the Vitality Personality programs over the CBS a few evenings ago. Remember? If you saw her on the stage it may have been in Charlot's Revue, Oh Kay, Treasure Girl or Candle Light. Her voice was a Radio find.

Georgia Backus
Teddy Bergman

IT'S up and away if you try to keep all the dates mapped out for the boys and girls who put on the Henry George programs. They are supposed to be in a different city each Tuesday night—and with the aid of a good Stout pair of wings they are, thank the heavens!





Adele Ronson

IT TAKES bone and sinew as well as laryngeal power to properly function into the iron throat of the microphone. So row, row, row, Miss Adele Ronson, and may your biceps bulge big enough to lift that spiked ashcan over on the other side of you. Mr. M. H. A., note the zeal of this little lady to be well worthy of the NBC dramatic staff.



Alois Havrilla

WELL, well—and where are you going, Alois Havrilla, all dressed up in your feathered bonnet, fancy vest and velvet pantaloons? "Going to Czecho Slovakia, sir," he said. That's where he was born. Click! And he was there via NBC microphone, talking to the home folks in their own language. He is just now getting his applause mail from Prague.



Puzzle Man

THEY'RE putting puzzles on the chains now, but here's the man who started it. Elmer Hanson at KFJM, Grand Forks, N. D., casually dropped a few puzzles in the air and look what happened! Now he's puzzled to know how to get out from under such an avalanche of mail. Is your answer there?



Glenn Sisters

MANY listeners write for information concerning the Glenn Sisters at WLW. How do they look? Are they really sisters? The answer is, yes. Ruth is the red haired young mischief on the left. Katherine, with the light brown hair, smiles at you from the right. Both have blue eyes and they harmonize as well in appearance as vocally.



HARDLY need to introduce you to Sally if you happened to see Once in a Lifetime. Besides her musical comedy fame she is well known to Radio audiences in all the major cities. The picture was sent to Radio Digest from WIP-WFAN, Philadelphia

Sally Phipps



Rondoliers
(right and below)

RADIO DIGEST takes special pride in presenting to you The KDKA Rondoliers and their director, Zoel Parenteau, who present a special Radio Digest program each week over this First Radio Broadcasting Station of all the World. Letters complimenting them have come from all three Americas.

Arkansas Woodchopper (left)

FOR years and years Luther W. Ossenbrink, famous as the Arkansas Woodchopper, has been entertaining Radio listeners from WLS, Chicago. He's either guitaring in the Barn Dance or seconding fiddlers with his banjo. "Arkie" also calls off the old square dances.





Helen Nugent

LOVELY Helen Nugent is one of the most promising stars on the CBS staff in New York. She sings in five languages and she has what the directors call a perfect microphone voice, which equips her not only for Radio but for the talking pictures. You may have seen our recent Radiograph about Miss Nugent.



Zeta Harrison

NATURE so designed this charming little lady that she fits in on any kind of a program at KPO, San Francisco. She can even do acrobatic dancing, but she prefers piloting the Children's Hour. She belongs to the KPO Dramatic Guild.



David Rubinoff

THIS virile director is so radiant with energy and unceasing activity we can't even begin to give you an idea about it here, so just take a look across to the opposite page and read what a hard working interviewer has to say.

A Busy Day with
"Dynamic" Rubinoff

"Hurry" He Prods the Slow Taxi-Driver———
"R-r-r-rrr" Screech the Sirens of Motorcycle Cops who
Escort the Batoneer from Theatre to Studio and Back

By Harold E. Tillotson

THE irresistible music of the youthful maestro David Rubinoff, emanates from the loud speakers in millions of homes every Sunday night. Many of those listening in have seen and heard Rubinoff in their favorite motion picture theatre. Many more, who have not had this opportunity, may now hear his music through the magic of Radio.

A "human dynamo" is this fellow Rubinoff. As we sit in our easy chair, listening to his programs, we give very little thought to the hours of work that he has spent in arranging his program.

The writer had been told of the unceasing energy that Rubinoff possessed. They even told us that he slept but six hours a day and spent the remainder of that time at hard, strenuous work.

Skeptical of these reports, we decided to pay a visit to the NBC studios and find out just how hard Rubinoff did work. Before we describe it, let us say that we are perfectly willing to go down on record as saying that David Rubinoff is one of the hardest-working individuals that we have ever seen. And so to the studio.

First of all, we telephoned NBC to find out the time of the Rubinoff rehearsal. We fell out of bed when we found that even though it was eight o'clock on Sunday morning, Rubinoff and his men had been at work since seven! Dressing hurriedly we ate breakfast on the run and arrived at the studio at exactly eight-thirty.

WE found Rubinoff, surrounded by a large group of musicians, dressed in an athletic sweater and sport trousers. We made particular note of the sweat-shirt that he wore underneath the sweater. But here he was standing in front of his men, his baton waving in the air, then tapping on his music rack, then in the air again like a magician.

Another group of musicians entered the studio and took their places throughout the room. It was then that we first noticed that Rubinoff had merely been rehearsing the brass and reed sections of his orchestra. Upon inquiring the why and wherefore of this procedure we were informed by the drummer that Mr. Rubinoff always rehearsed each section of his orchestra individually. Well, here is a new one. We had never considered this method of rehearsing an orchestra. But it sounds logical doesn't it? By rehearsing in this manner, Rubinoff knows that each section can play its respective parts perfectly.

THE maestro continued rehearsing each section separately until he had gone the rounds of the entire orchestra. He then tapped his baton on his music rack. I believe there were five taps. This evidently meant that every member of the orchestra was to join in on the next bit of rehearsing, for each and every one of them quickly took his place at his instrument. It was then that we could see the value of Rubinoff's idea of rehearsing the sections individually.

The entire orchestra swung into the first chord of the overture. All eyes were virtually glued upon their conductor.

Thus, did Rubinoff go through a final rehearsal for his evening Radio program.

Wiping the perspiration from his brow, the maestro rushed over to us and invited us to lunch. Incidentally he told us that his time would be rather limited, but when we informed him that our time was his and not to let us interfere with his regular routine he grabbed us by the arm and, with his other arm picked up his $10,000 fiddle, and yours truly, Rubinoff and his violin were in a taxi the next minute darting through the heavy traffic of Fifth Avenue. Rubinoff shouted to the driver, to hurry "I have twenty minutes to make my next overture at the theatre," said the violinist, "and I have to change clothes."

Arriving at the theatre, we found Al, Rubinoff's faithful valet, waiting with coat, trousers and shirt in his hands. The conductor changed quickly and rushed into the pit just as it was slowly raising. We scurried around through the side door and watched him conduct the overture. And, if we had thought Rubinoff was working his hardest in the studio, we were wrong. No sooner had the pit raised than he swung his magic baton and conducted his theatre orchestra with all the vim, vigor and vitality of a prize-fighter going through his training exercises.

The overture finished, Rubinoff suggested lunch. It was then two o'clock and we felt the need of nourishment. And perhaps at last we could sit down for a few minutes and talk quietly.

BACK to the dressing room we hurried and Rubinoff grabbed his coat and we rushed across the street. To a fine, big restaurant where we could sit down for an hour or so and eat slowly and talk at leisure? No siree! Across the street—but not to a big restaurant. Into a sandwich shop we dived and, much to our surprise, we found that our orders had already been taken. Al, the valet, had ordered over the telephone.

Before the waiter was halfway through, Rubinoff was folding his napkin and lighting a cigar. Sensing our apparent distinction as a procrastinator we hurried through our meal and no sooner had we drained our coffee cup than Rubinoff said

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RADIOGRAPHS

Intimate Personality Notes Gleaned from the Radio Family of New York's Great Key Stations

By Rosemary Drachman

THE story of William Paley, President of Columbia Broadcasting System, is the story of a young man who had a business and wanted to advertise it, and who ended up by buying the advertising medium and letting the business go. The business was the Congress Cigar Company, the advertising medium was the Columbia Broadcasting System.

William Paley's father was in the cigar business, and the boy had been studying tobacco from an early age. When he was only eighteen his father left him in charge of a just-started branch factory in Philadelphia. Young Paley weathered the difficulties of organization, a general strike among the workers, and soon had his branch producing as many cigars as his father's factory in Chicago.

For the next three years he studied at the University of Pennsylvania. Upon graduation he entered his father's business, as he thought, permanently.

But now advertising enters the picture. Radio was in its early stages. Mr. Paley knew very little about it, but it struck him that here was a new method for telling the world about Palina Cigars.

So impressed was he with the results of the Radio campaign that he decided to buy the organization which had made it. CBS at that time happened to be on the market. Mr. Paley bought it, took a three months' leave of absence from his cigar company, and planned to reorganize the Radio company in that time. He had every intention of going back into the tobacco business.

So much for the plans of mice and men. Mr. Paley, although he is still a director in his original company, has never gone back to active management. To him Radio brings a thrill and fascination that nothing else can.

CBS, which had sixteen stations when Mr. Paley bought it, now has seventy-seven. Its chief executive is particularly interested in the American School of the Air, and in international broadcasting. He feels that Radio is the greatest medium we have for the development of international goodwill. Although not a pacifist, he has all the energy of a missionary when it comes to ways and means by which nations may be brought closer together.

Columbia's President is a very shy man who dislikes interviews and shuns publicity of any kind. He has made one speech in his life and swears it will be his last.

He is a young man, not yet thirty. He does a tremendous amount of work without seeming to. He has already that ability which so often comes only with age—the ability to delegate authority. Results are all that count with him. Methods he leaves entirely to the individual.

He never broadcasts. He says he is microphone-shy. He has written articles for such magazines as *Nation's Business*, the *Yale Review* and *Radio Revue* (now combined with Radio Digest). His only hobbies are book collecting and the theatre.

He is a bachelor and lives at 480 Park Avenue.

As to the future of broadcasting and television, he refuses to make predictions.



William Paley

Lee Morse

(*A full page rotogravure picture of Lee Morse appears on page 34*)

LEE MORSE. Lee Morse, of the deep, sad voice. Red hair. Peaches and cream complexion. Five feet. One Hundred Pounds. Looks all of nineteen and a half. And yet she's been singing and acting, as she says, "for years and years and years."

Want to know her secret for keeping young and beautiful? No, it isn't any special kind of tonic, exercise, or face packs. Nothing so simple. Her recipe is more glamour, and by glamour she means change, excitement, interesting things to do, the expectancy of something thrilling just around the corner.

Certainly the road she has traveled in her own life has been glamorous enough—a road that has led her from an Idaho ranch, through vaudeville, stage and movie engagements, up to her present position as one of Columbia's featured artists.

"If it were possible to do it," says Miss Morse, "I should start the movement to put more glamour into people's lives, especially women's. Most women's days have such an awful sameness. That's the thing that ages them. It isn't the wearing out, it's the rusting out that traces in the wrinkles.

"And yet," she said with a little puzzled smile, "just how would you go about this bigger and better glamour movement. It's a thing that either happens or it doesn't happen. Take my own case. I might have spent my days on an Idaho ranch, but my father happened to take



Floyd Gibbons

me on a visit to California. A theatre manager heard me sing, and put me on the Pantages Circuit. That was the beginning of the excitement, and there's been excitement ever since. Good breaks and bad breaks, but always something interesting."

Yet, even on an Idaho ranch I think Lee Morse would have had an adventurous life. She is that sort of person. Her mind strikes you as eager, and alert and sympathetic.

It is that sympathetic quality which is most evident in her singing. Her voice has a note of sadness, of wistfulness, which is hard to describe, but which is very appealing. Perhaps it is that combination of southern drawl and western twang. Her family came from Tennessee, but she was brought up in the west.

Her father was a minister, one of those pioneer missionary preachers. In those early days, in Idaho, little Lee would ride beside him as he made his calls. He taught her the tunes of some of the hymns, and they would sing them together. This teaching and the songs she learned from the cowboys made up her only formal musical education, which just goes to prove that in some cases a formal musical education isn't necessary. For Lee Morse has been leading lady with Raymond Hitchcock in *Hitchy-Koo* and was a featured singer in the first *Artists and Models*. She has made dozens of records, and although she now has an extraordinarily good diction, she says that when she first started her record making she had to labor over her s's and t's and d's.

She loves Mexican tamales and hates shopping. "Oh, I like the result of shopping," she admits, "but the process bores me to death. I let it go till my wardrobe is in such a state that I literally haven't a thing to wear. Then I grit my teeth and drive myself to tour the shops. 'Spose it goes back to my early training on the ranch. I spent too much time in overalls. Maybe some time the Radio companies will fix it so I can broadcast from that ranch. I'd like that."

Miss Morse's husband is Bob Downey, her accompanist. "Nice, steady person," she says of him—"just the kind I need." She has a young son who has already decided he wants to be a civil engineer, and who, despite his talented mother, can't sing a note.

You may hear her lovely deep voice over the WABC-Columbia network every Friday night on the Van Heusen Program.

Peggy Hull

SHE'S a mere scrap of a person, is Peggy Hull, the astrological lady of RADIO DIGEST and who also gives such fascinating talks about her adventures in Mexico, China, France, and Siberia in the RADIO DIGEST programs over WMCA on Tuesday afternoons. She is addicted to saucy little nose veils and absurdly high heels and frilly feminine dresses. She doesn't look at all the sort of person to be a war correspondent.

Peggy thinks it is a case of heredity plus environment. Her ancestors fought in the Revolutionary and Civil Wars. A minister grandfather gave up the soft life of a rectory in Boston to go live a rough pioneer life among the Indians. Then at sixteen Peggy left the little farm in Kansas, where she was born, to work on a newspaper in Junction City, and Junction City was near Ft. Riley. It was then and there that Peggy learned to love the army.

At seventeen it was westward ho for Denver, where a $15.00 a week job seemed large in her eyes. At nineteen it was again westward ho. This time to Honolulu.

She went to the editor of the paper. Said Peggy, "I want to give you the first women's page in the Hawaiian Islands." Just like that—short and definite. She got the job.

When, in 1914, the European war broke out, she came back to the United States, determined in some way or other to be a war correspondent, and report the greatest story of all time. No way materialized. In 1914 editors weren't sending girls to cover wars.

Peggy bided her time, joined the staff of the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, took a little apartment with her mother. 1916, came a lovely June morning, the scent of roses just outside the window, the morning paper on the breakfast table, big



Peggy Hull

headlines, "Ohio National Guard Mobilized to be Sent to the Border."

And that was that. Overboard went her safe, comfortable, life in Cleveland. Peggy beat the Ohio National Guard to the Border.

The generals, colonels, majors, etc., who didn't die on the spot finally got used to having her around. She went on marches with the troops. She was nearly captured by Mexican bandits.

In all, she was a year on the border before she sailed for Europe as correspondent for the El Paso *Times*. She was in London four days after General Pershing. She saw the first American troops arrive in Paris.

Her first story was a short, simple one of some English people on the boat crossing from New York. It, of course, had to be censored. Sir Douglas Brownrigg, chief censor of the British Admiralty, took the trouble to write her a letter about her story. He wrote, "After thirty-five months of this war work, I want to say that I have enjoyed your story."

Peggy found out afterwards that it was the only letter of commendation that had ever come out of his office.

Before the war was over, Peggy came back to America, and was sent—this time fully accredited by the War Department, and the first and only woman to be so accredited—to Vladivostok to cover the movements of the American Troops in Siberia for the N. E. A. Syndicate.

(*Continued on page 88*)

Broadcasting from the Editor's Chair

RADIO broadcasters have been a little amused but not altogether surprised at the naiveté, not to say downright irritation displayed by certain members of the American Newspaper Publishers Association during its recent convention in New York. Some of the spokesmen seemed to be running around in a fog, unable to discern the facts or assert them. One thing stood out clearly: Statistics from their Radio committee showed that during 1930 some advertisers had cut their newspaper appropriations moderately, and increased their broadcast advertising appropriations substantially over the previous year.

There was a great deal of stamping around during which considerable stress was laid on the declaration that the newspapers had nurtured Radio through its infancy, feeding it to the public through long columns of "free publicity." And now the blame thing has turned and bit the hand that fed it!

Is it any wonder that broadcasters smile at such comment? The newspapers are not nurturing anything except their own well being. If they print anything about Radio it is not because they want to serve Radio but because they want to serve their readers who are interested in reading news about Radio. Occasionally you will find a newspaper running along on the momentum created by a virile founder which can tamper a little with the news and get away with it. But most newspapers consider it of first importance to get the news, be sure that it is right, and print it. Their threat to throw out Radio program listings except as paid advertising is just about as absurd as it would be to exclude sporting and financial pages because sports and financial institutions operate for commercial gain.

Nothing could be more vacuous than the whine about "free news" to the broadcasting stations. A "free news" flash on the air serves the same purpose as the advance "trailer" showing flashes of a forthcoming picture production at the theatre. The circulation manager is the man behind the "free news" because he is getting free advertising on the air. As a matter of fact broadcasters not infrequently beat the newspapers at their own game. They have been known to put certain news copy down on the editor's desk, gratis, before he could gather it from his own sources.

It is puerile for newspaper publishers to whimper around about Radio. They may be deceiving themselves, but certainly they are not fooling anybody else, least of all the broadcasters. And yet there is an awe, a smothered tread, when one dares to approach the sanctum of the newspaper in a spirit of criticism. Even the strongest broadcasters seem cowed by a long line of inhibitions—"be careful what you say about the newspapers, they can ruin you."

That's more bugaboo. Take them away from the influence of mob psychology at conventions and you will find newspaper publishers just as smart and intelligent as leaders in any other kind of business. And when it comes right down to dollars and cents a newspaper is thoroughly practical. In the first place the publishers have to sell the paper. To sell the paper they have to figure out what will be of the greatest interest to the greatest number of possible readers in their circle of distribution. That's a matter requiring careful study and analysis. What do people talk about on the street corners, on the trains, in the restaurants—and in their homes? Some of the greatest publishers and editors have spent hours day after day wandering about just to eavesdrop on conversations. They seek first hand information about popular discussion.

Then there are certain things that obviously are very much on the public mind. For instance the enormous distribution of Radio receivers makes it obvious that a great many people are interested in Radio. Is there a way by which a newspaper can be of service to this great army of Radio listeners? Can it give them the news of the day as to what they can hear on their receivers for that day—in advance? It can. But the mere publisher says maybe he won't. If the publisher happens to be by instinct a real editor he'll see far enough ahead to follow his instinct and print the news so long as it is decent—and he won't even think of hooking somebody to kick in for the space it takes.

The debate between the newspaper publishers and the Radio broadcast interests takes too little account of the public concern in the matter. The publishers talk of putting the screws on sponsored broadcast programs by cutting them off from free notice and by calling on the Government to make them toe the line with respect to lottery practices.

But the situation is not so simple as these suggestions indicate. If the public wishes to know about these programs, newspapers will publish them since it is the function of newspapers to supply information the people demand. If some newspapers elect to pursue a different course the issue will be determined by popular vote reflected in circulation figures. . . . It is doubtful, however, that such a pass will be reached for it is by no means clear that any real conflict exists between newspapers and broadcast stations. The newspapers have sold less advertising space in the last twelve months or more, not so much because advertisers have preferred the broadcast medium but because general business has been poor; and the broadcast stations have sold more time to advertisers mainly because their medium is still in its first growth, a comparative novelty and still affected by dramatic interest. But relatively few large users of time in the air have reduced their space buying to pay the added bills, and fewer still believe that talk in the air is a substitute for the printed word. At best, with few exceptions, broadcast advertisers look upon the new medium as a means of stimulating newspaper and magazine advertising. To assume that it has any other effect is to assume that the printed page is in danger of losing its place in human life—a thing unthinkable.

RADIO DIGEST has no axe to grind in this matter. Its chief interest is the service it can render to the listener. Perhaps it is less practical than the newspaper, because if Radio pages were abolished from the newspapers RADIO DIGEST would find many, many new readers. But fundamentally RADIO DIGEST is for the genuine welfare of the listener first. And the listener would be seriously inconvenienced if he could not check up his daily program in the family newspaper. In the long run we believe sincere adherence to our fundamental purpose as a magazine will prove to be the best policy. It may be too that nervous newspaper publishers will get over their heebie-jeebie hysterics and settle down to that good old axiom of service to the reader, look bold young Radio square in the eye and say, "put her there, son, you've growed up to be a man. God bless ye!"



Sour notes displease Rudy, so as crooners he strongly believes Amos and Andy would make good black-face comedians. Amos is on the left and Andy on the right of the "Tuneful Topics" author.

Tuneful Topics

By RUDY VALLÉE

Who Chooses For You the Ten "Song Hits of the Month"

There Should Be A Moonlight Saving Time

NOTHING delights my eye more than to see that someone has really scratched his head to dig up something new in titles. Whether Harry Richman or Irving Kahal deserves the credit for this clever title and thought is beside the point—the fact is they have given us one of the most tuneful songs it has been my pleasure to talk about.

Coming out just at the time when we made our change from standard to daylight saving time, it is very appropriate, and will probably prove to be quite popular. Of course, nothing is selling in sheet music any more, but whether we can blame it on Radio, depression, or just general disinterest in sheet music, with the pianos remaining dust-covered, is beside the point; the fact is, nothing is selling, not even the hit songs. This will do as well as any of them, and unless I miss my guess you will hear a lot of it during the months of May and June.

It is extremely danceable, especially when played at about fifty seconds a chorus, which is about the best tempo for dancing, though not always the best for the song. There are some songs with the lyrics fitted to certain rhythms which, if not played slowly enough, cause the lyrics to sound extremely hurried, but this is one that can be done quite brightly, and for that reason will probably prove quite popular with the dance bands, where many other songs have failed to suit the dance orchestras' needs.

It is published by Leo Feist.

Poor Kid

THE lyrics were written by L. Wolfe Gilbert, composer of *Ramona, O Katerina, My Sweet Adair, Waiting for the Robert E. Lee, My Little Dream Girl,* and a host of others, one of the old-timers of the song world who used to be featured in song contests opposite Irving Berlin at popular Coney Island eating and dancing places. He is a man who knows his songs and who is mainly responsible for the tremendous vogue of *The Peanut Vendor* and the rumba tempos themselves—this is his thought, and the lyric is done extremely well. Jesse Greer, composer of the melody of *Just You, Just Me, Blondie, Freshie, Song of the Fool, Cheer Up, Good Times Are Coming,* and a score of others, fitted the melody to Gilbert's lyrics, and did a good job.

The song is really a "great piece of material", as the vaudeville writers and actors say, meaning that it is a great asset to the vaudevillian as he steps out in the spotlight, with a darkened stage, for a very sentimental type of song to pull at the heart-strings of the theatrical audience. How it will fare on the Radio and with the song-buying public at large is another question, but it is extremely musical and different, and should catch on to quite an extent.

One minute for the chorus is not any too much to allow the singer to enunciate every word perfectly and to linger on some of the phrases, which is one of the requisites for putting over this type of song, though I suppose most bands will hurry through it quite swiftly.

It is published by E. B. Marks, Inc.

The Waltz You Saved For Me

ONE of the most promising of the younger generation of band leaders in fact, a boy who is often referred to as the "Personality Boy", and who has carved a niche for himself in the hearts of all Chicago people, both young and old, through his Radio and public dance hall work, is Wayne King. At the present time he is just completing his fourth year

at the beautiful Aragon Ballroom in Chicago.

Wayne has surrounded himself with a group of young boys, but unlike so many of the young bands his boys are all really "virtuosi", and when I use that very much-abused Italian term, I mean that they are really capable instrumentalists and vocalists, but added to that they put on practically a show by themselves. They do *The Three Musketeers* song with all the band lined up in front, very much like a male chorus in a musical comedy. Wayne secures all sorts of weird effects, from a lighting angle, a staging angle, and a dramatic angle, not to forget the comedy hokum stuff which is done so well by Ted Weems and Mal Hallett.

Wayne himself, one of the finest saxophonists in the country, plays a beautiful bass clarinet, but especially excels on his alto. His obbligatos are played in the Wiedoeft vein, and his embellishments and tone on the saxophone are something to marvel at. But aside from all these accomplishments at so youthful an age, he is a composer, and among the various songs that he has authored is this waltz, which has climbed steadily up the list of best sellers until it is second from the top in Chicago and fifth from the top in New York—*The Waltz You Saved For Me.*

I had the pleasure, during our visit to Chicago, to be Wayne's guest for an evening, and to have him go through a routine of their wonderful dance music for me. Especially was I impressed with this waltz, which I subsequently featured on my programs, and I hope that I can feel that I have helped bring it into popularity. I am sincerely hoping it will be a Number 1 song for the firm of Leo Feist, which will show New York that Rocco Vocco can pick them just as well in the "big city" as he did in Chicago.

It is a beautiful waltz, especially for the end of an evening's dance. The song is a particularly sentimental and tender one, and the title tells the story of *The Waltz You Saved for Me.*

Please Don't Talk About Me When I'm Gone

HERE is a song which personally I couldn't see when it first came out, but I have learned to like it and have been somewhat surprised to see it climb up in a short time. From the looks of things it will be the outstanding hit in a few more weeks.

You may be surprised when I tell you that we who sing songs "feel" certain songs, and cannot seem to "get the feel of" others. For example, you could hardly picture John McCormick singing *Walking My Baby Back Home,* although he could probably do it, and do justice to it; it is just not his type of song. Although I feel that I could do justice to *Please Don't Talk About Me When I'm Gone,* because of several bad renditions done in a sort of "hotcha" way that were my first impressions of the song, I have an antipathy toward it.

Whether I like it or not, the song is certainly there, at least with the public that buys, because it is doing extremely well, and after all, that's all that matters.

It was written by two young men, Sydney Clare and Sam Stept, both well known to Tin Pan Alley; the former is especially well known to the RKO studios where he has been writing for the past year. Mr. Stept, partner of the firm of Green & Stept, together with Buddy Green, wrote *I'll Always Be In Love With You, That's My Weakness Now* and a list other big hits.

It is sponsored by the house of Remick, one of the Warner Bros. song publishing group, and Joe Keit, its head, may take credit for having picked it. Keit has been picking songs for Remick for the last ten or twelve years, and has certainly picked a long roster of hits. He may take the bow again this time.

If we played it, I think we would give about fifty seconds to a chorus.

Wabash Moon

LAST night, as one of those who contributed to the N.V.A. array of talent at its annual benefit, I felt the chills run up and down my spine as the gorgeous ensemble which the Columbia Broadcasting System turned out to accompany its array of singers, played as a cue for the entrance and exit of Morton Downey, the CBS featured Radio singer, this beautiful melody of *Wabash Moon.*

Morton himself is part-composer, and I am indeed happy, not only at his marvelous comeback into the field of theatricals and Radio, but that he has authored a Radio signature which is also one of the best sellers on songs today.

Morton is a real Connecticut Irishman, coming from a little town called Wallingford, just a short distance from New Haven. Several of my classmates at Yale were Wallingford boys, and from them I came to know a bit about Morton even before I met him. I can remember the days when he sat in the Leviathan Orchestra, waiting for his time to rise and sing in that beautiful Irish-quality voice of his. At times Morton's voice reminds me of a young choir boy's; its high notes are like those rich, childish voices of which the Vatican choir boasts.

For a time Morton seemed to be resting on his oars very quietly; then he began a period of sustaining programs over the Columbia Broadcasting System around the same time as the appearance of Amos 'n' Andy on the NBC chain. That Morton had something for Radio listeners is clearly evidenced by his quick rise to the big-money class, with Paramount Theatres paying him over five thousand dollars a week for his appearances. He is considered one of the greatest delineators of songs on the air today!

Although my own favorite of the air is Ben Alley, especially on his Nocturne Hour with Ann Leaf at the Wurlitzer organ, yet Morton, with his own type of voice, stands absolutely unrivaled in quality, pitch, diction, and personality. I think I enjoy him even more at his own night club at Delmonico's and nothing gave me such a wonderful, pleasurable surprise as when he went into an Irish song one evening at the club when I happened to be there dining and dancing. He is one of the most regular, clean-cut, and well-liked boys in our profession, and I am very proud of his friendship.

That he has made *Wabash Moon* singlehanded was evidenced in the terrific reception he received when it was played last night, and later on when he sang it. I hope it sells a million copies for him.

It is a beautiful waltz, and is published by Irving Berlin, Inc.

It Must Be True

ON MY Fleischmann Hour from Rochester I went into a "rave" about the Victor record of this particular song as played by Gus Arnheim and his Cocoanut Grove Orchestra. From all reports that drift back to me, and from people that I know in California, Arnheim has the finest dance aggregation on the West Coast, and to my way of thinking, perhaps the finest in the entire world. This may sound like a rather broad statement, but I would be willing to back his organization against any other in any other part of the world. Although I have never seen them perform on the stage to see what they have in the way of showmanship, from a pure musical standpoint I feel that they are unexcelled.

Perhaps my great admiration for them is increased by the presence of Bing Crosby, formerly the lead in Paul Whiteman's "Rhythm Boys", who, in my humble opinion, has the finest recording voice to which it has ever been my pleasure to listen. If he doesn't capture all the feminine hearts in America through his records, no one ever will. He has the most unique style of singing I have ever listened to since I used to enjoy the records of Charlie Kaley.

I have a few records put away in a fireproof record safe—records which I will some day treasure as antiques, and this record will be among them. From a standpoint of rhythm, sheer melody, instrumentation, orchestration, and vocal work, it is perfect!

The record has caused me to go wild over the song, and only last night I wired Arnheim asking him to send me his orchestration so that I can play it here one week at the Brooklyn Paramount, and in our small way try to bring out some of the wonderful effects he does on his Victor record.

The song is one of two hit songs published by Freed & Powers, a new firm

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Nellie Revell's GABALOGUE

HOWDY, friends, both old and new, I'm glad indeed to be with you,
And if, perchance, my chats you like, I hope you'll let me thru the mike,
Often come into your home, and tell of happenings where I roam,
Of whom I see, and whom I know, of those you meet on Radio.

I'VE just dodged in from Broadway. . . . And when I say dodged—I *mean* dodged. . . . Between the tabloid newspapers, and the traffic one surely has to watch his step these days. . . . A pedestrian starts to cross the street. . . . The lights suddenly change—and he finds himself knee-deep in Austin cars (I stepped on three coming over here). . . . And if it hadn't been for one of our much-maligned traffic squad, I wouldn't be here at all. . . . I guess the only way to get on the other side of the street is to be born there. . . .

While on my way home from a matinee today, my taxi got caught in the traffic. . . . Cars of every size, make and color were stalled for a block. . . . Impatient drivers began shooting backward and forward in an effort to find a way out. . . . Horns honking and screeching in every key, and drivers swearing in every language. . . . Presently, however, the blockade was broken and the stream of traffic was on its way. . . . I couldn't help but think how many of our troubles are just like traffic jams. . . .

We lose our jobs and think we will never find another. . . . That's a traffic jam. . . . We think we are sick and fear we never are going to get well. . . . That's another one. . . . But finally the blockade is cleared and again we gather the momentum of living. . . . Three or four squares farther on in life, the trouble doesn't seem nearly as serious as it once did. . . .

HOWEVER, since I became a verbal aerialist, I've learned that street crossings aren't the only places where you must watch your step. . . . Radio, for instance, is where you've got to watch your step also. . . . In one broadcast I happened to say that, owing to the lateness of the hour, I presumed most of my friends had retired. . . . You'd think I called them bad names, or told a fib. . . . Letters, wires and phone calls poured in. . . . "What do you mean, your friends have gone to bed", they demanded. "Some of us are just getting up". . . . I all but had my mouth washed out with soap. . . . I'll never say that again.

It's amazing, though, the nooks and crevices that Radio penetrates. . . . I've had letters from towns that I never even heard of. . . .

Well, I was at the game Monday and saw the King of Swat, Babe Ruth, knock out those two homers. . . . While the crowd was cheering and going mad with joy at Babe's second clout in the eighth inning, I started thinking. . . . I was just wondering what that mob of hysterical fans would have done to me if they knew I had once refused their idol a meal. . . And when he was hungry, too. . . .

Now, I maintain that I'm not a particularly hard-hearted person. . . . In fact, there are people who think I'm rather tender-hearted. . . . And it would be hard to make them believe that I ever refused a hungry man food . . . but I did, and Babe Ruth was the hungry man. . . . But wait . . . and don't shoot. . . . I can explain everything. . . .

The Babe and I were fellow patients at the same time and at the very same hospital some years ago. . . . The morning he was to be operated on he was pretty nervous. . . . And rather than wait in his own room dreading the ordeal he dropped into mine. . . . While he was there, the nurse brought me my breakfast tray . . . and on it were some luscious strawberries. . . . Babe hadn't eaten for 24 hours while getting in condition for the operation. . . . He spied the strawberries. . . . "Oh, please, Nellie", he pleaded, "let me have some of those berries; I'm nearly starved. . . . "Never", I answered, "Doctor King would kill us both, if you ate now". . . .

Poor Babe Ruth begged so hard I almost weakened. . . . Fortunately, the nurse came in at the right moment to take him away to another adventure. . . . But when I saw him hammer out those homers Monday, I forgave myself for my stony-heartedness some years ago. . . . Had I responded to his appeal for something to eat, the mighty batsmen might not have been here today to wallop in home runs when they are most needed.

GRANTLAND Rice is about the busiest man I know. . . . He is editor of the *American Golfer* magazine. . . . He writes a daily column of sport comment for the Bell Syndicate of newspapers, which goes to 85 papers, including the New York *Sun*. . . . He makes 26 short reel pictures a year on sporting themes, which are released through RKO-Pathe . . . He contributes a weekly article to *Collier's* Magazine. . . .

(Continued on page 92)

EVERY Wednesday night at 11 o'clock Miss Revell takes her WEAF mike in hand and rattles off a good old fashioned chinfest about the great and near-great of Radio and stage circles. On this page you will read some of the things she broadcast in case you did not hear her on the NBC network that Wednesday when you were "just getting up"



Babe Ruth, King of Swat, and Nellie Revell, taken on her first appearance at a ball game after her long illness.

Voice of the

THE AYES HAVE IT
(Stars, Don't Be Afraid To Tell You're Married)

OUR untiring interviewer, Mr. Evans Plummer, who tells "How They Started" in this issue, asked all the big stars their opinion on this marriage question for April DIGEST. Half the stars said they believed the public should be told about a headliner's marital status, half said no. As for the public, well, the ayes have it, 'cause here's what "they" have to say:—

"SILENCE lends assent" we are told in an old adage. Generally men and women marry because they feel that the Great Master of Happiness, Love has entered. There should be no shame if it is true love. Is popularity such a menaced article that people must be deceived in order to hold it? Deceit doesn't last, but popularity will and does last longer if there are no hidden shallows into which the maker too often slides himself.

If I didn't care about Radio as a whole, from Walter Damrosch to the Time announcements, I'd take no interest in this subject. But the average fan feels these people are new friends. Then it is that he is interested in knowing about whether they have happy homes. But I feel the woman or man who lets knowledge of marriage interfere with enjoyment is a FOOL.—(Miss) Betty Jamieson, 635 Stibbs St., Wooster, Ohio.

* * *

SOME of my favorites are married, and that doesn't make any difference to me. Little Jack Little, Morton Downey, Ted Husing—they're all married.—Margaret A. Gimbert, Du Pont Ave., Newburgh, N. Y. . . . As for the crooners that are married, I like to think of them as crooning love songs to their wives and husbands as well as for the public's entertainment.—Wilmay May Bitner, Ligonier, Pa. . . . In my opinion the listener is entitled to know all about the artists who are merely voices. There's no harm in it.—Vera A. Starkey, 1209 Starkweather Ave., S. W., Cleveland, Ohio. . . . Marriage is sacred, and because it is I think the stars should tell. It may save a lot of time and trouble, both for the stars and the listeners. Everyone hopes to reach the married stage some time or other and naturally one can take a fancy to one of the owners of the beautiful voices one hears. So I really think it would be wise to answer the simple question, "Are You Married?" and save disappointments.—Beulah A. Teich, Fresno, Cal. . . . I wouldn't care if Rudy Vallee and Guy Lombardo and his brothers were all married with fifteen children. Their music would have the same appeal to me. I say we like to know about their private lives for we feel nearer to them then.—Mrs. Rosamond C. Andrews, 212 W. 14th St., Palatka, Fla.

* * *

JUST TWO "NAYS" ON MARRIAGE

THE answer depends solely on the artist himself—whether he wishes publicity or not. But leaving that angle of the matter, allow me to take as example a certain beloved soprano; her songs are generally of the sentimental type and her voice is of unusual purity, tenderness and tonal perfection. As yet she is unmarried, and I *know* that untold thousands entertain the hope that she will remain so indefinitely. Her voice has built up an illusion—we know and think of her as ethereal. If she were to marry this would crumble the illusion. She has every right in the world to marry *but* do not publish it to the audience.

In the case of a team such as that of Sanderson and Crumit the knowledge of their marriage tends to enhance their popularity rather than lessen it. But all in all, I quite agree with Lucille Wall's opinions. As Collier's Love Story Girl she glows with romance, and I feel certain that many who hear her wish her to continue in this state of single-blessedness.—Dorothy Lee Glass, 113 Alger Ave., Detroit, Mich.

I say it is an artist's business to please his audience, that being his life work and bread and butter. Why should his home life enter into it? I certainly agree with Ben Alley. My favorites are Wilfred Glenn, Charles Thomas, Lawrence Tibbet, Elliot Shaw, Reinald Werrenrath. I do hope they are all happily married, but it's their business. —Edna E. Dell, 444 Crescent Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

* * *

'TENTION! DX FANS

LET'S get together everybody and start a "Digest Correspondence Club". I should like still more Radio friends. So won't some of you readers write to me? Prompt reply guaranteed. I have the names of some Radio enthusiasts I should like to pass on.—John M. Hilgers, Middleton, Wis. . . . I am writing to you in regard to my new eight tube set. I began dialing in October and in six months have received 240 stations:—216 in 38 states of the U. S., 11 in Mexico, 8 in Cuba, 4 in Canada, and one in the District of Columbia.—D. Anastasio, 8306 Panola St., New Orleans, La.

* * *

IN READING the March issue I noticed many fine and rare DX records and I would like to add mine. I built a one-tube set four years ago and to date have logged seventy-three different stations on it. In 1929 I logged WENR, Chicago, from California! I have ninety per cent of my stations verified. All reception was on earphones and I challenge the world to beat my one tube set. Come on!—Bill Ray (age 19), 5811 College Ave., Oakland, Cal. . . . I would like to receive letters from listeners about the distant stations they receive and the programs on their local stations—or anything about Radio. I will gladly answer.—David Andrews, 293 Catherine St., N., Hamilton, Ont., Canada.

* * *

A MAYOR CONGRATULATES NELLIE REVELL

HUMOR that contains both real wit and philosophy is seldom expressed within understanding of the masses as well as the classes. This unusual condition has been achieved by Nellie Revell, who to my way of thinking, is becoming one of the outstanding Radio personalities. Over here we are so much interested in her weekly broadcast that I am violating one of my set rules not to write congratulatory letters.—John Pollock, Mayor, Borough of Leonia, New Jersey.

* * *

PICKING THE PULCHRITUDINOUS . .

IN THE RADIO DIGEST Beauty Popularity Contest for April, I choose Miss Loyce Whiteman of KFWB and Miss Laura Lee Berry of KGER as the two best "good lookers".—(Miss) Grace M. Custer, 2423 Clyde Pl., S. W., Canton, Ohio.

* * *

TO RADIO

NOW I am old and gray
Do I sigh softly all the day
And look with dimming eyes
(In memory) back to the sunny past,
And drop a tear now and then,
Wishing I might live it again?
Not any more—not me. At last,
With head-set on, I shout with glee
Once in a while, because that little Radio set
Does so beguile each rapid hour—
Or breathe in rapture when the power
Of majestic music grand, swells forth,
And lifts me in ecstasy to heights of joy supreme:
Or else I close my eyes and dream, and dream.
As old sweet melodies breeze softly by—
That's how it is with me, why should I sigh?
And I am lame—yet happy all the same
My chief companions now, you know
The multitudes by Radio.
Now listless hours of yesterday
Have taken wings and flown.
Why should I sigh!

—Lettie Francis Bartlett,
3814 Avenue D.,
Council Bluffs, Ia.

* * *

PUNK, ARE WE?

I THINK your magazine is punk. I live in Pittsburgh and as long as I have been getting it, I never saw anything in it about one of our stations. What's the matter? All I see is stuff about stations I never heard of. (*Ever see anything about KDKA?—Editor.*)—Jimmie Fagan, 121 Sixth St., Braddock, Pa.

* * *

SEE IF WE CARE

IT IS a pleasure to return your special offer concerning the renewal for your publication. I wouldn't read the "boloney" you publish if it was the last reading matter left in the U. S.—Fred D. Emory, Board of Trade Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

* * *

ANYWAY, WE'RE NOT JUNK!

PLEASE publish this reply to Mr. Pattee's letter:—I read your letter in RADIO DIGEST, and I venture to say I think you went too far in saying it is all junk. If you had one fourth as much brains in your head as the R. D. evidences by its reading matter, you would have too much to allow yourself to write such insulting letters.—Orrin L. Case, 403 Clairmont St., Port Huron, Mich.

* * *

WELCOME TO THE FOLD!

A MONTH ago I had intended to write a letter of congratulation to a rival Radio magazine. By accident I discovered a far superior one—it was none other than the RADIO DIGEST. In my opinion your magazine is to the Radio listener what the telephone directory is to the business man.—Roland E. Dimler, 118 Patapsco Ave., Durdalk, Md.

Listener

TOO MUCH ADVERTISING ON THE AIR?

IF A manufacturer of a product wishes to place his advertisement he makes it as artistic as possible. While the reading matter for which the magazine has been purchased may be placed beside it, it is not tangled up in the text in such a way as to spoil any of the continuity of the story or article you read. Why then must we have announcers breaking in every fifteen minutes to tell of the wondrous wares they sell? It irritates the average listener. Offenders are the General Electric and Atwater Kent hours, both of which are otherwise splendid and unbeatable programs.

On the other hand the Interwoven Hour and Nestlé's and Gene and Glenn are not at all offensive. Because while the advertising is there it is in the form of news at the period break or of a clever song or talk at start and finish.

In your March issue some one asks about fading. In this district, which is about ten miles via air in a south-westerly direction from Philadelphia everyone is troubled, not with fading but distortion.—Leslie P. Sawn, 204 Thomson Ave., Paulsboro, N. J.

* * *

APPRECIATION OF RADIO PULPIT EDITORIAL

I MUST congratulate you on your editorial on the Radio pulpit. You have a very clear conception of what Radio listeners are looking for from the Radio pulpit. I have often wondered if the preachers and pastors who broadcast realize how we, the unseen congregation, read the voice and how easily we can read the depth of sincerity and spirituality of the speaker.

What I have said for the Radio pulpit applies also to the singers of sacred songs. The songs of Zion cannot be sung as they should be unless the spirit of Christ is felt by the singer.—Mrs. M. C. H. Symmonds, 20 Grand Ave., So., Galt, Ont., Canada.

* * *

WHAT KIND OF TALL STORY DO YOU MEAN?

IT IS easy to appreciate the difficulty with which sound effects are broadcast from the studio but when I read that "Over at the National Broadcasting Company, real machine guns are fired atop the Merchandise Mart" it seems to exceed the limit of my imagination. Doesn't that qualify for the Tall Story Club?—H. B. Gladish, 829 Foster St., Evanston, Ill.

Don't be such a Doubting Thomas, Mr. H. B.! Or do you mean it's a tall story because it happens in the penthouse studios?

* * *

HELP!

CAN anyone help me locate some old programs and data I want for my Jessica Dragonette scrap book? First: Old Philco programs listing light opera. Second: Photo of Dragonette in a Mozart costume (published in old program). Third: *Radio Revue* of January 1930 with article and costume picture.

I'm particularly interested in Mildred Martin's article on Jessica, in your April issue. It gives a more intimate touch than anything I've found.—Carol de Grasse Wharton, Lebanon Court Apts., Overbrook, Pa.

* * *

R. D. MAKES "GOOD BRIDGE PRIZE"

I MUST tell you a joke. It seems that Bay City news dealers have been unable to supply the demand for R. D., but each promised to let us know when we could get one. Well, Saturday morning our bell started to ring and by night one had been delivered to us from every place we had inquired! Last evening friends dropped in to play bridge and as a special "grand prize" I offered a copy to each!—Mrs. R. M. L., Bay City, Mich.

* * *

ISN'T SHE GREEDY?

STATIONS are adhering more strictly to the rule of giving call letters every fifteen minutes. That's fine, but why can't call letters be given after each selection on a local program? It could easily be done on local programs and would take only a second for each announcement. One thing in the "good old days" of Radio: they wanted you to know what station you were hearing . . . If a program is changed to a different time, I think an announcement should be made so that the listener can hear it at the new hour.—Marian Canniff, 2112 S. Cedar St., Lansing, Mich.

* * *

BOOSTING THE LOCAL STATIONS

WHY didn't you print my letter boosting WPEN? If you have not destroyed the letter I would like to see it in next issue. (*Sorry, Irene, we don't seem to have received it—Editor.*)—Irene Bourgemon, Phila., Pa. . . . Have you heard the good news? Station WLEX in Lexington is being moved to Squantum and will go on the air with new call letters, WAAB. It will serve as alternate key station with WNAC and will be the eighth station of the Yankee network.—Grosvenor Calkins, Jr., Derby Academy, Hingham, Mass.

* * *

HAVEN'T seen my Favorite station, WTIC, mentioned (*Oh, where have you been? See May Pages 49, 76, 77; Apr. 71; Mar. 71; Feb. 39, 72; Jan. 68!*) The announcers; the Dance director, Norman Cloutier; Jane Dillon, impersonator; Mr. Christian Kriens, Musical Director—their programs are a treat. No I am not connected with WTIC, but am an ardent fan.—Ruth Spooner Taylor (Mrs. H. E.), Kensington, Conn. . . . WENR takes the cake as the best user of the ether in my opinion. As long as they are on, I'll be all for them. *Who* is with *me?*—Stuart E. Sheill, Glen Ellyn, Ill. . . . Am very glad to see the R. D. giving well deserved space to Bill Simmons and his California Cowboys of Oakland Station KROW. If any one ever deserved praise it's Bill.—Luella Hampton, 2515-24th St., San Francisco, Cal. . . . Couldn't we have a little more news of the mid-west stations—WLW—the Chicago stations, WHAS, etc. (*Watch Betty McGee's stories and Natalie Giddings' stories—Editor.*) May I say that your magazine is very interesting and enjoyable?—Mrs. Ben Jenkins, 1226 So. 8th St., Terre Haute, Ind. . . . I'd like to say a good word for WLAC, Nashville, Tenn. This station has what I call a perfect announcer. I've never caught his name, but one man on their staff has the most soothing voice I have ever heard.—Marie P., Brenham, Tex.

* * *

BATTLE OF THE BLUES

(SEVERAL months ago the RADIO DIGEST published an article entitled "The Battle of the Blues".)

R. D. discussed quite long ago, a simple thing I know,
Yet it has puzzled me since the first day
It's "Whom do you prefer to hear upon your Radio
Osborne or Lombardo or Vallee?"

I'm getting so "regusted" I don't know what I'm about,
The thing gets harder every passing day.
I guess I'll hire "Snoop and Peep" to ferret this thing out . . .
"Osborne or Lombardo or Vallee?"

To tell the absolute truth, I like all of them, and I also like Coon-Sanders orchestra, Denny's, Bernie's and all the rest. So the Lombardo, Osborne and Vallee fans who have been sharpening their carving knives can put them down again, and the fans of other orchestras may do the same.—Janet Prescott, New Rochelle, N. Y.

* * *

ECHOES FROM THE STATIONS

MAY I take this opportunity of stating to you my sincere thanks for the picture and write-up published in the February issue. It was almost impossible to procure copies of this particular issue—they apparently were sold out before they arrived in this locality.—Frank Anderson (The Ne'er Do Well), Station KROW, Oakland, Cal. . . . I was very much pleased to see the picture of the Woten children in the rotogravure section of the March issue.—John P. de Pagter, WNAX, Yankton, S. Dak.

* * *

IDA MAKES V.O.L. THIS TIME —GET OUT THE GOAT

HAVE bought RADIO DIGEST since last July and like it very much. Of course I enjoy some articles more than others—the ones I like being Marcella, V.O.L., Radiographs and the rotogravure section. I have written to V.O.L. before, but it didn't do any good. Had I written to the four winds perhaps it would have been better. (*See what she gets for being fresh—Come on V.O.L. members, get out the goat and give her a real good initiation.*)

By the way, Ray Perkins' "Broadcastor Oil" in April was a humdinger. And I was certainly pleased to read more of Virginia Gardiner, also in April, for she is a very good dramatic star.—Ida A. Martin, 15 First Ave., Huntington Station, Long Island, N. Y.

* * *

MORE, MORE LETTERS, WE CRY

HOW can we make a magazine to suit you unless you tell us what you like? F'instance how do the new full page pictures appeal to you? Which of our authors are your favorites? What air stars do you want to read about? What do you think on some of the questions this month's V.O.L.'ites put up to you? Go to it, Reader, these pages are yours—simply write, "V.O.L." at RADIO DIGEST, *420 Lexington Avenue, New York.*

MARCELLA

Little Bird Knows All—Tells All—Ask Her about the Stars You Admire

JEFF SPARKS in the NBC ranks of *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* gave Toddles and myself the key to the city the other day but the durned thing didn't fit. So we had to climb up through the fire escape. Toddles didn't think it looked very dignified but we had to get in. Hal Kemp was waiting for us and we simply could not be late. We finally reached the NBC studios, Toddles quite out of breath, and ran right into our dear friend Hal. He is exactly six and a half feet tall and is rather thin. We were received in the real southern manner—a mixture of hospitality, cordiality and a big broad smile. Hal was born in Marion, Alabama, 26 years ago—which makes *him* 26, of course, and he got his training in the Boy's Military Band in one of the Military Academies down South, when he was twelve. He was graduated from the University of California in '26. While he was a freshman at college he had his own band of eight pieces—called the Caroline Club Orchestra. He got his Radio start at WMCA four years ago and in 1926 joined the NBC staff, where he has been ever since. Hal weighs one hundred and fifty pounds, has blond hair and blue eyes and is single. He intends to enjoy the rest of his existence on this earth as a bachelor—although he admitted that it was rather *tough* on him with so many pretty girls sauntering in and out of the studios every day.



Hal Kemp

Chatted awhile with Norman Brokenshire the other day. Had just returned from Florida and could tell from his voice, almost, that he was all tanned up with southern sunshine. He is vacationing at the moment and can be heard only on recorded programs and in talkie travelogues. In the fall he plans to announce the Radio Follies program.

Redferne Hollinshead, celebrated Radio, concert and operatic tenor, has just returned from a very successful tour through Canada. He is known in the Dominion as the John McCormack of Canada. At the present time he is enjoying a much-needed rest at his home in Yonkers. Had luncheon with Mrs. Hollinshead the other day and she said that Radio listeners who used to tune in on the Majestic Hour every Sunday night when "Holly" sang on that program, are still writing to him and urging him to waft his beautiful melodies over the air again. Mr. Hollinshead, by the way, is a direct descendant of Hollinshead, the historian, whose chronicles Shakespeare immortalized in his plays. . . .

My dear Mrs. L. M. and Louise Bock I'll let you in on a secret about Pat Flanagan. I got it straight from Ruth Betz of WBBM. Pat was christened *Carroll* some thirty and odd years ago in Clinton, Ioway-y. Right then and there as he lay in his crib with the big toe of his left foot in his mouth, he declared in the Intelligble Tongue of the Grand Order of Infants, "Nothing doing on Carroll. It's Pat for me." And Pat he is to his friends and Radio audience. Measurements: Six feet tall—lean: Avoirdupois: 170 lbs. Married? Went and did it last June. Graduate of Grinnell College, fought with 132nd Infantry in France, was initiated as announcer over WOC, and now enjoys overwhelming popularity at WBBM.



Pat Flanagan

★ ★ ★

ONCE each week, Mrs. Columbia Broadcasting System washes the faces of her dear boy announcers, scrubs them behind the ears, brushes back their hair and waves them a sweet farewell from the twenty-second floor of their little thatched skyscraper as she sees them scampering off to Dr. Vizetelly. The Dr. is the editor of Funk and Wagnalls' New Standard Dictionary and is acting as private tutor to the boys in the all important matter of pronunciation. Ted Husing and David Ross, the Dr. reported to their parent, had some difficulty with the simple "Rzecyzcyany"; Bob Longstreet got a little twisted on "Srinivasa", and many fell down completely on "Mnemosyne". Awful life, *ain't* it! . . . .

Ever since the untimely passing of Al Carney, I've been importuned on all sides to publish his picture. None is available and the only one in existence is in the hands of his family and they refuse to part with it. Al breathed his last on January 14th and his death is a great loss to his friends and the many thousands who loved his organ music over WCFL, Chicago. Sorry about the picture, Mrs. Sharp. . . .

Jimmie Merrell, a good announcer who at the present moment is *at leisure* accuses me thus: "Being an appreciative reader of your *colyum* I have often observed that you have a soft spot for foot-loose announcers. It occurred to me that you might have a voluminous file filled with letters from eager station officials who desire the services of such and kind program and studio directors and station managers. My experience qualifies me for any of the above positions." Well, Jimmie, I haven't got that kind of a file exactly. My file is filled with good wishes and I hope that some station which is searching for the services you can give will espy these few words and say "Mr. Merrell, you're hired!". . .

Writes Mrs. Empson of Portland, "Tell us what you can about Jack Caldwell at KVOO, Tulsa, and get his picture. He's wonderful." And Virginia Brown of Tulsa wants pictures of KVOO's announcers. Sorry, my dears, but here's the verdict from Roy Duffy, Studio Director of KVOO. "Regret inability to supply material requested in your letter. Our announcers are somewhat camera shy. As soon as we can run them down and get their pictures we'll send the desired material." Understand perfectly, Mr. Duffy, just how these dauntless announcers from the wild and oily West feel when they have to face the terrible birdie in the camera. . . .

"Give us a photo of Oliver Smith," requests Hugh McConaghy of Philadelphia. Presto! Here it is. He made his first public appearance at the age of 3; that is, the people came around from miles to his home just to hear him sing. When he was five his parents moved to St. Louis and it was here that he got his first training in music. At ten he was the outstanding soprano in that city—I think that this breaks most of the records of the prodigies. In Washington for a while he was soloist at the



Oliver Smith



Vincent Lopez

famous "Church of the Presidents." Later he appeared in the Paris Grand Opera, Opera Comique, and the Chicago Civic Opera. Has been on Radio for four years. . . .

Jinny Peters, you're a dear for waiting patiently these many months. And here's your reward at last. Vincent Lopez! And it would take pages to tell everything about him. First of all he is in the "over 30" class. Brooklyn, N. Y., claims him as its own true son. He doesn't smoke and hasn't taken a drink since last spring. Is a perfect host. Reads all of his fan mail, smells all of the flowers his feminine listeners send him and eats the home-made candy he gets. Neckties run into the hundreds. Has an enormous wardrobe and can change from sports clothes to dinner jacket and take a shave to boot in six minutes. Manicures daily. Studied for the priesthood, but the call of music was too much for him so he left the seminary and launched forth on his career as a musician. A few weeks ago he made a record dash from the Club Leviathan R. K. O. program, on which he was a guest artist, to the St. Regis Hotel where his own program was to follow immediately—but he did it. Hope you passed the old exams with flying colors, Jinny and write me some of your nice letters, won't you. Jean Goldkett and the Dictators to follow soon. By the way Vincent Lopez is not married. However I wanted to be sure, so I called up Mr. Thomas of NBC who knows all sorts of things and I asked very chirpingly, "I have an idea that Mr. Lopez is not married. In the first place he spends money very freely, in the second place, he gulps his food down very hastily, and in the third place"— at this, Mr. Thomas, just like a man, interrupted and said very knowingly, "In the first place, haven't you heard of married men who spend money lavishly—although not on their wives; in the second place. . . ." Oh, what's the use. You can't argue with men anyway. They always want to get the last word. . . .



Richard Maxwell

"Couldn't we have a picture of 'John' who plays in the Seth Parker program every Sunday night?" writes Marian Ladd of Henrietta, N. Y. Here he is and he's none other than Richard Maxwell. The other programs on which he appears are: Mid-Week Federation Hymn Sing on Thursday; Rodeheaver, Wednesday; and Pilgrims Sunday afternoon. Mr. Maxwell appeared in such successful stage productions as *Music Box Revue* and *The Lady in Ermine.* He tired of the theatre and tried his hand at real estate in Mansfield, Ohio, but as that field was not so promising he accepted some concert engagements and then began his mike appearances. He has three degrees, A. B., M. A., and Ph. B., and he wears a Phi Beta Kappa Key which he won at Kenyon College.



Wade Arnold

* * *

WADE ARNOLD, blond, slim, good-looking young man was busy feeding type to press releases up in the Press Relations Department of the NBC when I saw him last summer. Since then he has become Radio playwright producing those interesting episodes of college life portrayed in the *Campus,* sometimes called *Dick Trevor Freshmen.* . . .

NBC and CBS, dear B. McL, are not engaged in any exchange mart with regard to talent. It is only when the artists are hired by sponsors that they can appear on either chain—as, for instance, Lowell Thomas and the Literary Digest. But otherwise the two networks never exchange talent. Georgia Backus' photo appears on page 59 of the May issue and she is also presented with the Nitwit group in the March number. . . .

What with young summer and trees and bees and hornets—this is a good time to know your birds. And we have bagged one for you, Miss M. Walkes of Winnipeg. The *Oriole of the Air on* KFAB is Harriet Cruise Kemmer who has been with that station since 1924. And as for the Don Hall Rose Trio formerly with WLW they have taken bag and baggage over to NBC according to WLW's publicity director. . . .

Attention! March! Count the NBC announcers, Peggy of Erie, as they go by. Ready, one-two-three—go: Alwyn Bach, Ford Bond, Phillips Carlin, Howard M. Claney, Milton Cross, Neel Enslen, Bennett Grauer, Alois Havrilla, George Hicks, Edward Jewett. Step in line there: Kelvin Keech, Patrick Kelly, Ezra McIntosh. And you there, oh beg pardon, it's Graham McNamee, Curt Peterson, Howard Petrie, Marley Sherris. Now, Jeff Sparks, whose predilection for blondes places a gap between him and Harold Sparks of KFJF. Edward Thorgerson, Charles Tramont, James Wallington and John S. Young. Chicago NBC reports its announcers to be William Kephart, Jean Paul King, Ted Pearson, A. W. "Sen" Kaney and—Wallace Butterworth. And here's for the President's Cabinet of announcers over in the District of Columbia: Herluf Provensen, William Abernathy, Arthur Godfrey, S. P. K. Lewis and George F. Roos. Thanks, boys, you may now relax and go on your way

* * *

MARGARET STARR, former organist of WTMJ, Milwaukee, was in Chicago



Smith Ballew

from the last report and not doing anything Radioically speaking, M. M. of Neenah. Dear Margaret Figer, I've been scouting all over these months trying to locate Jimmy Green for you. And here at last, Vollie, my side-kick receives a letter from Bob of Louisville. Bob writes: "Jimmy Green is right here in our own Brown Hotel, Louisville, Ky., and has been here for almost a month. He broadcasts on an average of twice daily over our local station WHAS. I cannot say how long he will remain as the orchestras here hop around like the proverbial hen on a hot griddle." Thanks, Bob, for the info. I'm pilfering your letter from the V. O. L. and hope you'll forgive me. And what do you mean, Bob, by reflecting on the hints Radio Digest runs for housewives. I can see, you're not married, or you'd see lots of room for improvement in your better half. There's nothing like knowing how to fry an egg without breaking the yolk. The result aside from being appetizing is artistic. I know the Woman's Feature Editor of Radio Digest very well and I know that she has nothing but the loftiest of motives when she suggests a new curtain on the kitchen window or two drops more vinegar in the Russian dressing. So do give the women a chance, Bob, please.



Nat Shilkret

"It isn't possible to tell you how much I enjoy your pages—I read every word, Now—won't you please print something or rather everything about Smith Ballew. He's wonderful," writes Marion Brenton. Well, Marion, t'other day I thithered over to Saltzman's Restaurant in the heart of this great city and over a cup of *tay,* Smith Ballew and I solved all of the world problems. He says that he'd much rather not be an orchestra leader. He'd like to be a big business executive and go out to dinner instead of having to work while others ate and wined and danced. He's only 28 and was born in Palestine, Texas. He's six feet five, has brown hair and green eyes. He spends most of his time recording for Columbia and Brunswick. And my dears, just as I was going to broach the very delicate question if he was married, I looked at my watch, just to discover that I had two minutes to keep my appointment with Nat Shilkret.



Louis Kaufman

Mr. Shilkret looks just like a poet. His face is thin and sensitive and is lit up by mirthful little wrinkles playing around his eyes and the corner of his mouth. His work is music and his hobby is music. And there just

isn't anything else that interests him. He is never too busy to give advice and encouragement to your struggling musicians and will go out of his way to help anyone who shows signs of musical talent. When he was seven he played clarinet solos in a seventy-piece boys' orchestra, and at sixteen he was active assistant to Walter Damrosch. His taste runs to bow ties but when I saw him he wore the regular cravat. . . .

Louis L. Kaufman is the senior announcer of KDKA, the pioneer broadcasting station of the world. With his pleasant baritone voice, graceful bearing and gracious manner, he qualifies well as the nation's emissary of the air. He came to KDKA six years ago and quickly gained wide popularity. Was educated at Penn State College and intended to take up educational work but was thrown into the announcing field quite accidentally. . .



Robert Swan

Jack Shannon of the inimitable *Gossipers*, formerly on NBC, and Helene Handin of the *Troupers* shared their original wealth of talent at a charity ball the other day at the New Yorker Hotel. Harry Hirshfield was master of ceremonies and altogether we had a perfectly gorgeous time. Even now there is still a twitch in Marcella's legs as a reminder of her continuous dancing through the night. Oh, ugh, ouch.

And now the story is out. The chorus of sentimental sighs one hears around Los Angeles these days gets its impulse from none other than Robert Swan, Chief Announcer of KHJ. It's just terrible for husbands these days when they come home and find their wives with that far-away look in their eyes—but what can you do about it? Mr. Swan can't help it if his voice affects people like that. Right down beneath that manly breast of his he's not a sheik. He's an idealist, sincere, honest and all that. He's thirty, has a wife and little daughter. Tall, slender, dark hair and navy blue eyes. After the last program every night, Mr. Swan tucks the station very carefully and tenderly into bed.



Paul Lucas

Mrs. G. B. of Ashfield, Mass., wants a photo of Paul Lucas. And here he is, my dear. He launched forth on his career in Radio as a Radio Editor. George Malcolm-Smith, Director of Publicity over WTIC's way, says that Paul Lucas is boss to six other announcers and that he makes an awfully amiable boss. Is married and he and his wife do lots of entertaining. Lucas writes his own continuities and each week he presents an intimate chat entitled *Behind the Scenes* in which studio gossip is broadcast.

Chatter: Pictures of most NBC announcers have appeared in Radio Digest. V. V. of Moores. And "those 'as 'aven't" will be published pretty soon. Sorry Thelma Golden, but John McGovern is just as shy of the photographer as he is of the dentist. Not a single picture of him in sight. Mrs. P. S. L., how could you? Why it just seems as if WJZ and WABC have been getting all the lucky breaks these past few months. And the only April 1930 copy we have is for our files. . . .

Lanny Ross is not on any other program, E. M. Post. He seems to be quite busy as the Troubadour of the Moon. Waring's Pennsylvanians are now appearing in *The New Yorkers,* a Broadway production. Maurie Sherman broadcasts over a Chicago station and Ted Weems can be heard over CBS. All of this for the benefit of Gladys. Virginia Walsh will find a picture of Joe O'Toole on page 73 of the April issue.

* * *

WRITES Gene P. Laffler, "In your article about Ted Weems on page 65 of the February issue you stated that Ted Weems was the composer. I believe that should you glance over the music you will find the composer to be none other than Phil Baxter." When I received your letter Gene, I was quite upset, because one thing that Marcella wouldn't like to do is to rob Phil to pay Ted. So Toddles and I put on our Easter bonnets and made straight for Weems' office. Mr. Zugsmith, his press representative, received us with a great deal of gusto and said he was sorry that there was any misunderstanding about the writing of *Piccolo Pete.* Phil Baxter, he admitted, wrote the original tune and sent it to Ted Weems to be whipped into shape. And certain parts were rewritten by Ted and his personal arranger, Joe Haymes, and then and there the orchestration was made for it that has become so famous. His name does not appear on the music sheets because that was his own wish. So I guess that clears up any little misunderstanding, Gene, doesn't it? Mr. Zugsmith promised to help me out with any little thing.

Just as we are going to press, Carl T. Nunan of KPO, San Francisco, wired Marcella of the unexpected death of Virginia Sedberry who recently became the wife of William H. Hancock. This Radio romance which started in the KPO's studios a year ago had been kept secret until the wedding knot was tied some weeks ago. Their married life promised to be a happy one for they had everything in common. To have been so suddenly separated from his young wife was a great shock to Mr. Hancock and I am sure that his unfailing courage will help him through this sad trial. . . .



Mr. and Mrs. Hancock

Uncle Doty Hobart promises to tear off the masks of most Radio stars whose personalities are concealed by very unassuming names. So Margaret of Irondequoit and Mrs. Blundau of Salina, you'd better keep out an eagle eye for something about Cheerio. Al and Pete are not the Sisters of the Skillet, Margaret. The rotund figures of the S.O.S. appear in the front of this magazine. Julia Sanderson and Frank Crumit are presented in the October issue of our Radio Digest. . . .



Everett Kemp

And here, my dear Ruth Adams and Agnes is the sage of Happy Hollow—Uncle Ezry, or as he is known in actual life, Everett Kemp. He's the man with a million dollar laugh all right, and I can wager that that laugh of his has been worth more to him than a million is to some people we know. Until 1929 Uncle Ezry was the leading attraction on the Redpath Lyceum and Chautauqua circuit, but now he has retired to the old rickety chair from which he expounds his homely philosophy.



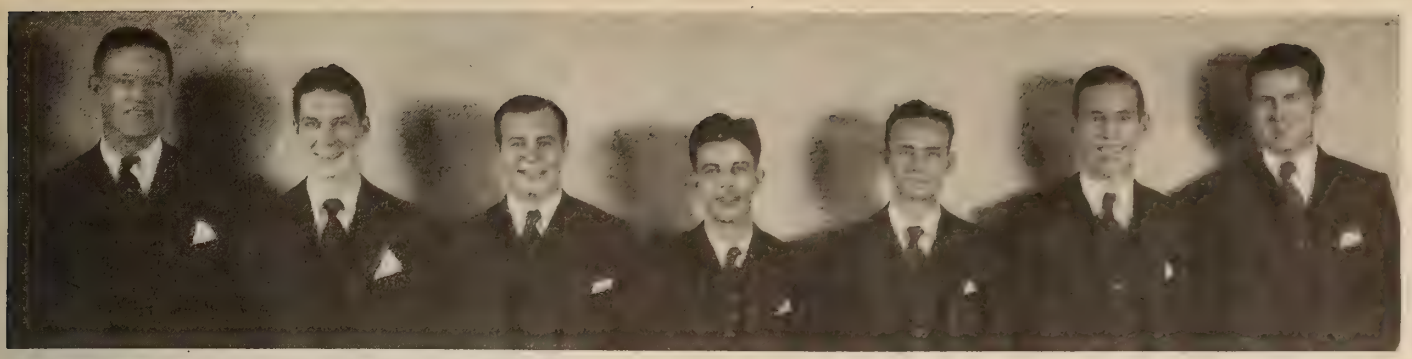
H. E. Warner

Henry Edward Warner is the most modest Radio entertainer going. He refuses to allow any publicity to be given about him unless the editors of RADIO DIGEST actually think that he is doing something worth while. So the other day when dear Genevieve Cain of WCAO sent us Mr. Warner's picture, our Managing Editor, Associate Editors, Advisory Editor, Indi-Gest, Marcella and our Technical Editor all sat down to have a conference and to determine if Mr. Warner's work was of sufficient importance to have a place in the sun—I mean in this column. And with one assent, we voted "yes". "Uncle Ed" is poet, journalist, song-writer, lecturer, and Radio artist. When he's not any of these he plays "Uncle Ed" to thousands of Maryland children.

Tom Stedman of WCHI came in the other day to bid farewell to Radio Digest Gang including your own Marcella and Toddles. He's going to Europe to conquer everything in sight—queues in China, the King's 'Orses in H'England and the monarchy in Spain. Looks like he's going to be mighty busy.

* * *

MARCELLA hears all, tells all. Write her a letter, ask her any of the burning questions that are bothering your mind. Information is her middle name.



Six rhythm-making University of Texas boys . . . Steve Gardner's Hoakum Kings, who broadcast from San Antonio's KTSA.

South Has New Network

AFTER seventy years, Dixie has finally seceded from the Union, without a Civil War. It's only a partial cleavage, however, and was reached amicably. A sub-network of the Columbia Broadcasting System has been established, with WBT, at Charlotte, N. C., as the key station, supplying programs to nine of the foremost broadcasters of the South. The new "Dixie Network" will bring tunes and melodies characteristic of the South and dear to the heart of every man born below the Mason and Dixon line.

Delving back into past history, it is interesting to note that Earle J. Gluck, now general manager of WBT and the Dixie Network, was one of the pioneers who assembled the first Radio station of the South. Donnell O'Connor, program director of WBT and the network, is another old-timer; he has been in Charlotte several years and New York fans will remember him in early days at WHAM and WOKT, Rochester, N. Y.

The associated stations besides WBT are KLRA, Little Rock, Ark.; WWNC, Asheville, N. C.; WBRC, Birmingham, Ala.; WDOD, Chattanooga, WNOX, Knoxville, WLAC, Nashville, and WERC, Memphis, Tenn.; WGST, Atlanta, Ga., and WDSU, New Orleans, La. Additional stations will take special programs, while, of course, many of the stations' features will still originate with WABC in New York.

Some of the favorite special features of the Southern network are Owen Ogborn and his Wurlitzer Organ on Sunday, Pete Laudeman and His Playmates, on Wednesdays, and the Modernists on Thursdays with their special arrangements of popular tunes. The "Musical Memoirs" hour is another Thursday network feature, one which has been heard before and acclaimed on the national network.



Flapper's heaven—one girl and six men! Joan Mars, soprano and the cast of the Dixie Network's "Musical Memoirs" hour from WBT.

* * *

BIRTHDAY celebration . . . not long Nashville's WLAC celebrated its fourth anniversary. A fan sent in a beautifully decorated cake which would have done credit to any king's pastry cook. Two "broadcasting towers" were erected on top, made of spun sugar, with "WLAC" in frosting suspended between the towers on a "Radio wave". It was addressed to William Perry and Herman Grizzard, tenor-announcer, F. C. Sowell, Jr., Production Manager. Tim Sanders, Commercial Director, wanted to cut the cake into fifteen minute periods and sell them, but was finally persuaded not to do so.

Canada on Parade

A NEW nation-wide program for Canadian listeners is on the air on Friday nights. The artists who will "parade" each Friday night before the Dominion will include the General Motors concert orchestra, the All-Canadian singers, guest artists and singers, and dramatic stars. Because the presentations over 25 stations will be made by means of electrical transcriptions, opera stars from France will be presented, singing in their native language to the great interest of many French Canadians. Rupert Lucas, popular announcer, will "do the honors".

* * *

ONE of the most novel and humanitarian programs on the air today is CHML's "Sanatoriam program" . . . a whole hour each Saturday morning in which requests from invalids receive attention. The "network" of sanitoria has dubbed itself the "Double Red-cross Network" and includes institutions in Ontario and even in New York State.

* * *

THE Dutch Masters, one of the most popular programs on the Columbia Broadcasting System, is still going strong. Jack Smart, the masculine member of the Mr. and Mrs. team, gives atmosphere to the program in his rôle of Peter Zorn. The program offers sparkling entertainment to Radio listeners.

Chain Gang Chatter

From the Big Studios

By Jean Dubois



Phil Ohmann and Victor Arden pop up again in Radio circles as the piano duet on the Gold Medal Hour.

SHE came to New York just three years ago with only $18.00 in her handbag but with much ambition in her make-up—Eliena Kazanova, violinist of Columbia's "Around the Samovar". And only the other night there were festivities in her honor! They were not held around the teapot, but in a swanky New York night club, The Russian Art Restaurant, where Eliena and her violin are favorite entertainers. Celebrities of Radiodom were there to partake of the hospitality offered by Mr. Herbert of the New York *Times,* who sponsored the reception. Eliena has black eyes, black hair and, of course, a dash of Russian temperament and fire which are reflected in her stirring rendition of Russian and Gypsy melodies.

* * *

ADVERTISERS can think up good names! The newest is the "Kitchen-Tested Twins" for Phil Ohmann and Victor Arden, whose piano dueting has been known to listeners since their early days with Roxy's Gang. Ohmann is the son of a Swedish minister and a classical pianist of no mean fame . . . accompanist at one time to Reinald Werrenrath . . . but neither ministerial heritage nor musical education could subdue his sense of humor. Once when he was solo organist in a church he opened the program with *Yes, We Have No Bananas.* Arden, the serious minded twin, met him when both were making recordings for a phonograph company and they occupied neighboring cubicles. First they tried teaming up at one piano, but legs, arms and fingers became tangled and now they prefer two synchronized grands.

* * *

IT WAS only yesterday that the telephone operator rushed in to me all out of breath to find out if it was true that Little Jack Little had been killed by gangsters and that he was an ex-racketeer. She showed me a newspaper picture of a shifty-looking fellow with the caption "Taken for Ride . . . John Little, Long Island racketeer who was shot to death." I was able to assure her that the unattractive rogue was not Little Jack, whose real name, by the way, is John *Leonard.* He adopted Little when he teamed with a vaudevillian named Small. Did you know a special mike has been built for Little Jack and the other crooning pianists? It is a regular mike with a long curved arm that has a cup-like arrangement at the end. Mike is placed in back of the piano and the arm curves around in front to reach the singer's mouth.

* * *

ONE woman among 110 men—and she doesn't even make the most of her opportunity! That's because Steffy Goldner, harpist of the New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra and sole female member, is happily married—to Eugene Ormandy, CBS baton wielder and noted musician. Miss Goldner (or Mrs. Ormandy) is young, attractive, has curly brown hair and bright eyes and is singularly modest for a woman who has attained a position many men would envy.

* * *

FRANK KNIGHT is the man whom listeners confuse with Raymond Knight. But with last names the resemblance ends. Raymond is one of NBC'S prime funsters and couldn't be serious if a firing squad lined him up against a wall. Frank has a sense of humor, but his rich, cultured voice is more the sort to be drafted for things like announcing on the Philharmonic Symphony Hour and such high-forehead programs. He was born in Newfoundland, went to war when he was just twenty and came back not very anxious to return to the small town of St. John's. Tried to become a doctor at MacGill University but felt the allure of the stage. From there to Radio dramatics and announcing at WABC was only a short step.



All the members of the "Samovar" ensemble turned out in full force and bright Russian regalia the other night for a party in honor of Eliena Kazanova, their violinist.

"Buckeye" Briefs

A Page of News About Ohio Broadcasters



Alice Van Sickle, 86 years young, active newspaper woman who broadcasts regularly over WIAU, Columbus.

ALICE VAN SICKLE will be 86 her next birthday, but she's still an active reporter and newspaper woman, oldest at her work in this country. And she gives weekly Radio talks over WIAU, Columbus, Ohio . . . to, of all people, men confined in the Ohio Penitentiary. She can remember when, just out of school, she helped her father set up his editorials on the Stephen Douglas debates —before the Civil War. And when, soon after, she started her career as a small-town newspaper correspondent.

Thirty years ago she was ready to give up, when she realized that all she was losing was will power. It wasn't impairment of physical efficiency—but lack of interest in getting ahead. That realized, and conquered, she went to work again with renewed vigor. Her voice is strong and her philosophy of life, strong and interesting to the Radio audience.

* * *

AT THE other end of the age scale from Miss Van Sickle is Cliff Adams, who, though he's only twenty-three, is chief announcer at WKRC in Cincinnati. Three years ago he joined the station staff and has grown in popularity ever since. Oh, yes—for one year he took dramatic parts with the Stuart Walker Repertory theatre, and his hobby is giving dramatic readings.

* * *

"KEEP OUT—all who would remain single". They're going to hang that sign up in the WLW studios, because ten staff members have wed in the last seven months. The latest applicants for licenses were Edward A. Byron, production manager of the Cincinnati station, and Gertrude Dooley, a leading lady of the Crosley theatre. And just three days before, John L. Clark, general manager, took to have and to hold the former Miss Elvira Giersdorf, a recording, vaudeville and stage star.

* * *

JUST ten years ago "8xJ" started regular programs from the campus of Ohio State University with a market report broadcast. Today WEAO, successor to 8xJ, is considered a leader in educational broadcasting. Much of the credit for its success in recent years has been due to the leadership of Director Robert C. Higgy, who is now president of the National Committee on Education by Radio. Ann Charles is program manager and musical director, and many faculty and student members of Ohio State are heard regularly on programs.

* * *

DANCE MUSICALLY speaking, Griff Morris and his Clevelanders are running away with the town. This clever group is heard through WJAY and since they have been on the air—a little over a year—they can't find time enough to fill all the engagements offered them. Griff himself; Jimmy Ague, the crooner, and Art Young, arranger, are the stars of the ensemble.

* * *

THE Friendly Station of Cleveland, WGAR, has turned aggressor in a war . . . to determine the broadcaster with the staff of tallest announcers. They claim the palm, for the midgets of their group of four are Fred Borgerhoff and Steve Cisler, who come up to the six-feet-and-one-half-inch mark on the measuring stick. Next step up is Fred Ripley, six-feet-and-two-inches, and last of the four is Bernie Strang, who beats Fred by another half inch. Their only complaint is that they are getting hunch-backed bending over to mikes adjusted for artists shorter than they are.

Steve Cisler, by the way, is the lad who worked his way through college by announcing at WLS, and many a fair feminine listener rued the day when Steve traveled from Chicago to Cleveland, out of her set's receiving radius.



Twenty-four feet, five and a half inches of announcers, all of whom are over six feet tall. Fred Borgerhoff, left, Fred Ripley, next, then Bernie Strang and Steve Cisler, all of WGAR.

Mid-West "Folk Tales"

By

BETTY McGEE
Chicago Correspondent

THEY tell this tale of heroic poise over at KYW. One night recently when Phil Stewart was reading the news flashes the mike that the orchestra was using on the far side of the studio went dead. Phil, with rare resourcefulness, picked up the mike through which he was broadcasting, walked across the studio with the mike under his arm, all the while continuing with the news flashes and never missing a comma or a proper inflection. . . .

And another thing about Phil Stewart. He is getting a little tired of being known merely as "the announcer with the voice like Billy Hay's". Incidentally, Bill Hay's recent operation for appendicitis was followed up by a similar operation on Phil Stewart . . . Anyway, Phil decided that he was going to do something that the famous Amos 'n' Andy announcer hadn't done so he took to writing songs, one of which is *The Night That You Were Mine,* probably familiar to KYW listeners. The sequel to this venture on Phil's part was a warning to all embryo song writers which appeared on the KYW bulletin board in the form of a bona fide check for 15c made out to Fred Rose, well known popular song writer—this his royalty on a recent song . . . It's interesting to compare this royalty check with the one for $4700 which Fred received some ten years ago as a *part* of the royalties on *Honest and Truly.* But times for the song writer certainly are changing.

* * *

ITEM—Because Ben Bernie, the "old Maestro" who mingles his wisecracks with the melodies of his orchestra, has developed such a wide national following his time on the Columbia Broadcasting System has been doubled. In addition to his local broadcasts over WBBM, Bernie is now "fed" to the CBS chain each Monday, 10:30 to 11 P.M. and each Thursday, 10 to 10:30 P.M.

Donnie Mack, who directs the "Musical Masters" heard over WJJD, has been before the public musically since he was twelve years old. He has the distinction to be the first to broadcast the Vibraphone and Vibra-harp in Chicago. His style of playing the Vibra-harp has been sought after to such an extent that he has been called upon by the manufacturers of the Vibra-harp, the J. C. Deagan Co. of Chicago, to write an instruction course for the instrument. Mr. Mack was on the KYW staff for four years, was soloist at the NBC studios, WMAQ, WBBM, and a staff soloist at WGN. He has been with WJJD for the past four years.

* * *

WHENEVER he plays *The Peanut Vender,* Ralph Waldo Emerson, pioneer WLS organist, recalls his boyhood days in Liberal, Kansas. At the tender age of 11, Ralph had his first job, which consisted of handling the peanut vending machine and playing the piano in a Liberal confectionery store.

Charles W. Hamp, originator of the one-man Radio program and who is now said to be the highest salaried microphone "single" in the world, is now in our city at WBBM. Hamp abandoned his rôle as the "Early Bird" over a coast-to-coast NBC network to return to his former sponsor, Dr. Strasska's Toothpaste.

* * *

WALTER PONTIUS, golden voiced WGN tenor, just missed entering the diplomatic circle. That is, while working with Harvey M. Watts, an editor

(*Continued on page 95*)







Smile, Lady, smile! Grace Jane Prince (top) pretty and amiable WJJD staff member, plays a triple rôle there—soprano, pianist and organist. . . . Russ Wildey and Johnny Van (left to right, above) are known as WIBO's Two Piano Songsters. Do their own arranging, play the piano and harmonize vocally like nobody's business. . . . Al Carsello (left) settles down as accordion player now with Rex Maupin's Aces of the Air after cross-country treks in vaudeville.

*W*edding *B*ells on the *C*oast

By

DR. RALPH L. POWER
Pacific Coast Correspondent

THERE'S a "reason why" for the glad note in the voice of Jerry Kilgore, announcer in the San Francisco studios of NBC. The reason is his new partner, the former Miss Helen Altomari of Hollywood, now Mrs. Kilgore. They were married in St. Paul's Church in San Francisco, with Cecil Underwood, NBC announcer, acting as best man and Helen O'Neill, NBC producer, as bridesmaid. They tried to escape would-be celebrators of the occasion, but the picture on this page shows how ill they succeeded.

And add to Cupid's victims this station scramble. Kenneth Niles, master of ceremonies on KHJ's Hallelujah Hour, wed Nadja Vladanova, lovely young Russian violinist of KNX. While not long ago Elvia Allman of KHJ married Wesley Tourtellotte, the KNX organist. Ken and Elvia work on the same programs at KHJ, but who ever said propinquity breeds romance?

Fourth on the recent crop of ceremonies was that of John Tofolli, NBC Pacific net accordionist. He was married in Richmond, Cal., and the whole town turned out for the occasion. He was born in Italy, but came to these shores as a boy. Holds a graduate pharmacist's license and degree from the U. of California, but can make more money in Radio!

* * *

BUD OVERBECK, new addition to KFWB's baritone staff, first began to get the singing bug when appearing in a student operetta at the Hollywood high school. Later he was one of the soloists in the glee club at the University of Missouri. Before finishing the course he decided the stage was the thing and joined a vaudeville vocal group known as *Three Bad Boys.*

In the course of time the trio got back to Hollywood and, since the talkies were just beginning to break out, they made a four minute short for Vitaphone . . . but it took four weeks to do it. Now Bud blossoms forth as one of KFWB's best dressed baritones and, as such, won't even associate with tenors.

Up in the wide open spaces of the great Northwest, Fred Hartley diligently pounds away at the mallets on KHQ's prize xylophone, although he can play three or four string instruments whenever he has the time and inclination. Married, and with one young son, his hobby is making special music arrangements and in composing light, fluffy pieces for concert ensembles.

KPO's cute little blues exponent, Helen Stone, is pretty much up in the air these days. Not that she is at all ritzy, but because she is an aviatrix, has a private pilot's ticket and hopes some of these days to get a full fledged transport pilot's berth.

* * *

WHAT is this thing called Radio, chanted Ray Nealan. But that was long, long ago. When he was discharged from the army in 1918, he began to follow music as a career, and when public broadcast began to function as such he sang from the old Telegraph Hill station in 'Frisco and from the old KFRC seven years ago.

Now he is with KFRC regularly as a soloist and as second tenor with the Buccaneers male quartet. A native son, out where such individuals are rare, he is not only a resident of the golden state but was born in San Francisco and has lived there all his life.

* * *

CHESTER MARKERT, who began his Radio career as an organist at

(*Continued on page 89*)







My word! If it isn't a monocle in "Bilgy's" eye. Do you always wear it for the Happy Go Lucky Hour, Monroe Upton? . . . One of the coast weddings (above). Jerry Kilgore the groom, at left, trying to escape, has hidden his bride in the car. "Big Bill" Andrews and Helen O'Neill of NBC are cutting off his retreat. . . . KFWB's Kay Van Riper (right) leads a busy life these days with publicity, continuity and book-reviewing on the air taking up most of her time.



Ahoy, Club



General view of Club Leviathan from balcony.



Special feature with view of balcony in background.

WORD artists and experts in the science of acoustics have become so efficient in the draping of Radio scenery with graphic descriptions and simulated sounds that we find ourselves projected into all kinds of realistic situations in the course of an evening of assorted programs.

But there is nothing more vivid and real than the RKO Theatre of the Air as you hear it from the Club Leviathan in New York. It is convincing because it is genuine. The program is actually staged aboard the great American liner as she snugs into her berth at the foot of Forty-sixth street.

I have attended two of these affairs. Fancy yourself with me at a table within reaching distance of the fair lady who sits at the rail at the left. We are on a small balcony (the sailors may have an-

Leviathan!

By Mark Quest

RKO Pilots Listeners Merrily over Bounding Air Waves on Ocean Liner



other name for it, but I don't know what it is any more than you do). Eight or ten small tables are set behind us. The front of the balcony opens into a great ball room. On the opposite side there are other tables.

Below the balcony in the center, as shown here, you see the orchestra which plays for the guests who dance after the broadcast. During the broadcast the orchestra is spread out over the dance floor and the microphones and solo numbers are presented in the far end of the room, the space partially hidden by the two ladies in white who stand chatting there in front of us.

Below us at the left there is a parked off section on the floor level that extends to the entrance, where you see an usher receiving a lady and gentleman just coming in. You can see a similar parquet on the opposite side of the room. Back of and above the row of front tables that face into the room is a terrace. It is just high enough so that the guests at the tables there may look over the heads of those who sit next to the promenade that encircles the smooth, gleaming dancing floor.

The tables are all occupied with gay, chattering folk—beautiful women of the stage and their proud escorts. The walls are paneled with ivory, silver and gold. The suffused light of changing tints adds to the glamorous atmosphere. And now it is 10:30, the hour of the broadcast. The lights dim as in the theatre, murmurs are hushed into silence. The master of ceremonies proclaims the occasion to those comparative few who are present and to the rest of you among the hundreds of thousands who are listening across the continent and to those others who are aboard other ships far out to sea.

Famous RKO stars are announced. Some of them sing, others are interviewed—and all the while there is a breezy banter carried on by the master of ceremonies. Harry Richman, William Hanley, Vincent Lopez, and then Lita Chaplin, Dorothy Stone, Peggy Hopkins Joyce, Irene Dunne, Tom Kennedy—and a score of others appear in the spot as all attention is paid to the ubiquitous microphone. The rest of us who sit at the tables are only incidental background to the great, innumerable audience circled far and beyond the tiny beacon of light that rims this room and even the good ship Leviathan.



From left: Giuseppe Di Benedetto, Giovanni Martinelli, Dolores Cassinelli and G. W. Johnstone. RKO-NBC notables on board Conte Grande, another ship broadcast program.

Cues for

By Emily Post

Who broadcasts regularly over the CBS



THE June Bride of 1931 is not any different fundamentally from the bride of grandmother's day. Love is the same yesterday, today and tomorrow, and the bride of today steps up to the altar with the same visions of a glorious future that the prehistoric maiden must have had some millions of years ago. Today she holds in her arms calla lilies instead of the customary lilies of the valley

Cupid's Captives

Should a Bride-to-be Kiss Her Fiancé in Public? Oh, my no! Says Prominent Authority on Etiquette

THESE days we must give undivided attention to the answering of questions about weddings! So that we shall not neglect any phase of this important subject, let us begin with the engagement. The first step in the direction of wedding preparations is, of course, the discovery made by him and by you that without each other there could be no future for either of you, and you decide to marry. This being the case, it is time for him to tell your father or your mother—or whoever is your nearest relative—how he proposes—or you together propose—to manage the financial side of a home for two, that is, unless such arrangements concern only yourselves. But even so, he should at the first possible moment go to your father, or whoever is the head of your family and tell him (or her) how things stand between you, and what your plans are.

Let us in any case say that your father approves—in short, you are officially engaged. It is likely that before talking with your father, John has told his own parents that you promised to marry him—and it is possible if (as one person wrote me) you and your father are especially devoted you will have broken the news by saying, "John is coming to see you tomorrow!" Or perhaps you at once told your mother. Whether you tell one or both of your parents before John does, is not a question of etiquette, but entirely a question of the relationship between your parents and you.

YOU know of course that confiding in your immediate families has nothing to do with the announcement of your engagement to the public at large. Nor is there any rule as to when an engagement should be announced. You may tell everybody at once or you may keep it a secret for years. It is solely a question of personal decision—sometimes a difficult one. For instance, if the date of the wedding be in the indefinite future, the quite serious point to solve is whether it is wiser to take the world into your confidence months, or perhaps years, before you can be married, or to wait until the day can be set. On the one hand it is pleasant to have everyone know you are engaged, you are asked everywhere together, and you can frankly prefer each other's company, and in countless ways your situation is made smooth. On the other hand, if your engagement is likely to run into years, the unending question: "When are you going to be married?"—especially when you have no idea of the answer—becomes increasingly distressful as weeks and months pass by.

TRUE, anyway you take it, a too long engagement is an unsettled, distracting state of existence suggestive of waiting on a station platform for a train that is delayed for no one knows how long! The ideal situation is when the engagement may be announced almost immediately, and the wedding takes place within a few months after that. Let us say then, that your wedding is near enough to consider the announcement of your engagement in detail. Four or five days before the day of the announcement, you and John each write letters to your own friends and to the cousins, uncles and aunts who have not known about it from the beginning. Engraved or printed announcements of an engagement are socially taboo. In best society, notes announcing an engagement are always written by hand and the outline is practically the same. You, for instance, write to an aunt or a school friend, that you want her to be among the first to know, that you are engaged to John Bright and that the news is to be announced on such a day and please not to tell anyone until then. Of course, if nearest friends and relatives live nearby, they are told personally by you or by him, or by you both together. It is always proper that *he* go with *you* to see your relatives and friends—even if they are strangers to him. But you may not be taken by him to see his family or his friends, unless they have themselves invited you. Of course, if certain members of his family are intimate friends of yours, you would more than likely go together and tell them your news. Or if a member of his family (whom you do not know) is an invalid, it would be proper for you to go with him to see her if the invalid has asked you to.

I'd like to make a rather important point on the subject of when a girl may or may not be taken about by her fiancé, because it is one of the really awkward situations that a newly engaged girl meets. Absent-minded or unknowing women are inclined to say, "John, bring your fiancée to see me!". His only answer sounds priggish, and yet he must say, "I'd like to very much—if you'll invite her." Whereupon the unperceiving woman thinks, "How silly John's priggishness about bringing the girl he's engaged to see me". And yet John was helpless. From the point of view of etiquette, a well-bred girl is not taken—even by her fiancé—to the house of a stranger, without an actual invitation or other courtesy having been shown her.

If Mrs. Older put it this way, "John dear, please ask your fiancée if she won't waive formality and come in for tea on Sunday?", it would seem rather ungracious on your part not to go. And in fact, you would most probably go. And in this day of telephones, it would take Mrs. Older but a moment to send a message of invitation, and not many moments more, to write a few lines on a sheet of notepaper, which would have been graciously courteous.

PROPERLY, of course, all of John's family and friends call on you, either at once, or at latest, on the day of the announcement! It's about time that we came to the details of this. As a matter of fact, according to the very best taste, no actual announcement is made except by the notes beforehand. In a city of size and when the people concerned are prominent socially, the announcement is given to the society editor of the papers. On the afternoon or evening of this day, your mother perhaps gives a tea, or a supper or a dinner or a small dance. If it has been announced in the paper everyone knows. Otherwise, the intimate friends who have been told in advance, tell others who congratulate them, and still others notice that you and John are constantly having your hands shaken, ask what it means, or see for themselves and join the line of well wishers. If notes have not been written, or the news printed, it would be quite proper for your father to make the announcement by proposing

(*Continued on page 62*)



The Ancient and Accepted Order of CRAMMERS

By Frances Ingram

Consultant on Care of the Skin
heard on NBC every Tuesday morning

AND ancient and accepted it is—this practice of cramming. Collegians are not its only members—not by any means. The Ancient And Accepted Order Of Crammers includes initiates from every walk of life.

Not all the members of this order admit their membership. As a matter of fact, not all of them are aware that they are members of the Ancient And Accepted Order Of Crammers. But even those who are unaware of their membership become more active at this time of the year. Letters from them pour in to me every day:

"I'm to be married on the fifteenth of June and I simply must do something to improve my appearance before that time. I have been so busy with social activities that I am simply a wreck. Tell me something to do which will improve my appearance as soon as possible."

"Now that my spring cleaning is done, I want to start spring cleaning myself. You have no idea how dreadful I look. My daughter will be graduated on the twenty-first of June and I want to fix up my skin before I attend her commencement exercises."

And this from an acknowledged crammer:

"Talk about a schoolgirl complexion—mine just isn't. If I'm to do credit to the role of sweet girl graduate two weeks hence, I'll have to do some cramming. I've always been pretty successful in cramming for examinations, so I think I should be able to do some satisfactory cramming for beauty, too, don't you?"

Cramming for beauty—all these members of the Ancient And Accepted Order Of Crammers. And all of them, apparently, have just as much faith in the efficacy of the procedure as the optimistic campus co-ed.

Collegiate cramming is as much an institution as the institutions where it is practiced. Cramming for an examination usually means sitting up all night and crowding enough facts into the mind to answer the questions given in a certain specific test. By cramming, lackadaisical students do sometimes manage a passing grade in a course. Whether or not the information they acquire in this way stays in their minds and is of any ultimate value to them is another thing entirely.

Indubitably regular attention to daily assignments would make cramming unnecessary and in time obsolete in our halls of learning. Certainly students would get more real benefit from their courses if they did eschew the line of last minute only concentration.

And the same reasoning applies to cramming for beauty. The Beauty Consultant can give women advice which, if followed, will clear up ordinary skin defects for a wedding, a graduation, or whatever the special event may be. To do any lasting good, the advice must be followed regularly and consistently.

THE student who is graduated *magna cum laude* is seldom, if ever, a crammer. The beauty neophite who includes cramming in her curriculum is seldom, if ever, elected to the Phi Beta Kappa ranks of pulchritude.

Have you never seen the woman who apparently has discovered a fountain of youth? I think you have—we all know at least one—a woman who stands out from other women because of her beauty and distinction. But have you ever analyzed this woman? Do you know why she seems to possess the elixir of eternal youth?

The most fascinating woman in your acquaintance, you will find, is not in the ranks of the crammers. She has achieved her position not by chance, but by design . . . not by last minute cramming, but by regular attention to her self-imposed assignments in the course of beauty. If you examine her carefully, you may discover that her features are not so regular as you thought—her clothes no smarter than yours. But you can be sure that your feminine ideal has a skin which is smooth, lovely, and radiant.

The crammers buy exquisite and becoming clothes and wonder afterwards why they fall short of the smartness they had in mind. The *elegante* is consistently chic and lovely. What is her secret? It is a simple one and within the reach of every woman. She has a skin which is clear and flawless, and her clothes are more effective for this reason.

Skin, you see, is the alpha and omega of beauty. It is the first thing people notice about you. If you would be smart—if you would be attractive—you must resign your membership in the fraternity of crammers and care for your skin with ceaseless and unremitting diligence.

AFTER all, anything worth doing is worth doing well. Cramming is at best an emergency measure. It carries its own boomerang. Take the prospective bride for instance. An attractive appearance on her wedding day—unless it is sustained—will not guarantee the success of her marriage. Consider the mother who wants to look well at her daughter's commencement exercises. It is possible for her to appear on her daughter's campus in an improved guise, of course, but she will not do herself or her daughter justice unless she retains this appearance for longer than a commencement week. And the college girl herself will not make adequate use of her four years' training for life unless she utilizes the self-discipline which regular attention to daily assignments—be they Greek or Beauty—requires. The sweet girl graduate who will make a name for herself—in a career or marriage—is not a crammer. Few worth while people are.

The crammers have their day, yes, but it is of necessity a pitifully short day. It is for them, I think, that the modern expression, poignant though colloquial, was written—"they don't retain." At any rate, this phrase may well stand as the epitaph for the members of the Ancient And Accepted Order Of Crammers.

* * *

Free booklets on the Care of the Skin by Frances Ingram will be mailed to readers of RADIO DIGEST. *Send your request to Miss Ingram, in care of* RADIO DIGEST, *420 Lexington Avenue, New York.—Editor*

Fashion Formulas

Self-expression for Summer Modes is Decreed by Prominent Stylists—
Cotton Frocks Command Place in Women's Wardrobes

By RUTH WITSON

THE time has come for individuality in clothes, and milady need no longer quiver for fear someone will copy the lovely ensembles and interesting effects she has been able to create. Every woman wants to look different, and the couturiers who start the fashion top spinning have declared themselves in favor of a fad for self-expression. They believe in green eyes and red hair, they smile at deep blue personalities, they laugh aloud with joy at the sight of the woman whose poise and bearing remind them of royal purple. The physical make-up and characteristics of every woman are the basis of an idea for a new costume. And these style arbiters don't keep their discoveries to themselves; they want to tell everyone about them. The important thing is, they are really doing that very thing.

Each Wednesday night the popular Peter Pan Forecasts present over the Columbia network a series of the outstanding stylists of the world to tell American women how to express their personalities in their clothes. They give the last word in fashion and suggest how it may be best adapted to express a mood or suggest a temperament.

THIS group of broadcasts was opened with a talk from Paris, by Captain Edward Molyneux, world famous designer, who suggested gay cheerful colors for the spring and summer seasons as an advance fashion note.

He said, "Patterned chiffons and georgette, which remind one of a garden full of flowers, should have a place in every feminine wardrobe. They give freshness and variety and will be smart all through the summer.

"Another note of cheer will be contributed by evening gowns," Molyneux added, "because women who have pretty ankles will be able to show them once again. I have designed dresses for dancing that end two or three inches above the ankle. Others reach the instep, and, for more formal occasions, there will still be the evening gown that just touches the ground. Women in this way, will be able to wear the length of dress which suits their own individual types."

In a later Peter Pan broadcast, Patricia L. Ballard, fashion expert, stressed the modified silhouette as a style trend. "The Paris couturiers realize," Miss Ballard said, "that American women are going to be practical minded about their clothes this season, so they are discarding picturesque extremes for simpler, more wearable designs. Flares are being restrained, in fact they have a very strong rival in pleats, which give the required fulness but a straighter outline. Waistlines are no longer arbitrarily placed, but are adjusted to the figure of the wearer. Skirt lengths, though definitely longer, do not adhere to any hard and fast rules, but are determined by height and becomingness.



An evening frock of white organdie featuring four scalloped skirt tiers

"THERE are many ways of achieving this individuality," she continued. "Fashions this year have affinities. One fabric allies itself to another, every dress takes a jacket for its mate; the shorter sleeve is united to the longer glove, while color, charmingly fickle, finds its most perfect state in not one, but three alliances. So this is the season to indulge yourself in an extravagant bit of color. The note of contrast is a gay scarf, or the subtle introduction of color in the sash of an evening frock, or a combination of colors in the frock itself, gives the discriminating woman a chance for originality.

"Every woman aspires to be well dressed," Miss Ballard commented, "and this season affords her this exceptional opportunity at a very reasonable cost. For among the many lovely fabrics which interpret our new fashions, cottons are one of the most accepted. The favor shown them in Palm Beach confirms impressions that with the arrival of summer we will indeed be very cotton-conscious. This is the first season that cottons have been versatile enough to cover all the occasions of the day. They serve for tennis and golf, they go to the seashore,

(Continued on page 95)

Out of the AIR

HITS—QUIPS—SLIPS

By INDI-GEST

Cash for Humor!

IT WILL pay you to keep your ears open and your funny bone oiled for action. Radio Digest will pay $5.00 for the first selected humorous incident heard on a broadcast program, $3.00 for second preferred amusing incident and $1.00 for each amusing incident accepted and printed.

It may be something planned as part of the Radio entertainment, or it may be one of those little accidents that pop up in the best regulated stations. Write on one side of the paper only, put name and address on each sheet, and send your contribution to Indi-Gest, Radio Digest.

While many people are anxious to see television developed and are counting days (months or years) until it arrives Indi-Gest is strongly in favor of forgetting all about it. It will curtail too many of our major industries.

The first industry it will hit and practically exterminate will be that of the explorers who go off into Africa and Lapland and other places where people wear no clothes at all or queer costumes. How do I come to that conclusion? Well, the other day I saw in Indi's favorite paper a note saying that a department store buyer had bought some dresses by television. First thing you know Paris will be televising styles to the Congo and the beauties of the veldt and Darkest Africa will be wearing accordion pleats instead of grass plaits and except for color they'll look just like ladies of Paris, France, or Paris, Ohio. There won't be any sense in taking pictures of them and all the photographers will be jobless.

The next industry that will be hard hit will be the matrimonial agencies. Ladies and gents will demand peeps by television of the prospects with whom they carry on hopeful and marriage-inclined correspondences. The shocks will probably be so great that they won't meet their bills and the matrimonial bureaus will all go out of business.

Warden Lawes of Sing Sing says lonesome convicts are the best customers of those bureaus. They write passionate love letters to single ladies, giving the prison's street address. Imagine the disappointment when the recipients see their romantic heroes televised in stripes!

And Indi-Gest's job will be jeopardized! I believe 75% of my popularity is due to the mystery with which I have surrounded myself. Ladies think I am a handsome Romeo, gentleman think of me as a fair Juliet. When television and telephonivision comes, any fan will be able to call me up and see whether I wear pants or skirts and shoot rubber-bands at me on his or her home receiver.

A VEGETABLE COURTSHIP

A potato went out on a mash,
And sought an onion bed;
"That's pie for me," observed the squash,
And all the beets turned red.

"Go 'way," the onion wept and cried,
Your love I cannot be;
The pumpkin is your lawful bride
You cantaloupe with me."

"Oh, give me one cress," the tuber prayed,
"Then my cherryished bride you'll be;
You're not the only skinny maid
That's currant now with me."

Don't turnip your nose at me,
You know you can be beet;
You think that yam just a sap,
But I can be very sweet.

I'll give you a string o' beans
Full eighteen carrots fine;
So you can rice above your lot
As soon as you are mine.

And as the wily tuber spoke
He grasped the rueful prize;
And giving her an artichoke,
Devoured her with his eyes.
—Mollie Zacharias, Kansas City, Mo.

A LESSON FOR LIARS

From WTMJ:—
An evangelist who was conducting nightly services announced that on the following evening he would speak on the subject of "Liars". He advised his hearers to read in advance, Mark, seventeenth chapter.

The next night he arose and said, "I am going to preach on 'Liars' tonight, and I should like to know how many read the chapter I suggested."

A hundred hands went up.

"Now," he said, "you are the very persons I want to talk to —there isn't any seventeenth chapter of Mark!"—*Mildred S. Olsen, 3014 W. Pierce St., Milwaukee, Wis.*

Weber and Fields:—
Meyer (selling life insurance): Do you know, Mike, that every time I breathe someone dies?
Mike: Vell, vy don't you gargle?—*Florence Haist, Box 157, Lindenwold, N. J.*

ASK THE WORM—HE KNOWS

Professor Abe Lincoln Jackson was drilling the class in English.

"Erastus, give me a sentence showing the proper use of the words, 'debate' and 'detail.' "

Erastus, after much head scratching: "De fishwum am debate what nobody kaint tell de head fum detail.—*Willison Barrett, Box 951, Rusk, Tex.*

CURRENT SONGS

Watt'll I Do?
Ampere The Ball
Let me Coil You Sweetheart
Volt Go Ohm Until Morning
—Wm. Patterson, Crown Point, Ind.

NOT SUCH A GOOD NECKER

The Interwoven Pair:
Billy Jones: I see Mr. Smith died from a broken neck.
Ernie Hare: Why I thought all he had was a wrenched back.
Billy Jones: He did, but his wife rubbed it with whiskey, and he broke his neck trying to lick it off.—*Edgar Dieden, 3217 N. 23rd St., Milwaukee, Wis.*



The little man with a big voice makes a heroic impression—on the air!

MY WISH

If I send a gracious thought
Winging on its way,
If I win a friend or two
By what I write or say,
If I help some weary soul
To consolation find,
If I make the children laugh
When wishing to be kind,
If I give new hope and cheer
By the verse I pen,
I shall write from day to day,
And try and try again.

—Belle C. Critchett, 1515 Montana St., El Paso, Tex.

All joking aside, the author of the lines above has put into words Indi-Gest's own inarticulate wish. If I can even make one corner of your mouth crinkle up the tiniest bit in a smile I will feel happy!



MORNING CALISTHENICS

Announcer: One, two, three . . . put some PEP in it. Touch the FLOOR.

A TELEVISION KISS

You're content before your fireside
To listen (O, what bliss!)
To your sweetheart's voice o'er Radio,
A word you must not miss.

You now can hear her laughter
For many, many miles;
The next thing, I am thinking,
You will even see her smiles.

But one thing I will wager
And that one thing is this,
You'll never be contented
With a television kiss.

—Bertha E. Meredith, 1100 N. Reed St., Little Rock, Ark.

'Tis true . . . kisses by television will not be popular, but how about socks in the eye and spankings?

AS LONG AS IT WASN'T *HER* CALF

WENR Minstrels:—
A boy from the city called on a country girl. As they strolled through the pastures they passed a cow and a baby calf rubbing noses.
City Boy: Oh, isn't that sweet? I wish I could do that.
Country Girl: Well you can if you want to, it is my brother's calf.—*Etta Fitzgerald, 1615 S. 12th St., Birmingham.*

WHAT IS THIS THING CALLED LOVE?

Everybody has a different answer to that query. But here are some of the definitions reported to Indi-Gest from the West Coast, where Dr. Seth Maker conducted a contest on KJR, KEX and KGA to find the answer:—

Love is a pain you can't locate.

Love is a funny thing
It wiggles like a lizard
And wraps itself around your heart.
And nibbles on your gizzard.

Love is a little brook that runs up against a da(m)n.

AIR LINES FROM BUG SCUFFLE

The village gossip sez: Annie Brown, Colonel Brown's old maid daughter who hankers to get married, is ticket seller at our local movie temple, Dreamland. Anna is real religious and having a Radio in the lobby, tunes in on all revival services. Yesterday Anna was surrounded by advertisements for the current picture, "Oh, For a Man", and she never did ketch on to why so many patrons went in grinning. The Radio was singing: "God Will Take Care of YOU!"—*Anne Lee Funk, 3421 Rosedale, Dallas, Tex.*

OH, CAN THE CHATTER

A farmer, asked what he intended doing with an enormous peach crop, replied: "Well, we eat what we can and what we can't we can."

"We do the same thing, brother," said his questioner, a business man. "We sell what we can sell and what we can't sell we cancel."—*Lucien Thomas 54373, Box 511, Columbus, Ohio.*

RECORD

Some men start in at the bottom
And work their way to the top,
They are the wizards 'old man fate'
Just doesn't know how to stop;

And others may start at the bottom,
But regardless of how they try—
Simply stay where they started,
And watch the world go by;

Still others, our 'silver-spoon babies',
Start in where the going is nice.
Some stick there, while others slip backward,
Depending on fate's loaded dice;

But I've made a record performance
Which is bringing me great renown.
I started in right at the bottom,
And I'm rapidly working down!

—E. E. Mann, 611 Greenwood Ave., Birmingham, Mich.

SLIPS THAT PASS THROUGH THE MIKE

HICCOUGH ON A NATIONAL SCALE—CBS announcer on Van Heusen program: "Ladies and gentlemen, this program has come to you over a coast to coast 'hick-up' . . . err, er, I mean 'hook-up.'" An epidemic of indigestion?—*Etta Fitzgerald, 1615 S. 12th St., Birmingham, Ala.*

ROYALTY BELITTLED—By the Hon. Mr. Kauffman (speaking in place of the King of Siam) over Columbia: "It is unfortunate that His Majesty the King of Siam is unable to appear before this *microscope today.*" But then, he does weigh less than 100 pounds and is shorter than his Queen!—*Clara D. Lange, 2007 Marquette, Davenport, Ia.*

NOW WILL YOU BE GOOD?—It was near the close of the Tabernacle Hour, a KTAP religious feature—Preacher: "And the wicked and unjust shall be cut off."

(Without further notice the announcer cuts the program.) Announcer: "We continue with the Annanac Hour. —*Charles F. Harris, 537 Roosevelt Ave., San Antonio, Tex.*

NO GOOD A'TALL, A'TALL—It was 2 A.M. and WKBF was broadcasting night club festivities. Announcer shouted above the din, "There will next be played a group of three numbers—*Why Was I Born?—For No Good Reason At All*—and, *You Said It!*" I thought it was a wisecrack, but the orchestra played those numbers.—*Morris J. Shover, 016 S. Fourth St., Philadelphia, Pa.*

Dial Hounds

By Charles J. Gilchrist

Secretary of the
Chicago Daily News DX Club

THE game of hunting the ether for far away and little known broadcasting stations came to life again last winter with a bang. Probably the first factor which tempted Radio fans to dial twisting once again was the launching of a new Mexican station, XED, in Reynosa, just across the Rio Grande on the Texas border.

This station came on the air last fall for the first time with such super power that it was heard in all parts of the country. Fans got a real thrill out of hearing the call letters of a station in another country. Then they went to work and developed some expert tuning on far away and little known stations.

The game of DXing revived with all the vigor which had impelled it in former years. To be sure, the long distance fans were not reporting the extremely far distant spots which used to be heard but which are now almost impossible since the United States stations have come to cover practically the entire band of broadcasting. With so many stations in this country and with the high power now being used, some of these spots cannot be found.

However, as the winter developed reports were received from such distant spots as Japan, France, Germany, Central and South America, Australia, Honolulu, Porto Rico, Alaska, and Great Britain. The national networks have done their bit to stimulate DXing by rebroadcasting programs from foreign parts, such as the talk of Pope Pius from Vatican City and the English Steeplechase. From these programs literally thousands of fans developed the DX bug.

Another factor which has done much to bring back international reception has been the general increase of power in all the leading countries. At least two of the German stations are now on with 75,000 watts and one of them in Stuttgart has been heard several times. Then Russia has been boosting its power until it now plans to come on the air with half a million watts in the near future. These Russians are not brought in but the newspaper stories of their continued growth in power have kept DX fans interested, awaiting the time when they will come in to this country easily.

Last winter was particularly good for long distance work. In fact it seems to have been as good as any of the old years back in 1925 and before. Even another reason has been brought forward for this. It is that the sun spots have a distinct affect on broadcasting and are supposed to be at their best for Radio conditions this year. Whether or not this is true is a matter for the scientists to thresh out.

The world is just as full of thrilling Radio catches as the seas are of fish.



Charles J. Gilchrist

And the two games, DXing and fishing are very similar. The fisherman sinks his hook into the waters, hoping and using all his skill to hook the particular kind of fish he seeks. The DXer becomes expert with his dials and uses his talent in trying to hear around the world. Neither can know beforehand what will happen and in that uncertainty is another of the kicks of the games.

Time was when a Chicagoan picked up Kenya Colony, in Nairobi, Africa. The station, 7LO, used both short and long waves and works with the British Broadcasting Company networks in London. Another DX thrill came to the writer when a Royal Mounted Police officer on duty in the wilds of Canada wrote down to join the Chicago Daily News DX Club, having heard one of the weekly broadcasts over WMAQ. The letter had been dated more than six months before it arrived. And it had been dated more than four months before it ever reached a post office.

THE spot from which the officer picked up the broadcast was well within the Arctic circle at a little bay not even shown on any save the largest maps. Apparently it had been held up a third of a year by ice and snow before it could reach the post office some hundred miles away. It took still more time to reach civilization and quick transportation.

A good world log such as the one sent out by the Department of Commerce shows stations in queer spots all around the globe. There is EAR5 in Las Palmas, Canary Islands on 1071 kilocycles, and two stations in Cairo, although if you write the Egyptian officials they will answer that broadcasting is barred in that country and there are no stations on the air.

Both Casablanca and Rabat in Morocco are on the air, as are Cape Town, Johannesburg, and Durban in the Union of South Africa. The Fiji Islands have a broadcasting station at Suva and a Radio telephone depot which is listed without wave, location or anything else but the words "frequently broadcasting".

Singapore, British Malaya; Colombo, Ceylon; Istanbul, Turkey, Reykjavik, Iceland; Tallin, Estonia; Caracas, Venezuela; Bogota, Colombia, and Tegucigalpa, Honduras are some of the other queer spots of the world which live on the Radio map.

There is a station, VAS, at Glace Bay, Nova Scotia, whose sole purpose is to inform fishermen preparing to embark for the Grand Banks of weather conditions and the prices they may expect for their catches. This is found almost every morning at about 2 a.m., CST.

J. Agusty in San Juan, Porto Rico, has done more to make his city known than any association of commerce or travel bureau could. He has done it by staging special DX programs for American listeners at regular intervals during the winter. These programs, which end up about daylight, usually on Sunday mornings, have been heard each time with very good volume and quality by midwest fans as well as those in the east. He has answered literally thousands of letters and sent out great quantities of verifications to those Radio fans who could tell him just what his station had been broadcasting and just when it was broadcast.

Two others who are rapidly making their particular spots on the globe well known to Radio are in Central America. One is Amando Cespedes Marin, owner and operator of NRH in Heredia, Costa Rica, a very popular DX call.

With such possibilities it is little wonder that the modern knight of the road turns to Radio as his magic carpet.

(*Another DX story next month.*)

Chain Calendar Features

See Index to Network Kilocycles on page 79

Throughout Week

JOLLY BILL AND JANE—(daily except Sunday)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:45 a. m.	6:45	5:45	4:45
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
KDKA	WJR	WLW	

GENE AND GLENN—Quaker Early Birds. (Daily except Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:00 a. m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WEAF	WJAR	WEEI	WTAG
WCSH	WFI	WRC	WGY
WCAE	WTAM	WWJ	WSAI
WRVA	WPTF	CKGW	WJAX
WIOD	WFLA	WSUN	CFCF
WBEN			

CHEERIO—(daily ex. Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:30 a. m.	7:30	6:30	5:30
WEAF	WEEI	WCKY	WRC
WCSH	WWJ	WHO	WOC
WDAF	WAPI	KPRC	WFI
WSB	WSM	WJAX	WPTF
WTAG	WOAI	WBEN	WRVA
CKGW	WIOD	WHAS	WFLA
WSUN	WTAM	WJDX	WJAR
WGY	WOW	WCAE	WGN
WKY			

THE VERMONT LUMBER JACKS—John Whitcomb. (Daily ex. Sunday)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:30 a. m.	7:30	6:30	5:30
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WBAL
WHAM	KDKA	WJR	

MORNING MOODS—Emery Deutsch

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:00 a. m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WABC	WFBL	WHEC	WKBW
W2XE	WORC	WPG	WIP-WFAN
WDRC	WMAL	WREC	WDSU
WHP	WMT	KMOX	KMBC
WTAQ	KFH	KFJF	KTRH
KOIL	CFRB		

TONY'S SCRAP BOOK—Conducted by Anthony Wons.

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:30 a. m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WHEC
WKBW	WDRC	WORC	WPG
WCAU	W3XAU	WHP	WMAL
WCAO	WKBN	WSPD	WREC
WTAQ	WBBM	KMOX	KOIL
KFH	KFJF	KTRH	KTSA
KLZ	CFRB		

THE OLD DUTCH GIRL—(Mon., Wed., Fri.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:45 a. m.	8:45	7:45	6:45
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WKBW
WEAN	WNAC	WCAU	W3XAU
WJAS	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WBT
WGST	WXYZ	WSPD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WDSU	WISN
WOWO	WMAQ	WCCO	KMOX
KMBC	KOIL	KFH	KFJF
KRLD	KTSA	KLZ	KDYL
CFRB			

IDA BAILEY ALLEN—Radio Home Makers. (Mon. Wed. & Thurs.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:00 a. m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WKBW
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WADC	WWNC	WSPD	WDOD
WLAC	WISN	WBBM	WXYZ
WTAQ	KMOX	KFH	

RAY PERKINS—Libby, McNeil and Libby Program. (Thurs. and Friday)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10.00 a.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
WIBO	WLW	KDKA	WSB
WREN	KWK	WHAS	WSM
WMC	WAPI	WJDX	WSMB
WJR	WGAR		

RADIO HOUSEHOLD INSTITUTE—(except Friday and Sunday)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
11:15 a. m.	10:15	9:15	8:15
WEAF	WJAR	WTAG	WCSH
WLIT	WRC	WCAE	WWJ
WTAM	KSD	WTMJ	KSTP
WEBC	WEEI	WGY	WMC
WBEN	WSAI	KYW	WOC
WHO	CFCF	CKGW	

UNEEDABAKERS—(Mon. and Thurs.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
11:30 a. m.	10:30	9:30	8:30
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WKBW
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WCAU
W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WADC	WKRC	WWNC
WBT	WGST	WXYZ	WSPD
WDOD	WREC	WLAC	WBRC
WDSU	WOWO	WBBM	WCCO
KMBC	KMOX	KOIL	KFH
KFJF	KRLD	KTSA	KLZ
KDYL			

PAUL TREMAINE—(daily ex. Sunday)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
12:00 noon	11:00	10:00	9:00
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WHEC
WKBW	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WORC	WPG	WCAU	W3XAU
WHP	WJAS	WLBW	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ	WADC
WKBN	WLAC	WBRC	WISN
KSCJ	WMT	KMBC	KLRA
WDAY	KOIL	KFJF	KLZ
KOL	WTAQ		

COLUMBIA REVIEW — (daily except Sat. and Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
12:30 p. m.	11:30	10:30	9:30
WABC	W2XE	WLBZ	WDRC
WORC	WPG	WCAU	W3XAU
WHP	WJAS	WLBW	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WADC	WBT
WBCM	WSPD	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WISN	WOWO
WBBM	KSCJ	WMT	KMBC
KLRA	WDAY	KOIL	WIBW
KFJF	WGR		

FELIX FERDINANDO AND HIS PARK CENTRAL ORCHESTRA—(daily ex. Sunday)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
1:00 p.m.	12:00	11:00	10:00
WABC	W2XE	WGR	WPG
WCAU	W3XAU	WJAS	WLBW
WMAL	WCAO	WTAR	WADC
WHK	WWNC	WDOD	WLAC
CFRB			

HARRY TUCKER AND HIS BARCLAY ORCHESTRA—(Mon., Wed., Fri.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
1:30 p. m.	12:30	11:30 a. m.	10:30
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WHEC
WGR	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WORC	WPG	WIP-WFAN	WJAS
WLBW	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WREC	WBRC	WDSU	WISN
WTAQ	WCCO	WMT	KMOX
KMBC	KFJF		

COLUMBIA ARTIST RECITAL—(daily ex. Sun. & Tues.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
2:00 p. m.	1:00	12:00	11:00
WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WGR
WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC	WPG
WFAN	WHP	WJAS	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ	WHK
WKRC	WKBN	WWNC	WBT
WBCM	WSPD	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WISN	WOWO	WBBM
WCCO	KSCJ	WMT	KLRA
WDAY	KFJF	KTRH	KLZ
KOL			

EDNA WALLACE HOPPER—(Wed., Thurs. and Friday)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
2:30 p.m.	1:30	12:30	11:30
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WCSH
WLIT	WRC	WCAE	WWJ
WSAI	KSD	WOC	WHO
WOW	KVOO	WBAP	KPRC
WOAI	WKY	WTIC	WTAG
WBEN	WTAM	KYW	CKGW
CFCF			

COLUMBIA SALON ORCHESTRA—Emery Deutsch, Director. (Mon., Tues., Wed. and Thurs. at 3:30)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
3:00 p. m.	2:00	1:00	12:00
WABC	W2XE	WGR	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WORC	WPG
WHP	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WDBJ	WADC	WHK	WKRC
WKBN	WWNC	WBT	WBCM
WSPD	WDOD	WREC	WLAC
WISN	WFBM	WGL	WBBM
KSCJ	WMT	KLRA	WDAY
KOIL	KFJF	KRLD	KTRH
KLZ	KVI	KOL	KFPY

THE THREE DOCTORS—(Tues., Wed. & Thurs.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
3:15 p. m.	2:15	1:15	12:15
WABC	W2XE	WGR	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WORC	WIP-
WFAN	WHP	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WKBN	WSPD	WDSU
WREC	WISN	WTAQ	WMT
KMBC	KFH	KFJF	KTRH
KLZ	KFRC	CFRB	

LA GERARDINE PROGRAM—Jean Beaudine. (Mon. & Thurs.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
5:45 p. m.	4:45	3:45	2:45
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WKBW
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WCAU
W3XAU	WJAS	WCAO	WHK
WKRC	WGST	WXYZ	KMOX
KMBC	KOIL	KRLD	

TONY'S SCRAP BOOK—Anthony Wons. (Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
5:45 p. m.	4:45	3:45	2:45
WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WGR
WJAS	WLBW	WCAO	WWNC
WXYZ	WSPD	WDOD	WLAC
WDSU	WTAQ	KMBC	KFH
KRLD	WACO	KLZ	KOH

ROY ATWELL'S TIDE WATER INN—(Mon., Wed. & Fri.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
6:30 p.m.	5.30	4:30	3:30
WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WKBW
WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WORC	WCAU	W3XAU	WHP
WJAS	WMAL	WTAR	WOKO

LITERARY DIGEST TOPICS IN BRIEF—Lowell Thomas. (Daily except Sunday)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
6:45 p.m.	5:45	4:45	3:45
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
WBAL	KDKA	WRVA	WPTF
WJAX	WIOD	WLW	WFLA
WSUN			

UNCLE ABE AND DAVID—(Wed., Thurs., Friday., Sat.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
6:45 p.m.	5:45	4:45	3:45
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WCSH
WFI	WRC	WTMJ	WSM
WEBC	WCAE	WGY	WTAG
WTAM	WWJ	WSAI	KSD
WOC	WHO	WOW	WDAF
WSB	WSMB	WEJX	WDNR
WHAS	WBEN	CKGW	WMC

MORTON DOWNEY—With Freddie Rich and his Orchestra. (Daily except Sun., Mon. and Tues.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:00 p.m.	6:00	5:00	4:00
WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WGR
WDRC	WNAC	WORC	WCAU
W3XAU	WHP	WJAS	WLBW
WMAL	WTAR	WDBJ	WHK
WKRC	WKBN	WWNC	WBCM
WDOD	WBRC	WGL	KSCJ
KLRA	WDAY	KOIL	WIBW
KFH	KFJF	KRLD	KTRH
KVI	KOL	KFPY	KFRC

AMOS 'N' ANDY—Pepsodent. (Daily except Sunday)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:00 p.m.	6:00	5:00	4:00
WJZ	WHAM	KDKA	WBZ
WBZA	WRC	CKGW	WRVA
WPTF	WJAX	WIOD	WCKY
WFLA	WSUN	WLW	WJR
WGAR	CFCF		

11:00 p.m. on following stations

WMAQ	KWK	WREN	WDAF
WTMJ	KECA	KSL	WHAS
WSM	WSB	WKY	WENR
WSTP	WSMB	WJDX	KTHS
KPRC	WEBC	KGO	KHQ
KOMO	KGW	WFSD	WOAI
WMC	KAO	KFAB	WBAP

TASTYEAST JESTERS — (Monday, Thurs., Sat.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:15 p.m.	6:15	5:15	4:15
WJZ	WCKY	WHAM	WBZ
WBZA	WREN	KDKA	WRC
WGAR	WRVA	WPTF	WJAX
WIOD			

PHIL COOK—The Quaker Man. (Daily except Sat. and Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:30 p.m.	6:30	5:30	4:30
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WOAI
KPRC	WJDX	KTHS	WPTF
WJAX	WIOD	WFLA	WSUN
WHAS	WSM	WMC	WSB
WSMB	WHAM	KDKA	WREN
KWK	WTMJ	WEBC	KOA
KSL	WRC	WGAR	CFCF

EVANGELINE ADAMS — Astrologer. Forhan's. (Mon. and Wed.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:30 p.m.	6:30	5:30	4:30
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WHEC
WKBW	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WCAU	W3XAU	WCAO	WTAR
WDBJ	WADC	WHK	WKRC
WAIU	WWNC	WBT	WGST
WXYZ	WSPD	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WDSU	WISN
WFBM	WGL	WBBM	WCCO
KMOX	KMBC	KLRA	KOIL
KFJF	WRR	KTRH	CFRB

DADDY AND ROLLO—Congress Cigar Co. (Tues., Wed. and Thurs.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:45 p.m.	6:45	5:45	4:45
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WKBW
WCAU	W3XAU	WJAS	WLBW
WGL	WCAO	WADC	WKRC
WXYZ	WSPD	WREC	WISN
WMAQ	WCCO	KMOX	KMBC
KOIL			

ARTHUR PRYOR'S CREMO MILITARY BAND—(Daily except Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:00 p.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WABC	W2XE	WNAC	WCAU
W3XAU	WEAN	WDRC	WPG
WWNC	WLBZ	WBT	WTAR
WDBJ	WORC	WQAM	WDBO
WTOC	WDAE		

11:00 p. m. on following

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
11:15 p.m.	10:15	9:15	8:15
WFBL	WKBW	WJAS	WLBW
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WCAH
WKBN	WGST	WXYZ	WBCM
WSPD	WLAP	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WDSU	WISN
WTAQ	WOWO	WFBM	WMAQ
WCCO	KSCJ	WMT	KMOX
KMBC	KLRA	WNAX	KOIL
KFH	WIBW	KFJF	WRR
KTRH	KTSA	WACO	KLZ
KDYL	KOH	KOL	KFPY
KOIN	KFBK-WOKO		

RUDY VALLÉE—Fleischmann Hour. (Thursday)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:00 p.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WEAF	WEEI	WTAG	WJAX
WJDX	WJAR	WCSH	WFI
WRC	WGY	WHO	WOW
WDAF	WWJ	WHAS	WTAR
WMC	WSAI	WSB	WSMB
WEBC	KOA	WRVA	KSL
KOMO	WOAI	WSM	WOC
WAPI	KGO	KHQ	KECA
KSD	CKGW	WTAM	KGW
KSTP	KPRC	CFCF	WFLA
WSUN	WCAE	(WTMJ	KTHS
WIOD	WBAP	WKY, off 8:30)	

Sunday 7:00 p. m. on following stations

WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WEBC
KDKA	WREN	KWK	WRVA
KOA	KSL	WRC	WLW
WGAR	CFCF	WJAX	KSTP
WIOD	WFLA	WSUN	KOMO
WPTF	WHAS	WJDX	WSMB
WOAI	KTHS	KPRC	KGW
KFI	KHQ	KFSD	KTAR
WHAM	WMC	WENR	WDAY
KEYR	WSB	WAPI	KGO
WKY			

JULIA SANDERSON AND FRANK CRUMIT — Blackstone Plantation. (Tues.) (Thurs. at 9:00 on WJZ)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:00 p.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WTAG
WCSH	WFI	WRC	WIBO
KSD	WOC	WGY	WBEN
WCAE	WTAM	WWJ	WSAI
WHO	WDAF	WOW	WEBC
KSTP	Thurs. network:		WJZ
WBZA	WBZ	WBAL	WHAM
KDKA	WCKY		

BARBASOL PROGRAM—(Mon., Wed. and Friday)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:15 p.m.	7:15	6:15	5:15
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WKBW
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WCAU
W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL	WCAO
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WXYZ
WSPD	WISN	WFBM	WMAQ
WCCO	KMOX	KMBC	KOIL

RADIOTRON VARIETIES — "Bugs" Baer. (Wed. and Sat.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:15 p.m.	7:15	6:15	5:15
WEAF	WEEI	WTIC	WJAR
WTAG	WCSH	WRC	WLIT
WBEN	WTAM	WSAI	WIBO
WWJ	KSD	WOC	WHO
WOW	WDAF	WIOD	WFLA
WSUN	WSM	WSB	WSMB
WJDX	WFAA	WOAI	KOA
KSL	KGO	KECA	KGW
KHQ	KOMO	KTAR	KFSD
WPTF	KPRC	WEBC	KVOO
WTMJ	WSTP		

KALTENBORN EDITS THE NEWS—(Sun., Tues. and Thurs.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:30 p.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WGR
WEAN	WNAC	WORC	WCAU
W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL	WCAO
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WXYZ
WSPD	WOWO	WFBM	WCCO
KMOX	KMBC	KOIL	

B. A. ROLFE AND HIS LUCKY STRIKE DANCE ORCHESTRA — (Tues., Thurs., Sat.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WTAG
WCSH	WFI	WRC	WCAE
WWJ	WSAI	KSD	WOC
WHO	WTMG	WEBC	WRVA
WJAX	WIOD	WFLA	WSUN
WHAS	WSM	WMC	WSB
WSMB	WJDX	WOAI	KOA
KGO	WKY	KECA	KGW
KHQ	KOMO	KTAR	KSFD
WIBO	WDAF	WTAM	WAPI
WBEN	WOW	Thurs.: same except	
WAPI	KECA	WIBO	are off
Add	WGY		
Sat:	WEAF	WJAR	WTAG
WCSH	WFI	WRC	WGY
WCAE	WWJ	WSAI	KSTP
WRVA	WTAM	WBEN	WOC
WHO	KFKX	WIOD	KFI
KGO	KOMO	WSM	WEBC
KGW			

CLARA, LU AND EM—(daily except Sun. and Mon.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:30 p.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30
WJZ	WBAL	WHAM	KDKA
WJR	WLW	KWK	WREN
WGAR	WBZ	WBZA	WGN

FORTUNE BUILDERS — (Sun. & Thurs.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10.30 p.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WKBW
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WCAU
W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL	WCAO
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WGST
WXYZ	WSPD	WDSU	WOWO
WFBM	WBBM	WCCO	KMOX
KMBC	KRLD	KLZ	KDYL
KOL	KFPY	KOIN	KFRC
CFRB			

RAPID TRANSIT—(Tues. and Thurs.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
11:00 p.m.	10:00	9:00	8:00
WEAF	WEEI	WFI	WCAE
KSD	WWJ	WSAI	WOC
WHO	WIOD		

NOCTURNE—Ann Leaf at Organ (daily).

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
12:30 a.m.	11:30	10:30	9:30
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WKBW
WEAN	WNAC	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WKBN	WREC	WBRC
WDSU	WISN	WFBM	WCCO
WMT	KMBC	KOIL	KFH
KFJF	KTRH	KLZ	

Sunday

MORNING MUSICALE—Emery Deutsch Conducting.

Eastern 9:00 a.m.	Central 8:00	Mountain 7:00	Pacific 6:00
WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WGR
WLBZ	WORC	WPG	WCAU
W3XAU	WHP	WCAO	WTAR
WWNC	WBT	WSPD	WDOD
WREC	WLAC	WISN	WFBM
KFH	KMOX	WNAX	WIBW
WMT	KFJF	KRLD	KTRH
KDYL			

NEAPOLITAN DAYS—

Eastern 11:00 a.m.	Central 10:00	Mountain 9:00	Pacific 8:00
WEAF	WJAR	WTAG	WDAF
WOC	WHO	KGO	KECA
WEBC	WMC	WAPI	KOA
KOMO	KFSD	WENR	

INTERNATIONAL BROADCAST—

Eastern 12:30 p.m.	Central 11:30	Mountain 10:30	Pacific 9:30
WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WGR
WLBZ	WDRC	WORC	WPG
WHP	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WDBJ	WADC	WHK	WWNC
WBT	WBCM	WSPD	WDOD
WISN	WOWO	WCCO	KSCJ
WMT	KMBC	KLRA	WDAY
KFJF	KLZ	KDYL	KVI
KFPY			

LITTLE JACK LITTLE—

Eastern 1:30 p.m.	Central 12:30	Mountain 11:30	Pacific 10:30
WJZ	WREN	KFAB	WJR
WGAR	WLW	WJR	

GYPSY TRAIL—Emery Deutsch, Conductor, with Karle Thome, Soloist.

Eastern 1:30 p.m.	Central 12:30	Mountain 11:30	Pacific 10:30
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WHEC
WGR	WDRC	WORC	WPG
WHP	WJAS	WMAL	WTAR
WISN	WTAQ	WCCO	WMT
KMBC	WKJF	KLZ	CFRB

MOONSHINE AND HONEYSUCKLE—

Eastern 2:00 p.m.	Central 1:00	Mountain 12:00	Pacific 11:00
WEAF	WTAG	WJAR	WRC
WGY	WBEN	WTAM	KSD
WWJ	WDAF	WEEI	WLIT
WCAE	KOA	KSD	WTIC
CFCF	WOC	KYW	WHO
WOW			

NATIONAL YOUTH CONFERENCE—Dr. Daniel A. Poling.

Eastern 3:00 p.m.	Central 2:00	Mountain 1:00	Pacific 12:00
WJZ	WBAL	KDKA	KWK
WREN	KFAB	WRVA	WJAX
WIOD	WFAA	KVOO	WOAI
WFLA	WSUN	KGW	WPTF
KGO	KOA	KSTP	WEBC
WMC	WSMB	KPRC	WKY
KOMO	KHQ	WSB	WAPI
WGAR	WTMJ	KSL	WJDX
WSAI	WSM	WDAY	

SYMPHONIC HOUR — with TOSCHA SEIDEL, Violinist.

Eastern 3:00 p.m.	Central 2:00	Mountain 1:00	Pacific 12:00
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WNAC
WHEC	WKBW	WEAN	WJAS
WCAU	W3XAU	WHP	WTAR
WLBW	WMAL	WCAO	WKBN
WDBJ	WADC	WAIU	WSPD
WWNC	WXYZ	WBCM	WISN
WDOD	WBRC	WDSU	WMAQ
WTAQ	WFBM	WGL	KLRA
WCCO	KSCJ	WMT	KFJF
KOIL	WIBW	KFH	KLZ
KRLD	KTSA	WACO	WAAB
KDYL	KVI	WOKO	

SWIFT GARDEN PARTY—

Eastern 3:30 p.m.	Central 2:30	Mountain 1:30	Pacific 12:30
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WTAF
WCSH	WLIT	WRC	WGY
WBEN	WCAE	WTAM	WWJ
WHO	KYW	KSD	WOC
CKGW	WOW	WDAF	WSAI
WTIC			

CATHEDRAL HOUR—

Eastern 4:00 p.m.	Central 3:00	Mountain 2:00	Pacific 1:00
WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WORC	WPG	WCAU	W2XAU
WHP	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WDBJ	WKRC	WKBN	WWNC
WBT	WBCM	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WFBM	WGL
WBBM	KSCJ	WMT	KMBC
KLRA	WDAY	KOIL	WIBW
KFH	KFJF	KRLD	KTRH
KTSA	KLZ	KVI	KFPY

DR. S. PARKES CADMAN—

Eastern 4:00 p.m.	Central 3:00	Mountain 2:00	Pacific 1:00
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WCSH
WTAG	KOA	WOW	WKY
WOAI	WSAI	WJAX	WHAS
WJDX	KVOO	KPRC	WEBC
WDAF	WWJ	WFLA	WSUN
KHQ	WHO	WOC	KGO
KOMO	WCAE	WFJC	WRC
KGW	WPTF	WMC	WGY
WSM	WSB	WAPI	WBEN
WRVA	WIOD	WGN	KPO
KHQ	WCAE	WPTF	WTIC
WDAY	KFYR		

SERMON BY REV. DONALD GREY BARNHOUSE—

Eastern 5:00 p.m.	Central 4:00	Mountain 3:00	Pacific 2:00
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WGR
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WJAS
WMAL	WADC	WKRC	WXYZ
WSPD	WOWO	WMAQ	KOIL
WCAU	W3XAU	KRLD	WRR

DAVEY HOUR—

Eastern 5:00 p.m.	Central 4:00	Mountain 3:00	Pacific 2:00
WEAF	WJAR	WTAG	WCSH
WFI	WRC	WGY	WCAE
WTAM	KSD	WSAI	WENR
WOC	WHO	WOW	WDAF
CKGW	WBEN	WSAI	WWJ
WEEI			

Blue Ribbon Chain

Throughout the Week

8:00 a.m.—WEAF—Gene and Glenn. Quaker Early Birds. Comedy songs and patter. (Daily ex. Sun.)

8:30 a.m.—WEAF—Cheerio. Irons out frets, frowns and wrinkles. (Daily ex. Sun.)

10:00 a.m.—WJZ—Ray Pineapple Perkins. Silk hat, piano and dash of pineapple with broadcastor oil—program potion for the weary. (Thurs. and Fri.)

6:45 p.m.—WEAF—Uncle Abe and David. Two typical New England merchants in back-store chatter. Stock consists of pins, potatoes, carrots and curtains. (Wed., Thurs., Fri. and Sat.)

6:45 p.m.—WJZ—Lowell Thomas—Reports news brevities in Literary Digest Radio column. (Daily ex. Sunday)

7:00 p.m.—WJZ — Amos 'n' Andy — Now, Amos, is yoh oh is yoh ain't—and Bill Hay shaking with mirth in the background. (Daily ex. Sun.)

7:00 p.m.—WABC—Morton Downey. Accompanied by Freddie Rich and his orchestra. (Daily ex. Sun., Mon. and Tues.)

7:30 p.m.—WABC—Evangline Adams, astrologer, links your fate to the stars. A Forhan's presentation. (Mon. and Wed.)

7:45 p.m.—WABC—Daddy and Rollo. A humorous series of sketches by J. P. McEvoy, portraying embarrassing moments for Pa. (Tues., Wed. and Thurs.)

8:00 & 11:00 p.m.—WABC—Arthur Pryor's Cremo Military Band. Puts life into your bones. Only 20 words of advertising. But don't count—you may find more. (Daily ex. Sun.)

8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Rudy Vallée—the velvet toned crooner and his Connecticut Yankees. (Thurs.) (7:00 p.m. Sunday on WJZ)

8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Sanderson and Crumit. Two stage stars gone Radio—nothing like it say Julia and Frank on Blackstone Plantation. (Tues.) (Thurs. 9:00 p.m. on WJZ)

8:15 p.m.—WEAF—Radiotron Varieties with "Bugs" Baer, inimitable master of ceremonies—the voice with the school girl complexion. (Wed. and Sat.)

10:00 p.m.—WEAF—B. A. Rolfe and his Lucky Strike Orchestra. (Tues., Thurs. and Sat.)

10:30 p.m.—WJZ—Clara, Lu and Em. Leave it to these Super politicians to disentangle international problems. (Daily ex. Sun. and Mon.)

Sunday

12:30 p.m.—WABC — International Broadcast. Voices across the ocean.

1:45 p.m.—WJZ—Little Jack Little who gets the big hand when he sets himself down to that *pi-aner.*

3:00 p.m.—WABC—Toscha Seidel. Famous violinist draws human tones from his fiddle.

8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Maurice Chevalier dispenses songs with real Parisian flavor from the Chase and Sanborn fountain.

8:15 p.m.—WJZ—Collier's Radio Hour. A palatable program with a mixture of everything.

9:15 p.m.—WJZ—Floyd Gibbons. Man of many thrills shares his world adventures.

9:15 p.m.—WEAF—Atwater Kent. Talent par excellence!

9:30 p.m.—WABC—Edgar Guest. America's own poet. Detroit Symphony Orchestra directed by Victor Kolar on Graham-Paige program.

10:15 p.m.—WEAF—Famous Trials in History. A National Dairy Production.

10:45 p.m.—WEAF—Sunday at Seth Parker's.

Monday

8:30 p.m.—WJZ—Simmons Hour. Brings to mike celebrated opera stars, and charges you nothing but a dial twist.

8:30 p.m.—WEAF—A. and P. Gypsies. Orchestra directed by Harry Horlick.

10:00 p.m.—WABC—Guy Lombardo's Orchestra with its slow tempo.

9:30 p.m.—WEAF—General Motors Program. Male Quartet and orchestra directed by Frank Black.

SWEETHEART HOUR—

Eastern 5:30 p.m.	Central 4:30	Mountain 3:30	Pacific 2:30
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WKBW
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WCAU
W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL	WCAO
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WXYZ
WSPD	WOWO	KMBC	KOIL

RCA VICTOR PROGRAM—

Eastern 7:30 p.m.	Central 6:30	Mountain 5:30	Pacific 4:30
WEAF	WJAR	WTAG	WCSH
WWJ	KPRC	WBEN	WRC
WGY	WCAE	WTAM	WSAI
KYW	WRVA	WIOD	WFLA
WSUN	WHAS	KSD	WDAF
WTMJ	WEBC	WMC	WSB
WSMB	WJDX	KTHS	KVOO
WOAI	WKY	KOA	KSL
KGO	KFI	KHQ	KTAR
KFSD	KGW	KOMO	WFAA
WWJ	KPRC	KVOO	KTHS

AROUND THE SAMOVAR—

Eastern 7:30 p.m.	Central 6:30	Mountain 5:30	Pacific 4:30
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WGR
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WORC
WHP	WJAS	WLBW	WMAL
WTAR	WBRC	WDSU	WISN
WTAQ	WCCO	WMT	KMOX
KMBC	KOIL	KFH	KFJF
KTRH.	KLZ		

ENNA JETTICK MELODIES—

Eastern 8:00 p.m.	Central 7:00	Mountain 6:00	Pacific 5:00
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
KWK	KYW	WKY	WJR
WREN	WFAA	KPRC	WOAI
WHAS	WSM	WTMJ	KSTP
KDKA	WMC	KOA	WENR
WIOD	KTHS	WSMB	KOMO
KFI	KGW	KSL	KHQ
WLW	WCKY	WSB	WPTF
WRVA	WFLA	WSUN	KFAB
KFSD	KTAR	WJDX	KPO
KVOO	WBAL	WGAR	WEBC
CFCF			

MAURICE CHEVALIER—Chase and Sanborn.

Eastern 8:00 p.m.	Central 7:00	Mountain 6:00	Pacific 5:00
WJAR	WTAG	WCSH	WRC
WGY	WCAE	WWJ	WSAI
KSD	WOW	WIOD	WIBO
KSTP	WHO	WOC	WHAS
WEBC	WMC	WSB	WSMB
WKY	KTHS	KPRC	WOAI
WTMJ	WTAM	WJDX	WFLA
WSUN	WDAF	WTIC	KVOO
WBEN	WLIT	WEAF	

COLLIER'S RADIO HOUR—

Eastern 8:15 p.m.	Central 7:15	Mountain 6:15	Pacific 5:15
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
KDKA	WJR	WLW	KYW
KWK	WREN	KAO	KSL
KHQ	KOMO	WFI	KGW
KPO			

THE COTY PLAYGIRL—Irene Bordoni.

Eastern 9:00 p.m.	Central 8:00	Mountain 7:00	Pacific 6:00
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WGR
WEAN	WDRC	WCAO	WADC
WHK	WKRC	WXYZ	WSPD
WNAC	WCAU	W3XAU	WJAS
WMAL	WOWO	WBBM	KMOX
KMBC	KOIL		

ATWATER KENT HOUR—

Eastern 9:15 p.m.	Central 8:15	Mountain 7:15	Pacific 6:15
WEAF	WEEI	WRC	WFI
WGY	WCAE	WTAM	WWJ
WSAI	KSD	WOW	KOA
KFI	KGW	KOMO	KPO
WOC	WHO	WDAF	KSL
WBEN			

"WORLD ADVENTURES WITH FLOYD GIBBONS"—Libby-Owens-Ford Glass Co.

Eastern 9:30 p.m.	Central 8:30	Mountain 7:30	Pacific 6:30
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
KDKA	WJR	KWK	WREN
KYW	WCKY	WGAR	WBAL

Features

Selected by the Editors

To provide you with the outstanding features for each day of the week the Radio Digest *program editor has selected the programs indicated as Blue Ribbon. Do you agree with her selections? (For stations taking the programs, see adjoining list.)*

9:30 p.m.—WJZ—Chesebrough Real Folks. Always something new at Thompkins Corner. Home town band an' everything.

11:00 p.m.—WABC—Ben Bernie. Popular maestro and his orchestra from Chicago.

Tuesday

2:45 p.m.—WJZ—Sisters of the Skillet. Ralph East and Eddie Dumke—combined weight quarter of ton and you get five hundred pounds worth of fun.

8:00 p.m.—WJZ—Paul Whiteman's Paint Men. Jazz king puts a little fast color on his program.

5:15 p.m.—WABC—Adventures in Words. Dr. Vizetelly is great tourist guide through land of words. He certainly knows his "P's" and "Q's".

9:30 p.m.—WABC—Philco Symphony Concert, conducted by Howard Barlow.

10:00 p.m.—WABC—Mr. and Mrs. Joe and Vi, the Graybar couple, show how entangled the marriage knot can become.

10:15 p.m.—WABC—Richie Craig, Jr. Blue Ribbon Malt Jester. No famine of fun here!

10:30 p.m.—WABC—Paramount Publix Radio Playhouse. Variety bill.

Wednesday

7:30 p.m.—WEAF—Boscul Moments. Mme. Frances Alda in program of popular songs with Frank LeForge at the piano.

9:30 p.m.—WEAF—Palmolive Hour with Olive Palmer, Paul Oliver and the Revelers Quartet.

9:30 p.m.—WJZ—Camel Pleasure Hour with Mary McCoy, Reinald Werrenrath and Billy Hughes.

10:15 p.m.—WABC—Peter Pan Forecasts. Fluffy ruffle petticoats of grandmother's day mandate of modern modes. Gives you latest tip on fashion market.

11:00 p.m.—WEAF—The Voice of Radio Digest. It's Nellie Revell, the dean of woman journalists. There's no bottom to her fund of information.

Thursday

9:00 p.m.—WABC—Premier Salad Dressers Brad Browne and Al Llewelyn in usual rôles of side-splitters.

9:00 p.m.—WEAF—Arco Birthday Party celebrates natal day of famous men and women.

9:30 p.m.—WJZ—Maxwell House Ensemble. Don Voorhees Orchestra.

Friday

11:00 a.m.—WABC—Emily Post. Should a girl kiss her fiance in public. Gracious no. And other points of etiquette.

8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Cities Service Concert with Jessica Dragonette—Radio's Sweetheart.

9:00 p.m.—WJZ—Interwoven Pair with Billy Jones and Ernie Hare whose classic theme song featuring socks, socks, socks announces their program.

9:00 p.m.—WABC—Mary and Bob. A real True Story adapted to Radio.

10:00 p.m.—WJZ—Armstrong's Quakers with Mary Hopple, Radio Digest's cover girl for this month, Lois Bennett and a good male quartet.

10:30 p.m.—WABC—March of Time.—Not a mere narration of news—but an actual dramatization of world events. Time Magazine.

10:30 p.m.—WEAF—RKO Theatre of the Air sometimes direct from NBC and sometimes from the Leviathan. With talent deluxe.

Saturday

6:00 p.m.—WABC—Ted Husing's Sportslants. Get inside dope on Theodore in Peggy Hull's article about him in these pages.

8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Weber and Fields. Beloved old stage cronies—just as good on the air.

8:15 p.m.—WABC—Ben Alley—and Ann Leaf at the organ.

9:00 p.m.—WEAF—General Electric Hour with dynamic Floyd Gibbons and Walter Damrosch.

NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR

Eastern 12:30 p.m.	Central 11:30	Mountain 10:30	Pacific 9:30
WJZ	WHAM	WJR	WRVA
WHAS	WEBC	WAPI	WOW
WMC	WSB	WGAR	KVOO
WKY	WOAI	WRC	WHO
WDAF	WJDX	WBAL	WSMB
KWK	KOA	WBZ	WBZA
WOO	KTHS	WFLA	WSUN
WJAX	KFAB	KPRC	KDKA
WLW	WPTF	WSM	WDAY
KFYR	KTW	WREN	

RADIO LISTENING TEST—

Eastern 4:00 p.m.	Central 3:00	Mountain 2:00	Pacific 1:00
WFBL	WGR	WLBZ	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WCAU	W3XAU
WHP	WJAS	WCAO	WADC
WAIU	WXYZ	WSPD	WISN
WFBM	WCCO	KSCJ	WMT
KMOX	KMBC	WDAY	KOIL
KFH	KFJF	KRLD	KTRH
KLZ	KDYL	KVI	KOL
KFPY	KOIN	KHJ	KFRC

U. S. ARMY BAND—

Eastern 4:00 p.m.	Central 3:00	Mountain 2:00	Pacific 1:00
WABC	W2XE	WGR	WNAC
WCAU	W3XAU	WCAO	WADC
WSPD	WDOD	WLAC	WISN
WBBM	WCCO	WLBW	WMAL
WTAR	WXYZ	WDSU	WTAQ
WACO	KOH	KFRC	CFRB

ART GILLHAM

Eastern 5:00 p.m.	Central 4:00	Mountain 3:00	Pacific 2:00
WABC	W2XE	WGR	WEAN
WLBW	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WWNC	WXYZ	WSPD	WDOD
WLAC	WDSU	WISN	WTAQ
KMOX	KMBC	KRLD	WACO
KLZ	KOH		

MALTINE STORY PROGRAM—

Eastern 5:00 p. m.	Central 4:00	Mountain 3:00	Pacific 2:00
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WBAL
WHAM	KDKA	WLW	KYW
KWK	WREN	KFAB	WJR
KOA	KSL	KGO	KFI
KOMO	KFSD		

CURRENT EVENTS—H. V. Kaltenborn.

Eastern 7:00 p.m.	Central 6:00	Mountain 5:00	Pacific 4:00
WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WGR
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WWNC	WSPD	WDOD
WTAQ	KFH	WACO	KOH
KFRC	CFRB		

"HOW'S BUSINESS?"—

Eastern 8:00 p.m.	Central 7:00	Mountain 6:00	Pacific 5:00
WEAF	WJAR	WRC	KSD
KOMO	WSAI	WDAF	WJDX
KGO	KECA	KHQ	WFLA
WSUN	WHAS	WEBC	WSMB
KGW	KTAR	KFSD	KSL
WMC	WPTF	WIOD	WOC
WHO	WLIT	WCSH	KFYR
KAO			

GOLD MEDAL EXPRESS—

Eastern 8:30 p.m.	Central 7:30	Mountain 6:30	Pacific 5:30
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	KDKA
WJAX	WIOD	WFLA	WSUN
WGAR	WJR	WLW	WOAI
WKY	KYW	KWK	WREN
KOA	KSL	KFAB	WRVA
WTPF	KGW	KTAR	KFI
KHQ	WBAL	KOMO	KFSD
KGO	KTHS		

A. & P. GYPSIES—

Eastern 8:30 p.m.	Central 7:30	Mountain 6:30	Pacific 5:30
WEAF	WEEI	WTAG	WJAR
WTIC	WCSH	WLIT	WRC
WGY	WCAE	WWJ	WSAI
WGN	KSD	WOC	WDAF
WTAM	WOW	WHO	WBEN

THE THREE BAKERS—Leo Reisman's Orchestra.

Eastern 9:00 p.m.	Central 8:00	Mountain 7:00	Pacific 6:00
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WHEC
WKBW	WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC
WNAC	WORC	WPG	WCAU
W3XAU	WHP	WJAS	WLBW
WMAL	WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WWNC
WBT	WGST	WTOC	WQAM
WDBO	WDAE	WXYZ	WBCM
WSPD	WLAP	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WDSU	WISN
WOWO	WFBM	WMAQ	WCCO
KSCJ	WMT	KMOX	KMBC
KLRA	WDAY	WNAX	KOIL
WIBW	KFH	KFJF	KRLD
KTRH	KTSA	KLZ	KDYL
KOL	KFPY	KOIN	KHJ
KFRC			

MAYTAG ORCHESTRA—

Eastern 9:00 p.m.	Central 8:00	Mountain 7:00	Pacific 6:00
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
KDKA	WJR	KWK	WREN
KSTP	WEBC	KTHS	WKY
WOAI	KOA	KSL	KGO
KECA	KGW	KSO	KOMO
KVOO	WLW	WFAA	KPRC
WGAR	KFYR	WSM	WMC
WBAL	KYW	WDAY	WTMJ

GENERAL MOTORS PROGRAM—

Eastern 9:30 p.m.	Central 8:30	Mountain 7:30	Pacific 6:30
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WCSH
WTAG	WLIT	WRC	WGY
WCAE	WTAM	WWJ	WGN
KSD	WOC	WOW	WSAI
WDAF	WHAS	WSM	WMC
WSB	KPRC	WJAX	WFAA
WOAI	WKY	KOA	KSL
KGO	KGW	KFI	KOMO
KHQ	WTIC	WHO	WBEN
WTMJ			

CHESEBROUGH REAL FOLKS—

Eastern 9:30 p.m.	Central 8:30	Mountain 7:30	Pacific 6:30
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
KDKA	WLW	KWK	KYW
WREN	CKGW	WJR	WGAR
WBAL			

GRAHAM PAIGE HOUR—

Eastern 9:30 p.m.	Central 8:30	Mountain 7:30	Pacific 6:30
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WKBW
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WCAU
W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL	WCAO
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WBT
WGST	WTOC	WQAM	WDBO
WDAE	WXYZ	WSPD	WREC
WDSU	WOWO	WBBM	WCCO
KMOX	KMBC	KOIL	KFJF
KRLD	KTRH	KTSA	KLZ
KDYL	KOL	KFPY	KOIN
KHJ	KFRC		

WESTINGHOUSE SALUTE—

Eastern 9:45 p.m.	Central 8:45	Mountain 7:45	Pacific 6:45
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WBAL
WHAM	KDKA	WGAR	WJR
WCKY	KYW	KWK	WREN
WIOD	WHAS	WMC	WSM
WSMB	WJDX	KVOO	WOAI
WKY			

IODENT CLUB—

Eastern 9:45 p.m.	Central 8:45	Mountain 7:45	Pacific 6:45
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WTAG
WCSH	WRC	WCAE	WWJ
WSAI	WLS	KSD	WOC
WHO	WOW	WEBC	WTMJ
WBEN	WFI	WDAF	

ROYAL'S POET OF THE ORGAN—

Eastern 10:00 p.m.	Central 9:00	Mountain 8:00	Pacific 7:00
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WKBW
WEAN	WNAC	WCAU	W3XAU
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WGST
WXYZ	WSPD	WLAC	WOWO
WBBM	KMOX	KMBC	KOIL
KLZ	KDYL	KOL	KFPY
KOIN	KHJ	KFRC	

NATIONAL DAIRY PRODUCTIONS—Famous Trials in History.

Eastern 10:15 p.m.	Central 9:15	Mountain 8:15	Pacific 7:15
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WTIC
WTAG	WCSH	WFI	WRC
WGY	WBEN	WCAE	WTAM
WWJ	WSAI	WOW	WDAF
WSB	WAPI	WSMB	WJDX
WRVA	WJAX	WIOD	WFLA
WSUN	WHAS	WSM	WMC
KYW			

BE SQUARE MOTOR CLUB—

Eastern 10:30 p.m.	Central 9:30	Mountain 8:30	Pacific 7:30
WXYZ	WSPD	WISN	WOWO
WBBM	KOIL	WIBW	KRLD
WCCO	KSCJ	WMT	KMOX
KMBC	KLRA		

KAFFEE HAG SLUMBER MUSIC—

Eastern 10:30 p.m.	Central 9:30	Mountain 8:30	Pacific 7:30
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	KDKA
WHAM	WJR	WLW	KWK
WREN	WENR		

SUNDAY AT SETH PARKER'S—

Eastern 10:45 p.m.	Central 9:45	Mountain 8:45	Pacific 7:45
WEAF	WEEI	WCHS	WRC
WGY	WOW	WDAF	CKGW
KSTP	WCAE	WTAM	WWJ
KYW	WHO	WEBC	WJAX
WIOD	WHAS	WSM	WJDX
KPRC	WKY	KOA	KGO
KGW	WSB	KTAR	KFSD
WRVA	WBEN	WFI	WOC
WFLA	WSUN	KECA	

Monday

THE MADISON SINGERS—Musical Program by Mixed Quartet.

Eastern 11:15 a.m.	Central 10:15	Mountain 9:15	Pacific 8:15
WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WKBW
WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WPG	WCAU	W3XAU	WJAS
WLBW	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WDBJ	WKBN	WWNC	WBCM
WSPD	WDOD	WREC	WLAC
WBRC	WISN	WOWO	KSCJ
KMBC	KLRA	KOIL	KFJF
KFSA			

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

GUY LOMBARDO'S ORCHESTRA—Robert Burns Panatela Program.
10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WABC W2XE WFBL WKBW
WEAN WDRC WNAC WCAU
W3XAU WJAS WMAL WCAO
WADC WHK WKRC WXYZ
WSPD WOWO WFBM WMAQ
WCCO KMOX KMBC KOIL
KFJF KRLD KTRH KTSA
KLZ KDYL KOL KFPY
KOIN KHJ KFRC

SYMPHONIC RHYTHM MAKERS—Vaughn de Leath.
10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
WEAF WJAR WTAG WRC
WCAE WTAM WLIT WWJ
WDAF WMC WSB WJDX
WBEN WGY WOC WHO
CFCF WEEI

EMPIRE BUILDERS—
10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM
KDKA WJR WLW KYW
KWK WREN WTMJ WOAI
KSTP WEBC KOA KSL
KGO KECA KOMO KHQ
KTAR KFSD WKY WBAP
KPRC WGAR KGW

BEN BERNIE AND HIS ORCHESTRA FROM CHICAGO—
11:30 p.m. 10:30 9:30 8:30
WABC W2XE WKBW WDRC
WNAC WORC WPG WCAU
W3XAU WLBW WMAL WCAO
WTAR WKBN WREC WBRC
WDSU WISN WTAQ WFBM
WCCO WMT KMOX KMBC
KOIL KFJF KTRH KTSA
KLZ CFRB

ASBURY PARK CASINO ORCHESTRA—
12:00 mid. 11:00 10:00 9:00
WABC W2XE WKBW WEAN
WNAC WCAU W3XAU WCAO
WTAR WKBN WREC WBRC
WDSU WISN WTAQ WFBM
WCCO WMT KMOX KMBC
KOIL KFH KFJF KTRH
KTSA KLZ

Tuesday

JOSEPHINE B. GIBSON—
10:45 a.m. 9:45 8:45 7:45
WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM
KDKA WCKY KWK WSM
WMC WSB WAPI WSMB
WKY WTMJ WPTF WJDX
WJAX WIBO WREN KSTP
WEBC WRVA WIOD KTHS
KVOO WBAP KPRC WOAI
WHAS WJR WFLA WSUN

SISTERS OF THE SKILLET—
2:45 p.m. 1:45 12:45 11:45
WJZ WHAM KDKA WREN
KWK KFAB CKGW KOA
WGAR WGN WMC WSB
CFCF WTMJ

POND'S—
5:00 p.m. 4:00 3:00 2:00
WEAF WRC KSD WTAG
WWJ WBEN WCSH WEEI
WAPI WTIC WJAR WSAI
WOC WTAM KYW WHO
WOW WDAF CKGW WSB
WCAE WSM

ADVENTURES IN WORDS—Dr. Frank H. Vizetelly.
5:15 p.m. 4:15 3:15 2:15
WABC W2XE WHEC WGR
WDRC WFAN WHP WLBW
WMAL WCAO WTAR WKBN
WWNC WBCM WDOD WREC
WLAC WBRC WISN WGL
WCCO KSCJ WMT KLRA
WDAY KFJF KRLD KTRH
KTSA KLZ

NATIONAL SECURITY LEAGUE BROADCAST SERIES—
6:00 p.m. 5:00 4:00 3:00
WABC W2XE WHEC WDRC
WHP WLBW WTAR WDBJ
WWNC WBT WBCM WDOD
WREC WLAC WBRC WGL
WBBM KSCJ WMT KLRA
WDAY KFJF KTSA KLZ
KDYL KVI KOL KFPY

POLITICAL SITUATION IN WASHINGTON TONIGHT—Frederic William Wile.
7:00 p.m. 6:00 5:00 4:00
WABC W2XE WGR WDRC
WORC WCAU W3XAU WHP
WJAS WLBW WMAL WTAR
WDBJ WHK WAIU WKBN
WBCM WBRC WGL KSCJ
KLRA WDAY KOIL KFH
KFJF KRLD KOL KFPY
KHJ KFRC WTAQ

SOCONYLAND SKETCHES—
7:30 p.m. 6:30 5:30 4:30
WEAF WEEI WJAR WTAG
WESH WGY WBEN WTIC

PAUL WHITEMAN'S PAINT MEN—
8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM
KDKA WTMJ WJR WLW
KYW KWK WREN WRVA
WJAX KGW KOMO KHQ
KFSD KTAR WGAR KOA
WIOD WHAS WSM WMC
WSB WJDX WSMB WOAI
KFAB KGO KECA WSUN
WBAL WPTF

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

FLORSHEIM FROLIC—
8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
WEAF WTAG WFI WRC
WGY WWJ WSAI WGN
KSD WDAF WEBC WRVA
WJAX WIOD WSUN WFLA
WSM WMC WSB WSMB
WJDX KPRC WOAI WKY
KOA KSL KTHS WJAR
WHAS WCSH WBAP WBEN
KSTP WOW WPTF WTIC
WEEI

McKESSON MUSICAL MAGAZINE—
9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WTAG WEAF WEEI WJAR
WBEN WCSH WFI WRC
WOW WTAM WSAI KSD
WJAX WTMJ WEBC WRVA
WSM WIOD WFLA WSUN
WJDX WMC WSB WSMB
KOA KPRC WOAI WKY
KTAR KSL KGO KECA
KHQ KFSD KGW KOMO
KVOO WWJ KYW WHAS

HENRY GEORGE—
9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WABC W2XE WFBL WGR
WEAN WDRC WNAC WCAU
W3XAU WHP WJAS WMAL
WCAO WADC WHK WKRC
WXYZ WSPD WISN WOWO
WFBM WBBM WCCO KMOX
KMBC KOIL KFH

HAPPY WONDER BAKERS—
9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WEAF WEEI WJAR WTAG
WCSH WFI WRC WGY
WBEN WCAE KVOO WBAP
KSTP WEBC WTMJ WRVA
WTAM WWJ WSAI WIBO
KSD WOC WHO WOW
WDAF WKY KOA KSL
KGO KECA KGW KOMO
KHQ

THE PHILCO SYMPHONY CONCERT
9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WABC W2XE WFBL WHEC
WKBW WEAN WNAC WCAU
W3XAU WHP WJAS WMAL
WCAO WDBJ WADC WHK
WKRC WAIU WKBN WBT
WGST WXYZ WSPD WDOD
WREC WLAC WDSU WOWO
WFBM WMAQ WCCO WMT
KMOX KMBC KLRA WDAY
KOIL KFH KFJF KRLD

DEATH VALLEY DAYS—
9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WJZ WBAL WCKY WREN
KWK WBZ WBZA WHAM
KDKA WENR

GRAYBAR'S—Mr. and Mrs.—
10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WABC W2XE WFBL WHEC
WKBW WEAN WNAC WCAU
W3XAU WJAS WLBW WMAL
WCAO WTAR WDBJ WADC
WHK WKRC WKBN WWNC
WGST WXYZ WSPD WREC
WLAC WBRC WDSU WISN
WOWO WFBM WBBM WCCO
KMOX KMBC KLRA KOIL
KFH KFJF KRLD KTRH
KTSA KLZ KDYL KOL
KFPY KOIN KHJ KFRC

RICHIE CRAIG, JR.—Blue Ribbon Malt Jester.
10:15 p.m. 9:15 8:15 7:15
WABC W2XE WFBL WGR
WEAN WDRC WNAC WCAU
W3XAU WJAS WMAL WCAO
WADC WHK WKRC WBT
WXYZ WSPD WBRC WDSU
WOWO WMAQ WCCO KMBC
KLRA KOIL KFH KRLD
KTSA

PARAMOUNT PUBLIX RADIO PLAYHOUSE—
10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
WABC W2XE WFBL WHEC
WMAK WKBW WGR WLBZ
WEAN WDRC WNAC WORC
WPG WCAU W3XAU WHP
WJAS WLBW WMAL WCAO
WDEL WTAR WDBJ WSAZ
WADC WHK WKRC WCAH
WKBN WWNC WBT WGST
WTOC WQAM WDBO WDAE
WXYZ WBCM WSPD WLAP
WFIW WDOD WREC WLAC
WBRC WDSU WISN WOWO
WFBM WBBM WCCO KSCJ
WMT KMOX KMBC KLRA
WDAY WNAX KOIL WIBW
KFH KFJF KRLD WRR
KTRH KTSA KLZ KDYL
KVI KOL KFPY KOIN
KHJ KFRC KNX CFRB

FLETCHER HENDERSON AND HIS ORCHESTRA—
11:00 p.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
WABC W2XE WHEC WKBW
WDRC WORC WCAU W3XAU
WJAS WLBW WMAL WCAO
WTAR WKBN WSPD WREC
WBRC WDSU WISN WTAQ
WFBM WCCO WMT KMOX
KMBC KFJF KTRH KTSA
KLZ CFRB

ROMANELLI AND HIS KING EDWARD ORCHESTRA FROM TORONTO—
11:30 p.m. 10:30 9:30 8:30
WABC W2XE WFBL WHEC
WKBW WDRC WORC WPG
WCAU W3XAU WHP WLBW
WMAL WCAO WTAR WKBN
WSPD WREC WBRC WDSU
WISN WTAQ WFBM WMT
KMOX KMBC KOIL KFJF
KTRH KTSA KLZ CFRB

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

Wednesday

MARY HALE MARTIN'S HOUSEHOLD PERIOD.
10:00 a.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WJZ WBAL WIBO KDKA
KWK WREN WJDX WSMB
KFAB WHAS WSM WMC
WSB WBZ WBZA WLW
WGAR WHAM WAPI KSTP
WJR WEBC

BEN AND HELEN—
11:15 a.m. 10:15 9:15 8:15
WABC W2XE WHEC WKBW
WLBZ WEAN WDRC WNAC
WORC WPG WCAU W3XAU
WJAS WLBW WMAL WCAO
WTAR WDBJ WKBN WWNC
WBCM WSPD WDOD WREC
WLAC WISN WOWO WBBM
KSCJ KMBC KLRA KOIL
KFJF KRLD KTSA KDYL

EASTMAN SCHOOL SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—
4:00 p.m. 3:00 2:00 1:00
WJZ WHAM WREN KFAB
WRC CKGW KSTP WJAX
WSM KOA KGO KECA
KTAR WGAR WBZA KFYR
WBZ WBAL KGW KOMO
WDAY

"BILL SCHUDT'S GOING TO PRESS"—
6:00 p.m. 5:00 4:00 3:00
WABC W2XE WDRC WFAN
WHP WLBW WMAL WTAR
WDBJ WADC WWNC WBT
WBCM WDOD WREC WLAC
WBRC WGL WCCO KSCJ
KLRA WDAY KFJF KRLD
KTSA KLZ KDYL KVI
KOL KFPY

GLORIA GAY'S AFFAIRS—(Katterman & Mitchell)
6:30 p.m. 5:30 4:30 3:30
WJZ WGAR WENR WHAM
WBAL

BOSCUL MOMENTS WITH MME. ALDA—Frank LaForge, pianist.
7:30 p.m. 6:30 5:30 4:30
WEAF WLIT WBEN WCAE
WSAI WRC WTAM WGY

"BACK OF THE NEWS IN WASHINGTON"—William Hard.
7:45 p.m. 6:45 5:45 4:45
WEAF WRC KOA KECA
KGO WCAE WBEN KOMO
KFSD WSAI WIBO KSD
WOC WHO WOW WDAF
WEEI WJAR WFLA WSUN
KSTP WENR

LISTERINE PROGRAM—Bobby Jones, golf chats.
8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
WEAF WTIC WEEI WTAG
WCSH WLIT WRC WBEN
WTAM WWJ WSAI WIBO
KSD WOC WHO WOW
WPTF WIOD WFLA WSUN
WHAS WSM WMC WSB
WJDX WFAA WOAI KOA
KSL KGO KECA KGW
KOMO KHQ KTAR KFSD
WGY KPRC KFYR WJAR
WSMB CKGW CFCF WRVA
WTMJ KSTP WEBC WDAY
WDAF KTHS

MOBILOIL CONCERT—
8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
WEAF WEEI WJAR WCSH
WTAG WLIT WRC WSAI
KSD WOW WTAM KOA
KVOO WFAA WOAI WKY
WTIC KPRC KSL WGY
WGN WEBC WDAF WCAE
WHO WOC WWJ WBEN
KSTP WTMJ

THE SUNKIST MUSICAL COCKTAIL—Raymond Paige's Orchestra.
8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
WABC W2XE WFBL WGR
WEAN WDRC WNAC WFAN
WCAU W3XAU WJAS WMAL
WCAO WADC WHK WKRC
WXYZ WSPD WOWO WMAQ
WJJD KMOX KMBC KOIL
KLZ KDYL WDAY KFYR

GOLD MEDAL FAST FREIGHT—
9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WABC W2XE WFBL WKBW
WEAN WDRC WNAC WCAU
W3XAU WJAS WMAL WCAO
WTAR WDBJ WADC WHK
WKRC WCAH WXYZ WSPD
WLAP WREC WLAC WISN
WOWO WFBM WMAQ WCCO
KSCJ KMOX KMBC KOIL
KFH KFJF KRLD KLZ
KDYL KOL KFPY KOIN
KHJ KFRC KMJ KFBK

HALSEY, STUART PROGRAM—
9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WEAF WEEI WJAR WTAG
WCSH WLIT WRC WGY
WCAE CKGW WRVA WJAX
KOA KSL KGO KGW
KOMO KHQ WSAI KSD
WOC WHO WOW WWJ
WSMB KVOO KPRC WOAI
KSTP WTMJ KYW WHAS
WSM WMC WSB KFI
WBEN WTAM KFI

CAMEL PLEASURE HOUR—
9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM
KDKA WREN WLW KYW
WJR KWK WIOD WRVA
WFLA WSUN WGAR WJAX
WSIS WBAL

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

PALMOLIVE HOUR—
9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WEAF WEEI WTIC WJAR
WTAG WCSH WLIT WRC
WGY WCAE WSAI WGN
KSD WOC WOW WSMB
WTMJ CKGW KSTP WHAS
WSM WMC WDAF WHO
WSB WOAI KOA KSL
KGO KGW KOMO KHQ
WFAA KPRC WWJ WTAM
WBEN KFI

ARABESQUE—Desert Play.
9:30 p.m 8:30 7:30 6:30
WABC W2XE WFBL WKBW
WDRC WORC WPG WFAN
WIP WJAS WLBW WMAL
WTAR WSPD WREC WDSU
WISN WTAQ WFBM WCCO
WMT KMOX KMBC KFJF
KTSA KLZ KFRC CFRB

VITALITY PERSONALITIES—
10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WABC W2XE WADC WJAS
WNAC WKBW WBBM WKRC
WBT WXYZ WOWO KMBC
KOIL WCAU W3XAU WEAN
KMOX WFBL WSPD WMAL
WDRC WGST WBRC WRR
KTRH WFBM KLRA WISN
WCAH WLAC WDSU KFJF
KTSA KDYL KHJ KOIN
KFRC KOL KFPY

PETER PAN FORECASTS—
10:15 p.m. 9:15 8:15 7:15
WABC W2XE WFBL WKBW
WEAN WDRC WNAC WCAU
W3XAU WJAS WMAL WCAO
WADC WHK WKRC WXYZ
WSPD WOWO WBBM KMOX
KMBC KOIL KRLD KVI
KOL KFPY KOIN KHJ
KFRC KMJ CFRB KFBK

COCA COLA PROGRAM—
10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
WEAF WEEI WTIC KTAR
WTAG WCSH WLIT WRC
WCAE WSAI WOC WEBC
WKY KYW KSD WRVA
KSTP WJAX WIOD WSM
WSMB WSUN KPRC WOAI
KOA KSL KGO KGW
KHQ KOMO KFSD WJDX
WDAF WHAS WTAM WHO
WOW WMC WSB WWJ
WAPI WBEN KFI WGY
WTMJ WBAP WFLA

COLUMBIA CONCERTS CORPORATION PROGRAM—
10:45 p.m. 9:45 8:45 7:45
WABC W2XE WKBW WGR
WEAN WNAC WMAL WXYZ
WPG WCAU W3XAU WDSU
WJAS WLBW WMAL WCAO
WTAR WADC WTAQ KRLD
WWNC WSPD WDOD CFRB
WISN WCCO KMOX KMBC
KLZ

"THE VOICE OF RADIO DIGEST"—Nellie Revell.
11:00 p.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
WEAF WFLA WSUN WLIT
WTAM WOC WHO WRC
WEEI WJAR WCSH WGY
WIBO WJAX WIOD

GUY LOMBARDO AND HIS ROYAL CANADIANS—
11:30 p.m. 10:30 9:30 8:30
WABC W2XE WFAN WADC
WEAN WNAC WHK WXYZ
WPG WDSU NTAQ WACO
CFRB WKBW WLBW WCAO
WTAR WDBJ WADC WHK
WWNC WDOD WLAC WISN
KMBC KFH KLZ

Thursday

FIVE ARTS—Radio Home Makers.
11:00 a.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
WABC W2XE WHEC WKBW
WLBZ WEAN WDRC WNAC
WPG WCAU W3XAU WJAS
WLBW WCAO WTAR WDBJ
WKBN WWNC WBCM WSPD
WDOD WREC WLAC WISN
WOWO KSCJ KMOX KMBC
KLRA KOIL KFJF KTSA

ART GILLHAM—
6:00 p.m. 5:00 4:00 3:00
WABC W2XE WFBL WHEC
WHP WLBW WMAL WTAR
WKBN WREC WBRC WTAQ
WCCO WMT KMOX KMBC
KOIL KFJF KTRH KTSA
KLZ CFRB

BEN SUNSHINE PROGRAM—
6:00 p.m. 5:00 4:00 3:00
WEAF WTIC WGY WBEN

MID-WEEK FEDERATION HYMN SING—
7:00 p.m. 6:00 5:00 4:00
WEAF WMC WIBO WWJ
WHAS WOC WHO KOA
WBEN WCAE WTMJ KDYL
KFYR WAPI WJAR WFI
WTIC WENR

SALADA SALON ORCHESTRA—Nathaniel Shilkret.
8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
WJZ WBZ WBZA WBAL
WHAM KDKA WJR WIBO
KWK WREN KFAB WGAR

THE HAMILTON WATCHMAN—
8:45 p.m. 7:45 6:45 5:45
WABC W2XE WFBL WGR
WEAN WNAC WCAU W3XAU
WJAS WLBW WMAL WCAO
WADC WHK WKRC WXYZ
WSPD WOWO WJJD KMOX
KMBC KOIL

ARCO BIRTHDAY PARTY—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WTAG
WCSH	WFI	CKGW	WRC
WGY	WTIC	WSM	WIOD
WJAX	WOAI	KOA	KSL
WKY	WBAP	WRVA	WSAI
KSD	WDAF	KYW	WCAE
WEBC	WOW	WSMB	WJDX
WOC	WMC	WHO	KGO
KECA	KOMO	KHQ	KGW
WAPI	WTAM	WBEN	KTAR
KFSD	WWJ		

PREMIER SALAD DRESSERS—Brad Browne and Al Llewelyn.

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WCAU	W3XAU
WJAS	WMAL	WCAO	WADC
WHK	WKRC	WXYZ	WSPD
WOWO	WBBM	KMBC	KTRH
KOIL			

DETECTIVE STORY MAGAZINE—Dramatized Tales of Mystery.

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WKBW
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	W3XAU
WJAS	WMAL	WCAO	WADC
WHK	WKRC	WXYZ	WSPD
WOWO	WBBM	KMOX	KMBC
KOIL	WCAU		

JACK FROST'S MELODY MOMENTS

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WEAF	WJAR	WWJ	WTAG
WCSH	WFI	WRC	WCAE
WSAI	WTAM	WIBO	WGY
WBEN			

MAXWELL HOUSE ENSEMBLE—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WBAL
WLW	WKY	WTMJ	WEBC
WHAS	WSM	WJAX	KPRC
KOA	WRVA	WSB	WBAP
KYW	KWK	WREN	WIOD
WJR	WSMB	WOAI	KECA
KGW	KOMO	KHQ	WAPI
WMC	WHAM	KDKA	KSL
KGO	WJDX	WSUN	WFLA
KTAR	KFSD		

THE LUTHERAN HOUR—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WKBW
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WCAU
W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL	WCAO
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WXYZ
WSPD	WDSU	WOWO	WBBM
WCCO	WMT	KMOX	KMBC
WNAX	KOIL	KRLD	KLZ
KDYL	KOL	KFPY	KOIN
KHJ	KFRC		

OZZIE NELSON AND HIS ORCHESTRA—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
11:00 p.m.	10:00	9:00	8:00
WABC	W2XE	WGR	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WORC	WPG
WCAU	W3XAU	WHP	WLBW
WMAL	WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ
WADC	WKBN	WBT	WBCM
WLAC	WBRC	WISN	WFBM
WGL	WMT	KLRA	WDAY
WNAX	KOIL	KFH	KFJF
KTSA	KLZ	KDYL	CFRB
WTAQ			

RADIO ROUNDUP—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
11:30 p.m.	10:30	9:30	8:30
WABC	WCAO	WFBM	KTSA
W2XE	WTAR	WGL	KLZ
WKBW	WDBJ	WCCO	KFPY
WEAN	WADC	WMT	CFRB
WDRC	WKBN	KMBC	WTAQ
WNAC	WBT	KLRA	WORC
WBCM	WDAY	WPG	WSPD
WNAX	WHP	WLAC	KOIL
WLBW	WBRC	KFH	WMAL
WISN	KFJF		

Friday

BOND BREAD PROGRAM—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:15 a.m.	9:15	8:15	7:15
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WHEC
WKBW	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WORC	WCAU	W3XAU	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WADC	WHK
WAIU	WXYZ	WSPD	WDSU
WFBM	KMOX	KMBC	KOIL
KFH	KFJF		

JOSEPHINE B. GIBSON—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:45 a.m.	9:45	8:45	7:45
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WBAL
WHAM	KDKA	WCKY	WIBO
KWK	WREN	WTMJ	WSM
KSTP	WEBC	WRVA	WJAX
WIOD	WHAS	WMC	WAPI
WSMB	KTHS	KVOO	WBAP
KPRC	WOAI	WKY	WJDX
WPTF	WSB	WJR	KDKA
WFLA	WSUN		

EMILY POST—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
11:00 a.m.	10:00	9:00	8:00
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WKBW
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WCAU
W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL	WCAO
WADC	WKRC	WXYZ	WSPD
WISN	WOWO	WBBM	KMOX
KMBC	KOIL	CFRB	

COLUMBIA EDUCATIONAL FEATURES—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
3:45 p.m.	2:45	1:45	12:45
WABC	W2XE	WGR	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WORC	WPG
WCAU	W3XAU	WHP	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WHK	WKBN
WSPD	WBRC	WISN	WTAQ
WFBM	WBBM	WMT	KMBC
KOIL	KFH	KFJF	KTRH
KTSA	KLZ	CFRB	

RADIO GUILD—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
4:00 p.m.	3:00	2:00	1:00
WJZ	WBAL	WHAM	KGO
CKGW	WPTF	WJAX	KTAR
KFI	KOMO	KFSD	WBZA
KFAP	KSTP	WEBC	WJR
WMC	WREN	KYW	KWK
KSL	KOA	WTMJ	WSB
WGAR	WLW	WOAI	WKY
WSMB	KVOO	WRC	KPRC
WRVA			

LIGHT OPERA GEMS—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
5:00 p.m.	4:00	3:00	2:00
WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WGR
WDRC	WHP	WLBW	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WKRC	WKBN
WWNC	WBT	WBCM	WSPD
WDOD	WREC	WLAC	WBRC
WISN	WGL	WCCO	KSCJ
WMT	KMOX	KMBC	KLRA
WDAY	KFH	KFJF	KRLD
KTRH	KTSA	KLZ	KDYL

WINEGAR'S BARN ORCHESTRA—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
6:00 p.m.	5:00	4:00	3:00
WABC	W2XE	WGR	WDRC
WFAN	WHP	WJAS	WLBW
WMAL	WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ
WADC	WKBN	WWNC	WBT
WBCM	WDOD	WREC	WLAC
WBRC	WISN	WFBM	WGL
WBBM	WCCO	KSCJ	WMT
KMBC	KLRA	KOIL	KFJF
KRLD	KTRH	KTSA	KLZ
KDYL	KVI	KOL	KFPY
KHJ			

MAJOR BOWES' FAMILY—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:00 p.m.	6:00	5:00	4:00
WEAF	WJAR	WWJ	WLIT
WBEN	WCAE	KGW	WENR
WOC	WHO	KOMO	WHAS
WMC	WSB	KTAR	KOA
KGO	KECA		

INDEX TO NETWORK KILOCYCLES

National Broadcasting Company

	Kc.		Kc.
CFCF	1030	WENR	870
CKGW	960	WFAA	800
KDKA	980	WFI	560
KECA	1340	WFLA	620
KFAB	770	WGAR	1450
KFI	640	WGN	720
KFKX	1020	WGY	790
KFSD	600	WHAM	1150
KFYR	550	WHAS	820
KGO	790	WHO	1000
KGW	620	WIBO	560
KHQ	590	WIOD	1300
KOA	830	WJAR	890
KOMO	920	WJAX	900
KPO	680	WJDX	1270
KPRC	920	WJR	750
KSD	550	WJZ	760
KSL	1130	WKY	900
KSTP	1460	WLIT	560
KTAR	620	WLS	870
KTHS	1040	WLW	700
KVOO	1140	WMC	780
KWK	1350	WOAI	1190
KYW	1020	WOC	1000
WAPI	1140	WOW	590
WBAL	1060	WPTF	680
WBAP	800	WRC	950
WBEN	900	WREN	1220
WBZ	990	WRVA	1110
WBZA	990	WSAI	1330
WCAE	1220	WSB	740
WCFL	970	WSM	650
WCKY	1480	WSMB	1320
WCSH	940	WSUN	620
WDAF	610	WTAG	580
WDAY	940	WTAM	1070
WEAF	660	WTIC	1060
WEBC	1290	WTMJ	620
WEEI	590	WWJ	920

Columbia Broadcasting System

	Kc.		Kc.
CFRB	960	WFAN	610
CKAC	730	WFBL	1360
KDYL	1290	WFBM	1230
KPH	1300	WGL	1370
KPJF	1480	WGR	550
KPPY	1340	WGST	890
KFRC	610	WHEC	1440
KHJ	900	WHK	1390
KLRA	1390	WHP	1430
KLZ	560	WIP	610
KMBC	950	WIBW	580
KMOX	1090	WISN	1120
KOH	1380	WJAS	1290
KOIL	1260	WJJD	1130
KOIN	940	WKBN	570
KOL	1270	WKBW	1480
KRLD	1040	WKRC	550
KSCJ	1330	WLAC	1470
KTRH	1120	WLBW	1260
KTSA	1290	WLBZ	620
KVI	760	WMAK	900
WABC	860	WMAL	630
WACO	1240	WMAQ	670
WADC	1320	WMT	600
WAIU	640	WNAC	1230
WBBM	770	WNAX	570
WBCM	1410	WOKO	1440
WBRC	930	WORC	1200
WBT	1080	WOWO	1160
WCAH	1430	WPG	1100
WCAO	600	WQAM	560
WCAU	1170	WREC	600
WCCO	810	WRR	1280
WDAE	1220	WSPD	1340
WDBJ	930	WTAQ	1330
WDBO	1120	WTAR	780
WDOD	1280	WTOC	1260
WDRC	1330	WWNC	570
WDSU	1250	WXYZ	1240
WEAN	780	W2XE	6120
W3XAU	6060—9590		

CITIES SERVICE CONCERT ORCHESTRA—Jessica Dragonette

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:00 p.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WEAF	WEEI	WTIC	WLIT
WRC	WCAE	WJAR	WCSH
WOW	KYW	KSD	WDAF
KSTP	WTMJ	WKY	WOC
WEBC	KOA	WOAI	KOMO
KGO	KHQ	WTAG	KSL
CKGW	KECA	WHO	WSAI
WTAM	WBEN	WWJ	

NESTLE'S PROGRAM—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:00 p.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
WIBO	KWK	WREN	KFAB
WJR	WLW	KDKA	WGAR
WBAL	WLS		

THE DUTCH MASTERS—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:30 p.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30
WADC	WCAO	WNAC	WGR
WBBM	WKRC	WHK	WXYZ
WOWO	WDRC	KMBC	WABC
W2XE	KOIL	WCAU	W3XAU
WJAS	WEAN	KMOX	WFBL
WSPD	WMAL	WCCO	

INTERWOVEN PAIR—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WJZ	WHAM	WMC	KDKA
WJAX	WKY	WREN	KPRC
KWK	WBZ	WBZA	KGW
WSMB	WIOD	WFAA	WJR
KSTP	WHAS	KYW	WEBC
WCKY	WSM	WRVA	WSB
WAPI	WOAI	KOA	KSL
KGO	KGW	KOMO	KHQ
KFSD	KTAR	WGAR	KFI
WBAL			

EASTMAN PROGRAM—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WEAF	WJAR	WCSH	WCAE
WWJ	KSD	WSAI	WRC
WBEN	WLIT	WTAG	WGY
WTAM	WOW	WENR	WEEI

THE MARCH OF TIME—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:30 p.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WKBW
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WCAU
W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL	WCAO
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WXYZ
WSPD	WOWO	WBBM	KMOX
KMBC	KOIL		

RKO THEATRE OF THE AIR—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:30 p.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WTAG
WLIT	WGY	WCAE	WWJ
WSAI	WIBO	KSD	WDAF
WRVA	WJAX	WIOD	WMC
WSB	WSMB	WOC	WJDX
KGO	KTHS	WOAI	WKY
WRC	WCSH	KOA	KGW
KFI	KHQ	KOMO	KTAR
KFSD	WHO	WOW	WTAM
KSL	WFLA	WSUN	WBEN
WTIC	WPTF		

Saturday

SAVOY PLAZA ORCHESTRA — Rudolph Bocheo, Director

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
1:30 p.m.	12:30	11:30	10:30
WABC	W2XE	WGR	WEAN
WDRC	WCAU	W3XAU	WHP
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WDBJ	WADC	WAIU
WBT	WBCM	WSPD	WLAC
WBRC	WOWO	KLRA	CFRB

THE CLICQUOT CLUB—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WEAF	WEEI	WTIC	WJAR
WTAG	WCSH	WLIT	WRC
WOW	WCAE	WSAI	WIBO
KSD	WWJ	WDAF	WOC
WHO	WGY	WBEN	

TRUE STORY HOUR—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WABC	W2XE	WNAC	WKBW
WEAN	WDRC	WMAL	WCAU
W3XAU	WJAS	WXYZ	WCAO
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WSPD
WOWO	WMAQ	KMOX	KMBC
KOIL	WFBL		

ARMOUR PROGRAM—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WJR
KYW	WREN	KSTP	WEBC
WRVA	WMC	WSB	WOAI
KOA	KSL	KGO	WKY
WHAS	KGW	KHQ	KOMO
WGAR	KDKA	WTMU	WSM
WBAL	WJAX	WAPI	WLW
WPTF	WJDX	WHAM	WSMB
KPRC	WIOD	KWK	KFI

ARMSTRONG QUAKERS—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	KDKA
KYW	KWK	WHAM	KPRC
WJR	WTMJ	WEBC	WHAS
WSM	WSB	WOAI	KOA
WSMB	KSL	KGW	KOMO
KHQ	WMC	WBAP	KFI
WCKY	KTHS	KSTP	KVOO
WKY	WREN	KGO	

VAN HEUSEN PROGRAM—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WKBW
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WCAU
W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL	WCAO
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WGST
WXYZ	WSPD	WDSU	WMAQ
WCCO	KMOX	KMBC	KOIL

TED HUSING'S SPORTSLANTS—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
6:00 p.m.	5:00	4:00	3:00
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WFAN
WAP	WLBW	WTAR	WDBJ
WADC	WHK	WAIU	WBT
WBCM	WREC	WLAC	WBRC
WISN	WOWO	WBBM	WCCO
KSCJ	WDAY	KOIL	WIBW
KFH	KFJF	KRLD	KTRH
KTSA	KLZ	KVI	KOL
KFPY	KHJ	KFRC	CFRB

"THE HIGHROAD OF ADVENTURE" Gilbert E. Gable—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
6:00 p.m.	5:00	4:00	3:00
WEAF	WTIC	KSD	WTAM
WRC	WJDX	KGW	WIBO
KOA			

RISE OF THE GOLDBERGS—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:30 p.m.	6:30	5:30	4:30
WJZ	WHAM	WREN	WIBO
WGAR	KGO		

VALSPAR SATURDAY NIGHT CLUB

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:30 p.m.	6:30	5:30	4:30
WEAF	WTIC	WJAR	WTAG
WLIT	WRC	WGY	WBEN
WCAE	WTAM	CFCF	WSAI
WENR	KSD	WOC	WHO
WOW	WDAF	CKGW	WEBC
WRVA	WPTF	WJAX	WIOB
WFLA	WSUN	WMC	WSB
WSMB	WJDX	KTHS	KPRC
KOA	WKY		

WEBSTER PROGRAM — featuring Weber and Fields—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:00 p.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WTAG
WCSH	WFI	WRC	WGY
WBEN	WCAE	WTAM	WWJ
WSAI	WIBO	KSD	WOC
WHO	WOW	WDAF	WTMJ
KSTP	KOA	KSL	WEBC
WTIC			

BEN ALLEY—Ann Leaf at the Organ.

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:15 p.m.	7:15	6:15	5:15
WABC	W2XE	WGR	WORC
WPG	WFAN	WHP	WJAS
WLBW	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WDBJ	WADC	WKBN	WBT
WBCM	WSPD	WLAC	WBRC
WISN	WOWO	WFBM	WMAQ
KSCJ	WMT	KMBC	KLRA
WDAY	WNAX	KOIL	KFH
KFJF	KTSA	KDYL	KFPY
KHJ	KFRC		

THE SILVER FLUTE—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:30 p.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30
WEAF	WCSH	WGY	WCAE
WSAI	KSD	WDAF	WJAR
WOC	WHO		

FULLER MAN—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:30 p.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WBAL
WHAM	KDKA	WJR	WLW
KWK	WREN	KOA	CKGW
WHAS	KPRC	KGO	KECA
KGW	KOMO	KFAB	KHQ
WIBO	WKY	WTMJ	WMC
WEBC	WSB	WAPI	WSMB
WJDX	KSTP	WBAP	

MARY CHARLES—With Nat Brusiloff's Orchestra.

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:45 p.m.	7:45	6:45	5:45
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WKBW
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WORC
WCAU	W3XAU	WHP	WJAS
WLBW	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WSPD	WBRC	WISN	WTAQ
WFBM	WMT	KMOX	KMBC
KOIL	KFH	KFJF	CFRB
KFRC			

GENERAL ELECTRIC HOUR—Floyd Gibbons.

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WTAG
WCSH	WFI	WRC	WGY
WBEN	WCAE	WTAM	WWJ
WSAI	KSD	WOC	WOW
WDAF	WTMJ	KSTP	WEBC
WRVA	WJAX	WHAS	WMC
WSB	WAPI	WSMB	KPRC
WOAI	KOA	KSL	KGO
KFI	KGW	KOMO	KHQ
KFSD	KTAR	WHO	WIOD
WDAY	WFLA	KFYR	WSUN
WTIC			

SATURDAY DOMINO ORCHESTRA—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WBQL
WHAM	KDKA	WGAR	WJR
WLW	KYW	WREM	

ANHEUSER BUSCH PROGRAM—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:45 p.m.	9:45	8:45	7:45
WABC	W2XE	WNAC	WKBW
WBBM	WHK	WXYZ	KMBC
KOIL	WCAU	W3XAU	WJAS
WEAN	KMOX	WMAL	KHJ
KOIN	KFRC	KOL	KFPY
KVI	WDOD	KRLD	KLZ
KTRH	WFBM	KLRA	WREC
WCAH	WDSU	KFJF	KDYL
WMT			

HANK SIMMONS' SHOW BOAT—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WKBW
WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WORC	WPG	WFAN	WHP
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WDBJ	WADC	WKRC
WKBN	WWNC	WBT	WBCM
WSPD	WDOD	WLAC	WBRC
WISN	WFBM	WGL	WMAQ
WCCO	KSCJ	WMT	KMOX
KMBC	KLRA	WDAY	WNAX
KOIL	WTBW	KFH	KLZ
KRLD	KTRH	KTSA	KLZ
KDYL	KOL	KFPY	KHJ

GUY LOMBARDO AND HIS ROYAL CANADIANS

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
11:30 p.m.	10:30	9:30	8:30
WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WORC	WPG
WCAU	W3XAU	WHP	WLBW
WMAL	WCAO	WTAR	WHK
WKBN	WSPD	WBRC	WBRC
WISN	WTAQ	WFBM	WCCO
WMT	KMOX	KMBC	KOIL
KFH	KFJ	KTRH	KTSA
KLZ	KFRC	CFRB	

Meters	Kilocycles	Watts	Call Signal	Location
199.9	1,500	100	KDB	Santa Barbara, Calif.
		100	KGFI	Corpus Christi, Texas
		50	KGIZ	Grant City, Mo.
		100	KGKB	Brownwood, Texas
		100	KGKY	Scottsbluff, Neb.
		100	KPJM	Prescott, Ariz.
		50	KPQ	Wenatchee, Wash.
		100	KREG	Santa Ana, Calif.
		100	KUT	Austin, Texas
		100	KXO	El Centro, Calif.
		100	WCLB	Long Beach, N. Y.
		150	WKBV	Connersville, Ind. (day)
		100	WKBV	Connersville, Ind. (night)
		50	WKBZ	Ludington, Mich.
		100	WLBX	Long Island City, N. Y.
		250	WLOE	Boston, Mass. (day)
		100	WLOE	Boston, Mass. (night)
		100	WMBA	Newport, R. I.
		100	WMBQ	Brooklyn, N.Y.
		100	WMPC	Lapeer, Mich.
		50	WNBF	Binghamton, N. Y.
		100	WOPI	Bristol, Tenn.
		250	WPEN	Philadelphia, Pa. (day)
		100	WPEN	Philadelphia, Pa. (night)
		100	WRDW	Augusta, Ga.
		100	WSYB	Rutland, Vt.
		100	WWSW	Philadelphia, Pa.
		100	WWRL	Woodside, N. Y.
200	1,500	15	CMBL	Havana
		30	CMBH	Havana
		15	CMBR	Havana
		15	CMBM	Havana
201.2	1,490	5,000	WCHI	Chicago, Ill.
		5,000	WCKY	Covington, Ky.
		5,000	WJAZ	Mt. Prospect, Ill.
202.6	1,480	5,000	KFJF	Oklahoma City, Okla.
		5,000	WKBW	Buffalo, N. Y.
206.8	1,450	10,000	KSTP	St. Paul, Minn.
		1,000	KTBS	Shreveport. La.
		250	WBMS	Hackensack, N. J.
		500	WGAR	Cleveland, Ohio
		250	WHOM	Jersey City, N. J.
		10,000	WJSV	Alexandria
		250	WKBO	Jersey City, N. J.
		250	WNJ	Newark, N. J.
		250	WSAR	Fall River, Mass.
		500	WTFI	Toccoa, Ga.
208.2	1,440	250	KLS	Oakland, Calif.
		250	WCBA	Allentown, Pa.
		500	WHEC–WABO	Rochester, N. Y.
		1,000	WMBD	Peoria Hgts., Ill. (day)
		500	WMBD	Peoria Hgts., Ill. (night)
		500	WBIG	Greensboro, N. C.
		500	WOKO	Mt. Beacon, N. Y.
		250	WSAN	Allentown, Pa.
		500	WTAD	Quincy, Ill.
209.7	1,430	1,000	KECA	Los Angeles, Calif.
		500	KGNF	No. Platte, Nebr.
		1,000	WBAK	Harrisburg, Pa. (day)
		500	WBAK	Harrisburg, Pa. (night)
		500	WCAH	Columbus, Ohio
		500	WGBC	Memphis, Tenn.
		1,000	WHP	Harrisburg, Pa. (day)
		500	WHP	Harrisburg, Pa. (night)
		500	WNBR	Memphis, Tenn.
211.1	1,420	100	KBPS	Portland, Ore.
		100	KFIZ	Fond du Lac, Wis.
		100	KFQU	Holy City, Calif.
		100	KFQW	Seattle, Wash.
		50	KFXD	Nampa, Idaho
		250	KFYO	Abilene, Texas (day)
		100	KFYO	Abilene, Texas (night)
		100	KFXY	Flagstaff, Ariz.
		100	KGFF	Shawnee, Okla.
		100	KGVO	Missoula, Mont.
		100	KGGC	San Francisco, Calif.
		100	KGIW	Trinidad, Colo.
		100	KGKX	Sandpoint, Idaho
		100	KGIX	Las Vegas, Nev.
		100	KICK	Red Oak, Iowa
		100	KLPM	Minot, N. D.
		100	KORE	Eugene, Ore.
		100	KTAP	San Antonio, Texas
		100	KXL	Portland, Ore.
		100	KXYZ	Houston, Texas
		100	WEDH	Erie, Pa.
		100	WEHS	Evanston, Ill.
		50	WELL	Battle Creek, Mich.
		100	WFDW	Talladega, Ala.
		10	WHDL	Tupper Lake, N. Y.
		100	WHFC	Cicero, Ill.
		100	WHIS	Bluefield, W. Va.
		100	WIAS	Ottumwa, Iowa
		50	WIBR	Steubenville, Ohio
		100	WILM	Wilmington, Del.
		100	WJBO	New Orleans, La.
		100	WKBI	Chicago, Ill.
		100	WLBF	Kansas City, Kans.
		250	WMBC	Detroit, Mich. (day)
		100	WMBC	Detroit, Mich. (night)
		250	WMBH	Joplin, Mo. (day)
		100	WMBH	Joplin, Mo. (night)
		100	WPAD	Paducah, Ky.
		250	WSPA	Spartanburg, S. C. (day)
		100	WSPA	Spartanburg, S. C. (night)
		250	WTBO	Cumberland, Md. (day)
		100	WTBO	Cumberland, Md. (night)
212.6	1,410	500	KFLV	Rockford, Ill.
		1,000	KGRS	Amarillo, Texas
		500	WAAB	Boston, Mass.
		500	WBCM	Bay City, Mich.
		250	WDAG	Amarillo, Texas
		500	WHBL	Sheboygan, Wis.
		500	WMAF	South Dartmouth, Mass.
		500	WODX	Mobile, Ala.
		250	WRBX	Roanoke, Va.
		500	WSFA	Montgomery, Ala.
		500	WSSH	Boston, Mass.
213	1,405	30	CMBX	Havana, Cuba
		30	CMBN	Los Pinos
		100	CMBY	Havana
		50	CMBG	Marianao
		15	CMBK	Marianao
214.2	1,400	500	KLO	Ogden, Utah
214.2	1,400	500	KOCW	Chickasha, Okla. (day)
		250	KOCW	Chickasha, Okla. (night)
		1,000	WBAA	W. Lafayette, Ind. (day)
		500	WBAA	W. Lafayette, Ind. (night)
		500	WBBC	Brooklyn, N. Y.
		500	WCGU	Coney Island, N. Y.
214.2	1,400	500	WCMA	Culver, Ind.
		500	WFOX	Brooklyn, N. Y.
		500	WKBF	Indianapolis, Ind.
		500	WLTH	Brooklyn, N. Y.
215.7	1,390	1,000	KLRA	Little Rock, Ark.
		500	KOY	Phoenix, Ariz.
		1,000	KUOA	Fayetteville, Ark.
		1,000	WHK	Cleveland, Ohio
217.3	1,380	500	KOV	Pittsburgh, Pa.
		500	KOH	Reno, Nevada
		500	KSO	Clarinda, Iowa
		1,000	WKBH	La Crosse, Wis.
		200	WSMK	Dayton, Ohio
218.7	1,370	250	KCRC	Enid, Okla. (day)
		100	KCRC	Enid, Okla. (night)
		50	KFBL	Everett, Wash.
		100	KFJI	Astoria, Ore.
		100	KFJM	Grand Forks, N. D.
		100	KFJZ	Fort Worth, Texas
		100	KFLX	Galveston, Texas
		250	KGAR	Tucson, Ariz. (day)
		100	KGAR	Tucson, Ariz. (night)
		100	KGDA	Dell Rapids, S. D.
		100	KGFG	Oklahoma City, Okla.
		100	KGKL	San Angelo, Texas
		50	KGFL	Raton, N. M.
		100	KONO	San Antonio, Texas
		100	KMAC	San Antonio, Texas
		100	KOOS	Marshfield, Ore.
		100	KRE	Berkeley, Calif.
		100	KUJ	Walla Walla, Wash.

Official Wave Lengths

Log your dial reading according to wave and frequency indicated here and you will know any DX station by quick reference

Meters	Kilocycles	Watts	Call Signal	Location
218.7	1,370	100	KVL	Seattle, Wash.
		100	KWKC	Kansas City, Mo.
		100	KZM	Hayward, Calif.
		50	WBGF	Glen Falls, N. Y.
		100	WBTM	Danville, Va.
		250	WCBM	Baltimore, Md. (day)
		100	WCBM	Baltimore, Md. (night)
		250	WELK	Phila., Pa. (day)
		100	WELK	Phila., Pa. (night)
		100	WFDV	Rome, Ga.
		100	WGL	Ft. Wayne, Ind.
		100	WHBD	Mt. Orab, Ohio
		100	WHBQ	Memphis, Tenn.
		250	WHDF	Calumet, Mich (day)
		100	WHDF	Calumet, Mich, (night)
		100	WIBM	Jackson, Mich.
		50	WJBK	Highland Park, Mich.
		250	WLEY	Lexington, Mass. (day)
		100	WLEY	Lexington, Mass. (night)
		100	WLVA	Lynchburg, Va.
		100	WMBR	Tampa, Fla.
		100	WPOE	Patchogue, N. Y.
		5	WQDM	St. Albans, Vt.
		50	WRAK	Williamsport, Pa.
		10	WRBJ	Hattiesburg, Miss.
		100	WRBT	Wilmington, N. C.
218.7	1,370	500	WRDO	Augusta, Maine
		100	WRJN	Racine, Wis.
		50	WSVS	Buffalo, N. Y.
220	1,363	30	CMKF	Holguin
220.4	1,360	500	KGIR	Butte, Mont.
		1,000	KGER	Long Beach, Calif.
		1,000	KPSN	Pasadena, Calif.
		500	WCSC	Charlotte, S. C.
		1,000	WFBL	Syracuse, N. Y.
		1,000	WGES	Chicago, Ill. (day)
		500	WGES	Chicago, Ill. (night)
		1,250	WJKS	Gary, Ind. (day)
		1,000	WJKS	Gary, Ind. (night)
		300	WQBC	Vicksburg, Miss.
222.1	1,350	1,000	KWK	St. Louis, Mo.
		250	WAWZ	Zarephath, N. J.
		250	WBNX	New York, N. Y.
		250	WCDA	New York, N. Y.
		250	WMSG	New York, N. Y.
223.7	1,340	50	KFPW	Fort Smith, Ark.
		1,000	KFPY	Spokane, Wash.
		500	WCOA	Pensacola, Fla.
		1,000	WSPD	Toledo, Ohio (day)
		500	WSPD	Toledo, Ohio (night)
225.4	1,330	2,500	KSCJ	Sioux City, Iowa (day)
		1,000	KSCJ	Sioux City, Iowa (night)
		250	KGB	San Diego, Calif.
		500	WDRC	Hartford, Conn.
		500	WSAI	Cincinnati, Ohio
		1,000	WTAQ	Eau Clair, Wis.
227.1	1,320	500	KGHF	Pueblo, Colo. (day)
		250	KGHF	Pueblo, Colo. (night)
		500	KGMB	Honolulu, Hawaii
		500	KID	Idaho Falls, Idaho (day)
		250	KID	Idaho Falls, Idaho (night)
		250	KTFI	Twin Falls, Idaho
		1,000	WADC	Tallmadge, Ohio
		500	WSMB	New Orleans, La.
227	1,322	250	CMKH	Santiago de Cuba.
228	1,315	30	CMGC	Matanzao, Cuba.
228.9	1,310	100	KCRJ	Jerome, Ariz.
		100	KFBK	Sacramento, Calif.
		100	KFGO	Boone, Iowa
		10	KFIU	Juneau, Alaska
		100	KFJY	Fort Dodge, Iowa
		100	KFPL	Dublin, Texas
		15	KFPM	Greenville, Texas
		100	KFUP	Denver, Colo.
		50	KFXJ	Edgewater, Colo.
		250	KFXR	Okla. City, Okla. (day)
		100	KFXR	Okla. City, Okla. (night)
		100	KGBX	St. Joseph, Mo.
		250	KGCX	Wolf Point, Mont. (day)
		100	KGCX	Wolf Point, Mont. (night)
		100	KGEZ	Kalispell, Mont.
		100	KGFW	Ravenna, Neb.
		50	KIT	Yakima, Wash.
		50	KMED	Medford, Ore.
		50	KRMD	Shreveport, La.
		100	KTLC	Houston, Texas
		100	KTSL	Shreveport, La.
		100	KTSM	El Paso, Tex.
		100	KWCR	Cedar Rapids, Iowa
		75	KXRO	Aberdeen, Wash.
		100	WBEO	Marquette, Mich.
		100	WBOW	Terre Haute, Ind.
		100	WBRE	Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
		100	WCLS	Joliet, Ill.
		100	WDAH	El Paso, Texas
		200	WEBR	Buffalo, N. Y. (day)
		100	WEBR	Buffalo, N. Y. (night)
		50	WEXL	Royal Oak, Mich.
		100	WFBG	Altoona, Pa.
		100	WFDF	Flint, Mich.
		100	WGAL	Lancaster, Pa.
		100	WGH	Newport News, Va.
		100	WHAT	Philadelphia, Pa.
		100	WJAC	Johnstown, Pa.
		50	WJAK	Marion, Ind.
		100	WKAV	Laconia, N. H.
		100	WKBB	Joilet, Ill.
		100	WKBC	Birmingham, Ala.
		100	WKBS	Galesburg, Ill.
		50	WLBC	Muncie, Ind.
		100	WMBO	Auburn, N. Y.
		100	WNBH	New Bedford, Mass.

The Middle West's Chief Source of Entertainment *19 Hours Every Day.*

K·M·B·C

"Midland Broadcast Central"

PICKWICK HOTEL

Kansas City, Missouri

•WJR

IN THE GOLDEN TOWER OF THE FISHER BUILDING • DETROIT



•THE STATION *with* PERSONALITY

Tune in right in the center of the dial—and leave it there. Throw your switch at 6:00 a. m. and start 19 hours of the most complete entertainment on the air. Music—melody—educational features—shopping news—markets—everything the modern woman is interested in from beauty culture to travel news. Starting with the "Night Watchman," ole Jack Douglas, personalities and entertainment are offered in stimulating variation throughout the day.

Amos 'n' Andy lead off on evening entertainment of the highest standard in broadcasting—an evening for men and women alike. And you may leave your dials set for the next day—assured of the continuance of high quality entertainment.

WJR • THE GOOD WILL STATION

5000 Watts • Cleared Channel • 400 Metres

LEO J. FITZPATRICK, *Vice-Pres. and Gen. Mgr.*

Meters	Kilocycles	Watts	Call Signal	Location
228.9	1,310	50	WNBJ	Knoxville, Tenn.
		250	WOBT	Union City, Tenn. (day)
		100	WOBT	Union City, Tenn. (night)
		100	WOL	Washington, D. C.
		50	WRAW	Reading, Pa.
		20	WRBI	Tifton, Ga. ½ time
		100	WROL	Knoxville, Tenn.
		100	WSAJ	Grove City, Pa.
		100	WSJS	Winston-Salem, N.C.
		50	WTEL	Phila. Pa.
230.6	1,300	1,000	KFH	Wichita, Kan.
		500	KFJR	Portland, Ore.
		1,000	KGEF	Los Angeles, Calif.
		1,000	KTBI	Los Angeles, Calif.
		500	KTBR	Portland, Ore.
		1,000	WBBR	Rossville, N. Y.
		500	WEVD	Woodhaven, N. Y.
		1,000	WHAP	Carlstadt, N. J.
		500	WHAZ	Troy, N. Y.
		1,000	WIOD–WMBF	Miami, Fla.
		1,000	WOQ	Kansas City, Mo.
232.4	1,290	1,000	KDYL	Salt Lake City, Utah
		500	KFUL	Galveston, Texas
		50	KLCN	Blytheville, Ark.
		2,000	KTSA	San Antonio, Texas (day)
		1,000	KTSA	San Antonio, Texas (night)
		2,500	WEBC	Superior, Wisc. (day)
		1,000	WEBC	Superior, Wisc. (night)
		2,500	WJAS	Pittsburgh, Pa. (day)
		1,000	WJAS	Pittsburgh, Pa. (night)
		50	WNBC	Saranac Lake, N. Y.
233	1,286	15	CMBM	Havana, Cuba
		30	CMCG	Guanabocoa, Cuba
		15	CMCH	Havana, Cuba
		20	CMCR	Havana, Cuba.
234.2	1,280	2,500	KFBB	Great Falls, Mont. (day)
		1,000	KFBB	Great Falls, Mont. (night)
		500	WCAM	Camden, N. J.
		500	WCAP	Asbury Park, N. J.
		2,500	WDOD	Chattanooga, Tenn. (day)
		1,000	WDOD	Chattanooga, Tenn. (night)
		500	WIBA	Madison, Wisc.
		500	WOAX	Trenton, N. J.
		500	WRR	Dallas, Texas
235	1,276	20	CMJB	Ciego
236.1	1,270	1,000	KFUM	Colorado Springs, Colo.
		50	KGCA	Decorah, Iowa
		1,000	KOL	Seattle, Wash.
		1,000	KTW	Seattle, Wash.
		100	KWLC	Decorah, Iowa
		500	WASH	Grand Rapids, Mich.
		500	WFBR	Baltimore, Md.
		1,000	WEAI	Ithaca, N. Y.
		500	WOOD	Grand Rapids, Mich.
		1,000	WJDX	Jackson, Miss.
238	1,260	1,000	KOIL	Council Bluffs, Iowa
		100	KRGV	Harlingen, Texas
		500	KVOA	Tucson, Ariz.
		500	KWWG	Brownsville, Texas
		1,000	WLBW	Oil City, Pa. (day)
		500	WLBW	Oil City, Pa. (night)
		500	WTOC	Savannah, Ga.
239.9	1,250	1,000	KIDO	Boise, Idaho
		1,000	KFMX	Northfield, Minn.
		1,000	KFOX	Long Beach, Calif.
		1,000	WAAM	Newark, N. J. (night)
		2,000	WAAM	Newark, N. J. (day)
		1,000	WCAL	Northfield, Minn.
		1,000	WDSU	New Orleans, La.
		250	WGCP	Newark, N. J.
		1,000	WLB–WGMS	Minneapolis, Minn.
		1,000	WODA	Newark, N. J.
		1,000	WRHM	Fridley, Minn.
240	1,250	250	CMKE	Santiago de Cuba
		60	WMGH	Matanzas, Cuba
241.8	1,240	1,000	KTAT	Ft. Worth, Texas
		1,000	WACO	Waco, Texas
		1,000	WXYZ	Detroit, Mich.
243.8	1,230	100	KFQD	Anchorage, Alaska
		1,000	KYA	San Francisco, Calif.
		500	KGGM	Albuquerque, N. M. (day)
		250	KGGM	Albuquerque, N.M. (night)
		1,000	WFBM	Indianapolis, Ind.
		1,000	WBIS–WNAC	Boston, Mass.
		500	WPSC	State College, Pa.
		500	WSBT	South Bend, Ind.
245.8	1,220	500	KFKU	Lawrence, Kans.
		2,000	KWSC	Pullman, Wash. (day)
		1,000	KWSC	Pullman, Wash. (night)
		500	WCAD	Canton, N. Y.
		1,000	WCAE	Pittsburgh, Pa.
		1,000	WDAE	Tampa, Fla.
		1,000	WREN	Lawrence, Kans.
247.9	1.210	50	CFCO	Chatham, Ontario
		50	CFNB	Fredericton, N. B.
		5	CHWK	Chilliwick, B. C.
		15	CKMC	Cobalt, Ont.
		50	CKPC	Preston, Ont.
247.8	1,210	100	KDFN	Casper, Wyo.
		100	KDLR	Devils Lake, N. D.
		250	KFOR	Lincoln, Nebr. (day)
		100	KFOR	Lincoln, Nebr. (night)
		100	KFVS	Cape Girardeau, Mo.
		100	KFXM	San Bernardino, Calif.
		100	KGCR	Watertown, S. D.
		100	KGMP	Elk City, Okla.
		100	KMJ	Fresno, Calif.
		100	KGNO	Dodge City, Kans.
		50	KPPC	Pasadena, Calif.
		100	KWEA	Shreveport, La.
		100	WALR	Zanesville, Ohio
		100	WBAX	Wilkes Barre, Pa.
		100	WBBL	Richmond, Va.
		100	WCBS	Springfield, Ill.
		100	WCOH	Yonkers, N. Y.
		100	WCRW	Chicago, Ill.
		100	WDWF–WLSI	Providence, R. I.
		100	WEBO	Harrisburg, Pa.
		100	WEDC	Chicago, Ill.
		100	WGBB	Freeport, N. Y.
		100	WGCM	Gulfport, Miss.
		100	WHBF	Rock Island, N. Y.
		100	WHBU	Anderson, Ind.
		100	WIBU	Poynette, Wisc.
		100	WJBI	Red Bank, N. J.
		100	WJBU	Lewisburg, Pa.
		50	WJBY	Gadsden, Ala.
		100	WJW	Mansfield, Ohio
247.8	1,210	50	WLCI	Ithaca, N. Y.
		100	WMBG	Richmond, Va.
		100	WMRJ	Jamaica, N. Y.
		25	WOCL	Jamestown, N. Y.
		100	WOMT	Manitowoc, Wis.
		100	WPAW	Pawtucket, R. I.
		50	WQDX	Thomasville, Ga.
		250	WRBQ	Greenville, Miss (day)
		100	WRBQ	Greenville, Miss. (night)
		100	WSOC	Gastonia, N. C.
		100	WSBC	Chicago, Ill.
		100	WSEN	Columbus, Ohio
		100	WSIX	Springfield, Tenn.
		50	WTAX	Streator, Ill.
248	1,210	500	XEX	Mexico City, Mexico
249.9	1,200	100	KBTM	Paragould, Ark.
		250	KFJB	Marshalltown, Iowa (day)
		100	KFBJ	Marshalltown, Iowa (night)
		250	KFWF	St. Louis, Mo. (day)
		100	KFWF	St. Louis, Mo. (night)
		100	KGCU	Mandan, N. D.
		250	KGDE	Fergus Falls, Minn. (day)
		100	KGDE	Fergus Falls Minn. (night)
		100	KGDY	Huron, S. D.
		50	KGEK	Yuma, Colo.
		100	KGFJ	Los Angeles, Calif.
		100	KGHI	Little Rock, Ark.
		10	KGY	Lacey, Wash.
		50	KMLB	Monroe, La.
		100	KSMR	Santa Maria, Calif.
		100	KVOS	Bellingham, Wash.
		100	KWG	Stockton, Calif.
		100	WABI	Bangor, Maine
		100	WABZ	New Orleans, La.
		100	WBBZ	Ponca City, Okla.
		100	WCAT	Rapid City, S. D.
		100	WCAX	Burlington, Vt.
		100	WCLO	Janesville, Wis.
		100	WCOD	Harrisburg, Pa.
		250	WEHC	Emory, Va. (day)
		100	WEHC	Emory, Va. (night)
		250	WFBE	Cincinnati, Ohio (day)
		100	WFBE	Cincinnati, Ohio (night)
		10	WHBC	Canton, Ohio
		100	WHBY	West De Pere, Wis.
		300	WIBX	Utica, N. Y. (day)
		100	WIBX	Utica, N. Y. (night)
		250	WIL	St. Louis, Mo. (day)
		100	WIL	St. Louis, Mo. (night)
		100	WJBC	LaSalle, Ill.
		100	WJBL	Decatur, Ill.
		30	WJBW	New Orleans, La.
		100	WORC	Worcester, Mass.
		100	WKJC	Lancaster, Pa.
		250	WLAP	Louisville, Ky. (day)
		100	WLAP	Louisville, Ky. (night)
		250	WLBG	Petersburg, Va. (day)
		100	WLBG	Petersburg, Va. (night)
		100	WNBO	Silver Haven, Pa.
		10	WNBW	Carbondale, Pa.
		10	WNBX	Springfield, Vt.
		100	WRAF	La Porte, Ind.
		50	WRBL	Columbus, Ga.
		100	WWAE	Hammond, Ill.
252	1,190	500	WICC	Easton, Conn.
		50,000	WOAI	San Antonio, Texas
254.1	1,180	20,000	KOB	State College, N. M.
		5,000	KEX	Portland, Oregon
		500	WHDI	Minneapolis, Minn.
		1,000	WDGY	Minneapolis, Minn.
255	1,176	30	CMKG	Santiago de Cuba
255	1,176	50	CMBA	Havana, Cuba
256	1171.6	2,000	CJRX	Winnipeg, Man.
256.3	1,170	10,000	WCAU	Phila., Pa.
		5,000	KTNT	Muscatine, Iowa
258.5	1,160	10,000	WOWO	Ft. Wayne, Ind.
		5,000	WWVA	Wheeling, W. Va.
260	1,153	200	CMHA	Cienfuegos, Cuba
260.7	1,150	5,000	WHAM	Rochester, N. Y.
261	1,150	250	CMQ	Havana, Cuba
		600	CMCQ	Havana, Cuba
263	1,140	5,000	WAPI	Birmingham, Ala.
		5,000	KVOO	Tulsa, Okla.
245	1,136	150	CMCA	Havana, Cuba
265	964.6	100	XEH	Monterrey, Mexico
265.3	1,130	1,000	WOV	New York, N. Y.
		20,000	WJJD	Mooseheart, Ill.
		5,000	KSL	Salt Lake City, Utah
267.7	1,120	15	CFJC	Camloops, B. C.
		500	CFRC	Kingston, Ont.
		100	CHGS	Summerside, P. E. I.
		50	CJOC	Lethbridge, Alta.
		50	CKPR	Midland, Ont.
267.7	1,120	100	KFIO	Spokane, Washington
		500	FKSG	Los Angeles, Calif.
		500	KMCS	Inglewood, Calif.
		50	KRSC	Seattle, Wash.
		500	KTRH	Houston, Texas
		1,000	WDBO	Orlando, Fla. (day)
		500	WDBO	Orlando, Fla. (night)
		350	WDEL	Wilmington, Del. (day)
		250	WDEL	Wilmington, Del. (night)
		250	WHAD	Milwaukee, Wisc.
		250	WISN	Milwaukee, Wisc.
		500	WTAW	College Station, Texas
270.1	1,110	5,000	WRVA	Richmond, Va.
		2,000	KSOO	Sioux Falls, S. D.
272.6	1,100	250	KGDM	Stockton, Calif. (day)
		5,000	WLWL	New York, N. Y.
		5,000	WPG	Atlantic City, N. J.
273	1,100	20	QMKD	Santiago de Cuba
274	1,094	30	CMGJ	Matanzas, Cuba
275	1,090	10	XEL	Saltillo, Coah., Mex.
275.1	1,090	50,000	KMOX	St. Louis, Mo.
277.6	1,080	5,000	WRT	Charlotte, N. C.
		5,000	WCBD	Zion, Ill.
		5,000	WMBI	Chicago, Ill.
280	1,071	100	XER	Mexico, D. F.
280.2	1,070	100	KJBS	San Francisco, Calif.
		50	WCAZ	Carthage, Ill.
		100	WDZ	Tuscola, Ill.
		50,000	WTAM	Cleveland, Ohio
282	1,063	30		
282.8	1,060	500	KWJJ	Portland, Ore.
		10,000	WBAL	Baltimore, Md.
		1,000	WJAG	Norfolk, Neb.
		50,000	WTIC	Hartford, Conn.
285.5	1,050	5,000	KFKB	Milford, Kan.
		5,000	KNX	Hollywood, Calif.
288.3	1,040	1,000	WKAR	E. Lansing, Mich.
		10,000	KTHS	Hot Springs, Ark.
		10,000	KRLD	Dallas, Tex.
		1,000	WMAK	Buffalo, N. Y.
290	1,034	150	CMKC	Santiago de Cuba
290	1,034.5	100	XEV	Puebla, Pue.
291.3	1,038	500	CNRV	Vancouver, B. C.
291.1	1,030	500	CFCF	Montreal, P. Q.
293.9	1,020	250	WRAX	Philadelphia, Pa.
		10,000	KYW–KFKX	Chicago, Ill.
296.8	1,010	500	KGGF	South Coffeyville, Okla.
		500	KQW	San Jose, Calif.
		250	WHN	New York, N. Y.
		500	WNAD	Norman, Okla.
		250	WPAP	New York, N. Y.
		250	WQAO	New York, N. Y.
		250	WRNY	New York, N. Y.
297	1,010	50	CFLC	Prescott, Ont.
		50	CKCR	Waterloo, Ont.
		50	CKSH	Montreal, P. Q.
		250	CMCX	Marianao, Cuba
299.8	1,000	250	KFVD	Culver City, Calif.
		5,000	WHO	Des Moines, Iowa
		5,000	WOC	Davenport, Iowa
300	1,000	100	XEA	Guadalajura, Jal.
		50	XEC	Toluca,
		10	XEE	Linares, N. L., Mexico
		100	XEH	Mexico City
		100	XEI	Morelia, Nuch., Mexico
		100	XEJ	Ciudad, Juarez
		100	XEK	Mexico, D. F.
		100	XEU	Vera Cruz, Ver.
		100	XEY	Marida, Yucatan.
302.8	990	15,000	WBZ	Springfield, Mass.
		500	WBZA	Boston, Mass.
305	983.6	100	XEO	Mexico, D. F.
305.9	980	50,000	KDKA	Pittsburgh, Pa.
307	977	50	CMGT	Matanzas, Cuba
309.1	970	5,000	KJR	Seattle, Wash.
		1,500	WCFL	Chicago, Ill.
312.5	960	4,000	CFRB–CJBC	King, York Co., Ont.
		30	CHCK	Charlottestown, P. E. I.
		500	CHWC–CFRC	Pilot, Butte, Sask.
314	955	150	CMBC	Havana, Cuba
315	952	50	CMBQ	Havana, Cuba
315.6	950	1,000	KFWB	Los Angeles, Calif.
		1,000	KGHL	Billings, Mont.
		1,000	KMBC	Kansas City, Mo.
		500	WRC	Washington, D. C.
319	940	1,000	KGU	Honolulu, T. H.
		1,000	KOIN	Portland, Ore.
		300	WAAT	Jersey City, N. J.
		1,000	WCSH	Portland, Maine
		1,000	WDAY	Fargo, N. D.
		1,000	WFIW	Hopkinsville, Ky.
		750	WHA	Madison, Wis.
322.4	930	500	KFWI	San Francisco, Calif.
		1,000	KGBZ	York, Neb. (day)
		500	KGBZ	York, Neb. (night)
		1,000	KMA	Shenandoah, Iowa (day)
		500	KMA	Shenandoah, Iowa (night)
		1,000	KROW	Oakland, Calif. (day)
		500	KROW	Oakland, Calif. (night)
		1,000	WBRC	Birmingham, Ala. (day)
		500	WBRC	Birmingham, Ala. (night)
		500	WDBJ	Roanoke, Va. (day)
		250	WDBJ	Roanoke, Va. (night)
		50	WIBG	Elkins Park, Pa.
323	930	50	CKIC	Wolfville, N. S.
325	923	500	XEX	Mexico, D. F.
325.9	920	500	KFEL	Denver, Colo.
		500	KFXF	Denver, Colo.
		1,000	KOMO	Seattle, Wash.
		2,500	KPRC	Houston, Texas
		1,000	KPRC	Houston, Texas
		500	WAAF	Chicago, Ill.
		500	WBSO	Needham, Mass.
		1,000	WWJ	Detroit, Mich.
325	915	250	XFF	Chihuahua, Chih., Mex.
326	920	250	CMHD	Caibarien, Cuba
327	914.3	500	CMX	Havana, Cuba
329.6	910	500	CFOO–CNBS	Saskatoon, Sask.
		500	CHNS	Halifax, N. S.
		5,000	CJGC–CNRL	London, Ont.
		250	CHJS	Saskatoon, Sask.
330	910	5,000	CJGW	Bowmanville, Ont.
333	900	500	CMX	Havana, Cuba.
333.1	900	500	KGBU	Ketchikan, Alaska
		1,000	KHJ	Los Angeles, Calif.
		250	KSEI	Pocatello, Idaho
		1,000	WBEN	Buffalo, N. Y.
		1,000	WJAX	Jacksonville, Fla.
		1,000	WKY	Okla. City, Okla.
		2,000	WLBL	Stevens Point, Wis.
450	895	1,000	XEB	Mexico, D. F

AMERICA'S PREMIER REGIONAL STATION

New York **WMCA** New York

570 K.C. 100% MODULATION 500 WATTS



The WMCA Little Theatre of the Air

NEW YORK'S OWN STATION

WMCA covers practically *every* event—*every* happening that is of *interest to New Yorkers*. If there is an important New York news story WMCA broadcasts it. Banquets of local importance and significance, outstanding ring and sport events, theatrical performances, the smarter night clubs—these are a few of the things that New Yorkers expect WMCA to cover.

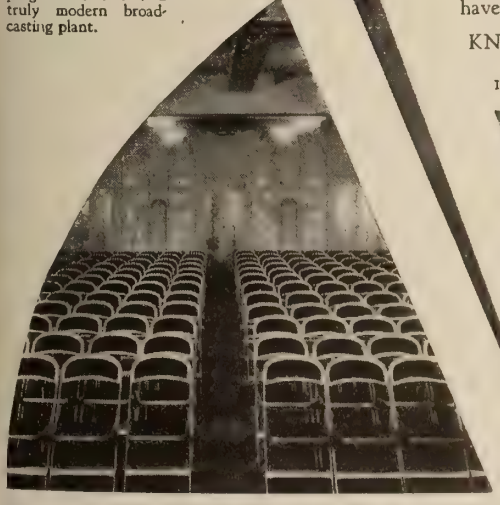
We believe that no station has more friendly and personal relations with its army of listeners than WMCA. Because they are always sure of finding something of immediate and local interest on its program, New Yorkers have an exceptionally warm regard for WMCA.

KNICKERBOCKER BROADCASTING CO. INC.

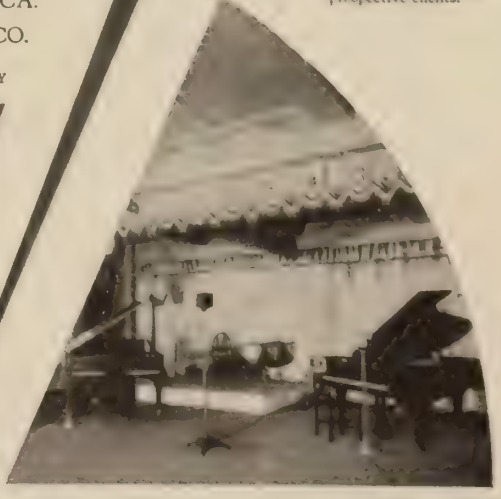
1697 BROADWAY NEW YORK CITY

13,000 square feet of modern broadcasting facilities. . . . 7 perfect studios . . . . the WMCA THEATRE, first Radio Theatre of the Air with auditorium comfortably seating two hundred . . . . studios overlooking the Great White Way . . . . a staff of more than one hundred experts to prepare and present your programs . . . . a truly modern broadcasting plant.

Thorough coverage at moderate rates . . . . perfect transmission throughout city and suburbs . . . . a pioneer station that has achieved a unique record of success for itself as well as for its clients . . . . literature and rate cards will be forwarded to interested prospective clients.







Broadcasting in the New York Manner

The Airline to the New York Market

Meters	Kilo-cycles	Watts	Call Signal	Location
336.9	890.4	1,500	XET	Monterrey, N. L., Mexico
336.9	890	1,000	KFNF	Shenandoah, Iowa (day)
		500	KFNF	Shenandoah, Iowa (night)
		250	KGJF	Little Rock, Ark.
		750	KUSD	Vermilion, S. D. (day)
		500	KUSD	Vermilion, S. D. (night)
		500	WGST	Atlanta, Ga. (day)
		250	WGST	Atlanta, Ga. (night)
		500	WILL	Urbana, Ill. (day)
		250	WILL	Urbana, Ill. (night)
		400	WJAR	Providence, R. I. (day)
		250	WJAR	Providence, R. I. (night)
		500	WKAQ	San Juan, P. R.
		500	WMAZ	Macon, Ga. (day)
		250	WMAZ	Macon, Ga. (night)
		500	WMMN	Fairmont, W. Va. (day)
		250	WMMN	Fairmont, W. Va. (night)
337	890	50	CFBO	St. John, N. B., Canada
		100	CKCO	Ottawa, Ont.
		500	XES	Tampico, Tamps., Mexico
338	887	100	CMBC	Cuba
341	880	50	CHML	Hamilton, Ont.
		100	CHRC	Quebec, P. Q.
		50	CJCB	Sydney, N. S.
		22½	CKCI	Quebec, P. Q.
		50	CKCV-CNRQ	Quebec, P. Q.
		30	CKOC	Hamilton, Ont.
340.7	880	500	KFKA	Greeley, Colo. (night)
		1,000	KFKA	Greeley, Colo. (day)
		500	KLX	Oakland, Calif.
		500	KPOF	Denver, Colo.
		1,000	WCOC	Meridian, Miss. (day)
		500	WCOC	Meridian, Miss. (night)
		250	WGBI	Scranton, Pa.
		250	WQAN	Scranton, Pa.
		500	WSUI	Iowa City, Ia
344.6	870	50,000	WENR	Chicago, Ill.
		5,000	WLS	Chicago, Ill.
348.6	860	500	KMO	Tacoma, Wash.
		5,000	WABC-WBOQ	New York, N. Y.
		500	WHB	Kansas City, Mo.
349	860	500	XFZ	Mexico City
350	857.1	100	XEJC.	Juarez, Chili
350	856	5	CMJE	Camaguey, Cuba
352.7	850	10,000	KWKH	Shreveport, La.
		5,000	WWL	New Orleans, La.
357	840	500	CFCA-CKOW-CNRT	Toronto, Ont.
		1,000	CKLC-CHCT	Red Deer, Alt.
357	840	500	CMC	Havana, Cuba
		2,000	XETY	Mexico City
355	840	500	CMC	Havana, Cuba
360	832.8	100	CMGA	Colon, Cuba
361.2	830	12,500	KOA	Denver, Colo.
		1,000	WHDH	Gloucester. Mass.
		5,000	WRUF	Gainesville, Fla.
362	828.7	2,000	XEG	Mexico, D. F.
365.6	820	10,000	WHAS	Louisville, Ky.
370.2	810	7,500	WCCO	Minneapolis, Minn.
		500	WPCH	New York, N. Y.
374.8	800	50,000	WBAP	Ft. Worth, Texas
		50,000	WFAA	Dallas, Texas
379.5	790	7,500	KGO	Oakland, Calif.
		50,000	WGY	Schenectady, N. Y.
380	790	500	CMHC	Tuinucu, Cuba
507	791.7	1,000	XFI	Mexico, D. F.
385	780	5,000	CKY-CNRW	Winnipeg, Man.
385	780	5,000	XEW	Mexico, D. F.
384.4	780	500	KELW	Burbank, Cal.
		1,000	KTM	Santa Monica, Cal. (day)
		500	KTM	Santa Monica, Cal. (night)
		500	WEAN	Providence, R. I. (day)
		250	WEAN	Providence, R. I. (night)
		1,000	WMC	Memphis, Tenn. (day)
		500	WMC	Memphis, Tenn. (night)
		500	WPOR	Norfolk, Va.
		500	WTAR	Norfolk, Va.
		500	WISJ	Madison, Wis.
389.4	770	5,000	KFAB	Lincoln, Neb.
		25,000	WBBM-WJBT	Chicago, Ill.
394.5	760	1,000	KVI	Tacoma, Wash.
		1,000	WEW	St. Louis, Mo.
		30,000	WJZ	New York, N. Y.
399.8	750	5,000	WJR	Detroit, Michigan
405.2	740	1,000	KMMJ	Clay Center, Neb.
		5,000	WSB	Atlanta, Ga.
410	731.3	3,000	CMK	Havana, Cuba
		1,000	XEN	Mexico, D. F.
411	730	5,000	CHYC	Montreal, P. Q.
		50	CKMC	Vancouver, B. C.
		5,000	CKAC	Montreal, P. Q.
		50	CKCD-CHLS	Vancouver, B. C.
		50	CFKC	Vancouver, B. C.
		3,000	CMK	Havana, Cuba
		500	XEM	Tampico, Tamps., Mexico
416.4	720	25,000	WGN	Chicago, Ill.
422.3	710	500	KMPC	Beverley Hills, Calif.
		5,000	WOR	Newark, N. J.
428.3	700	50,000	WLW	Cincinnati, Ohio
435	690	500	CFAC-CNRC	Calgary, Alt., Canada
		500	CKCN-CNRC	Calgary, Alt., Canada
		500	CJCJ-CHCA	Calgary, Alt., Canada
		5,000	CKGW	Bowmansville, Ont.
441	680.2	150	CMBS	Havana, Cuba
440.9	680	2,500	KFEQ	St. Joseph, Mo.
		5,000	KPO	San Francisco, Calif.
		1,000	WPTF	Raleigh, N. C.
447.5	670	5,000	WMAQ	Chicago, Ill.
454.3	660	500	WAAW	Omaha, Neb.
		50,000	WEAF	New York, N. Y.
455	660	225	CMCO	Marianao
461	650	100	XER	Mexico City, Mexico
461.3	650	100	KPCB	Seattle, Wash.
		5,000	WSM	Nashville, Tenn.
466	643.7	250	CMCF	Havana, Cuba
468.5	640	5,000	KFI	Los Angeles, Cal.
		500	WAIU	Columbus, Ohio
		5,000	WOI	Ames, Iowa
470	638.3	2,000	XFG	Mexico, D. F.
475.9	630	500	KFRU	Columbus, Mo.
		500	WGBF	Evansville, Ind.
		500	WMAL	Washington, D. C. (day)
		250	WMAL	Washington, D. C. (night)
		500	WOS	Jefferson City, Mo.
476	630	1,500	XET	Monterrey, N. L., Mexico
		500	CFCT	Victoria, B. C.
		500	CJGX	Yorktown, Sask.
		500	CNRA	Moncton, N. B.
482	622.4	50	CMBD	Havana, Cuba
483.6	620	1,000	KGW	Portland, Ore.
		1,000	KTAR	Phoenix, Ariz. (day)
		500	KTAR	Phoenix, Ariz. (night)
		2,500	WFLA-WSUN	Clearwater, Fla. (day)
		1,000	WFLA-WSUN	Clearwater, Fla. (Night)
		500	WLBZ	Bangor, Maine
		2,500	WTMJ	Milwaukee, Wisc. (day)
		1,000	WTMJ	Milwaukee, Wisc. (night)
490	611.9	100	CMBY	Havana, Cuba
491.5	610	1,000	KFRC	San Francisco, Cal.
		1,000	WDAF	Kansas City, Mo.
		500	WFAN	Philadelphia, Pa.
		500	WIP	Philadelphia, Pa.
		500	WJAY	Cleveland, Ohio
499.7	600	1,000	KFSD	San Diego, Calif. (day)
		500	KFSD	San Diego, Calif. (night)
		250	WCAO	Baltimore, Md.
		500	WGBS	New York, N. Y (day)
		250	WGBS	New York, N. Y. (night)
		500	WMT	Waterloo, Iowa
		1,000	WREC	Memphis, Tenn. (day)
		500	WREC	Memphis, Tenn. (night)
		250	WCAC	Storrs, Conn.
500	599.6	250	CFCH	Iroquois Falls, Ont.
		500	CJRM	Moose Jaw, Sask.
		500	CJRW	Fleming, Sask.
		500	CNRO	Ottawa, Can.
		1,000	CMW	Havana, Cuba
508.2	590	2,000	KHQ	Spokane, Wash. (day)
		1,000	KHQ	Spokane, Wash. (night)
		500	WCAJ	Lincoln, Nebr.
		1,000	WEEI	Boston, Mass.
508.2	590	1,000	WKZO	Berrien Springs, Mich.
		1,000	WOW	Omaha, Nebraska
510	588	700	CMW	Havana, Cuba
516.9	580	500	CFCY	Charlottetown, P. E. I.
		200	KGFX	Pierre, S. D.
		1,000	KSAC	Manhattan, Kans. (day)
		500	KSAC	Manhattan, Kans. (night)
		1,000	WIBW	Topeka, Kans.
516.9	580	250	WOBU	Charleston, W. Va.
		250	WSAZ	Huntington, W. Va.
		250	WTAG	Worcester, Mass.
517.2	580.4	500	CKUA	Edmonton, Alta.
		500	CKNC-CJBC	Toronto, Ontario
		250	CHMA	Edmonton, Alta.
		500	CJCA-CNRE	Edmonton, Alta.
		500	CKCL	Toronto, Ont.
526	570	500	KGKO	Wichita Falls, Tex. (day)
		250	KGKO	Wichita Falls, Tex. (night)
		500	KMTR	Hollywood, Calif.
		500	KXA	Seattle, Wash.
		750	WEAO	Columbus, Ohio
		500	WKBN	Youngstown, Ohio
		1,000	WNAX	Yankton, S. D.
		250	WMAC	Syracuse, N. Y.
		500	WMCA	New York, N. Y.
		500	WNYC	New York, N. Y.
		250	WSYR	Syracuse, New York.
		1,000	WWNC	Asheville, N. C.
535.4	560	1,000	KFDM	Beaumont, Texas (day)
		500	KFDM	Beaumont, Texas (night)
		1,000	KLZ	Denver, Colo.
		1,000	KTAB	Oakland, Calif.
		500	WFI	Philadelphia, Pa.
		1,500	WIBO	Chicago, Ill. (day)
		1,000	WIBO	Chicago, Ill, (night)
		500	WLIT	Philadelphia, Pa.
		2,000	WNOX	Knoxville, Tenn. (day)
		1,000	WNOX	Knoxville, Tenn. (night)
		500	WPCC	Chicago, Ill.
		1,000	WQAM,	Miami, Fla.
545	550	250	CMCJ	Havana, Cuba
		8	RA	St. John's, Newfoundland
545.1	550	1,000	KFDY	Brookings, S. D. (day)
		500	KFDY	Brookings, S. D. (night)
		1,000	KFUO	St. Louis, Mo. (day)
		500	KFUO	St. Louis, Mo. (night)
		2,500	KFYR	Bismarck, N. D. (day)
		1,000	KFYR	Bismarck, N. D. (night)
		1,000	KOAC	Corvallis, Ore.
		500	KSD	St. Louis, Mo.
		1,000	WGR	Buffalo, N. Y.
		500	WKRC	Cincinnati, Ohio
546.8	548.6	100	XEY	Surerida, Yuc.
548	588.2	500	XEZ	Mexico, D. F.
555.6	540	500	CKX	Brandon, Manitoba, Canada

Television Stations
Channel 2000 to 2100 kc.

Lines per Picture	Power (Watts)	Call Signal	Location
		2000–2100 kc band	
48	5,000	*W2XCR	New York, N. Y. Jenkins Television Corp.
48	5,000	*W3XK	Wheaton, Md. Jenkins Laboratories
48	5,000	*W2XCD	Passaic, N. J. DeForest Radio Corp.
48	100	W2XBU	Beacon, N. Y. Harold E. Smith
45	500	*W9XAO	Chicago, Ill. Western Television Corp.
48	250	W2XAP	Portable Jenkins Television Corp.
		2100–2200 kc band	
60	500	W3XAD	Camden, N. J. RCA Victor Co.
60	5,000	W2XBS	New York, N. Y. National Broadcasting Co.
—	20,000	W2XCW	Schenectady, N. Y. General Electric Co.
60	20,000	W8XAV	Pittsburgh, Pa. Westinghouse Flectric & Mfg. Co.
48	500	W2XR	Long Island City, N. Y. Radio Pictures, Inc.
45	1,000	*W9XAP	Chicago, Ill. Chicago Daily News
60	5,000	W3XAK	Bound Brook, N. J. National Broadcasting Co.
		2750–2850 kc band	
48	1,000	W9XAA	Chicago, Ill. Chicago Federation of Labor
—	1,500	W9XG	West Lafayette, Ind. Purdue University
—	500	W2XBO	Long Island City, N. Y. United Research Corp.
		2850–2950 kc band	
48	500	*W1XAV	Boston, Mass. Shortwave & Television Lab., Inc.
24	5,000	W9XR	Downer's Grove, Ill. Great Lakes Broadcasting Co.
48	500	W2XR	Long Island City, N. Y. Radio Pictures, Inc.

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Tom Noonan's Soul Saving Station

(*Continued from page 23*)

compliments a member of a Men's Bible Class on the good-looking lady who is with him, wisecracks good-humoredly and makes everybody like it.

"Well, folks, here's a letter from a lady in Massachusetts who wants a leg for her husband—now, don't laugh—she wants a leg for her husband so he can go to work—get a job—a fellow with one leg can't possibly get a job—now can he? I wonder if something can't be done for that poor woman whose husband only has one leg?"

Letters are read from lonely shut-ins all over the country who are listening in and are no doubt made happy by the cheery voice of this broadcaster from Chinatown. A blind man from up in Vermont has requested a certain poem, a woman in South Carolina writes if she only had a sewing machine she could earn some money, a couple from Iowa telephone in their greetings from their Golden Wedding Anniversary and the lively Tom is quick to send them back his wishes for good luck and a long life. He conducts a sort of column to the lovelorn, he's a mother's helper, a missing persons' bureau, mender of broken hearts—through his Radio broadcasts he can locate anything from a lost son to a collar button. An old newspaper man writes he's listening in somewhere up in Massachusetts and Tom has a friendly word for him. An Exterminating Specialist from Weehawken sends his greetings and Tom has the hall roaring with laughter as he wisecracks about this profession. A little girl had a dime for ice cream but she decides she'd rather send the dime to the Mission in Chinatown for which Tom thanks and praises her. A young boy prayed every day for a job, promising God he'd give his first week's salary to the Rescue Mission if he ever got one. The Mission got his first week's salary. A fireman up in the Bronx risked his life to save a child and Tom praises him over the Radio for his good deed.

Now up the aisle comes hurrying an usher with a telephone message for the Evangelist. He reads it, grins and speaking into the little iron Mike announces—

"Here I have a leg already for the lady's husband up in Massachusetts. Mrs. —— of Newark has offered to send the money for the leg! We thank you, Mrs.——"

A hymn is sung—so contagious in melody and with Tom Noonan's rhythmic gestures that everybody has to sing.

"Two more legs for the lady's husband up in Massachusetts. Fine and dandy, folks—that's quick work all right!"

With the hand-clasping and back-slapping there's a good show too. You get celebrities from the theatrical, social, political—and criminal world to address you. Not long ago Nora Bayes spoke, another day a well-known rabbi, some weeks ago Harry Haines—famous character of the underworld in the time of Big Boss Tweed. Harry is a lusty Irishman whose looks belie his sixty-odd years. He was a successful crook until dope and then religion got him. Mother Mendelbaum—a famous fence of the nineties who began as the humble keeper of a pawnshop and died with five million dollars in the bank—tried to save him both from dope and religion — but listen in next time he speaks from his Mission and he'll tell you what Tom Noonan has done for him. Besides the talent endorsed by the public, Tom Noonan is glad to give beginners a hand —men's quartets from some remote church—a trombone player who brings tears to your eyes with " 'Way Down Upon the Swanee River"—anyone who'll stand on his feet and sing or talk can have his chance at Tom Noonan's exciting and surprising Sunday afternoon broadcasts.

"The boys," as he affectionately calls the more unfortunate of his guests, enjoy the show as much as those who sit on the platform or tune in from their homes. They're glad to get music and good cheer along with "the feed and the flop."

After the Mass Meetings the visitors go on to their comfortable homes and "the boys" (the Women's Mission is at 10 Mott Street) file down into the basement—bare and scrupulously clean—where they are given a hot supper and a place to sleep and any other assistance Tom Noonan and his staff can give them in the way of a job or advice. Even the ushers were once like the boy Tom Noonan and like these broken men who come for help so that they know the Black ways and are better fitted to give a helping hand.

The men eat silently—there is no pushing and shoving—all is order.

"You get docile like that after you've been cold and hungry and homeless long enough," one of the ushers explained to me. He stopped and spoke kindly to one of the men. "That one's seen better days," he said, turning to me. "He hung around outside for days before he had the nerve to come in. It's the old fellows like that I feel sorry for—there just ain't a place for them anywhere ever. Nobody wants an old man."

Shabby and unshaven as he was, the man he had spoken to didn't look to me over fifty!

They were a shabby, unshaven lot in Tom Noonan's basement that rainy Sunday—Japanese, Negro, Jewish, Gentile—you'd have learned something about geography if you knew where every mother's son of them came from. You'd have learned something too about bad breaks, and ill health and tragedy and perhaps even something about the economic depression!

It's a sort of continued serial—the broadcast from the Cathedral of the Underworld. It's like a social club or the corner grocery—only a great deal kinder.

If you listen in long enough you get to wait eagerly to find out if the woman from Maine is going to get that sewing machine she needs to help support her family, or if the man from Indiana will get his spectacles or the little boy from up in New York State his crutches. And if you're sitting up on the platform in the old Chinese theater listening to Tom Noonan send out his appeals for help, you hold your breath wondering how long before a telephone message will respond to that appeal. You might even catch the contagion of helping someone less fortunate than yourself!

Broadcastor Oil

(*Continued from page 32*)

want to come right out and say that I will take no nonsense from a mere wee slip of a girl, piano player or no.

Do you know what I did to Olga then? Don't guess, let me tell you. Well first I cleared my throat gently, like Evangeline Adams, only I did it standing still, whereas Miss Adams does it in passing. Then I deliberately turned on my heel and walked off in various directions. Well, my dears, that marked a turning point in my career, because I've been a heel turner ever since. I can now turn on my heel as they do in true confession stories and if you think it's easy, just try it is all I've got to say.

I'm inventing a patent ball bearing heel of patent leather that will enable YOU to turn on your heel and get somewhere socially. Only first I have to finish up inventing my laughing kimono. It's a garment designed to facilitate sleeve-laughing-up. Take our hostesses at NBC (Note to Columbia Broadcasting System: do you boys have gorgeous women for hostesses? We do. At any rate we should get together and discuss this.) Most of our hostesses don't even wear sleeves, so naturally they don't amount to much as sleeve-laugh-uppers. But my, oh my, have they got talent in other directions, our hostesses! Most of them went to Finishing Schools, and can finish almost anything you might try to start. Of course I don't speak Finnish myself, but they *are* a wonderful race of people, the Finns. Why in the South Sea Islands they eat halibut fins and all and think nothing of it. So am I.

In closing I would like to point out that there are certain restrictions in writing for broadcast purposes. These are relaxed to some extent in writing for print. For instance over the air you're not allowed to say damn. But here I can say it. Look: Damn.

Ain't I a nassy bad mans?

Tuneful Topics

(*Continued from page 54*)

with headquarters in Los Angeles, and branch offices here and in all the main cities in the country. Arthur Freed, co-writer with Nacio Herb Brown of *Pagan Love Song, Broadway Melody, Doll Dance, Singing in the Rain* and so many other hits, is the financial backer and writer for the firm; Powers, one of the best-liked contact men and professional managers in the music industry, is the other partner.

They have two songs which are growing in popularity every day—*It Must Be True* and *I Surrender, Dear.* Although *It Must Be True* is handicapped by its similarity to so many other titles, such as *Can It Be True* and so forth, it is climbing through daily. *I Surrender, Dear,* being a bit sensational in title and thought, much akin to *Body and Soul,* is heard more often on the Radio. *It Must Be True* is one of these short choruses, like *My Ideal,* and is adapted to the schottische type of tempo, which can be best understood after hearing it played that way.

It has a lovely lyric and a lovely melody. It is authored by Arnheim himself, Gordon Clifford, and Harry Barris, who was one of Bing Crosby's partners in crime in the "Three Rhythm Boys".

Faithfully Yours

THERE seems to be a vogue for titles in the correspondence salutation vein —*Kindly Remit, To Whom It May Concern,* and now *Faithfully Yours.* This song has been picked as the hit of the week by the Campbell Hour, which is a signal victory for it just at its outset. They have rarely been wrong in their selection. Many men have to pass on it before the song is featured in that daily plug.

That the song is there, there is little doubt. Everyone in and out of the profession has reassured Phil Kornheiser that at last he has his much-needed hit, and I sincerely hope the public feels the same way about it. Phil has chosen one of the most beautiful covers I have ever seen on any song; it is bound to attract attention to the song, and inside the covers there is unquestionably a hit with a hit melody. If the bands do not rush it through too fast, play it the way it should be played, you will hear a lot of it.

I would suggest that it be played at fifty seconds to the chorus in order to do justice to it. It was written by a trio whose names alone guarantee a good song; Ted Snyder is one of the greatest writers and publishers, the first to give Irving Berlin a break; James Brockman, whose name I can recall on songs ever since I first took notice of names on songs, and Abe Lyman, one of the most charming and capable of West Coast leaders.

In A Cafe On The Road To Calais

ALTHOUGH I am a little late in commenting on this particular song, I feel it is never too late to talk about a really good song. It was written by three boys who wrote *On a Balcony in Spain.*

I think they have done a good job with an extremely dangerous type of song. A road at best is a dangerous thing to describe, and the "road to Calais" which might be, as far as the average lay American mind knows, any place anywhere—well, I think that the boys had a great deal of nerve in writing this type of song. In fact, when they first approached me with it I thought they were crazy!

If the song succeeds, I think it will be on its very lilting melody, as it lends itself extremely well to dancapation, i. e., the tickling of the feet, although most bands rush through it as though they were going to a fire. In fact, I have been extremely amazed at hearing some of the vocalists trying to keep up with the band in singing it.

There is one line near the end which absolutely must be taken very rubato, otherwise it means nothing.

Similarly as in the case of the publishing of *The River St. Marie,* there is a French verse underneath the English. I have not looked at it very carefully, though I intend some time to try singing it in the patois of Calais itself.

This is the Red Star Music Co.'s nearest approach to a hit since *I'm In the Market For You,* and I sincerely hope they make it.

As I said up above, on account of this one line, namely, "Was I the only one you gave your precious kisses to?" the whole song must be slowed down or the singer must race when he gets to this particular phrase. Very often I either change the wording or the notation, or deliberately fight the band in tempo on that particular phrase, but this is often bad as it gives the impression that the whole song is hurried, and at best does not help the vocal rendition of it. So the wisest thing is, as in the case of a chain being no stronger than its weakest link, to slow the whole composition down for the weakest phrase in the song.

Ho Hum

LARRY SPIER is the capable mentor of the Famous Music Co., writer, composer, picker par excellence of song hits. Larry may take the bow for most of Chevalier's songs, *Out of Nowhere, Baby's Birthday Party,* in fact almost everything the Famous Music Co. has had since its organization. Personally I think he is one of the keenest psychologists in the music profession, and I pay that tribute to him very sincerely, with no ulterior motive.

Famous Music is one of the few firms which had a successful year during the past one of extreme depression and bad sales. While in Rochester he sent me a group of four or five songs, but chief among them was this little spring fever tonic called *Ho Hum,* written by Ed Heyman, the boy who worked with Johnny Green on *Body and Soul, Out of Nowhere,* and who gave me the beautiful lyric of *Then I'll Be Reminded of You* for the last song in my picture.

His collaborator is none other than the young girl who seems to be a most prolific young lady, although a newcomer to Tin Pan Alley, Miss Dana Suesse, who already has *Whistling in the Dark* to her credit, and whose name will soon be as famous as Irving Berlin's if she keeps up.

It is a typical spring type of song, dealing with the end of the winter season, the yawning of the individual as he sings the song and tells about various things which he and a girl are looking forward to on beautiful spring nights.

The Lombardos are riding the devil out of the song, with the rest of us close behind them. I think it is done best the way the Lombardos themselves play it, allowing between forty-five and fifty seconds for the chorus. Coming out just at the right time of the year, it should be one of our most popular songs. If not from a standpoint of sales, it already is from a standpoint of records and Radio.

Have You Forgotten?

IT ONLY goes to show that one can never tell what is going to happen when one writes anything of a classical nature. It may start out as a classic and end up as a popular song whistled and sung by the masses. Such is the story of *Have You Forgotten?*

Nat Shilkret collaborated with the young lady just mentioned—Miss Suesse —in an idyll called *Syncopated Love Song,* minus lyrics. Just what it was intended for I do not know; it remained for Leo Robin to write the lyrics for the most delightful part of the piece, and to call it *Have You Forgotten?* Although it still has its classical flavor, there is something very fascinating about it, just as there is about the most beautiful part of the *Rhapsody in Blue.*

One hears a lot of it on the air. Bands play it if no one else does. They realize it is good music and quite different.

Since, like *You Brought a New Kind of Love To Me,* there are a lot of triplets and quarters written in triplets, it is quite essentjal that the whole composition be slowed down that these triplets may not be made to sound absurd. I think this is one number that the average band realizes must of necessity be played slowly.

We do it at about one minute to the chorus, and it is published by Harms, Inc.

The Prodigy Who Grew Up

(*Continued from page 13*)

The European triumphs continued for two more years, and then Leopold Auer felt that his pupil was, at last, ready for America. And so, in 1918, a mere boy—too small for his evening suit—with his romantic shock of black curly hair hanging over his forehead, he made his first appearance at Carnegie Hall. Now more than ever was there magic in those unerring fingers; now more than ever was his bow smooth; now more than ever was there an infinite variety to that polished style of his. Toscha conquered America as completely as he had conquered Europe. With that first concert of his he was judged to be one of the great violin-virtuosi of the age.

From that time on, his life became an endless series of concert-tours—and an endless series of triumphs everywhere. Last year, he reached a new peak in his career. The Radio had conquered America. Seidel, realizing the tremendous scope of the Radio, associated himself with the new field, as advisory director and as performer for the Columbia Broadcasting System. Today, he is Radio's outstanding fiddler: the magic violin of Toscha Seidel is being heard once a week from one corner of the country to the other in a series of programs illustrating the growth and development of violin music. Few, there are, in the whole world who are so well equipped for so prodigious a task and who could accomplish it so gracefully and artistically as the incomparable Toscha!

Toscha Seidel is thirty-one years old, and the thirteen years he has been in America have wrought a great change in him. Those of us who remember him when he made his sensational debut, remember him as a romantic looking boy who, in appearance, dress, behaviour, immediately suggested the musician. Today, however, there is nothing but that picturesque name of his to hint at his profession. He is short, stocky, and generally well-dressed. His once picturesque shock of curly hair has now been smoothly levelled and evened into a neat hair-comb; even his once delicious Russian accent is rapidly disappearing. Everything about him—the way he behaves, the way he talks to you, even his viewpoint—suggests the American business man, rather than the musician.

He lives in a private home at Pelham Manor, with his charming wife, a home completely fitted out with music-rooms, a ping-pong room, a bridge-room. For Toscha is not only a devoted musician; he is equally enthusiastic over contract-bridge and over ping-pong. More recently, the latter game has come to the fore in the list of his preferences. At that, Toscha is far better at ping-pong playing than he is at contract-bridge—although he does play bridge with skill. And so, just as likely as not, there may be a heated ping-pong game at the Seidel home during the evenings. Only recently, another ping-pong enthusiast—Mr. Jascha Heifetz—was up at the Seidel home to challenge Toscha. "We could never find out which of us two is the better fiddler," Jascha told Toscha laughingly. "At least we can learn which of us two is the better ping-pong player!" The game was a very heated one, but—if you are really eager to know—it was Jascha who emerged as the winner.

Toscha rises methodically every morning punctually at 7:30, and then he drives down to the Columbia Broadcasting Company. He is at his office all day, attending to the vast amount of work which he, as the musical advisor of the System, must complete; at the Columbia Broadcasting Company, too, Toscha does all of his practising these days. For, although Toscha is the consummate artist, he still practises a good many hours every day. The officials, therefore, generally have very little trouble in locating Toscha when they need him; nor do they have any need of asking anyone where he is. They merely prick their ears to catch the sound of a violin, and then they follow that sound until it leads them straight to Toscha.

His favourite pet is Hector, a one-hundred seventy pound dog, who is an all-important member of the Seidel household. His favourite dish is *crepe suzette*, a dessert which, because it is a mixture with cognac, cannot be procured in this country—Toscha, therefore, looks forward to each of his European trips as the time when he can gorge himself with his delicacy. His musical tastes are most orthodox—Brahms, Beethoven and Mozart are his favourite composers; his favourite piece of music is the Brahms Violin Concerto. He does not think very highly of jazz as a form of musical expression, although he does enjoy listening to it.

Toscha, generally speaking, does not care for night life. He would much rather spend a peaceful evening at home with his wife, with Hector, and in the company of agreeable friends,—and indulging in his few preferred pastimes. The pleasures of European trips have long ago palled for him. He is not interested in luxury. Toscha, as a matter of fact, is one of those very rare individuals who believe that their present existence is the best of all possible existences and who have no aspirations or ambitions other than to continue their present pleasant mode of living. Except for one—namely that Hector should some day have a companion in the form of Toscha Seidel, Jr.

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THIS 64 Page Book FREE



To Men

who want facts on the Jobs *now open* in RADIO

You will find a true picture of Radio's many opportunities in this book. It tells you where the good jobs are, what they pay, how you can quickly train at home in your spare time to get one. The demand for well-trained men is far greater than the supply.

Many start at two and three times their old salaries

J. A. Vaughn, 4075 South Grand Blvd., St. Louis, Mo., went from $35 to $100 a week in one jump. J. G. Dahlstead, Radio Station K.Y.A., San Francisco, Cal., makes over $400 a month—much more than he could make before. The $50 to $75 a week jobs that are opening now will in many cases lead quickly to $100 to $150 a week.

The course that pays for itself

The day you enroll I will show you ten ways to make money doing easy work to be found in every neighborhood. Tell you how to do the jobs, how to get them and what to charge. G. W. Page, 1807 21st Ave., S., Nashville, Tenn., made $935 in his spare time while studying.

Easy to learn at home

No need to give up your job to learn to be a Radio Expert. I'll bring a training to you that has made hundreds of men successful in Radio. My 50-50 method of training at home, half from lesson books and half from Radio parts gives you practical Radio experience, makes learning at home easy, fascinating, thorough. Sends you out a trained, experienced Radio Expert.

ACT NOW—Mail the coupon

It tells you all about Radio's many opportunities, such as operating on board ship which gives you world-wide travel without expense, the opportunities in broadcasting stations, with Radio dealers, manufacturers, wholesalers. How you can build a Radio business of your own on spare-time earnings and many other chances for success. Tells you how we help you to find a job upon graduation.



$400 a Month

"I made good money before but I am making more now. I have made more than $100 each month. Your course brought this."

J. G. Dahlstead, Radio Station K.Y.A., San Francisco, Cal.

J. E. Smith, President, Dept. 1FR3
National Radio Institute, Washington, D. C.

THIS COUPON IS GOOD *for* ONE FREE COPY OF MY *VALUABLE BOOK*

MAIL IT NOW

J. E. Smith, *President*,
National Radio Institute, Dept. 1 FR 8
Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. Smith:—Send me your book, "Rich Rewards in Radio." I understand this request does not obligate me and that no representative will call.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

RADIO DIGEST [illegible] $3

Radiographs

(*Continued from page 51*)

In Siberia she wore her military uniform with the correspondent's "C" on her arm. She endured hardships with the men. Often she was hungry, often cold. Once when going from one outpost to another she was pursued by bandits and wolves. More than once there was a machine gun battle just outside her window.

All this seems like a very bare outline of Peggy's amazing career. You may hear her adventure tales if you listen in to the RADIO DIGEST programs. Or you may soon read them in her book which she is getting ready for publication.

And where will Peggy go next? Who knows? But it would be hard to keep her away from another war.

Floyd Gibbons

"IT'S the breaks." A lot of people say they count more than talent in this world. Well, Floyd Gibbons has both—talent and the breaks. And what breaks!

Remember back in 1915 the Johnson-Willard fight? The Chicago *Tribune* sent Gibbons to the border to cover it. The fight did not come off, but just across the line General Pancho Villa started to stage some fights of his own. Not such a bad story for a young newspaper man wanting to get ahead.

Remember 1916 and Pershing in pursuit of Villa? Gibbons was with Pershing. Lucky again, you see. For in 1917 Gibbons was in France with the American Expeditionary Force, and the commander of that force, as everyone knows, was that same John J. Pershing.

Before Gibbons ever got to France there was his incredible luck of being torpedoed on the "Laconia." Being blown up in mid-ocean by a German submarine, might not be considered lucky by many, but if you were a reporter and lived to tell the tale, then you would be lucky.

He lost an eye in Belleau Wood, while creeping across a machine gun-swept field to the aid of a wounded comrade. Nothing lucky about that, you say. Still, if one is going to lose an eye, it's quite the best way to lose it, going to the rescue of a comrade. So, one gets the Croix de Guerre with palms, a citation from General Petain. Afterwards one can write a literary classic, "How It Feels To Be Shot." (In his war book, *And They Thought We Wouldn't Fight.*) Also if one does have to lose a portion of one's anatomy an eye is the easiest thing to part with. Losing an arm or a leg would be much more crippling. With an eye gone, one wears a white patch and is unforgettably picturesque.

I first knew him in Morocco, where I was doing some free lance writing for American newspapers.

In September of 1925 the Spanish fleet was bombarding Abdel Krim's capital, Ajdir, in the bay of Alhucemas. Gibbons was one of the seventeen other correspondents—Spanish, German, Portuguese, English—aboard the Spanish troopship, "Escolano." I was on the "Escolano" also, and can give a first hand account of the Gibbons luck at that time.

It seemed that the Spanish government had provided for the comfort of the press, luxurious staterooms in the section of the boat devoted to the officers. It had furnished them interpreters to explain operations. It gave them afternoon tea. It served hors d'oeuvres and liqueurs at dinner. It had provided everything, in fact, except that one thing all important to a newspaperman—means of communication with his paper.

At first the correspondents had been patient. They had acknowledged they couldn't use the Radio before the attack and so let Abdel Krim know of our whereabouts—though how a fleet of seventy-five ships could escape notice, I don't know—but with the landing made, with the Spanish flag flying from the top of Cape Moor, they began to demand facilities for sending out their despatches, or at least to be allowed boats to Ceuta, Gibraltar or Malaga.

"The world waits," they cried desperately in Spanish, German, and English, crowding around the commanding major.

And the major, unmoved, said perhaps "tomorrow after tomorrow," he didn't quite know how, he didn't quite know when, communications would be established and the news could go out.

The correspondents raged in helpless fury. That is, sixteen of them raged. The seventeenth, Floyd Gibbons, late one night, was sitting alone on the deck. It seemed that his customary luck had deserted him. Here he and his story were in the middle of the Mediterranean with no means of getting either off that boat. But just then a little launch nosed up against the "Escolano" to deliver a message. In a second Gibbons was down the gangplank and aboard her. Yes, she was going to Malaga.

In Malaga he put his story on the cables, and took one of the daily passenger boats to Melilla. There still remained the problem of how to get back to the Spanish fleet at Alhucemas. But Gibbons' luck come to the rescue! Abracadabra, a French battleship, was in the harbor. Gibbons happened to know the commander of it. It took him back to the Spanish fleet and the bombardment.

One more incident—a small one.

In Washington once I was driving in a taxi with him down to the Albee building. After the taxi had gone he discovered he'd left his gloves on the seat. Now any ordinary mortal would have never seen those gloves again. But the very next day in a totally different part of the city, as he was crossing the street in front of a waiting line of automobiles, a taxi driver stuck his head out of a car, yelled, "Hey, chief, got something for you," and handed out the gloves.

Do you wonder that once when he cabled his paper that he was in Pisa, the prompt answer came back: "Stay in Pisa. That tower has been leaning for six hundred years. It will probably fall while you're there."

In BOSTON

The New

Hotel MANGER

At North Station

Direct Entrance from B.&M. Depot

A Tower of Hospitality

500 ROOMS

Each Room equipped with Tub and Shower ▼ Built-in Radio Speaker (Three Station Service) ▼ Tickless Electric Clock ▼ Servidor ▼ Circulating Ice Water ▼ French Telephone ▼ Full Length Mirror. ▼



New England's Most Modernly Equipped and Perfectly Appointed Hotel

Rooms are exquisitely decorated and beautifully furnished. Attractive Dining Room and Unique Coffee Shop, Oyster Bar and Soda Fountain offer wide variety of food and service.

RATES

ROOM & BATH, FOR ONE - **$2.50, $3.00, $3.50, $4.00**

ROOM & BATH, FOR TWO - **$4.00, $4.50, $5.00, $6.00**

No Higher Rates

Write for Descriptive Literature,
Hotel Manger, North Station, Boston, Mass.

"Dynamic" Rubinoff

(*Continued from page 49*)

he must get back to the theatre for an afternoon rehearsal. By this time rehearsals were just about getting boresome to a mere scribbler.

In the theatre again, Rubinoff invited us to come down to the rehearsal rooms for a "few minutes" while he arranged his theatre program and did some work on his next week's Radio program. In between snatches of work, in the two hours we spent in the rehearsal room, he managed to tell something about himself.

He was born in the little Russian town of Grodna. Before he was five years old he showed musical aptitude, but the only instrument the family owned was a balalaika. Imagine little David and the big balalaika! But his small fingers must have been able to create melody, for one day the music-master of the town heard him strumming and offered to teach him violin-playing free of charge. For the equivalent of three dollars in American money, Dave's mother bought him a violin and the lessons began. He had to travel four or five miles for his lesson—often through snow and sleet. His home was cold, dark and lonesome. He practiced when his fingers were chilled to the bone and he was hungry. Those lean days, under the oppression of the czar are set to music in the minor melody that runs through the Russian music he composed in later years.

For four years he studied diligently and won, as a reward, a scholarship to the Royal Musical Conservatory at Warsaw. Then—study in Berlin, Vienna, and finally, the New World, when he was but fifteen years old. More study—then his talent won recognition and he became an orchestra leader.

How did he enter the Radio world? He says he owes it to his friend, Rudy Vallée. Rubinoff is director of the orchestra at the Brooklyn Paramount, where Rudy appears when he isn't out on tour. Rudy arranged for an audition at NBC . . . Rubinoff clicked and he was signed up as orchestral director of the Chase and Sanborn Hour.

After two hours of answering our questions and working on two programs, the maestro suddenly rushed out to conduct his mid-afternoon overture in the theatre.

Then came a long interview with the arrangers, after which Rubinoff suggested another cup of coffee. We visited the same place, ate just about the same food, and Rubinoff rushed back to the theatre for his final afternoon overture.

The minute he was finished with this we ran down stairs, jumped in an automobile and, behind two motorcycle cops with their sirens screaming, we were whisked through traffic to the NBC studios.

Rubinoff then went on the air. The program, lasting a full hour, was one of the finest that we had ever witnessed. There was Rubinoff, in all his glory, in front of his enormous orchestra, first waving his magic baton over them, then playing his inimitable violin solos.

Emerging from the studio, Rubinoff turned to us and said: "My greatest thrill while broadcasting is to think of all the people listening in. I can almost see them sitting by their Radios. While I am accustomed to a theatre audience, my imagination produces my Radio audiences. I hope that each and every one of those people listening in enjoyed my music."

But do you think that this finished the day? It did not. The mounted policemen were there to meet us when we came out of the studio and back through the thick traffic we went. The theatre again and the final overture of the day. When this was finished we looked at our watch and eleven o'clock was only a few minutes off. We must hurry home and to bed as an early appointment in the morning necessitated our arising at eight.

Rubinoff said he would drop us off in Manhattan, as he was going to the Astor to appear at a Benefit performance. What, another appearance? Why it would be long after midnight before he could "hit the hay!" The maestro said that he would try and get away from the Astor by one at least, as he had a rehearsal at seven-thirty in the morning!

And right then and there we said *Bon Soir*. And now we know why they call him "Dynamic Rubinoff" and, though Rubinoff is a mighty fine fellow and all that, we are not so anxious to spend another day with him and try and keep up with his pace.

Wedding Bells on the Coast

(*Continued from page 65*)

KMOX, St. Louis, gets back on the air again after an absence of two or three years. Now resident organist for a Los Angeles mortuary, he is doing a daily program through KMTR.

When a dark eyed youngster was born to the family Alvarez in far-off northern Spain they named him Luis and picked out a mechanical career for the lad. But the opera offered more reward than any machine shop, so he toured most of the continent as a tenor in Italian opera. He finally came to the States and to Los Angeles. Now heard often over KECA.

SONG WRITERS



Don't Fail To Read

"Song Requirements of Talking Pictures, Radio and Records", an explanatory instructive book, SENT FREE on request. Writers may submit song-poems for free examination and advice. Past experience unnecessary. We revise, compose and arrange music and secure Copyrights. Our modern method guarantees approval. *Write Today.*

R. D. Newcomer Associates,
1674 Broadway, New York, N. Y.



In the Great Shops of

COYNE

Don't spend your life slaving away in some dull, hopeless job! Don't be satisfied to work for a mere $20 or $30 a week. Let me show you how to make REAL MONEY in RADIO—THE FASTEST-GROWING, BIGGEST MONEY-MAKING GAME ON EARTH!

Jobs Leading to Salaries of $60 a Week and Up

Jobs as Designer, Inspector and Tester, paying $3,000 to $10,000 a year—as Radio Salesman and in Service and Installation work, at $45 to $100 a week—as Operator or Manager of a Broadcasting Station, at $1,800 to $5,000 a year—as Wireless Operator on a Ship or Airplane, as a Talking Picture or Sound Expert—HUNDREDS of Opportunities for fascinating, BIG Pay Jobs!

No Books -- No Lessons
All Actual Work

Coyne is NOT a Correspondence School. We don't attempt to teach you from books or lessons. We teach you by ACTUAL WORK on the greatest outlay of Radio, Broadcasting, Television, Talking Picture and Code Practice equipment in any school. And because we cut out useless theory, you graduate as a Practical Radio Expert in 10 weeks' time.

TELEVISION
Is Now Here!

And TELEVISION is already here! Soon there'll be a demand for THOUSANDS of TELEVISION EXPERTS! The man who gets in on the ground-floor of Television can make a FORTUNE in this new field! Learn Television at COYNE on the very latest Television equipment.

Talking Pictures
A Big Field

Talking Pictures, and Public Address Systems offer thousands of golden opportunities to the Trained Radio Man. Learn at COYNE on actual Talking Picture and Sound Reproduction equipment.

Earn As You Learn

You get Free Employment Service for Life. And if you need part-time work while at school to help pay expenses, we'll help you get it. Coyne is 32 years old. Coyne Training is tested. You can find out everything absolutely free. JUST MAIL the Coupon for My BIG FREE BOOK.

H. C. LEWIS President
Radio Division, Coyne Electrical School
500 S. Paulina St., Dept. A1-9H, Chicago, Ill.

Send me your Big Free Radio Book and all details of your Special Introductory Offer. This does not obligate me in any way.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

Mr. Jones Tunes In!

Lemuel Is Taught a Lesson in Economy and Makes a Quick Decision

By Robert L. Kent

LEMUEL JONES was sore—mad clean through, in fact—and he didn't give a whoop who knew it. Now when anything irked Lem he was prone to say a word or two about it—sometimes a whole flock of words. And this happened to be one of the times when he found plenty to say.

"And," he continued, squarely facing Ann, his wife, "I don't think much of a set that always has something wrong with it." Lem, you see, had started talking some minutes before and he was now thoroughly warmed up, so to speak, and he was full of his subject, if one can be full of such a thing as radio. "No," he carried on, banging the arm of his easy chair for emphasis, "I simply can't become enthusiastic about that set. Three times this week it has gone dead and just when there was something on the air I really wanted to hear. If it was some mushy, uninteresting program the darn thing would work fine, but—oh, well what's the use."

"But, Lem," protested Ann, who was placidly doing a bit of darning and at the same time listening unperturbed to Lem, "you know that set is pretty old. We have had it several years now and it has had rough usage, what with the children and all tuning in every day. We have used it every day, from the first thing in the morning until we turn out the lights to go to bed. It simply can't last forever."

"Why, Ann, how you talk," retorted Lem, moving impatiently in his chair. "That set is not so very old. When you mentioned children, though, you told the whole story. Those kids use the radio like it was a-ah . . ."

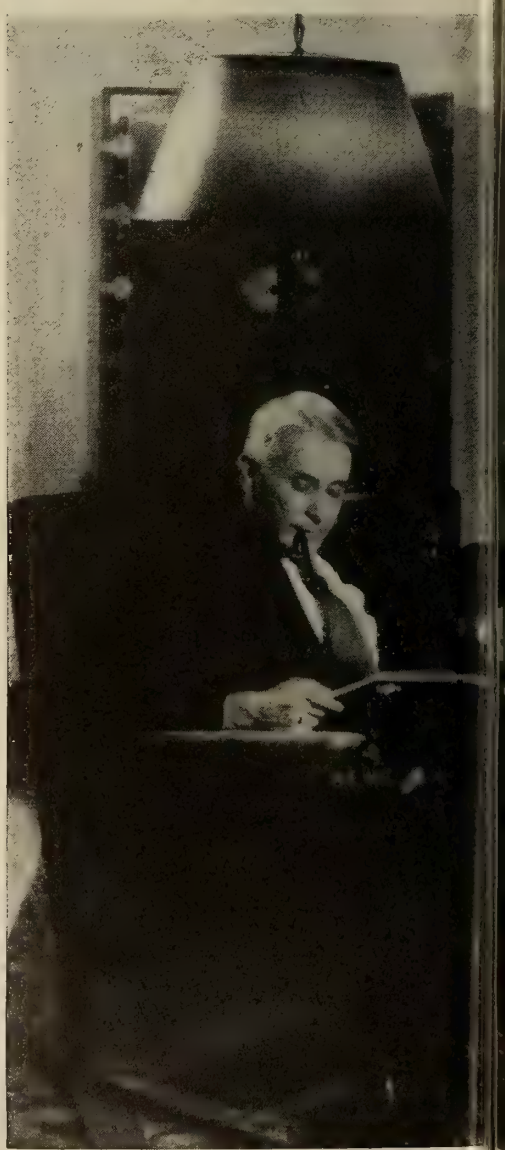
"Lemuel Jones don't you dare to blame the children simply because that radio refuses to go on forever. You know as well as I do that it has outlived its usefulness. Why, it's getting to be an antique and the service man is here practically all the time. You just said he has been here three times this week and the money



Merlin H. Aylesworth

President, National Broadcasting Co.

BROADCAST programs have reached a point of perfection undreamed of a few years ago. Millions of dollars have been spent by the broadcast companies for equipment and facilities designed to perfect the transmission of programs. Millions more have been spent to bring before the microphone the greatest artists of our times. The broadcasters may justly claim that they have brought radio transmission to a point where the listener may expect fidelity of reception provided he has a radio receiving set in his home that is capable of reproducing without distortion what is transmitted. The modern radio receiver will accomplish this. Antiquated radios (including tubes) in homes are the chief factor in unsatisfactory reception. No matter how entertaining a program may be; no matter how well music or speech may be transmitted through the ether, unless the radio set in the home delivers what we send, the radio listener may be likened to the theatre patron who sits in the last row back of a post.



spent for repairs would practically pay for a new radio."

Lem jumped up from his chair. He was really excited now. Ann had suggested buying a new set three months previously and in the interim had suggested action on a number of occasions.

"There you go again, Ann, always harping about a new radio. You know we can't afford it. Times are pretty hard and we must economize. That set, I repeat, is not too old to give good results and by jingo I don't see the sense of spending a pile of money when it isn't necessary."

"Economize!" exclaimed Ann. "You just get a pencil and paper and figure out how much we have spent to keep this radio in halfway good shape. Each time the service man comes he charges us a dollar and a half and when he tinkers the price is higher. Economy! Don't you talk. Why you don't know the meaning of the word. This week alone I have paid the service man six dollars. Is that economy? You just figure our service charges during the last three months and you will see where real economy lies. And besides," continued Ann, determined to have her say, "these new radios are wonderful. They're lovely, the cabinets I mean, and the tone makes ours sound like beating on a dishpan. And you can tune in on ever so many more stations." Ann had stopped knitting and she was a little breathless from talking.



Courtesy RCA Victor Co.



William S. Paley

President, Columbia Broadcasting System

RADIO entertainment and instruction have become a salient part of the average American's cultural diet. A nation-wide audience, however, is not merely a cause for pride; it is a tremendous responsibility. The knowledge that microphones lead to millions is a challenge to originality and to every imaginable form of talent—the presentations bringing celebrities of stage, screen and recordings to homes where they heretofore had been strangers. The new blending with the best of what has gone before has kept radio vitality alive and the audience conversant with every phase of modern entertainment. Whatever the individual taste—whether it be for the Philharmonic Symphony or melodic jazz—radio of today is equipped to satisfy it. Lack of a radio constitutes a definite deprivation. An up-to-date receiving set for up-to-date programs belongs in every home; without it the listener cannot possibly obtain maximum enjoyment from the wealth of entertainment that is broadcast.

No matter how good a man may be in an argument a woman can usually stop him, and Lem was no exception to the rule. He was beaten and he knew it, so, wisely, he said nothing. Instead, he reached for the evening paper and retreated behind it. He was doing some serious thinking, however, and while Ann continued her darning he turned the pages of the paper until he reached the radio programs and advertisements. As usual he noticed the programs that were featured that evening as being the most worth while. There was the Happy Go Lucky Orchestra, news comments by the great world traveler, Tom Lowel, and later in the evening a championship prizefight. Lem was unhappy. Of all nights for a radio to go dead it had to be the night of the prizefight. He had been looking forward to that for weeks. "Darn radio," he muttered half under his breath. "Worthless trash." His thoughts rambled on. There was much truth in what Ann had said. The radio had been costing them considerable for service and to make matters worse even then it could not be depended upon to give satisfactory performance. Lem's glance strayed over to the next page—a page filled with radio advertising. "By George, the prices are not so high," he murmured, "and the terms are reasonable. Hang it all, we'll have to get a new set soon and it may as well be now, I suppose.

"Oh, Ann."

"Yes, Lem."

"You know, dear, I've been thinking it over and perhaps we ought to buy a new radio." Ann's eyes twinkled. "But, Lem, darling you know we can't afford it. Times are hard and we must economize."

"Now, Ann, be reasonable. Don't rag me. I've admitted I was wrong. Shall we order a new radio tomorrow. What do you say? Some fine ones are advertised in this paper" . . . and Ann and Lem had a glorious time deciding.

Next month Lem gets into another peck of trouble. Be sure to read about the Million Dollar Program that caused this typical Radio listener to tear his hair in anguish.—Editor.



Sometimes WE *are surprised*

BUT we try not to show it... This time a husband said his wife was arriving in 10 minutes, and could we help him arrange a surprise dinner party for her? Here was a list of 12 guests ... would we telephone them and "fix things up" while he dashed to meet his wife at the station? There were 14 at that dinner ... and his wife *was* really surprised!

It's our belief that a hotel should do *more* than have large, airy rooms, comfortable beds, spacious closets. Beyond that, we daily try to meet the surprise situation *(without surprise)*, no matter what the guest wants.

Extra service at these 25

UNITED HOTELS

NEW YORK CITY'S *only United* ... The Roosevelt
PHILADELPHIA, PA. ..... The Benjamin Franklin
SEATTLE, WASH. ..... The Olympic
WORCESTER, MASS. ..... The Bancroft
NEWARK, N. J. ..... The Robert Treat
PATERSON, N. J. ..... The Alexander Hamilton
TRENTON, N. J. ..... The Stacy-Trent
HARRISBURG, PA. ..... The Penn-Harris
ALBANY, N. Y. ..... The Ten Eyck
SYRACUSE, N. Y. ..... The Onondaga
ROCHESTER, N. Y. ..... The Seneca
NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y. ..... The Niagara
ERIE, PA. ..... The Lawrence
AKRON, OHIO ..... The Portage
FLINT, MICH. ..... The Durant
KANSAS CITY, MO. ..... The President
TUCSON, ARIZ. ..... El Conquistador
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. ..... The St. Francis
SHREVEPORT, LA. ..... The Washington-Youree
NEW ORLEANS, LA. ..... The Roosevelt
NEW ORLEANS, LA. ..... The Bienville
TORONTO, ONT. ..... The King Edward
NIAGARA FALLS, ONT. ..... The Clifton
WINDSOR, ONT. ..... The Prince Edward
KINGSTON, JAMAICA, B.W.I. . The Constant Spring

UNITED HOTELS

Cues for Cupid's Captives

(*Continued from page 69*)

a toast to his daughter and son-in-law to be.

On the subject of the presents that a man may make to his fiancée, a rich man who is marrying a girl who is poor, may give her jewels or almost anything he chooses that is for her adornment, but he may not give her anything that can be called maintenance! He may not give her clothes or pay her rent—even pay for the wedding. On the other hand if a man has a modest salary out of which he is trying to save in order that they may be married, a girl would prove herself a not very promising helpmeet were she to encourage him to spend his savings on flowers and gifts to her.

The detail that is of greatest concern to etiquette—or to good taste—since they mean the same, is the behaviour of the engaged couple in public. Conspicuous demonstrations of affection such as kissing and snuggling and whispering in public is entirely outside the pale of proper conduct. To be sure, they might hold hands in a movie, and one expects their attention absorbed in each other, but the behaviour that they should strive for is to appear as nearly as possible like brother and sister who are obviously sympathetic and devoted. This is an ideal attitude to keep in mind, because it perfectly includes loyal devotion, interest and sympathy, yet at the same time it avoids every suggestion of love-making in public. Remember that good taste never approves of any public display of intimate feelings or emotions and that instinctive reserve is one of the hallmarks of the thoroughbred.

(*Copyright Procter & Gamble*)

From Dog Whip to Baton

(*Continued from page 16*)

"I know, but how come you're a symphony conductor?" I insist.

"Well," he admitted, "I once composed a symphonic suite for orchestra, called *Les Etoiles*. Walter Damrosch heard it and recommended me for a scholarship that gave me three years of study under Andre Bloch, at Fontainebleau, France."

It subsequently developed, in our conversation, that three years of the best instruction in composition was not all he brought back from Fontainebleau—it seems that he met the charming and talented Mrs. Crawford while she was also a student there.

A fine tribute to his vocal accomplishments is manifested in the prominence of the baritone solo parts he sings each year with the Bach Choir on their annual Bethlehem Pilgrimage.

For a man thirty-one years old, Bob Crawford has climbed high on the ladder of musical fame, yet his ambition is not one whit lessened. He intends to get to the top, and my prediction is that he will. His vitality is tremendous and his steel nerves, that received their early training facing daily dangers, are as taut as the strings of his beloved grand piano.

He is always on the go. So much so that he sometimes uses an airplane—which by the way has been his hobby ever since he got his aviator's license three years ago. His life is a merry-go-round of rehearsals, concerts, broadcasts and composition work. Regular duties may be listed as Conductor of the Newark Music Foundation Chorus, Air Director of the Newark Symphony Orchestra, Conductor of the Bach Singers Club of New York, and last, but not least, singing a little pink bundle known as "Skippy" Crawford to sleep. It isn't every youngster that can have a concert baritone sing his lullaby for him.

And that is what talent, coupled with ambition, will do for a man who was once a dog musher. The next time you hear that beautiful music setting of Thos. A. Daly's *Romany Rye* just remember that it was written by a true, though truant, Alaskan . . . Robert M. Crawford.

"GET-ACQUAINTED CLUB"

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Gabalogue

(*Continued from page 55*)

Mr. Rice brings personages of note to the studio and puts them on the air.

Many humorous episodes take place in which the Radio audience doesn't share. . . . For example, one night Mr. Rice had a very shy and timid golf professional up before the mike. . . . He shivered when Mr. Rice invited him to the studio, and declared that he could never go through with it. . . . But once he got started he was at perfect ease, and as clear and outspoken in his comment as Graham McNamee himself. . . . On the other hand, a few weeks later, Mr. Rice had another star in another sport on his program. . . . This man had won several championships before admiring crowds. . . . Yet he was suddenly overcome by microphone fright and collapsed! . . .

Ring Lardner obliged once. . . . *and only once*. . . . Mr. Rice wanted him for a second appearance. . . . He reminded the author that the program lasted only five minutes. . . . "Yes, I know that," wrote Mr. Lardner, "and I also know I was in bed two days afterwards . . . and haven't really got over it yet". . . .

Mr. Rice was born in Murfreesborough, Tenn., in 1880. . . . He was graduated from Vanderbilt University, class of 1901. . . . He began his newspaper career in Nashville, Tenn., writing sports, and later went to New York to The *Tribune*. . . .

STATE CHAMPIONS

THE election is over . . . the last ballot has been counted, and the most pouplar stations in each state of the union have been chosen by popular acclaim. Readers had an opportunity to vote for their four favorite stations in their home states.

Each station has been presented with a handsome medallion. Here's the line-up:

ALABAMA
1 WAPI Birmingham
2 WBRC Birmingham
3 WKBC Birmingham
4 WSFA Montgomery

ALASKA
1 KGBU Ketchikan
2 KFIU Juneau

ARIZONA
1 KGAR Tucson
2 KTAR Phoenix
3 KVOA Tucson

ARKANSAS
1 KTHS Hot Springs
2 KGHI Little Rock
3 KLRA Little Rock
4 KGJF Little Rock

CALIFORNIA
1 KROW Oakland
2 KFRC San Francisco
3 KFOX Long Beach
4 KPO San Francisco

COLORADO
1 KOA Denver
2 KLZ Denver
3 KFEL Denver
4 KFXF Denver

CONNECTICUT
1 WTIC Hartford

DELAWARE
1 WDEL Wilmington

DIST. OF COLUMBIA
1 WMAL Washington
2 WRC Washington
3 WOL Washington

FLORIDA
1 WFLA Clearwater
2 WSUN St. Petersburg
3 WJAX Jacksonville
4 WMBR Tampa

GEORGIA
1 WSB Atlanta
2 WTFI Toccoa
3 WMAZ Macon
4 WTOC Savannah

HAWAII
1 KGU Honolulu

IDAHO
1 KIDO Boise
2 KTFI Twin Falls

ILLINOIS
1 WENR Chicago
2 WMAQ Chicago
3 WGN Chicago
4 WLS Chicago

INDIANA
1 WOWO Ft. Wayne
2 WFBM Indianapolis
3 WSBT South Bend
4 WKBF Indianapolis

IOWA
1 WOI Ames
2 WHO Des Moines
3 WMT Waterloo
4 KFNF Shenandoah

KANSAS
1 KFH Wichita
2 KFKB Milford
3 WREN Lawrence
4 WIBW Topeka

KENTUCKY
1 WHAS Louisville
2 WCKY Covington
3 WFIW Hopkinsville

LOUISIANA
1 WSMB New Orleans
2 WDSU New Orleans
3 WJBO New Orleans
4 WWL New Orleans

MAINE
1 WCSH Portland
2 WLBZ Bangor

MARYLAND
1 WCAO Baltimore
2 WBAL Baltimore

MASSACHUSETTS
1 WBZ Springfield
2 WORC Worcester
3 WBZA Boston
4 WNAC Boston

MICHIGAN
1 WJR Detroit
2 WWJ Detroit
3 WXYZ Detroit
4 WBCM Detroit

MISSISSIPPI
1 WJDX Jackson
2 WCOC Meridian
3 WQBC Vicksburg

MINNESOTA
1 WCCO Minneapolis
2 KSTP St. Paul
3 WDGY Minneapolis
4 WRHM Minneapolis

MISSOURI
1 WDAF Kansas City
2 KMOX St. Louis
3 WIL St. Louis
4 KFEQ St. Joseph

NEBRASKA
1 WJAG Norfolk
2 WAAW Omaha
3 KGBZ York
4 WOW Omaha

NEW JERSEY
1 WAAM Newark
2 WPG Atlantic City
3 WCAP Asbury Park

NEW MEXICO
1 KOB State College
2 KGGM Albuquerque

NEW YORK
1 WHAM Rochester
2 WEAF New York
3 WABC New York
4 WBEN Buffalo

NORTH CAROLINA
1 WBT Charlotte
2 WPTF Raleigh
3 WSJS Winston Salem
4 WWNC Asheville

NORTH DAKOTA
1 KFYR Bismark
2 WDAY Fargo
3 KGCU Mandan
4 KLPM Minot

OHIO
1 WTAM Cleveland
2 WLW Cincinnati
3 WAIU Columbus
4 WHK Cleveland

OKLAHOMA
1 KVOO Tulsa
2 WKY Oklahoma City
3 KGGF So. Coffeyville
4 KFJF Oklahoma City

OREGON
1 KOAC Corvallis
2 KOIN Portland
3 KEX Portland
4 KTBR Portland

PENNSYLVANIA
1 WPEN Philadelphia
2 WCAU Philadelphia
3 WFI Philadelphia
4 WRAX Philadelphia

RHODE ISLAND
1 WJAR Providence
2 WEAN Providence
3 WLSI Cranston

SOUTH CAROLINA
1 WCSC Charleston
2 WIS Columbia

SOUTH DAKOTA
1 WNAX Yankton
2 KSOO Sioux Falls
3 KGFX Pierre
4 KGDY Huron

TENNESSEE
1 WSM Nashville
2 WLAC Nashville
3 WDOD Chattanooga
4 WMC Memphis

TEXAS
1 WFAA Dallas
2 WBAP Ft. Worth
3 WOAI San Antonio
4 KTSA San Antonio

UTAH
1 KDYL Salt Lake City
2 KSL Salt Lake City

VERMONT
1 WSYB Rutland

VIRGINIA
1 WRVA Richmond
2 WTAR Norfolk
3 WGH Newport News
4 WJSV Mt. Vernon Hills

WASHINGTON
1 KJR Seattle
2 KOMO Seattle
3 KGA Spokane
4 KHQ Spokane

WEST VIRGINIA
1 WWVA Wheeling
2 WOBU Charleston

WISCONSIN
1 WTMJ Milwaukee
2 WIBU Poynette
3 WHA Madison
4 WISN Milwaukee

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Helen Keller's Radio Adventures

(*Continued from page 20*)

music that comes to us through the Radio —we can get these sounds through our ears—but Helen Keller has had to hear with her fingers. And into those sensitive fingers and palms have been spelled words contained in thousands of books, fascinating descriptions of events and conversations with the greatest persons of today.

I asked her what her biggest moment was and she said, "When I was able to utter my first phrase, 'I am not dumb any more'. It was like entering a new life —like gaining a freedom for which I had been struggling for many dark years. It was like the sudden removal of a gigantic barrier against which I had been vainly beating to make room for everything that cried within me for expression.

"I think my next greatest experience was my meeting with Professor Einstein. I felt of his head and when I did this it was as if I had suddenly come upon a new universe—a spiritual universe."

Miss Keller spoke very clearly, carefully and slowly, and all of my questions were spelled into her hands by her other companion, Miss Thompson, an energetic woman whose scintillating personality would brighten up any dark corner.

Miss Keller's first trip in an aeroplane was another experience that she has stored away in the abundance of her memories. "The plane rose higher and higher until we lost the odors of the earth. Then we soared over the tops of the buildings—and finally we felt ourselves at home with the clouds."

Her manner of expression is poetic and has no taint of the platitudes which find their way in the best of conversations. Her favorite poets are Keats, Shelley, Swinburne and Wadsworth, and of her trip to London she said that she enjoyed the voyage in spite of the heavy storm which lasted several days. "And I was very happy to put my feet on English soil—for I realized that it was the land of my favorite poets and the country from which our Pilgrim fathers came.

"What do you think of the younger generation?" I asked. "Do you agree with some of the religious leaders that they are heading for wastefulness and destruction?"

"Oh, no," she answered, "The youth of today is the hope of the world. Its freshness and force are opening up new opportunities for the development of nations. Its buoyancy and optimism are foundations for a greater faith and understanding."

At this I looked towards Miriam Brown who was quietly sketching away in a corner. She said nothing, but I interpreted her expression to mean, "Now, that's the first intelligent attitude that has yet been expressed with regard to the young boys and girls."

Those who have read Miss Keller's book, *The Story of My Life*, will recall the incident that led to her understanding of the word "love." She writes, "I remember the morning when I first asked the meaning of the word 'love'. This was years ago before I knew many words. I had found a few early violets in the garden . . . and brought them to my teacher, Miss Sullivan. She tried to kiss me; but at that time I did not like to have anyone to kiss me except my mother. Then Miss Sullivan put her arm gently around me and spelled into my hand the words, 'I love you, Helen.' "

" 'What is love?' I asked.

"Miss Sullivan drew me closer to her and said, 'It is here', pointing to her heart. But still I could not understand."

Miss Sullivan persevered for many weeks and one day she said, "Do you know, Helen, that without love you could not be happy and you would not want to play."

And then like a shaft of light that penetrates the thick darkness the word, "love" took on a new meaning for this little deaf, dumb and blind girl. That was some forty years ago.

Today Miss Keller's keen intellect has mastered the most abstract subjects and discusses them with great facility.

Miss Keller enjoys music, she goes to the movies, and likes to jostle in Broadway crowds. She enjoys the organ because she says it is so like the voice—human and appealing. She listens to the Radio by placing her fingers on the receiver and in this way the sound waves are transmitted to her.

Her home in Long Island is far from a dreary place. It bristles with activity. Parties are held on the slightest provocation, Miss Keller's dogs are eternally romping about their beloved mistress and there are no wasted moments.

Time is a very precious element to Helen Keller. No minutes are allowed to slip by. There are always things ahead that must be done and most of her time is spent in writing letters and in reading.

During the interview as Miss Keller was speaking, I must confess the tears were streaming down my cheeks. And those who were around us and who were listening to our conversation also had moist eyes. We could not hold back the tears. No one could who understood in the slightest how the chains of blindness and deafness had tried to hold back this woman from the rest of the world.

Our hearts welled up with admiration for this great woman who rose above the tragedy that has made pitiful wrecks of so many human lives.

Her imagination has been the spark which has lighted up so many of her human experiences, and in a way she is able better to preserve her ideals in their sublimity and chastity than are we whose eyes are continually faced with images that would shatter every temple reared in an hour of solitude.

Miss Keller's life is an indication of man's potentialities. Handicapped by the loss of two vital human faculties, she has accomplished more perhaps than any woman who is in possession of them. The secret is that her capacities are fully awake and there is not a dormant quality in her make-up.

Miriam and I left Miss Keller with an inspiration that made our steps light and our hearts happier—with a feeling that all's still well in the world and that indomitable courage, an unfaltering will and an innate sense of beauty can make up for any lost physical senses.

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Fashion Formulas

(*Continued from page 71*)

they come to town in tailored suits, and for formal occasions, they appear in crisp versions of organdie or soft eyelet batiste. They adapt themselves beautifully to fashion's new mood. They are youthful, practical and comfortable."

When Winifred J. Ovitte of *Women's Wear* talked she called attention to two style novelties.

"Petticoats," Mrs. Ovitte declared, "were thought to be gone forever—but here they are, swishing and ruffled as though they had been taken out of the attic, and with a nice naughty flavor of grandmother's days. In taffeta or crepe or with lingerie or lace ruffles, they appear under spring frocks and summer evening gowns. Why not? There is plenty of room under the full skirts.

"Now, the question goes around," Mrs. Ovitte said, "as to whether or not you would or wouldn't wear evening pajamas? They are really evening gowns with a divided skirt. Paris couturiers have made them in lovely filmy fabrics, some of them veiled discreetly, others draped so as to give almost a pantalette effect. Since we ski in trousers, ride in them, sun bathe in them, swim in them, bridge in them, sleep in them—why shouldn't we dance in them?"

Sisters of the Skillet

(*Continued from page 18*)

Then follow "Hints to Housewives" by the boys who brag, "When Better Household Hints are Hinted, We Will be the Hinters." Next come answers to domestic problems sent in by Sisters all over the United States. These come in at the rate of 1500 a week, and as nearly every letter contains a problem they have plenty of questions to answer.

Here is an example of a typical letter from Newton, Kansas, "our home town".

Dear Eddie and Ralph
Care Sisters of the Skillet
NBC, Chicago

We are having a great deal of trouble at our house because we are all forgetful. Our basement lights are on a switch at the top of the stairs and by the time we climb them we cannot remember whether the lights are on or off. As a result our light bills are terrific. What can we do? You have helped thousands of others, now help us.

A Sister of the Skillet in Distress

Says Ralph, after reading this, "A Sister of the Skillet in Distress"—I thought she was in Newton, Kansas. Eddie explains that a Sister could be in distress and Kansas at the same time—

Here is a typical solution of the problem.

RALPH: Well, what she needs is something to jog her memory, so why don't she just nail a board across the top of the stairs and then every time that she comes upstairs she will hit her head on the board and that means, "Lights on!"

EDDIE: A simpler thing to do would be to replace all the floors over the basement with glass. Then you see she could always look down through the glass and see whether the lights are on or off.

RALPH: That's a great idea. And there's an advantage in that for she could fill the basement with water and have a goldfish farm. And it would give her the effect of being in a glass bottomed boat.

I might mention also the two ladies who appear in these programs—Miss Isabella Fryit, the domestic science expert, and Miss Pet Plenty, the love authority. Or in private life Messrs. Dumke and East.

As you may imagine all these laughs and comedy don't just happen. Eddie and Ralph have a studio where they put in many hours of real work on their skits. They personally read all their mail and say that most of their inspirations and laughs come directly.

Ed East told me that he had scarcely any appetite recently. Said that all he could eat at a meal was three steaks, rare and smothered in pork chops. Ralph added dolefully, "And all he gives me is a carrot."

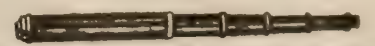
When I asked them why they didn't try the eighteen day diet, I received a scornful look and a "Huh, we did. Ate the whole eighteen days' worth in two, and so came to the conclusion that a man can drive an ice wagon all his life and not learn to skate."

Mid-West "Folk Tales"

(*Continued from page 64*)

on the Philadelphia Press, Pontius was offered a job as secretary to him when he was appointed consul to Hull, England. An agreement was made that Pontius should go to England shortly after Watts arrived at Hull. The new consul wrote back to Pontius that college graduates were getting $3 a week running street cars, so he decided to stay in America.

Even then he did not know he could sing and it was not until after he had married his girlhood sweetheart that he became interested in being a concert tenor. Pontius says he owes all his success in his profession to his wife. . . . After singing in the camps during the World War, Pontius became known as the "John McCormack of the Moving Picture Theatre," and toured the United States.



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Gentlemen: Please send me your FREE book which tells about your laboratory method of radio instruction at home.

Name .....

Address .....

Occupation .....

Morton Downey

(*Continued from page 9*)

where he could pick up an honest penny or two with his voice. Why should the boss have to have a particular weakness for the pigs' knuckles in the identical place?

But however it might have been—so it was—and the boss failed utterly and miserably to appreciate the worthiness of his minion's ambitions just as thoroughly as the station master had failed to see comedy in the eggs.

So there was a sudden and precipitous end to train "butchering" for our young hero.

There followed more casting about and some singing, until one day, probably through acquaintances he had scraped up on trains, he landed a job as manicurist and masseur to a donkey engine in New Haven. The engine liked Morton at first, and Morton liked the engine to the end, but he developed an undownable desire to see how fast the darned thing would go. This annoyed several people and things, including both the engine and the boss, so Morton bade farewell to what was left of the engine.

The next phase was not so eventful, nor even so profitable, though time was found for an occasional job of singing —minor vaudeville engagements and this and that—but the vocation of the moment became the selling of phonographs to the public.

AS THE most obvious prospects, and the easiest, he picked on his friends and many acquaintances. Many of them bought his talking machines all right, but only a few seemed prepared to pay for them. In fact it became increasingly and painfully evident that they either would not, or could not, pay their bills. All this failed to look very profitable to Morton after he had figured up the red side of the ledger and found it impossible to make t'other come anywhere near it. So he turned to insurance—but that even his friends would not buy.

Now all this does not take so long in the telling, but the years of Downey had meanwhile been mounting regardless and he was just about to break from teens to twenties.

Today, when one sits down of an evening to enjoy the really pleasant, and as supper clubs go, refined atmosphere of the Club Delmonico, more familiarly known as "Morton Downey's Club Delmonico" and to revel in the verve and freshness, the spontaneity, the really unstudied wit of the entertainment that follows upon Downey's taking his cue—yes, indeed—it is hard to picture in the pleasant, well-groomed and impeccably clad host, the lad who a few short years ago could not even get a steady job as a song plugger, who was leading a hand to mouth existence singing when and where he could—and for what he could get.

Here he is—proprietor of the only remaining supper club in New York City where formal dress is still *de rigueur* in fact, of the only bonafide supper club, for they call the rest of them "night clubs" now, and rightly, for the doings in many would never bear the light of day. And he is getting away with it—the club is an outstanding success in a city of fly-by-nights.

But that is getting way ahead of the story again.

There he was, just another voice that did not click—waiting for a break. Among his friends he numbered a Congressman of no little influence in New York's theatrical district. He brought that influence into play in his frantic fight to land that song plugging job.

He went to a producer and publisher armed with a potent letter from friend Congressman, calculated to open most any door to most anybody.

Did he land? He did not! They wouldn't even listen to his voice. In fact, hardly let him inside the door. Told him they had so many song pluggers, as it was, they were using them for window washers and porters.

STILL under thirty Morton Downey has seen a great deal of life. He has been through most of the vicissitudes that come in the ordinary allotted years of threescore and ten. But now he is on the crest. His tide is high. How did he get there? How can anyone get there? You will be inspired by the second chapter of this man's life which will appear in the July RADIO DIGEST.

BUT hark—hardly more than the other day it was, that that selfsame publisher sought out Morton Downey and nearly on bended knee asked him would he please be so kind as to sing a certain song in the club and on his Radio broadcasts, and would he do so he would be eternally in his (Downey's) debt.

Downey, however, has songs of his own now, chief among them being *Wabash Moon,* which is selling faster than publishers can print it or recorders press it. The writing of this number is rather a romance in itself, but of that more anon. Suffice it to say for the present that any time Morton takes it into his head to trip out to Indiana they will mobilize the National Guard in his honor and hand him the state, with the Wabash thrown in, on a platter.

To digress for a moment, that incident of the song publisher who turned Morton down cold a few years ago serves admirably to illustrate a peculiar sidelight of the Downey character.

There will be others, both funny and fascinating, before the tale of Morton Downey is fully told, but here be it known that like the well-known Indian he never forgets a good deed and never forgives a bad one.

Not that he harbors any malice or ill feeling in the latter case—for that sort of thing seems rather far removed from the makeup of Morton. But he bides his time, waiting for a break just as he once waited for a break to public favor and acclaim, until the time when he can cancel the debt in his own good-natured and often prankish way.

ONE of the richest anecdotes in this category is that built around the foibles of an English steward on the Leviathan—and that brings us up to the point where mischance was left behind for a time, where the fickle goddess deigned not only to smile but to show signs of beaming broadly.

Morton found himself aboard the S. S. Leviathan on her historic trial trip before it was put into transatlantic service for the U. S. Shipping Board. The passenger list was made up of millionaires, the elite of political Washington, outstanding newspaper writers, and a host of others who were prominent in many spheres.

Almost before he knew it Downey found himself setting out to sea in this company and that of the Paul Whiteman organization. He sang his head off nearly. They liked it—from the millionaires on up. Several of them became interested in the clear-eyed, chunky, very likeable youth, and life began to look rosy indeed.

(Next month Mr. Richards will continue his story of Morton Downey in other spheres and better times. Among other things he will paint word pictures of Downey as he found him in his home, and of his beautiful wife, Barbara Bennet. Don't miss the next installment of this thrilling biography.



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Radio Digest

SUMMER NUMBER, 1931 25 Cents



LILY PONS, CBS

What Sinister Motives are back of BIG WAVE GRAB

FALSE TEETH ARE A GREAT INVENTION *BUT* KEEP YOUR OWN AS LONG AS YOU CAN





What is *"pyorrhea"* that millions dread it so?

IT'S a pretty grim statement, but the truth is half the people who wear false teeth must do so because they failed to guard against pyorrhea, which is responsible for one-half of all adult teeth lost.

They cannot, however, be entirely blamed for their line-drawn lips and sunken cheeks—those telltale marks of artificial teeth.

For pyorrhea, which comes to four people out of five past the age of forty, is a sly, insidious disease. It may infect your gums early in life, and lurk there for years before you become aware of its dangerous presence.

Do not wait for gums to bleed

The first warnings of pyorrhea are tenderness and bleeding of the gums. If neglected, pyorrhea softens the gums, loosens the teeth in their very sockets, until extraction is essential to preserve the health.

But do not wait for these warnings. Take care of good teeth while you have them. See your dentist regularly—before trouble develops. Visit him at least twice a year.

And in your home, brush your teeth, massage your gums with Forhan's. This dentifrice is unique in that it contains the benefits of an ethical preparation developed by Dr. R. J. Forhan, which thousands of dentists use in the treatment of pyorrhea.

Protect the teeth you have

Your own teeth are far better than anything you can get to replace them. Perhaps you do not realize what a blessing they are, so long as they are firm and your gums are in good health. But do not risk the unhappy experience of losing them. There is no finer dentifrice than Forhan's—no better protection for gleaming teeth and the mouth of youth. By all means, make Forhan's *your* dentifrice—you can make no better investment in the health of your mouth and the safety of your teeth. Forhan Company, Inc., New York; Forhan's Ltd., Montreal.

FORHAN'S

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

False teeth often follow pyorrhea, which comes to four people out of five past the age of 40

NOW ON THE AIR!

New Forhan program—featuring Evangeline Adams, world-famous astrologer—every Monday and Wednesday at 7.30 P. M. Eastern Daylight Saving Time—Columbia network.

FOLLOW MY STARS OF YOUTH TO A ★ ★ Clearer, softer skin

Frances Ingram herself tells how to keep the skin lovely at its 6 vital places

"YOU are just as young and attractive, or just as old, as your skin looks," I told a charming woman who recently came to consult me. "Keep your skin immaculately clean... Keep it youthful at my six stars... And *you* are youthfully lovely."

Then I explained to her my method with Milkweed Cream.

"To cleanse the skin, spread my Milkweed Cream generously over your face and neck. Let it remain for several minutes, to allow the delicate oils to penetrate deeply into the pores, and then remove every vestige of it with soft linen.

"Now—apply a fresh film of the Milkweed Cream. With outward and upward strokes pat it into the skin at the six points starred on my mannequin.

"There are special *toning* ingredients in this Milkweed Cream. These penetrate the cleansed pores and defend the skin against blemishes and aging lines and leave it clear, soft and lovely."

This charming woman came back to see me, a day or two ago. Her skin looked *marvelously* clear and soft and fresh! She looked at least five years younger—and said she felt it!

I have recommended my Milkweed Cream and my method to so many women, and I have *seen* their skin grow fresh, clear, young. Won't *you* follow my six stars to a clearer, softer, younger skin?

If you have any special questions to ask about skin care, write for a copy of my booklet, "Why Only A Healthy Skin Can Stay Young." Or tune in on my radio hour, "Through The Looking Glass With Frances Ingram," Tuesdays, 10:15 A. M., E. S. T., over WJZ and Associated Stations.





STUDY MY MANNEQUIN AND HER "STARS" TO KNOW WHY

"Only a healthy skin can stay young"

★ THE FOREHEAD — *To guard against lines and wrinkles here, apply Milkweed Cream, stroking with fingertips, outward from the center of your brow.*

★ THE EYES—*If you would avoid aging crow's feet, smooth Ingram's about the eyes, stroke with a feather touch outward, beneath eyes and over eyelids.*

★ THE MOUTH — *Drooping lines are easily defeated by filming the fingertips with my cream and sliding them upward over the mouth and then outward toward the ears, starting at the middle of the chin.*

★ THE THROAT — *To keep your throat from flabbiness, cover with a film of Milkweed and smooth gently downward, ending with rotary movement at base of neck.*

★ THE NECK — *To prevent a sagging chin and a lined neck, stroke with fingertips covered with Milkweed from middle of chin toward the ears and patting firmly all along the jaw contours.*

★ THE SHOULDERS — *To have shoulders that are blemish-free and firmly smooth, cleanse with Milkweed Cream and massage with palm of hand in rotary motion.*

INGRAM'S Milkweed Cream

Frances Ingram, Dept. R-110
108 Washington St., N. Y. C.

Please send me your free booklet, "Why Only a Healthy Skin Can Stay Young," which tells in complete detail how to care for the skin and to guard the six vital spots of youth.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

JUL -6 1931

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THE NATIONAL BROADCAST AUTHORITY

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Radio Digest

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Including RADIO REVUE and RADIO BROADCAST

Raymond Bill, *Editor*



IONA MULL is best known for her superlative soprano performances with NBC and Dr. Scholl's Ramblers. Before New York she was a Schumann-Heink pupil and a Great Bender—not a contortionist, but a Kansan from the city with the stoop-over name.

Summer Issue

July-August, 1931

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DOROTHY KNAPP has a perfect television face, the NBC engineers say . . . not to mention her figure Since winning the title of Miss America at Atlantic City she's been a Broadway star. Coming soon—— a cover picture of her.



HELEN BROWN may be a Queen one moment and a chorus girl the next. In fact, she may be from two to eight different people in just one "March of Time" newscast on CBS. She is hereby nominated as "Most Versatile Radiactress".



ANN CARTER . . . back home in Cleveland from Hollywood with a few beauty prizes and titles . . . found it a bore to do nothing, so what does she do but land at WJAY, where visitors all ask for her now as "The Girl with the Lovely Voice".

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SEND NO MONEY



A daily sun bath—a few minutes in the morning or evening—will keep you looking and feeling physically fit.



Invalids confined indoors missing the life-giving, health-bringing power of natural sunlight, find the Health Ray Lamp a boon.



Ultra-violet rays prevent rickets by supplying Vitamin D to the System.

Now the Amazing Benefits of ULTRA-VIOLET RAYS for ONLY $5.95

A $100 Sun lamp can do no more

Now, through the magic of the Health Ray Lamp, artificial sunlight, containing all the rejuvenating and healthful properties of sunshine, is available to all—at any time of the day or night—at any season of the year. Now the great benefits of ultra violet radiation can be yours . . . through this new, full-strength, therapeutic, ultra-violet (and infra-red) lamp at the *lowest* retail *price* in the world . . . $5.95!

Mass production and tremendous sales alone make this possible.

Youthful Vigor and Vitality

A few minutes in the morning or evening will suffice for your daily sun bath . . . will keep you feeling and looking physically fit . . . your body stimulated with Vitamin D . . . your brain alert . . . colds, grippe . . . annoying little aches and pains will pass you by. The whole family will enjoy greater health.

Inexpensive Health Insurance

It costs only a few cents a day to enjoy the relaxing, healthful, vitalizing rays of the Health Ray Lamp. By subjecting yourself to these rays, you are building up a reserve of health and strength to withstand disease. You will look and feel vibrant, vigorous, fully alive. You are safeguarding your health in a pleasant, inexpensive way.

Real Sun Tan (the glow of health)

A genuine sun Tan is quickly and easily secured with a Health Ray Lamp. A few minutes a day spent bathing in the rays of this lamp will give you the same kind of tan you get on a Florida beach.

Innumerable Uses Found for Ultra Violet Radiation

These rays are especially effective in destroying germ life and imparting vigor and vitality. They also stimulate glandular function. They are remarkably efficacious in some forms of skin diseases. Strongly antiseptic, they destroy germs and clarify the skin. Pimples and temporary blemishes yield quickly to their purifying action. Children respond rapidly to the beneficent effects. In cases of listlessness and anemia, the rays are unusually effective. An invaluable aid in the treatment of rickets.

Same Benefits as $100 Lamps

The Health Ray Lamp is a remarkable bargain. Users receive the same benefits as with the $100 and $150 lamps. It is two lamps in one. It not only produces ultra violet—those rays that destroy germ life, invigorate physically and mentally and stimulate glandular function—but an especially designed generator produces at the same time the warm infra-red rays which stimulate blood circulation, soothe, comfort and penetrate deeply into living body tissue . . . healing and preventing illness.

Brings These Many Benefits

1. Builds strength and vigor, resistance to sickness. Invigorates the entire system.
2. By activating the cholesterol in the skin, Vitamin D is created which fixes the calcium and phosphorus in the blood, preventing rickets.
3. Prevents colds, grippe, lumbago, stops the annoying little aches and pains of every day.
4. Improves the appearance by imparting the natural ruddy glow of vigorous health. Gives the same kind of Tan you would get from a month on the Florida beaches.
5. Frees the skin from pimples and temporary blemishes.

Specifications

Operates on either Alternating or Direct current. Resistance coil is of the best Nickel Chrome wire. Guaranteed for one year.

10 days Free Trial—Send No Money

The Health Ray Lamp, including goggles, carbons, instructions, guarantee, etc., will be sent you for free ten days' trial in your own home. Try it at our risk. For ten days, experience its vitalizing, health-building effects. Compare the results with higher priced equipment. Send no money. Simply fill out coupon below and the complete outfit will go forward immediately. When it arrives, deposit $5.95, plus a few cents postage with the postman. After 10 days' trial, if you aren't amazed and delighted with results, simply return it and we will immediately refund your money.

There is only one requirement—that you include on the coupon the name of your local dealer from whom you would ordinarily purchase the Health Ray Lamp (for instance the name of your druggist or department store.)

Take Advantage of this special offer now! Fill out the coupon below and mail it today. Please print name and address plainly.



$5.95 HEALTH RAY LAMP

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW

Health Ray Manufacturing Company, Inc.
417 Harding Building
Station "O," New York, N. Y.

Send me one Health Ray ultra violet and infra-red Lamp complete with goggles, carbons, instructions, guarantee, etc., at the special introductory price. Upon arrival I agree to pay postman $5.95 plus a few pennies postage.

It is understood that if after 10 days I am not completely satisfied, I may return the lamp and you will immediately refund my money.

Name_____

Street Address_____

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Name of Dealer_____
(from whom you would ordinarily buy)

Coming *and* Going

Observations on Events and Incidents in the Broadcasts of the Month

JULY and August are relatively poor months for the news stand sale of RADIO DIGEST, a seasonable condition that obtains with practically all other magazines. It was therefore decided to produce one Summer Issue for these two months and advance the publication date for subsequent issues. All mail subscriptions will be automatically extended to include an extra issue.

* * *

WHAT is a good old-fashioned beef-steak dinner? You'd be surprised. The invitation was in honor of the opening of the new Camel quarter-go over CBS. It was a sort of "Here's how and good luck" to Morton Downey and Tony Wons at the Hotel Warwick. You hook one leg around the iron pedestal of a round table and hoist a piece of toast with a juicy slice of steak atop: "Here's looking at you!" Then you gnash into the toast with the dry crumbs rattling down from corners of your lips. Of course there was more than toast and steak—quite too many things to mention. And it was not at all necessary for one of the gentlemen to go to such extremes as he did when he suddenly stood up and began biting off the heads of the flowers in the table decorations, then he ate up the ferns. He seemed to enjoy hugely eating lighted cigars and cigarettes. One delicacy was a book of matches. With the eager delight of one who chooses well and enjoys what he eats he tossed a stream of lighted matches into his mouth. Then his eye caught the fluffy collar of Uncle Nick Kenney, Radio editor of the New York *Mirror*. Nick remonstrated vigorously, and he is a big, strong man, but the glutton reached, grabbed, rip—and the upper layer of the fluffy collar had gone the way of the matches and the lighted cigars. Of course, you know now, as we all soon discovered, that this omnivorous gourmand with the insatiable appetite was just part of the show. But the beef-steak dinner was grand.



DOWNEY



WONS

* * *

COME to order, please. Mr. Floyd Gibbons has been nominated to the office of editor-in-chief of the world's first great Radiozene. Who will second the nomination? The chair recognizes Linda O. Frome of Hillcrest, Phillipsburg, New Jersey, who writes: "I just received my June RADIO DIGEST today and you see how prompt I am in responding to your invitation on Page 4. I think your idea of a magazine of the air is fine, *if* Floyd Gibbons is editor-in-chief, so I heartily second the nomination, and third it too . . . Here's hoping you get a million other letters seconding the nomination." Well, they're still coming in, Linda, and also a few nominations for other possible candidates. Sorry we haven't room to print them all. Wouldn't it be swell to have a three hour program with all the finest kind of entertainment selected and balanced in a magazine of 180 minutes between the covers of 8 and 10 o'clock!

* * *

DON'T you ever believe again that a lion is a ferocious beast. Carveth Wells, famous author and explorer, whom you hear regularly over the NBC network, proved that the lion is a patient plodding animal who will permit himself to be disturbed and driven away with no more than a reproachful look toward the person who approaches his resting place. It was all ludicrously revealed at a Radio party Mr. Wells presented to a few friends in New York a fortnight ago. He proved his statements with motion pictures. "You clap your hands or honk your motor horn and he will reluctantly give up his place in the shade. But he'll plop down again beneath the next tree." The pictures showed Mr. Wells driving a pack of lions through the grass while his photographer took the pictures. Pete Dixon vowed he'd like to get one of those lions to raise after Mr. Wells showed a young cub tumbling around with the author as playful as a puppy.



* * *

SPEAKING of magazines and their contents—and what do the readers say—should RADIO DIGEST go in for scandals, divorces, and domestic tribulations such as have found much vogue in the movie magazines? For instance, was RADIO DIGEST remiss in deliberately avoiding mention of the generally known facts that led up to the divorce proceedings against a well-known Radio artist recently? Should RADIO DIGEST have gone Hollywood and blabbed everything? Someone declared not long ago there never had been a worth-while scandal in the Radio firmament that amounted to a whoop as copy . . . And, goodness gracious, what a story it would make to tell about that world-famous sponsor who surprised his wife not long ago as they were stopping in Paris. They were visiting the tomb of Napoleon. Mr. X paced back and forth in front of the tomb thinking of himself as a Napoleon. Suddenly he paused and pointed his finger at his astonished spouse as he said: "When Napoleon decided to go forward for greater things he told Josephine to go. So say I, now, Ellen, I am through with you." And sure enough divorce proceedings followed shortly after. Somehow we never quite liked that sort of literature for RADIO DIGEST. But maybe we're wrong. H—mmm.

* * *

DON'T miss Doty Hobart's exposé of the attempted Radio Wave Grab which begins in this issue. The next installment will present even more amazing revelations concerning the activities of certain groups and individuals to gain a monopoly of American broadcasting.

•WJR

IN THE GOLDEN TOWER OF THE FISHER BUILDING • DETROIT



•THE STATION *with* PERSONALITY

Tune in right in the center of the dial—and leave it there. Throw your switch at 6:00 a. m. and start 19 hours of the most complete entertainment on the air. Music—melody—educational features—shopping news—markets—everything the modern woman is interested in from beauty culture to travel news. Starting with the "Night Watchman," ole Jack Douglas, personalities and entertainment are offered in stimulating variation throughout the day.

Amos 'n' Andy lead off on evening entertainment of the highest standard in broadcasting—an evening for men and women alike. And you may leave your dials set for the next day—assured of the continuance of high quality entertainment.

WJR • THE GOOD WILL STATION

5000 Watts • Cleared Channel • 400 Metres

LEO J. FITZPATRICK, *Vice-Pres. and Gen. Mgr.*



Harry Horlick

"TO ME, my violin is everything. With it, the world is mine. I have but to aspire and in the music I create for myself, I find attainment." So speaks Mr. Horlick who has created a great character for himself and distinction for his associates in the A. & P. Gypsy program

Real Gypsy of the Tribe is

Harry Horlick

Famous A & P Chief Knows His Romany Rovers Through Actual Personal Experience as Refugee from the Bolsheviks—Once His Violin Saved His Life as unruly Mob distrusted His Loyalty

By TED DEGLIN

THE streets of Petrograd were white with the deepest snow of winter. The dreamy old city lay under a fleecy blanket, quiet in a coma of hibernation. Peace there was, and hush, then out of the stillness the many-echoed reports of guns, screams of horror, rapine and murder! And the white snow turned a brilliant red from the blood spilled in the name of Revolution——.

A regiment of soldiers had recently been quartered in the city. Weary and ragged from fighting the Turks in historic Crimea, they were now to have a few weeks respite. But at the clarion call of Bolshevism they turned against the Czar they had been fighting for, and took a lustful revenge from the Aristocracy which had made them slaves.

Restraint is not an easy lesson to learn, especially when a new world is to be had for the taking. The wild-eyed revolutionists saw freedom, and in the sweep onward painted the way with the blood of their victims and sang to the tortured shrieks of the unfortunates who fell into their hands.

Many were the deserters then; men who had joined the Revolution because of ideals, but whose Utopian hopes had soon been shattered. A young soldier was one of these; a music student from the Caucasus Mountain city of Tiflis. He had fought for the Czar, gladly joined the revolutionists and had been horror-stricken at the wholesale bloodshed. Death loomed ahead for deserters such as he, whether against the wall by a squad of comrades, or by the chill cold of that Russian winter. But, thought the dark haired, dark eyed youth, better death than such existence. On to Constantinople—on to freedom! The youth endured extreme suffering and privation, but was befriended by a band of Gypsies, and with their help finally made his way to freedom.

The American Consul in Constantinople took an interest in the young man. Perhaps it was because he heard him play his violin in a cafe there. Perhaps it was the certain fire in this young man's eyes. At any rate, the Consul helped the deserting soldier achieve a lasting freedom by arranging for his passage to the United States. And now the dark eyed youth immersed himself entirely in music. The haunting memories of the months spent with the Gypsies, months of wanderings to the accompaniment of soul-stirring songs and dances, blended with the memory of his studies at the Conservatory at Tiflis. He created melody and introduced a new spirit to the country. People began hearing of him. Now millions know him and listen to the orchestra he directs over the NBC network. Harry Horlick, former soldier of the Imperial Russian Army, revolutionist and gypsy, has achieved tremendous success.

TODAY, as director of the A & P Gypsies, he is secure and firmly established, but the thought of those days of horror still remains with him. One incident he recalls with mingled emotions of pride and fear. One of the comrades, drunk, and lusting for the sight of more blood flowing in the "Cause of Freedom", questioned Horlick's loyalty to the new order. He called the young soldier an aristocrat because he always withdrew from the blood-spilling adventures. A few others of the ragged, dirty horde began muttering to themselves. It was a bitterly cold night, but a night without a breeze. The men were huddled about a fire fed with wood from the demolished palaces. Horlick knew his danger—these were creatures of instinct. Let the cry be taken up, and he was a doomed man. He admits that he was terror-stricken, but some instinct showed him the path to deliverance. Calmly, as though nothing were amiss, he took his violin which he had kept carefully wrapped in a dirty blanket, and began playing the folk-songs dear to the heart of every Russian. He motioned to a friend to start singing. All of the men were homesick to some degree, and the sound of familiar melodies caused a wave of feeling to come over them. One by one they joined in the song, and soon the entire encampment had taken up the tune. And Harry Horlick played his violin in tremulous happiness, blessing the instrument that had saved his life



A thrilling story it makes. Harry Horlick likes to reminisce of his adventures in Russia with the soldiers of the Czar; as a Comrade of the Revolution; with the peasants of South Russia; of his stay in Constantinople Weekly he tells a new story, and he tells it with the words of music. As he directs the A & P Gypsy orchestra he tells of those bitterly cold nights around the Bolshevik camp fire. He tells of desperate encounters with the Turk. His orchestra repeats

the saga of the wandering gypsies. And Harry Horlick becomes more personal in his musical reminiscences as he takes up his violin and tells of Tiflis, his native city; and of the quaint Constantinople cafes.

When this war veteran came to the United States he brought with him a few compatriots whose bodies were racked with privation but who glowed with the fire of music. They, as well as Horlick, had learned the Gypsy songs from the Hungarians, and were such able musicians that when they expressed their emotions musically, a hardened New York took to the string quintet immediately. Their fame grew. In 1922 they signed their first contract as the A & P Gypsies, under the direction of the round-faced, dark haired young man, their comrade Harry Horlick. Of the original Gypsy orchestra, after eight successful years of broadcasting, Horlick still retains three men, and the four of them are inseparable companions. The A & P Gypsy orchestra has now reached true symphonic proportions, having a personnel of twenty-seven musicians, a tenor and a contralto.

AT the NBC studio the leader is "Harry" to all of his men. His quick, vibrant personality allows for a spirit of good fellowship that is recognized and appreciated by the members of his orchestra. After the weekly broadcast, Mr. Horlick and his men always find their way to some quiet restaurant where they solve the music problems of the day, and where they sing Russian and Gypsy songs. He likes his men. He wants to be, not the Maestro Horlick, but plain Harry Horlick, one of the Gypsies. "I am just a friend with my men," he says. His voice has a strong Russian accent and his speech retains the academic touch that his English studies in Russia left with him. "I want always to keep in very close contact with them. I am not strict. I do not have to be. My men are true musicians, they are all artists. I do not tire them out with weary rehearsals, and that is why they are at their best during broadcasting." He alludes with evident pride to the fact that there are members of his orchestra who are also members of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, a world-famous group admitting only outstanding musicians.

A true Gypsy is Harry Horlick. He has two great loves: primarily his music; and then, to be in the sun's rays. He chose his studio because it is such a sunny place, and he delights in playing his violin in the spotlight of the sunbeams that come in through the wide-open windows. And he is an outdoor man, also. An excellent swimmer and oarsman, he spends the summer days at a beach, and finds keen enjoyment in motor boating and yachting. He goes for long tramps, his ears tuned to the music of the wayside. The snatches of songs he hears he jots down, and now has thousands of these musical notes—the Gypsy songs he keeps in the form of memos, and also the tunes he heard in Russia and Turkey. From these he takes the music which brings relief to those who turn aside from the jazz of the modern day.

HE has often been called the apostle of the "popular concert", and well he might be, for his musical philosophy gives no quarter to "hot-stuff" (as he calls it, with a grimace). "I cannot stand dance arrangements as they are done now," he said, his black eyes flashing with the spirit of the evangelist. "There is no soul to the music, but only a thinness that makes the music disappear. That is not music—it should be tangible, and should be retained in the heart of the hearer. Concert music is slowly coming back; there are many lovely songs in the popular vein today, and these in concert form are melodic and stimulating. I am trying to make every popular number I offer have concert form. That is why Max Terr is with me. I want my presentations to be original, of course, and I also want to contribute something to the spirit of music here, just as the music of the Gypsies has given something to the music of every country. So many people write me that my orchestra is filling a musical deficiency in their lives. I think soon all orchestra leaders will realize that such music is wanted and needed. Everybody *needs* music." He speaks with great feeling. It is his life. He becomes excited and glows with an inner fire.

When he speaks of Max Terr—his concert arranger, he speaks with the warmth of close friendship. Terr, while comparatively a newcomer to the A & P Gypsies, has carried out the spirit of the organization in every sense. His arrangements, unique and inspiring, have raised the orchestra to new heights of musical success. When Milton Cross announces a Max Terr arrangement, listeners-in settle back to a period of keen enjoyment, for the melody of the number is woven with the symphonic countermelody into a delightful pattern. The reputation Mr. Terr achieved while music supervisor of the Paramount West Coast studio has been more than sustained by his record with the Gypsies; hence Harry Horlick, whose religion is music, offers whole-hearted friendship to a man who unfolds the beauty in the world of melody.

HORLICK is thirty-four years old, unmarried. He makes up the paradox of the artist and business man in one. In his frequent conferences with members of the corporation to which he is contracted, he shows a surprising grasp of those things too many artists find beyond comprehension. Perhaps it is this spirit of worldliness, which enters into the interpretations of the compositions he and his orchestra play, that accounts for the popularity he enjoys in a field where success is often all too transient.

"The satisfaction I find in conducting is but a vicarious one," said Mr. Horlick. "To me, my violin is everything."

So the history of a lad who had many adventures; who saw the primitive side of life, but who *heard* much of the harmony of the land. So a history filled with blood and terror, with privation and suffering, but one with an ending even happier than tradition demands. Harry Horlick has not only carved himself a niche in the hall of Radio and musical fame, but has opened a new road to musical enjoyment for those who find the usual symphonic way too rocky, and the primrose path of the "hot-stuff jazz" too artificial and unreal for enjoyment.



Max Terr (left) and Frank Parker

LITTLE JACK LITTLE

Finds Radio Listeners Love Him Still as . . .

He Comes Back on National Big Time Net



Little Jack Little

IF LITTLE JACK LITTLE hadn't been so restless when he was a small boy, probably he now would be leading a more prosaic life than that of a celebrated NBC entertainer.

Jack was an energetic lad. Left to his own devices, he was always in mischief. He had a genius for disarranging well-ordered rooms. And because his mother always had to keep her eye on him, Jack was taught to play the piano—to keep busy.

Jack was born in the Silverton section of London. Not far away was the London Conservatory of Music. The authorities at the conservatory permitted the women of the neighborhood to use the vacant piano studios several mornings each week, and Jack's mother was one of those to take advantage of the opportunity.

Jack was too small to be left at home while his mother was studying music at the conservatory, and it would have imperilled the draperies and ornaments of the studio had he been permitted to follow his undisciplined impulses when his mother sat at the piano. There was nothing left to be done by Mrs. Leonard—for Little Jack Little was born John Leonard—but to take her four-year old son in her lap as she played.

At first the music was so interesting that the lad forgot to fidget. But as soon as he discovered what caused the music he began to bang away at the keys with his chubby fingers. No one but a mother could have discerned in this childish prank that the boy had a natural gift of melody. Mrs. Leonard proudly predicted to the neighbors that her little Johnny some day would be a great musician. And instead of perfecting her own playing, she began to teach Jack. Later private tutors were employed.

Jack's father was connected with one of the large English manufacturers of motor cars. W. W. Marsh, late Democratic leader in Iowa, purchased one of these cars on a visit to England. During the transaction he became acquainted with the elder Leonard. He urged Jack's father to come to America and promised to establish him in business if he would make a home for himself and family in Waterloo, Iowa.

So, when he was nine years old, Jack left England. A certain Patsy Campbell, now a successful London business man, was his best pal and playmate. Tearfully, Jack gave young Campbell his most prized possession as a goodbye gift—a bag of marbles. Last summer, visiting the scenes of his childhood for the first time since he left, Little Jack Little met his old friend on the sidewalk in the Silverton

district. Surprised, they halted instantly.

Each recognized the other immediately, and both recalled the gift of the marbles.

It was a wan and sea-sick lad who landed in Montreal after a rough voyage across the Atlantic. Even if the boat on which the Leonards crossed the ocean had been larger, they all would have suffered from the usual landlubbers' ailments, Jack says. One rough day Jack was wandering around the pitching, wave-washed deck in a blind search for more comfort. He paused on the stern deck and held weakly to a wobbly air vent on the ship's very end. The vessel was tossing, the wind was howling and the sea occasionally flooded the deck. If his parents missed him from their cabin, they were too exhausted to look for him. Little Jack Little doesn't understand how he managed to keep his precarious perch, but he remembers that he didn't care then whether he was washed overboard or not.

JACK'S introduction to the neighborhood boys in Waterloo was memorable. His mother dressed him up in his best clothes, and sent him forth to meet his future playmates. But Iowa boys had never seen anything like him before, and probably few such specimens since. Jack wore an Eton suit with a wide white collar, a cap of marvelous shape and he carried a cane.

"And did those kids give me the raspberry!" Little Jack Little grins now as he recalls that first day in Waterloo, Iowa.

But before his father had completed his naturalization, Jack was completely an American boy. He learned to play baseball and was a star shortstop on the high school team. He still is an ardent baseball fan.

His parents wanted Jack to win a degree at the University of Iowa, but the young man never could get excited about his various courses. He organized a band and soon was playing at numerous dances and social functions around Iowa City.

In two years he decided that he had all the academic training he could use. He planned to go to California. With two other young student-musicians, he set forth. They found Kansas City a congenial city and for a week took in the sights. When they checked up on their finances they discovered they didn't have enough money to get to Denver. But it was May, and they had fine overcoats. So they sold them for enough money to get to Denver.

But May in Denver was different. A thick blanket of snow covered the "mile-high city" when Little Jack Little and his three companions, in their light spring clothes and minus top coats, reached there. Jack and another of the trio obtained jobs washing dishes in a cafe. They were able to eat heartily again, but his two companions were discouraged and wired home for money to return East.

Jack found a job playing the piano in an orchestra. For the next eight months he remained in Colorado. Then, when he had money enough for a ticket to New York, he set out for the Mecca of musicians on Manhattan Island.

While he was looking for work he loafed around the publishing house of Irving Berlin. One day he was playing idly on a piano when Yvette Rugel, featured vaudeville entertainer, dropped in. She was impressed with his playing and invited Jack to become her accompanist on a tour "around the big wheel". Six months later the tour ended and Jack was looking for a job again.

"And did those kids give me the raspberry!" exclaimed Little Jack Little as he recalled the day he made his debut in Waterloo, Ia., after his arrival from England. His mother had dressed him up in his best Eton suit with a wide white collar and he carried a cane. It was like circus day for those Iowa tads when Jack sallied forth in all his finery. He was 9 years old at the time.

"The need of money caused me to begin writing songs," Little says. "But I had difficulty in getting publishers to print them. That was nine years ago and Radio was enjoying its first wave of popularity. The idea of popularizing songs by broadcasting then occurred to me, and I sold the notion to Henry Waterson, a music publisher. He found a singer to team up with me, and we went from city to city, singing over any station that we could reach. There were only a few Radio studios in those days.

"That proved successful and Waterson formed other teams to follow up our work. When my partner succumbed to too much hospitality and failed to show up, I began to sing as well as play. At first I thought little of my voice, being more interested in introducing the lyrics to the listeners, but my peculiar whispering style clicked. I used informal monologue between the songs; just a bit of homey stuff as though I were talking directly to a family group. Folks began to write in that they liked me."

Soon theatres began to make offers to Little Jack Little for personal appearances. There he proved as successful as he had in Radio. For several years he divided his time between broadcasting and stage appearances.

Then he tried to attract an offer from the big broadcasting chains. But he failed to make a connection. He thought he was destined to remain a sectional favorite of the Middle West.

"That wasn't such a bad prospect, after I forced myself to quit dreaming of a wider audience. So I settled in Cincinnati.

"I built a fourteen room house in the exclusive residential district of Hyde Park. The big home was built on an acre and three-quarter of land. During the three years I lived there I spent a great amount of time, thought and money on improving that ground, and when I came to New York to live after I signed with NBC late last December, it was a garden spot. I was glad, of course, to begin my career as a national entertainer, but it nearly broke my heart to leave my beautiful home in Cincinnati."

Little says that he experiences greater nerve strain when he's singing before a microphone than he does before an audience.

"Before a crowd you can gauge your performance by the way the folks out front are receiving it. You can sense the mood of your visible audience, and tell whether light, classical, dramatic or humorous songs would better suit its fancy. But in a Radio studio you feel pretty much in the dark. You don't know what they'd prefer to hear, nor how your voice is coming to them.

"Then often you don't put over a song like you rehearsed it, and that bothers you. I try to figure out exactly how I'm going to sing, but often when I'm on the air I don't put the accent where I intended to."

When Little Jack Little broadcasts he sits at the piano accompanying himself, and sings close into the microphone with his peculiar voice, half talk and half melody, which has been termed a "speakeasy baritone". His voice transmits that bright and magnetic personality which characterizes him in real life.

THIS NBC star stands five feet four inches, weighs 130 pounds, but is broad and husky. One of his earlier partners also was about Little's stature, and Jack changed his pal's name from Paul Lougher to Paul Small. In the Middle West the pair was booked as "Jack and Paul; Little and Small". Paul Small now is a prominent Radio entertainer.

Even in the coldest winter Little Jack Little doesn't cover his smoothly brushed light brown hair with a hat.

Automobile speeding is his greatest delight. Although he employs a chauffeur, Little is always at the wheel when he is motoring where city traffic doesn't interfere with speed.

His other chief outdoor diversion is golf. And he shoots a good game, too. Last summer on his home course in Cincinnati Little was going around in the middle eighties. This year he expects to score in the seventies before winter forces him to sheath his clubs again.

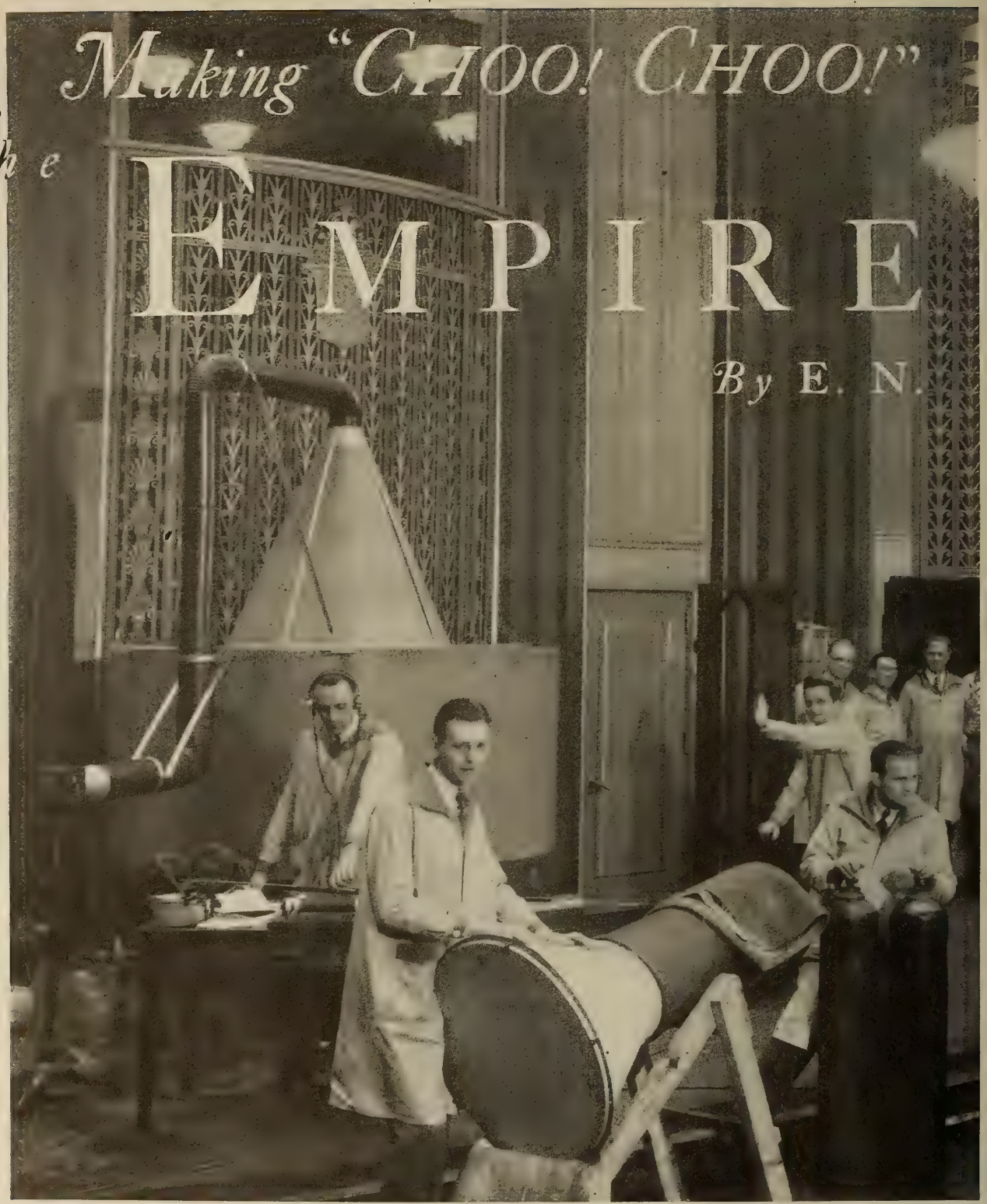
Jack rehearses his songs and programs many hours each day. He is always testing some new arrangement of his old melodies, or playing some new tunes.



LUCILLE HUSTING, feminine star of the Empire Builders, is especially fitted for the part as her own ancestors had a share in the scenes she portrays. In one of the productions Miss Husting wrote the script and created for herself the role of her own great-grandmother.

The Making of "CHOO! CHOO!" EMPIRE

By E. N.

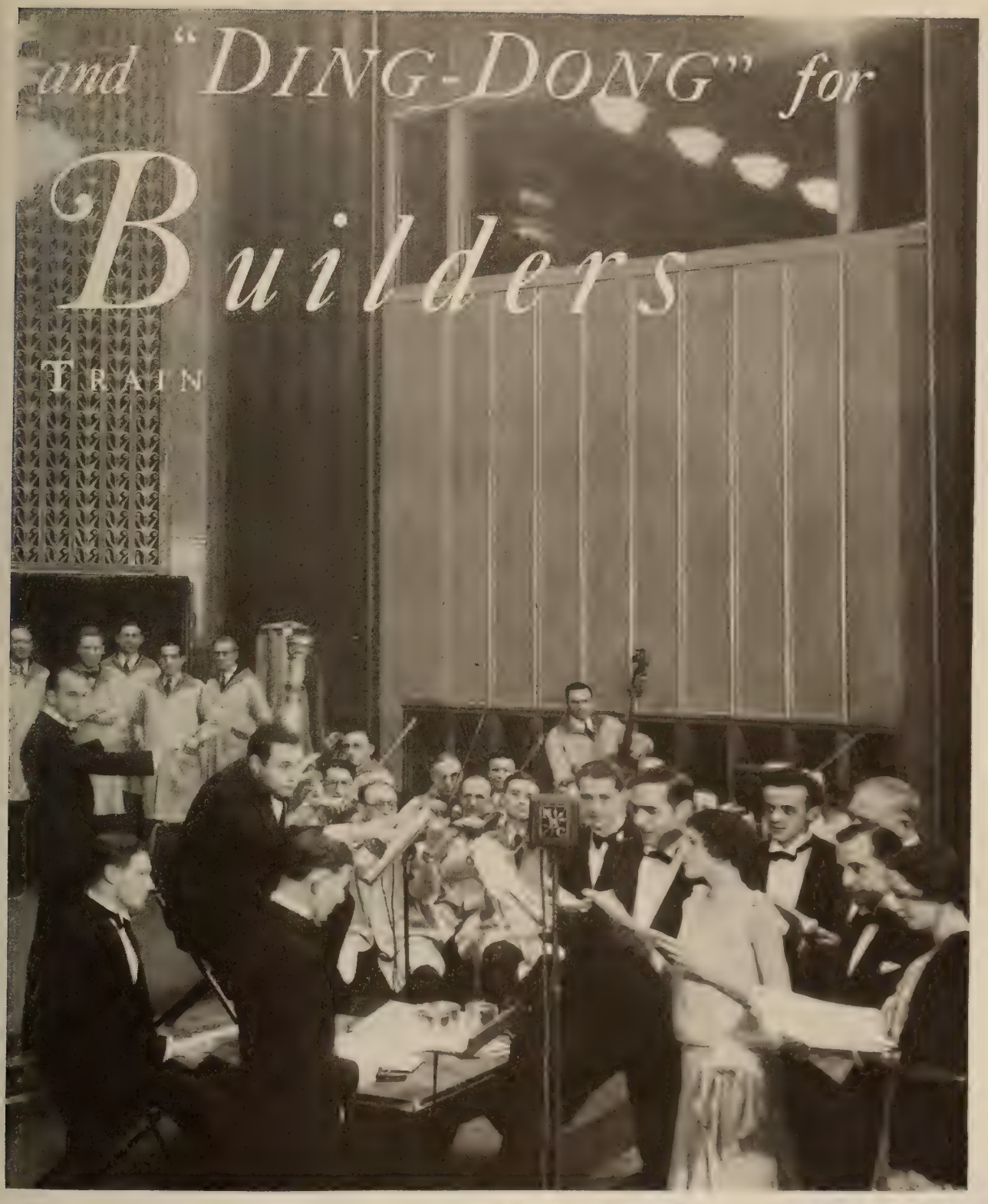


Here are the "soundicians". Left rear, funnel picking up roll of toy car on circular track, beneath, and conveying it to mike at end of stove-pipe. Incidental effects by man with earphone. Choo-choo in front. Hissing steam, and door-slam, right.

A-BO-O-O-ARD!
A-bo-o-o-ard!

The engineer in the locomotive cab acknowledges the conductor's "highball" with two short blasts of the whistle, pulls the throttle open a couple of notches, the super-powered locomotive puffs, steam hisses, and the long train of heavy steel pullmans gains momentum, and is whisked away, becoming fainter and fainter in the distance until only an occasional distant whistle is heard.

It is the Empire Builder leaving—via Radio. The National Broadcasting Company and the sponsors of this program, the Great Northern Railway, receive hundreds of letters each week asking how the train effects, which are an important part of the "Empire Builders'" dramatic sketches, are produced. "Are they recordings?" some inquirers want to know. A great many others seem to think that the train effects used on "Empire Builders" are obtained through some ingenious system of microphones strung out along the right of way some place between Chicago and the Pacific Coast, so that the studios in Chicago can pick up a train sound somewhere along the line any time it is required. Still others give the orchestra credit for producing these effects. There is an inter-





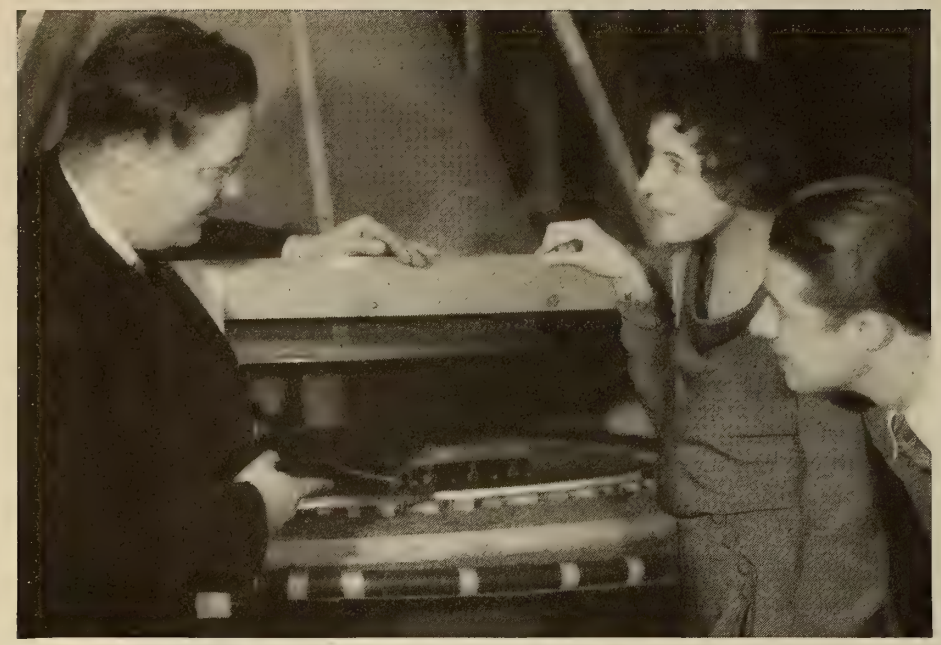
Don Bernard, directing, center. Harvey "Old Timer" Hayes, facing mike; Don Ameche, beyond him and Lucille Husting and Bernadine Flynn are at right. Ted Pearson, announcer, is seated below Bernard; Joseph Koestner, orchestra leader, is in back.

esting story behind the Empire Builder of the air.

When this program first went on the air, from the New York studios of the National Broadcasting Company, in January of 1929, an imitation train was obtained, through a combination of orchestra effects, a tank of compressed air, a locomotive bell, and a small wooden whistle. The effect was considered pretty good in those days, but it was hardly more than suggestive of a railroad train and hardly close enough to the real thing to be called an imitation.

All Radio listeners will recall the great broadcast that opened and dedicated the Great Northern's eight-mile tunnel under the Cascade range in western Washington, as well as the remarkable program broadcast from Chicago six months later when the railway inaugurated and dedicated its new fast train between Chicago and the Pacific Coast—the Empire Builder. On these two occasions microphones were used to pick up actual train sounds and thousands of letters were received by the railway expressing the thrill of listeners in hearing a railroad train roaring in their own living rooms.

These two programs set a standard for Great Northern sound effects that the sponsors of the programs were determined to live up to. Naturally it was



Tiny car, beneath funnel, that produces click of rails by "express".

impractical to broadcast actual train sounds each week—but it was imperative to find means of simulating the real sounds as closely as possible. This gave Harold Sims, the man in charge of the Great Northern programs back in St. Paul where the headquarters of the railway are located, the idea that every train used in a Great Northern program should be the real thing and he began work on a plan of recording a wide variety of train sounds which could be fitted into each week's dramatic sketches as required. While the plan presented a great many serious obstacles of a mechanical nature the thing that finally caused the whole scheme to be abandoned was the broadcasting company's positive refusal to permit the use of a recording on its network. A prolonged controversy ensued in which the broadcasting company was adamant and no choice remained to the program sponsor, if he wished to continue "Empire Builders" on that chain, other than to build up a synthetic train effect that would be as satisfactory as a recording.

Developments in the talkies and in the making of recordings made it imperative that this objective be accomplished. Where a wooden whistle, a bell and a drum was acceptable as substituting a railroad train two years ago, it was becoming increasingly obvious that they would not long remain acceptable substitutes. Some recording companies had obtained fairly satisfactory recordings of trains and these were being sold to local Radio stations and used by them on local programs. The result was that the local stations were using better train effects on their programs than the Great Northern was able to use on its big chain broadcast. In addition, the talkies were being developed and people were commenting on the excellent train effects heard in the movies, which reflected unsatisfactorily upon the Radio reproduction.

This would not have been so serious if "Empire Builders" had not been a railroad program, but being such, it seemed to the sponsors of the program imperative that their train effects should be second to none.

There was only one thing that remained to be done and that was to attack the problem with a view to reproducing, through mechanical means, the sounds of the real thing. It was particularly necessary to do as good, if not a better job, than could be done by recordings.

THIS looked like a large order, and it was. However, there was one slight advantage enjoyed over recordings, and that was that none of the recording companies had gone to the expense of elaborate experiments to get train recordings that were entirely satisfactory. The recording might be virtually authentic, but the discs invariably recorded a large volume of varying sounds which reproduced as more or less of a meaningless jumble. For theatrical purposes, trains have certain distinguishing sounds which listeners clearly identify and a synthetic effect built up with only such sounds and without the meaningless jumble of noise, would have sounded more real than the real thing, if such a paradoxical situation might be stated.

To illustrate, the most impressive paintings of scenery are not a mere process of duplicating form and color. If it were, an actual photograph, carefully colored, might be presumed to surpass any painting that an artist could hope to do. As a matter of fact, the artist develops and emphasizes form and color so that it appeals to the eye and the imagination. In the same way, it was with this thought that the Great Northern Railway went about the problem of reproducing train sounds which, while not entirely authentic, would seem fully as real as hearing the train itself.

Experiments along these lines were begun while the program was being broadcast from New York last year. A crude circular device with parallel rails, and three rail joints, was constructed to simulate the clickety-click-click of the rails. A set of wheels were operated over this circular track to produce this effect. The rumble of the train was produced by a couple of wooden wheels mounted on a four-foot turntable which had a wooden base. Long wire brushes were made and used on a tympanum and snare drums were used to reproduce the "chugging" of a locomotive. A Great Northern locomotive bell was sent to New York. A wooden whistle and a tank of compressed air completed the outfit. This did very well for the time being but had many shortcomings of which it was obvious the Radio public was aware.

THE bell, for instance, despite the fact that it was a real locomotive bell, sounded too much like a cowbell. This probably was due to the fact that it was in the studio and not out-of-doors. The whistle did not satisfactorily imitate a real whistle with its tremendous power and volume. An effort was made to see what could be done about installing a real whistle on the roof of the National Broadcasting Company in New York and also about putting the bell on the roof, with a microphone pickup. This plan had to be discarded for the reason that about the time "Empire Builders" went on the air there was usually a traffic jam down on the street below and it was feared that in some of the playlets where the train was supposed to be rushing over the Montana plains or roaring through a canyon out in the Rocky mountains that the microphone would pick up also the noises of a traffic jam in New York at night, with all the motors honking their horns. Too, it might have been something of a surprise to Fifth Avenue suddenly to hear an engine whistle and bell sounding high up in the stately skyscraper.

The matter of these sound effects, as well as the sponsor's desire to assume direct responsibility for the production of its broadcasts, resulted in transferring the current series of shows to Chicago last autumn.

The National Broadcasting Company was just opening new studios on the top floor of the great Merchandise Mart, built by Marshall Field & Company. This building, with more floor space than any other building in the world, had roof space far above the street and several blocks from the congested Loop that would be available for sound effects, and it was decided to utilize this advantage.

Throughout the summer various devices

were experimented with at St. Paul with a view to perfecting a device that would reproduce the sound of the heavy Pullman tracks whirling along over the rails. The work was undertaken by Harold M. Sims, Executive Assistant of the Great Northern Railway, who has been in charge of the "Empire Builders" programs. After numerous plans were evolved and discarded, a circular track was built at the railway's shops, consisting of thirteen pieces of rail steel. This track was built absolutely to scale. Trucks similar to those used on the big heavy Pullmans were also built to scale and all conditions which could conceivably have any effect upon sound were carefully simulated. For instance, even wooden ties were used, and elevation provided to take care of the curvature of the track. The joints were fastened together with fish plates, similar to those used on real rails. Then came the matter of determining what kind of ballast should be used. It was found that sand or gravel produced the sound of a train passing over a trestle and after much experimenting it was found that the most natural effect was obtained by the use of a certain type of wall deadening material placed between the ties and the board upon which the track was mounted, with another piece of the same deadening material under the board. A motor to drive the machine was placed under the table.

In the meantime, Mr. Sims had been carefully analyzing the large variety of train sounds. We cannot go into any elaborate discussion of this work, but we will use one effect as an example of the pains and effort that were expended on all of the sounds that one hears on "Empire Builders"—that is the effect of a passenger train coming from the distance, up past a certain point, and fading again into the distance. After stationing himself at different places along the right-of-way on fifteen or twenty different occasions, Mr. Sims found that almost every locality produced a different sound. Working with a stopwatch, it was found that the sound varied greatly also with the speed of the train, the weight of the train, topography of surrounding country, direction the wind was blowing, whether the train was picking up speed, slowing down or coasting; also the type of engine on the different trains accounted for quite a variety of sound. Finally the figures on about fifty different trains were taken down and an average reached that gave an index to the principal sounds, i.e., whistling, puffing of locomotive, roar of train, steam, bell, etc.

THE track machine has now been developed to a point where it reproduces very faithfully the click of the rails and the roar of the cars.

The "chugging" of the locomotive as it is now done, was the result of the construction of probably more than one hundred different kinds of wire brushes and it was quite by accident that the method now used in reproducing this part of the effect, was discovered. One of these brushes had been left lying on a kettle-drum during a sound effects rehearsal, when one of the assistants happened to pass a tiny wooden mallet over the brush. The sound was picked up by the microphone and carried into the control room where Mr. Sims and his assistants were discussing the problem. It was quite a faithful reproduction of the "chugging" of the locomotive!

Special valves were built to operate on compressed air tanks in order to get steam effects. It was found necessary to try several locomotive bells, before two bells were obtained which registered correctly over the microphone.

To bring these various units together into one effect is accomplished through a time chart which looks about the same as music does to a musician. It is spaced off as to seconds and Mr. Sims sits in the control room during each program with a large second clock in front of him and beats off the seconds with his hand. as well as counts aloud. The men who are operating the track machine, the steam tanks, the drum which produces the puffing, count each second with Mr. Sims, as they can see him through three panels of glass which separate the studio from the sound-proof control room. They know just what is required at each second, so that just as the engine, in theory, whisks past the bystander, all sounds are brought to their proper volume and speed.

The studio audience, which usually comprises between two and three hundred people, hear neither the bell nor the whistle, nor the noise produced by the track machine. They hear only the puffing as done by the drummer, the operation of the steam tank, and the clanking of the swiftly moving mechanism of the engine.



Some of the more impressive sounds are produced on the roof as shown above and piped into the studio for blending into program at proper sequence.

The LUCKY Adam's

From a Radio Interview about and with G. W. Hill in the Columbia Fortune Builders Series

By Douglas Gilbert



Douglas Gilbert, who conducts the Fortune Hunter series



THIS is Douglas Gilbert, generating to you tonight the voltage of George W. Hill, dynamic president of the American Tobacco Company; third-rail power of his industry—the lighted end—of Lucky Strikes. Mr. Hill is here beside me. He will clinch for you, in this mike-to-mike manner, some of the points I shall make at the close of my talk.

Last year George Hill earned for his company $43,294,000, and distributed to his common stockholders $29,293,000 in dividends. These are figures unequalled in the tobacco trade. The whole tobacco trust, dissolved in 1911 in the trust-busting days of Teddy Roosevelt, never approached them. This money is the financial Phœnix arising from the ashes of six billion two hundred-nineteen million cigarettes sold by one man—Hill—and smoked by 30,000,000 customers.

A record is supposed to speak for itself. It does. But in Hill's case it has to be, it ought to be, translated, interpreted. Such earning power must be deserved. There's more to Hill than dollars and cents. High-spot, red-hot, head-line Hill, sloganeer of cigarettes, means something. Stands for something. Is a symbol of some kind or other. Let's try to smoke him out from under that battered Borsalino he wears so rakishly. We'll turn off the switch that makes him revolute. For fifteen minutes Hill's going to be powerless, while we chuck away our rubber gloves and dismantle, bare-handed, this human dynamo to find the spark of his success.

That spark glows for a psychological reason. For Hill is a business bundle of suppressed desires. Graduating from Williams College he came to the American Tobacco Co. in 1904, serving under his father, the late Percival S. Hill, then president of the company. He was curbed by two handicaps at once. He was a rich man's son—and the son of the president; tie-ups at which the rank and file of any company bristle.

Moreover, he was the son of his father, a company baron of the old commercial school. When George offered a suggestion he was piped down by the parent quickly. George was given to understand at the start that he was there to learn—not to suggest. He started learning; and kept his suggestions to himself for future reference. As a matter of fact he did pretty well, since his first major activity was the promotion of Pall Mall cigarettes, a swanky and expensive smoke in the old days you old timers like to remember. He put them over as a swanky cigarette with his first slogan—"a shilling in London, a quarter here". Not so hot as "reach for a Lucky", but it got over his idea—the suggestion of the Savage Club;

APPLE MAN

the "my word, my cigarette" flavor of Mayfair and Piccadilly. Still, the elder Hill kept him pretty well curbed. George was rarin' to go, but the presidential father, the old tobacconist, couldn't see the then new-fangled notions his son is exploiting so successfully.

PENT up, held down, leashed by the easy-going methods that his senior had found so practicable, George proceeded as best he could until, only six years ago, his father died. And on December 16, 1925, the son stepped into his father's shoes — and the company stepped out. Today Hill's enterprise represents the pinnacle of tobacco effort in mass production and distribution of cigarettes. A six year achievement that amounts, ladies and gentlemen, to a commercial combustion.

Hill, as the new directing force, snapped his company out of its industrial complacency at once. His new authority offered him the necessary escape for the ideas that he had been storing up while observing and learning from his father. It offered the outlet for the enthusiasms that had so long been stifled. His suppressed business desires here had their vent. We've unlocked the first door that guards the secret of George W. Hill's success.

He was but 41 when elected president. A man responsive, constantly clicking to the modernistic note that then was jazzing up the fox-trot of American business. Remember, were talking about Hill, who once gave me this definition of his Lucky Strike dance orchestra—"breast of chicken à la Rolfe, served HOT; without dressing."

And that's how this 41-year-old new executive started in with his board of directors—HOT, without dressing. He laid down the law to them with a hitherto unheard of money-demand for promotional work and advertising. You can imagine the battle that took place. Enough of the representatives of the old régime remained to bristle up a series of tut-tuts that later gave way to unqualified rage. This young business upstart with his costly highfalutin' methods wasn't going to jazz them out of their shells.



G. W. Hill, President of the American Tobacco Co.

To all of which Hill replied with the equivalent of "oh, yes" and proceeded to move his advertising Big Berthas into position. You have felt the raking fire of his barrage. But have you sensed the advertising psychology behind it? Hill's policy is to advertise so as to compete with the news columns in interest. This interest - he makes a highly specialized, super-subtle appeal. Its note is personal and interesting. It is designed to reach not only the pocket-nerve of you readers but also your intuition, your subconsciousness, your self-interest. Yes. Hill's whole advertising, for which his annual outlay this year will exceed $12,000,000, is written (mostly by him, by the way) to this special purpose, or this special effect.

THIS accounts for the editorial quality in his advertising — "sunshine mellows"; "heat purifies"; "Luckies are k-i-n-d to your throat"; "an ancient prejudice removed"; and his calling attention to overeating. These are declarative and significant statements such as you find on the policy or editorial page of your newspaper.

Well, all this was a tidy morsel for his colleagues to chew over. But remember, he promised to justify his

methods. And, I started this broadcast with the record figures of his last year's earnings, earnings, recall, in a year of depression. So now does he meet with opposition? Listen, his old opponents lap it up. Nobody ever quarrels with success. If someone showed you how to redouble your profits, how to make that financial spade slam in your business contract bridge game, you wouldn't fight back. No one does with Hill now either.

A couple of years ago Hill became president of the American Cigar Company, a subsidiary of the American Tobacco Company. And again he started stepping out. The revitalizing methods of the vital Mr. Hill were at work. And again Hill did the unexpected. He employed the late Alfred W. McCann to visit his newly acquired, dirty and in-the-red cigar factory, and tell him what was the matter with it. Whoever heard of hiring a food expert to analyze the vitamins in an ailing cigar? Well, McCann put his whirlwind vacuum cleaner to work and swept Hill's factory clean.

HILL installed modern machinery—"no human hand touches your cigar"—I'm quoting Mr. Hill, who proceeded to apply the same kind of mass production to cigars with an intensity that marks his labor for Luckies. The tremendous advantages in cleanliness in smoking struck Hill forcibly at this time. Nothing is more personal to you than your smoke.

What is it in a word, Hill asked himself some eighteen hours a day for six months or so that epitomizes what I have done. The answer, ladies and gentlemen, rests against an easel above a box of Cremos in his office at 111 Fifth Avenue, New York—it is a framed work—"Spitless".

A while back we called him a sloganeer, for Hill is responsible for the catch phrases that confront you on the billboard, in your newspaper, and magazine, or beguile or startle your ear over the Radio. He must have raised you out of your chair a few weeks ago with his "one man's spit is another man's poison". Startling, but true, and saleable.

He is a master of epitome—the electrifying word or phrase that sums up his two hundred million dollar tobacco enterprises. And he knows almost to the penny what its response will be.

The candy manufacturers, through the Sugar Institute, were up in arms against him two years ago when he reached for his Luckies instead of a sweet. Boycotting methods were suggested against him; suits were threatened; the Federal Trade Commission was invoked to call him off what the Sugar Institute called his "unethical" advertising, whatever that may mean. Hill faced them and fought them back. Get the psychology back of this.

"Don't you see what I'm doing for you?" he asked. "I'm centering the nation's attention to two things—sugar, and cigarettes. Wait 'till the results are shown". They waited. At the close of the year Department of Commerce figures revealed that more sugar had been consumed and more cigarettes sold than at any other time in our commercial history. Then Hill, the victor, and maybe this means something, withdrew the criticized slogan.



B. A. Rolfe, conductor of the Lucky Strike Orchestra

The doodads and gadgets that he has installed in his factories are equally humble, and interesting, in their origin. For example, the ultra-violet ray that is now applied to the blend that goes into Luckies. Hill, in London some years ago, was guesting some friends at dinner. One was served with an unripe melon. Hill had recently yielded to the high-pressure methods of a British salesman who expanded on the miracle of synthetic sunshine that was his for the price of an ultra-violet ray lamp. He bought one Presto! The unripe melon was a chance to prove its mellowing, purifying, ripening sunshine claims. Hill took the melon and exposed it to the ray. In twenty minutes it was edible.

"WELL!" said Hill, "if it'll do that to a melon, its effect on tobacco might be equally advantageous. I'll try it anyhow." He did. The tobacco seemed improved. Scientific tests substantiated his belief. So today the factories are equipped with this process.

Competitors are often aroused by his aggressive methods—but his wise friendly enemies hold back and let him have his way. For they know that his methods—methods that are in step with the jazz-mad beat of America's currently pulsing life—are for the good of the industry. More cigarettes are sold of *all* brands because of Hill. And Hill knows it. He looks over his annual report and those of his rival companies, and believe me—they satisfy. For an analysis shows that for every dollar earned by every cigarette sold in America, Hill—and the American Tobacco Co.—takes 68 cents.

He can afford to be frank. And he can also be decent. No one industrial executive in the United States shepherds his stockholders with greater zeal. His reports reveal—always—the soul of his company. His statement at the close of 1930 told—and for the first time in tobacco history—how many cigarettes he sold.

IT WAS some 46 billion odd; you'll remember.

And about six months before that, if you were a stockholder, you received a letter advising you of a contemplated split-up of stock on a two-for-one basis. This letter was in line with Hill's belief that owners of shares were entitled to know the plans of the management so that they could be guided in their holdings accordingly.

And there's our man, the human dynamo we took apart, running up Hill, a mile a minute—a dollar a second. SPLIT-second symbol of America's high pressure industry. And here he is in person.

Interview with Mr. Hill

GILBERT: Mr. Hill, do you mind stepping here to the microphone a moment. The American people are smoking more than 46 billion of your Lucky Strike Cigarettes a year and several billion cigarettes of other brands. That's a lot of cigarettes, Mr. Hill, and I have been wondering just what the possibilities of expansion are.

HILL: Why, Mr. Gilbert, that's fairly easy. Mr. Ford and Mr. Firestone have answered that question for me a long time ago. On the other side of the Atlantic is potentially as fertile a field for future development as *this* country has been for the past ten years. South America is another strong possibility. I believe that our foreign sales have increased at an even greater speed than our American sales. You know, Mr. Gilbert, a cigarette that is good and pleasing is usually just as pleasing 5,000 miles away.

GILBERT: Do you think, Mr. Hill, the

day will ever come when the people in this country will develop a taste for something different from the cigarette?

HILL: It may be, but I think the time is a far way off. The cigarette, you know, is in perfect tempo with contemporary American life. If the time ever does come, however, when the American public will turn to something else, well, I believe that the same qualities of performance and imagination that have made Lucky Strikes and other cigarettes outstanding in this country will establish a leadership in that other field, whatever it may be.

GILBERT: Do you look for an up-trend in your own industry, Mr. Hill, during the next year?

HILL: Why, I think my industry is not too different from the general run of other major ones in this country. I personally feel that they are all on the up-trend. I'm not given to predictions, you know, but a man would be foolish to play for anything but forward movement in this country during the next few years."

The Man Behind the Program

By A RADIO DIGEST *Staff Writer*

WHEN thirty or forty million people tune in on the Lucky Strike programs every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday night, and cock their ears and wiggle their heels to a distinctly Lucky Strike tempo and harmony, they are registering approval not merely of B. A. Rolfe and his orchestra and soloists, but of the men "behind the set" who also play an important part in putting the programs over.

Radio has its stage managers too. For the Lucky Strike hour the stage manager —the impresario—is George Washington Hill.

Hill picked Rolfe and he helped Rolfe select the members of this fifty-piece orchestra. Hill names the soloists and goes to some effort to get the people he wants. (When he gets them they never have any reason to complain about the size of their cheques). He controls the expenditure of more than two million dollars in time and talent yearly to make the Lucky Strike Hour one of the most popular features on the air. It was Hill who decided upon the type of music to be played and the instruments to play it; who developed the formula of interspersing dreamy and spirited selections; who devised most of the hundred and one means of keeping the orchestra and the audience on their toes.

And yet, so far as the public is concerned, George Hill is self-effacing—and virtually unknown. He is not mentioned on the programs. You don't hear his voice on the air. He doesn't wield a baton or pull a bow or toot a horn, in public or in private. He is not a "professional" musician or Radio technician (although listeners must agree he knows as much about these things as some top-notch professionals.) He is a manufacturer and a salesman of cigarettes. And the reason Lucky Strike programs are popular is precisely the same as the reason Lucky Strike cigarettes are popular. It is because George Hill knows "people." He knows how to interest multitudes in programs and products because he knows, better perhaps than any other man in America, what scores of millions of Americans want. And he knows also how to persuade them to want and enjoy what he has to offer. Showmanship and salemanship are pretty much the same, and George Hill has both.

Let us drop in and watch the man at work. He may be said to have two "headquarters"—one is at the executive offices of The American Tobacco Company, at 111 Fifth Avenue, at Eighteenth Street, the other at the Directors' Room of the National Broadcasting Company at Fifth Avenue and Fifty-fifth Street. The first building is blackened with age, the other is new and bright. George Hill is oblivious to both. He is working with tremendous energy at the particular task at hand. Surroundings mean little to him.

You are ushered in to the President's office in the corner of the tenth floor at "111". (One of American Tobacco's brands of cigarettes, you may remember, had that number as a name.) You pass a life-size statue of an Indian, which appears on the company's trade mark. You enter the corner door and find yourself in a large room. There is plenty of light in the room, but the fittings are black. On one wall is a photograph of an elderly man —probably Percival S. Hill, father of the present President, or perhaps it is James B. Duke, one-time king of the tobacco industry. Until now it might be a law office. But on top of the bookcase is a statue of a bull. The bull has his "associations" too—he typifies Bull Durham. On a dark colored desk in the far center are boxes of cigars and cigarettes. Yes, Hill smokes, when he has time. He prefers cigarettes to cigars.

At a long black table in the center, big enough for a directors' meeting, a red faced man in a blue suit is writing. Although

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BILL SCHUDT has a pair of ears to be proud of. They are useful as well as ornamental. Not long ago he had one of them screwed to a telephone receiver when he received a very agreeable shock. "Say, you've got a great Radio voice!" he exclaimed to the party at the other end. That party was Douglas Gilbert, the author of this article. He first appeared on Bill Schudt's Going to Press Period. Then he was engaged for the Fortune Hunter series. He is a newspaper man of long experience and is said to have interviewed every person of national prominence in the country.



The Lucky Strike Orchestra

Chicago as

By Merlin H. Aylesworth

President of the National Broadcasting Company



Grant Park, below, beautifully landscaped and including the million dollar Buckingham fountain, gives approach to the bristling skyline and to the forthcoming world's fair

CHICAGO, Radio's capital?

The prediction has been made many times. Regardless of the opinion of any one individual, it is certain that there is already enough evidence as to the trend in this direction to cause discussion of the question. No doubt can exist in the mind of any individual but that Chicago already is a Radio center. It was one of the first Radio Centers in the world, and it has to its credit many other of the "firsts" in broadcasting. It had one of the first broadcast transmitting stations in the United States. It presented, over the air, the first broadcast of a grand opera production from the stage. This was nearly ten years ago, in November 1921, when station KYW picked up a performance of what is now the Chicago Civic Opera Company from the stage of the old Auditorium Theater.

Geographically, of course, Chicago occupies a preferred position in the heart of the country and a vast population.

In matters pertaining to nearly all phases of broadcasting, from the development of talent to the invention of mechanical equipment, Chicago has always been to the fore. This is due to the fact that almost from the start the mid-western city had a number of active, intelligently managed individual Radio stations. Among them the spirit of rivalry has been stronger, perhaps, than among the broadcasters of any other city in the United States. The foremost of these stations were owned or affiliated with newspapers which insured for them a most intense spirit of progressivism, and fostered an ever advancing standard of program production.

Within sound of the demolition of Fifth Avenue skyscrapers in New York, to make way for the new Rockefeller Radio City, Mr. Aylesworth states his belief in Chicago as the Radio Capital of America, and tells why. With the Midwest metropolis radiating into thickly populated sections unhindered in all directions the NBC president's contentions seem especially well founded.

The broadcasters of Chicago have not been content to permit the stage, the cabaret, the Lyceum Bureau, the concert hall and vaudeville to supply them with most of their entertainers. On the contrary, they have developed and made many names that were never heard of before, and are now nationally known. One outstanding instance is the internationally known act of "Amos 'n' Andy" which was incubated in the studio of a local Chicago station.

From the viewpoint of music, the city is adequately supplied with musicians of

Radio Capital



Merchandise Mart, home of the new NBC studios, looks down on the river that "runs up hill" from the lake

the highest class, and it has within its boundaries many well conducted schools and conservatories of music.

Thus it becomes plain that the spirit of competition among the Chicago stations has developed and will continue to develop many new supplies of Radio talent.

NOR have these individual stations been lacking in progress in the matter of equipment and studios. Nowhere in the world are there any finer individual broadcasting units than in Chicago. All of the more prominent stations have new studios and offices which have been created within the past couple of years. There have been constant improvements in the transmitting plants of these stations, located outside of the city limits. From the eye of an engineer, these transmitters are on a par with any in the world. Their capacities range all the way from 500 to 50,000 watts. Many of them maintain their own research laboratories and are constantly experimenting with television, short wave transmitters and other forms of wireless communication.

Because of its early start in Radio, there are now announcers, entertainers and engineers scattered all over the country whose experience in broadcasting came first in Chicago. It is certain that the backbone of broadcasting is, and always will be, individual stations. Without these to carry the programs, it would not be possible, naturally, for the American people to have such major production units as have been created by what are popularly known as the chains.



Merlin H. Aylesworth

Some idea, therefore, of the completeness of the broadcasting service given the listening public in the Chicago territory and states adjacent, can be gained from the statement that there are at least eight grade A stations in the city.

Ample and concrete evidence of the faith that broadcasters themselves have in Chicago's future as a Radio center is already at hand. The National Broadcasting Company has created the newest and most completely equipped network broadcasting center in the world on top of the Merchandise Mart in Chicago. There, in a prodigious penthouse, are housed six of the finest broadcasting studios in the world, and one of them is the largest in existence. Into that plant has been put all of the knowledge and experience gained in the past ten years in broadcasting.

Some further idea of the importance with which we regard Chicago is indicated by the fact that the office force of the National Broadcasting Company, exclusive of entertainers, has been increased from two to more than two hundred persons. More than sixteen hundred people appear before NBC microphones each month in the six studios mentioned.

Further than that, provision has been made for the addition of at least four more studios when necessity arises.

It should be understood that the Chicago unit is not merely a branch office. It is a complete broadcasting organization and has every department necessary for the production and presentation of



Niles Trammel, vice-president of the NBC, in charge of the Chicago studios

Radio programs. In fact, there is nothing in New York that is not duplicated in the Chicago quarters.

Some more concrete idea of the Chicago plant may be obtained from a recitation of statistics. It is, in reality, a large two story building that has been erected on top of the Merchandise Mart, which in itself is the world's largest building. It contains more than 66,000 square feet of space, and two of its six studios are two stories high. The studios themselves measure more than 240,000 cubic feet, and more than 56,000 square feet of sound proof material was used in their construction. Light for the studios is obtained from more than 95 light fixtures or chandeliers, and more than 33,000 watts of electricity are required for this purpose. The halls, corridors and offices have more than 13,000 square feet of carpet, and the total floor space of the studios is more than 11,000 square feet. The various hallways and corridors have a total length of more than 1,760 linear feet. In the observation rooms, which permit visitors to watch broadcasts, there are more than 8,000 square feet, and these visitors look through more than 1,500 square feet of glass.

AS THE Radio audience of the country already knows, there are a number of Radio acts originating in Chicago that have become immensely popular. Among these are Amos 'n' Andy; Paul Whiteman and his orchestra; Phil Spitalny and his Edgewater Beach orchestra; Clara Lu 'n' Em; East and Dumke, with their "Sisters of the Skillet" sketch; Joseph Koestner and his orchestra; Lee Sims, piano individualist; Al and Pete, recording artists; Abbie Mitchell, interpreter of blues; Wendell Hall, the red-headed music maker; the Empire Builders dramatic cast headed by Harvey Hays, the Old Timer; the cast of the semi-dramatic sketch, "The First Nighters"; Chauncey Parsons, noted tenor; Coon-Sanders and their original Nighthawk orchestra; Adolphe Dumont and his symphony orchestra; George Dasch and the Little Symphony orchestra.

Only recently the production of the WJZ-NBC daytime sustaining programs were shifted from New York to Chicago.

ATTENTION is also called to the fact that the National Broadcasting Company has already completed arrangements for the acquisition of Station WENR, Chicago's popular 50,000 watt unit.

The Columbia Broadcasting System also has been continually enlarging its Chicago quarters. Only recently it completed large new studios in the Wrigley Building. It has enlarged its personnel many times over its original force.

It was only yesterday, figuratively speaking, that no nationally broadcast programs originated in Chicago. Now nearly two hundred come from that city every week. Argument in rebuttal has been advanced that the National Broadcasting Company is soon to build in New



York a great Radio City. This is true, but those who argue make it appear that this huge project that is to house Radio City is to be devoted exclusively to broadcasting. On the contrary, it will have, in addition to broadcasting studios, such enterprises as theaters and many other activities that are only indirectly connected with Radio production.

The success of any center that is to be considered in this argument regarding the capital of broadcasting, must depend to a great extent on its program talent supply. It is obvious that a town of two hundred people would have difficulty in finding among its citizens enough persons of sufficient musical and histrionic ability to give a complete broadcasting service sixteen to eighteen hours a day. As in the past, such talent has gravitated toward the larger centers of population. For this reason most of the men and women who professionally entertain are found in New York and Chicago.

Certainly it is true that New York is the theatrical center of the United States, but such a statement does not mean that it is the home of all the talent in the country. If the argument regarding New York's supply of talent held good, then Hollywood would not be the talking picture capital of the United States at the present time. There is no argument but that the "talkies" need and use all kinds of musical and histrionic ability. It is also true that because talking pictures are produced inside on the sound stages, sunshine is no longer a factor.

Consequently, it is logical to assume, if we are to believe all the arguments we hear, that when talking pictures became a success two years ago, the producing companies would have immediately transferred all of their activities to New York City. These facts are pointed out in an endeavor to show that New York has no exclusive hold on talent.

Even more important, however, than any of these thoughts, is another one that has to do with the year 1933. At that time, in Chicago, as we all know, there is to be held the greatest fair and exposition the world has ever known. And it is not debatable that during 1933 Chicago will be the amusement center, not of the United States alone, but of the world. Naturally it will draw to it the leading entertainers, artists, orchestras and bands of the world. This exodus, by the way, has already started. Only recently, Paul Whiteman, conceded to be one of the foremost orchestra leaders in the world, signed a contract with the NBC Artists' Bureau in Chicago for a five year period. In addition to Whiteman, the mid-western city is even now playing host to some of the most famous orchestras. Internationally known is Frederick Stock's Symphony Orchestra. Numerous other symphonic organizations claim it as their home. There is little need to discuss the artistic and musical reputation of the Chicago Civic Opera.

CONSEQUENTLY, from now on the city will play an increasingly important part in the amusement world. It is obvious that its position in broadcasting is to be advanced in measure.

In conclusion this can certainly be said: Chicago is a world's center of broadcasting; whether it will become THE world's center is debatable and everyone has a right to his own opinion.





A Great Drawing Card . . . Nellie Revell, Voice of RADIO DIGEST, Honored by New York Cartoonists at her first birthday party after leaving the hospital. Bottom Row, left to right: George McManus, Rube Goldberg, Irvin Cobb, Miss Revell, Windsor McKay and Harry Hirshfield. Among those in the back row are Martin Branner, Tom Powers, Bugs Baer and Milt Gross

GABALOGUE

By Nellie Revell

The Voice of RADIO DIGEST

HOWDY, friends. I think I could call this "old stagers'" night, because most everybody on my program tonight comes from the stage. . . . My first is to be about those two gloom chasers, Snoop and Peep . . . or I should say, Messrs. Finan and Winkopp. These boys were both born in New York and have been friends since their boyhood days. . . . They went to public school together, played marbles and hookey, went swimming and fishing, and then they entered Columbia together. . . . At Columbia, they played on the football team, before the captain found out what was wrong with the team, and decided he'd rather have football players than comedians.

Then they decided to go on the stage. . . . Finan joined the road show with the *Kid Boots* company—then came back to New York and joined George M. Cohan's *Mary Malone*. . . . Winkopp was a member of the late Sam Bernard's company, *I Told You So,* which played here on Broadway. . . . The boys teamed up again and went into vaudeville—but they soon tired of looking for the last half of next week. . . . So they left the stage—and each tried a business career. . . . That wasn't so good, either, because they were already theatre-minded and were ruined for any other profession. . . . So, they decided to uplift Radio and wrote a series of burlesque detective stories, "How to Find out the Reason for Which." . . . They took these sketches to an executive of the National Broadcasting Company. . . . One week later, they had an audition, and two weeks later, the Radio audience were chortling at "Snoop and Peep," solving such startling mysteries as "Padlock Holmes," "The Shooting of Dan McGoo," and "Phil, the Phoney Firebug."

EVERY Wednesday night at 11 o'clock Miss Revell takes her WEAF mike in hand and rattles off a good old fashioned chinfest about the great and the near-great of Radio and stage circles.

IF YOU happen to be passing the National Broadcasting Company on Fifth avenue, and see a big truck in front of the place, and five or six helpers unloading it, you'll know that "Snoop and Peep" are broadcasting and those things are their property sound effects. . . . In a recent program, their sound effects property list included: a bulb horn, train whistle, bell plate, tin pan, railroad locomotive, wire beater, (only the stenographer hit the wrong key, and made it *wife* beater) a chain windlass, a cow bell, a wood block, a Ford motor, and one announcer. . . . In fact, nearly every program includes everything from a baby pacifier to a steam dredge.

The boys are both single and live with their parents. . . . They write their own sketches, and say they've never had so much fun in their lives as they do putting these on. . . . They're on at eleven o'clock every Tuesday night and if you've got any mystery story to solve . . . such as why somebody always rings the telephone when you're in the bathtub; or why, in a restaurant, you can never get your coffee served with your meal, instead of afterward; or why the waiter always runs away with the menu before you get through eating . . . just write to "Snoop and Peep"; they will tell you

Well, to change the subject, here's a lady who really did leave a vacancy on the stage when she stepped out. . . . I mean Lucille Wall. . . . She is known as the "Collier's Love Story Girl," and has been four years on the Collier program. . . . She's also on the "Polly

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What is the Secret of *Charm?*

IRENE BORDONI, Grace Moore, Mary Pickford and Ruth St. Denis discuss this delicate and peculiarly feminine subject from their own respective viewpoints

By Lillian G. Genn

EVERY woman, since the day of Eve, has longed to be charming. She knows that with this shining armor, she can sally forth into the world and capture many of the prizes of life. But never before, however, has its possession been of such primary importance as in this age of beauty, of youth and of self-development, when every woman must be able to hold her own.

Naturally, we are tremendously interested in the women who have reached the top and who are famed for their ability to sway the hearts of all. What are their views on charm? What secrets have they to impart? What things have they learned which will help others to open the magic door to success, whether it is in the business or social world or that of love?

Four fascinating women of different types were chosen. Each has won renown in her field and is known to a wide personal and Radio public. Let us first "listen in" to that international musical comedy star who is winning new laurels over the air—Irene Bordoni. She is small, petite and vivacious, and has that proverbial captivating charm of the French woman which at once draws you to her.

"Ah, charm," she smiled. "That is a very necessary thing for a woman to have. If she hasn't it, she must set about acquiring it right away!

"Of course, to tell you what it is requires a lot of thought. I don't know if I can tell you, even after thinking! But I am certain that it is a hundred times more important than beauty. The world



"Each one of us has something different . . . which gives us charm," Grace Moore.

is full of beautiful women. But how many do you hear about, or know about? But a charming woman—ah, that is different. And if she is a beautiful woman with charm, she will be known the world over.

"No matter how beautiful a woman is, if she has not charm, she soon palls on one. But with that quality added, she becomes *vivant*—a person who has glow and animation to her. She is one who gives pleasure to whomever she meets.

"In France, a baby girl, from the time she is old enough to understand, is taught to be charming. She is taught to be particularly charming to men," twinkled the actress, "so that some day she can make a suitable match. The importance of good manners, of grace and of tact is emphasized. That is all a part of charm, is it not? She studies music, singing and dancing, and cultivates a pleasant speaking voice. These things give her poise and help to make her a companionable person.

"She also learns the necessity for a sweet disposition. A girl, or for that matter a man too, who is ill-tempered and inclined to argue at the slightest provocation, can never be charming. As for a pessimist, or a grouch, do you know a charming one? I do not. It is the one who smiles and is cheerful, who radiates charm.

"That is why I say, forget worry when others are around. Even if you must force yourself to smile and laugh, then do so. Life is so full of cares and troubles, that the woman who can dispel them with her good humor and her smiles will never lack friends. People will flock to her, for she soothes them and makes them happy.

"The girl who wants to develop charm should also be an interesting conversationalist. She must read and know what is going on in the world. In that way she makes her company more desirable.

"But at the same time—" Miss Bordoni paused to lift a cautioning finger, "she must be able to listen well. She must not monopolize the conversation nor be indifferent. If she listens sympathetically, that flatters the other person and makes him feel," she smiled roguishly, "that she is a very, very charming person!"

The fairy godmothers were lavish with their gifts when they came to the cradle of Grace Moore. Given a voice of lyrical



"It is the one who smiles and is cheerful, who radiates charm," Irene Bordoni.

loveliness, exquisite blonde beauty, and great dramatic talent, she has not only attained a much coveted place at the Metropolitan Opera House, but is among the foremost of our screen luminaries. Yet the brilliant success that she has achieved in these fields, has not turned her head. She is simple, unaffected, and very much herself.

It was not surprising, therefore, when she was asked what she considered important for charm, to have her at once reply: "Naturalness.

"I suppose," she continued, "that is not much to impart. But it seems to me that a great many young people submerge or lose their charm simply because they try to be like someone else whom they admire. They adopt poses and affectations. They imitate mannerisms. They try to be cute or sophisticated when they might be really charming if they were simple and dignified.

"Each one of us has something in us which makes us different from the next person. And it is that 'differentness' which gives us charm. That is why I advise the charm-seeker to let her manner, her conversation and everything else about her be natural.

"Then I think that the qualities of the heart and mind have much to do with it: being joyous and happy and enthusiastic, and having a genuine desire to make others so. You will find that the charming man and woman are always trying to do something for other people. There is a gallant manner in the way they carry themselves, a gentle patience and a kindliness of thought and impulse. Nothing is too much trouble for them.

"Culture is another great aid to charm. The person who has many interests and hobbies and who has an appreciation of the arts and of beautiful things, makes a better and more lasting impression than the girl whose only possession is a pretty face.

"A woman's charm needs an effective setting. And that of course includes all the feminine lure of clothes, physical loveliness, and poise. No matter how little a woman can spend on her wardrobe, she can at least be immaculately and daintily groomed. Well-kept hands, a fine, clear skin, and shining hair, add to the appeal of fastidious grooming. Carriage, graciousness and ease, all these things that comprise poise, are contributing factors to



"Steadiness, balance, serenity and self-confidence are important to the element of charm in personality," Ruth St. Denis.

charm, and pleasing personality.

"But perhaps more than anything else," the prima donna said in parting, "I believe that the secret of charm lies in the beauty of one's inner thoughts. It is these which project themselves in an attractive personality."

We next went on the trail of Ruth St. Denis, the world-famous dancer, who has given a very delightful talk of her art over the Radio. Dressed in a nile-green robe, her bare feet encased in sandals, she formed a lovely picture against the exotic background of her Denishawn studio. It is a large, artistic house, built in Spanish-Moorish style and filled with treasures that she and her husband, Ted Shawn, gathered in their years of travel in every quarter of the globe.

The famous dancer has the grace of movement and of gestures which give one a sense of beauty as one watches her. Her face, devoid of makeup, is smooth and firm and is framed by a mass of white hair. She was very much interested in our search for charm recipes, and thoughtfully considered our questions.

"I think," she began, "there has to be a combination of elements to produce that special glow of personality which attracts others to us. And these, people are usually born with.

"However, there are things that can be acquired and which make very acceptable substitutes for the natural elements that are lacking. Grace, social poise, and ease of manner are among them. The best aids for these are the dance and contact with the world, which comes under the head of travel.

"I do not mean that it is necessary to travel physically, but rather mentally. One should have a curiosity about life that is fed by reading, studying, meeting people, attending clubs, lectures and concerts. Such a background of culture helps in contacts with people. One knows how to approach them and to draw them out.

"The art of repose is a distinct and a rich asset to charm. Most of us nowadays are nervous and distrait. We are either tired to death

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"This subtle quality is a composite of daintiness, perfect grooming, joy of living and love of one's fellow-beings," Mary Pickford.





Julia

Julia and Frank

Famous Radio Sweethearts Are Married and Proud of It — Stage Romance Sticks for Crumit-Sanderson—on Both Chains

By Duke Parry

PERHAPS it's because they don't take themselves too seriously in the Radio studios.

Possibly the explanation lies in the fact that they frequently skip around a microphone that they use jointly, ad lib at will, and refuse to be terrified by their audience, no matter how large the coast-to-coast networks that carry their voices, may become.

At any rate Julia Sanderson and Frank Crumit are rated by broadcast critics as among Radio's most popular teams. Superlatives crowd upon superlatives when the fans and the critics express themselves about this pair who are credited by the Columbia Broadcasting System for materially increasing the morning audience during their Friday morning Bond Bakers broadcasts.

"The greatest Radio romancers"—"clowns, lovers and delightful song birds all rolled into one"—these are just a few of the comments that are collected weekly from the fan mail which long ago had run into the hundreds of thousands of letters and post cards.

It has gotten to the point where the fans take sides. They argue about whether or not, during their Blackstone Plantation broadcasts on Tuesdays and Thursdays in the evening and in their morning broadcasts, Julia is singing enough and indulging enough in her distinctive giggle—in a word if she is getting her share of attention on the programs. Equally loud in their plaints are others in the Radio audience who want to know why "funny Frank Crumit" doesn't devote more attention to his comic songs such as the famous *Barnacle Bill the Sailor*. But the letters end by assuring Frank and Julia that they are the best Radio team on the air.

The first words Julia Sanderson uses when she starts in to tell you about Radio may explain the key to their success as stars dealing purely in Radio entertainment.

"The funny thing about Radio is that we started into it just for fun . . . sort of a lark," she will tell you. "And the fun keeps up even when we have to get to the CBS studios early in the morning to sing for the Radio early birds".

Julia contributes a contagious giggle during the moments between the songs of their program. One of her admirers calls it a "merry little musical laugh". The other day, in the studio she and Frank were ad libbing, indulging in bits of nonsense when, without warning she almost took him completely off his guard by saying to her Radio audience as well as to her Radio partner — "Look out, I'm going to sneeze!"



Frank

AS A Radio funster Frank Crumit is in as much demand as he is while singing such romantic songs as *It Looks Like Love* and *That Homestead Steady of Mine*. At the moment he is president and "General Factotum" of one of Radio's most unusual clubs, "The Foolish Facts Club", which he sings about in the Plantation programs. The foolish facts he sings about are not unlike his famous song *What Kind of a Noise Annoys an Oyster?*, which explained that a "noisy noise annoys an oyster more". When he first started introducing his own foolish facts to the Radio, the Radio fans liked them so well they sent in volunteer bits of foolishment. Frank formed "The Foolish Facts Club", and Radio fans were promised a copy of the "Foolish Facts" sheet music, with many verses if they sent in a cigar band. There were twenty thousand such sheets of music sent out within two weeks. But best of all, to let Frank tell it, there were so many "foolish facts" submitted to him for use on the air that he has enough on hand to supply his program demand for the rest of the year. Those who write in to the "General Factotum" are automatically made members of the "Foolish Facts Club."

The Crumit-Sanderson team dates back to the legitimate stage days. Both Julia, who came from Springfield, Mass., and Frank, who is from Jackson, Ohio, heard the call of the

stage early in life. Overcoming parental objections she came down to New York to get into musical comedy at the age of fifteen. Shubert saw her and gave her a contract and then Charles Frohman featured her in "The Sunshine Girl". There were other plays and other parts—one of her happiest moments was when the late President Taft presented her with an armful of flowers when "The Sunshine Girl" played in Washington. Then Frohman went down on the Lusitania. She had lost the manager who was the inspiration of such actresses as Ethel Barrymore, Billie Burke, Maude Adams. She began to drift . . . and then she and Frank Crumit met and he sang *Sweet Lady* to her in "Tangerine".

THE rest is Radio history. She and Frank made their fortunes and deserted the stage for matrimony. They bought themselves a home at Springfield, Mass., and called it "Dunrovin" and settled down. There was golf nearby—even then Julia wanted to defeat Frank at golf—there were the flowers and birds and things they had sung about in their musical comedies. And then one day they heard the Radio—a strange new toy.

"We could do that," said Frank.

"It would be fun," echoed Julia.

And soon the audiences which had truly missed them heard their voices again. He sang *Sweet Lady* to her. She breathed romance with *I Have Just One Heart for Just One Boy*. The Radio audience liked it. They sang *By My Side, I Can't Get Enough of You*.

They helped sell the troubled world on the fact that there was some romance left in matrimony after all.

"They sing like that—and they say they are married!" queried the cynics. "Two Little Love Birds—it's just make believe", remarked twentieth century America. "Romance—it's all right for the stage and the Radio. But they're too happy—it's just an act."

To all of which Julia and Frank offer themselves to the listening world as two artists who can be happy though married.



Scene from *Tangerine* when Frank sang *Sweet Lady* to Julia—and meant it for life

Julia may be called diminutive. She weighs a scant 126 pounds . . . she has a pet bull dog who's been named "Lindy Lee" . . . Jocko is her pet parrot because he mounts Frank's shoulder, cackles into his ear and attempts the inimitable Sandersonian giggle of Julia . . . her greatest extravagance is perfumes, but she wears the heavier sort with velvet and lighter ones with chiffon . . . she has no idea of the size shoes she wears but admits, embarrassedly, that her foot takes one of the smaller sizes . . . and her sweetest moment in life . . . she will tell you so . . . was when Frank Crumit, comparatively unknown to her, strummed his now famous ukulele to her and sang his own composition of *Sweet Lady*.

AND SO the fairy story said—they were married. And they all lived happily ever afterward.

They are probably one of the most observed pairs that enter the studios of the Columbia Broadcasting System. They aren't at all heavy with their affection for each other. Rather, they are nonchalant, much the same as one of Frank's brother Phi Delta Thetas in the University of Ohio—by the way Frank is proud of the Phi Delts and Ohio University—would be with a fair co-ed.

Now Frank, leaving Julia out of it for the nonce, has revived some of the most famous characters of light music. What would the records do—and Frank was famous as a reporter long before Radio came into its own—without Frankie and Johnnie? And Abdul Abulbul Amir? And the Gay Caballero? Not to mention Donald the Dub, one of America's championship golf songs of the King of Borneo. Many of them he wrote himself. And—as a parting shot—Frank weighs 200 pounds!

FIGHT *that* Do You *Want the*

MAJORITY *of Listeners Has Poor Taste, Say Educators, Who Seek Share of Time for Exclusive Use—Subtle Hand of Politicians Seen in Move to Break Competitive System*

By Doty Hobart

Cartoon by Fred Morgan

HOW would you like to have a Washington Bureaucrat go over Radio programs for the day, run a blue pencil through your Amos 'n' Andy, scratch out Rudy Vallée, cross off the most of your other favorite entertainments and substitute lectures by Mr. John Lobby, talks on the activities of various Washington bureaus and permit you to listen to some of the boresome repetitious cadenzas from the time hallowed classics? Of course it would all be prepared for your cultural uplift, but how would you like to have it happen?

Now, don't scowl and shake your head. You may have to take it and like it. You have already been declared, dear listener-in, incompetent to choose what is good for you to hear. The campaign is now well under way to throw out the American plan of free, competitive broadcasting for the European plan of government bureau broadcasting. Of course you would pay a tax for the privilege of hearing a choice of two or three programs the Washington bureau would prepare for your uplift.

Americans would never stand for such a scheme, did you say? But you do not realize how deftly the unseen hand is leading you through insidious propaganda to accept this point of view, so adroitly conceived by the Hon. John Lobby and his surreptitious cohorts. John has beguiled some very wise people.

Who is John Lobby? So far as this article is concerned he is just a name—just one of those persons who works behind the scenes pulling strings that operate dummies of other people who are out on the stage and ostensibly putting on the show. By recognizing the signs and following the tracks we may find him in the Little Green House, or possibly in the end room off the corridor on the top floor of the hotel.

Here he is lolling back in his easy chair, a fat cigar screwed into the corner of his mouth. The room smells of departed spirits and stale smoke. We remain invisible to John and his visitors. The Radio is going. Enter Peter Pickwick, the high-powered press agent.

"You know," says John, grumblingly, "this spread has been goin' on for twenty minutes an' my man Senator Dunmore ain't made a peep. What's he waitin' for?"

"Give him a chance, John. Maybe he's waitin' to hear their cases then spring his own oratics and shake 'em off the boxes."

"Maybe you're right. Gosh, if there was some way we could get a strangle hold on this here Radio, control it and use it so it would do the most good—"

"That shouldn't be such a trick for a guy like you, John."

"I've been thinking. But we didn't grab quick enough. They're too strong now. Everybody's suspicious. There's an Ethiopian in every woodpile. And you can't pull nothin'."

GUESS you're gettin' old, John. You didn't use to talk that way. Remember what the war did for you? I'm the fellow who dopes out the propaganda to fit. Don't forget, Big Boy Propaganda."

"No, I ain't forgettin'—that's why I asked you to come up and talk things over with me. Can't we hatch up somethin'?"

"It's a cinch you got to keep your own mug out of the picture."

"Don't tell me things I know already."

"You can't use any of the Big Guns in the Capitol."

"Yeah, go on."

"How about the churches, the Reds are gettin' over some swell pacifist stuff to disarm the country?"

"They might—but where would we get off? What we got to do is work in somewhere with some big power that ain't been mixed up with anything yet."

"Well, John, there ain't nothin' left but the schools. And nobody is goin' to stand for any monkey business with the schools, you know that."

"Listen, don't be a sap. Who said anything about monkey business? Who discovered this Radio business anyway? Wasn't it the professors? Who ought to have first rights by discovery? The schools, of course. And who robbed the schools? The big trusts and commercial interests? Do you see the line?"

"DO I! John, I always said you were a genius. And will I sell that idea to the dear public—watch me!"

"Well, don't try to go too fast. Take it easy. Ask for about 15 per cent of these here waves *back* for a starter—and mind you put it that way, say the teachers have got to have 'em *back*. Make out as though they had been cheated out of 'em."

"Right again, John. Then after we get the 15 per cent we'll find that in order to do the job right for the little kiddies, they'll need another 15 per cent—"

"Wait—wa-a-a-it a minute. Don't go too fast. How about some of these other interests that will be wanting a share? Ain't they got no rights? Don't put all your waves in one basket, young fellow. Wait till they git to squabbling among themselves. Just as soon we crack open the present system and hand out a slice to the educators we'll be havin' a precedent to go on and all the other groups will be wanting their slices. We'll play 'em along against each other until we get the whole thing in a mess and then I'll have old Dunmore introduce a bill to establish a bureau to operate all these here waves under my control—but it won't be my name you'll see in the papers."

"You must have had this pretty well figured out before you called me in, didn't you, John?"

"Well, I've had parts of it on my mind for quite some time now, Peter."

"It can't fail."

"Don't forget to get the little kids. Have the teachers send 'em home to ask

Wave Grab!

American or European Plan?

their parents to write to Congress and have Dunmore push that legislation through. We got to have that Radio Bureau so we can get our lines into every state and county in America. Then we'll be sittin' pretty with plenty of ways of collecting the big dough and tellin' the Whosis where to get off."

Yes, dear reader, this has all been an imaginary conversation between imaginary characters. But watch your newspapers for covert slams from Peter's pen on "commercial broadcasting stealing the Radio channels from the educational forces of the country. The newspapers don't write it. They get it as prepared copy. It sounds interesting and costs nothing. Besides that some of the newspapers claim the "commercial broadcasting" is taking away some of their advertising revenue. And don't you forget that Peter isn't overlooking that bet either. He's watching out for "the poor starving newspapers."

SOME of High-pressure Peter's 'ganda is pretty thin but he's pumping it out from every possible angle. You'll probably recognize it when you see it now.

Granting that all the comment about John and Peter has been only by way of parable, visitors to the First Annual Assembly of the National Advisory Council on Radio in Education in New York, May 21 to 23, were surprised to find how far the encircling movement to corner Radio had progressed.

Senator Simeon D. Fess, Republican, Ohio, had introduced Bill S. 5589 in the United States Senate, January 8, 1931. The bill provides:

"Not less than 15 per cent, reckoned with due weight to all factors determining effective service, of Radio broadcasting facilities which are or may be subject to



the control of or allocation by the Federal Radio Commission, shall be reserved for educational broadcasting exclusively, and allocated when and if applications are made therefor, to educational agencies of the Federal or State governments and to educational institutions chartered by the United States or by representative States or Territories."

With less than 100 broadcasting channels at our disposal this bill would provide for the confiscation of 15 per cent of the facilities to be administered by forces which so far have failed to utilize a generous share of broadcasting facilities already placed at their disposal.

This demand was made also in face of the fact that the two principal networks and most of the individual stations contributed and are contributing an average of nearly 15 per cent of their time to carefully worked out educational programs and are willing to increase the volume as fast as suitable programs can be developed.

In the rush of business during the closing hours of the spring session the Fess bill died without coming up for a hearing. But it will be reintroduced at the next session. And it may win.

It was made evident at the national assembly of the Radio Council that the following eminently respectable and wholly unquestioned educational organizations had been persuaded to join the National Committee on Education by Radio, which sponsored the Fess Bill:

The National Council of State Superintendents of Public Instruction.
The National Association of State University Presidents.
The Association of College and University Broadcasting Stations.
The National Education Association.
The National University Extension Association.
The National Catholic Education Association.
The American Council on Education.
The Jesuit Education Association.
The Association of Land Grant Colleges and Universities.

EVERY one of these educational groups has a sincere interest in educational promotion, and there are hundreds of other educational groups ready and willing to align themselves with any move which has as its fundamental principle the promotion of learning.

One of the most startling and enlightening papers read at the First Annual Assembly was by Mr. Joy Elmer Morgan, chairman of the National Committee on Education by Radio, editor of the Journal of the National Education Association and former president of the National Education Association. Mr. Morgan's view may be summed up in the following excerpt:

"The most powerful educational tool of our day is the Radio. Every other country in the civilized world has recognized from the first its educational and civic possibilities. America is the only great civilized country that has allowed this new garden of opportunity to grow up to the weeds of commercial advertising, competitive exploitation and selfish greed. . . .

"The commercial stations seek to reach great numbers of people. They measure the worth of their programs by the size of their audiences. In order to get large audiences they cultivate the lower appeals. The educational stations realize that the finer things of life have always appealed first to the few. Education seeks to maintain standards and pull up."

IT IS perfectly obvious from this attitude that Mr. Morgan is quite out of sympathy with our American plan of broadcasting. If Mr. Morgan should succeed in adding to his other official functions that of the Chief Dictator of the Department of Radio there would be considerable shake-up in our system.

Whether or not you want to be elevated by your ears would not be for you to choose. The better things are appreciated at first only by the few, Mr. Morgan declared in the course of his speech. And the few would decide for you what would be best for you to hear. Your "weeds" would be taken away from you. For elsewhere in his speech Mr. Morgan said:

"There has not been in the United States an example of mismanagement and lack of vision so colossal and far-reaching as our turning of the Radio channels almost exclusively into commercial hands."

You see the scheme goes all the way back to the beginning, to the fundamentals of our form of government—our democracy. The masses are too dumb to know what is good for them. Uncle Sam should be looked upon rather as a father protecting his infant progeny, tasting the candy first to see whether it is pure.

What is this European plan of broadcasting which Mr. Morgan considers of such superior vintage? Probably the British Broadcasting Corporation could be regarded as typical. R. S. Lambert of that organization is quoted as follows:

"The British system of broadcasting is operated under monopoly conditions. The British Broadcasting Corporation is licensed, by a royal charter, to hold monopoly over a certain number of years. The majority of listeners in London have a choice of two programs from which to select a preference throughout the most important listening hours. We think that the listener will be satisfied if he has a choice of two good programs wherever he lives. Our corporation has an income approaching $5,000,000 a year, most of which is derived from licensing of receiving set owners. The government turns over to us one-third of this license money, but they take away 12½ per cent for the cost of collecting it. We operate with one-third of the revenue which we consider we earn."

How do you like that idea? The receiving set owners pay the government $15,000,000 for the privilege of tuning in to one of two possible programs. The service they get on these two programs is presumably the best that the supervisor judges possible for $1 out of $3 that is paid to produce it. There is no incentive to command your interest by any extraordinary effort. Nobody has to sell you any new ideas. You can take what's offered or leave it. If you don't like the Radio wind up the old "gramophone", as the English call it.

Following is a typical four days program listing as published in the *World-Radio* (of London) for dates indicated. There is also a "Midland Regional" list made up mostly of one or the other of these programs.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 20

National	London Regional
Gramophone Records	Organ Recital
Organ Recital	As Midland Regional
Restaurant Music	Gramophone Records
Talks	Ballad Concert
Symphony Concert	As National
Talks	Light Music
Military Band	German Talk
Chamber Music	Orchestral Concert
Dance Music	Dance Records
	Dance Music

THURSDAY, MAY 21

National	London Regional
Cinema Organ	As Midland Regional
Military Band	Cinema Orchestra
Abbey Evensong	As Midland Regional
Restaurant Music	Light Music
Talks	Relay from Convent
Orchestral Concert	Garden
Speeches from Empire	Musical Comedy
Society	Dance Music
Dance Music	

FRIDAY, MAY 22

National	London Regional
Ballad Concert	Gramophone Records
Organ Recital	As Midland Regional
Gramophone Records	As Midland Regional
Restaurant Music	Light Music
Talks	Chamber Music
Vaudeville	Dance Music
Orchestral Concert	
Dance Music	

SATURDAY, MAY 23

National	London Regional
Cinema Orchestra	As National
As London Regional	Military Band
As London Regional	Cinema Organ
Talks	Light Music
Musical Comedy	Orchestral Concert
Prime Minister's	Vaudeville
Speech	Dance Music
Dance Music	

TIME and tests have proven that competitive ownership serves the interest of the general public far better than monopolistic control. For example: The traveling public and all taxpayers are well aware of the hardships imposed through incompetent management of our railroads under government control in 1918. Radio is a public utility.

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BETTY'S *Big Thrill*

YOU are invited, dear reader, to a party celebrating the opening of a pretty little villa up in the hills of Westchester . . . And here we are in the reception room of the famous globe trotter, Mr. Stuart Levussove, in the Salmon Tower in Manhattan. Authors, artists and famous Radio entertainers are coming in—wit, beauty and glamour. Ah, the petite blond—so vivacious and smiling—she knows everybody. Who is she? Betty Ross, none other! You remember her—the girl who has lived so much during the past seven years since she ran away from her sheltered home in Hartford to find adventure. Have you read her book, Bread and Love? *She lived in the squalor of Russia to get her material first hand. And you heard her over the NBC in the series, Around the World with Betty Ross. What a lot of thrills she has had! What was the biggest one? Let's ask her as we whirl away through the country. Miss Betty, tell us about the greatest thrill you ever had, please. . . .*



By BETTY ROSS

THRILLS? My greatest thrill? Need you ask? Life itself is the greatest thrill—life and the present moment. Now, now, NOW! I am alive and going to a party surrounded by friends who also are alive, and thrilled, although they may not be fully aware of it. The Big Thrill always will be Tomorrow—and what new thing in life it will bring. Yesterday is dead and buried. At best it is only a memory.

There have been millions of thrills in those buried yesterdays. Precarious moments with odds against all Tomorrows. Some stand out like jagged peaks from a far-flung plain. Vagabonding through a remote world I have touched hands with many great persons and felt that these were seconds from a life-time never to be forgotten.

Again in strange places I am lost in the mountain folds of the Canadian Rockies—alone in the heart of an ice-field. On my way to a glacier, my timid riding had left me far behind the party. One false step of my Indian pony meant a drop over a 1,200 foot precipice. Dreadful, nerve-racking seconds as those tiny hoofs felt their cautious way falteringly over the slippery ice . . .

The ice and snow remind me of another yesterday in Russia as we plodded over the tortuous steppes in the dead of night pursued by bloodthirsty brigands . . . and the thrill of that moment when our car mired suddenly in a mud hole, sinking hopelessly while we could hear the shouts of the cut-throat riders at our heels. . . .

As I look back over the last seven years of my life I think the experience etched most deeply in my memory is the adventure that carried me by armored car through the Arabian desert to interview Abdullah, Emir of Transjordania, in the arid fastness of his glamorous kingdom. That was a real thrill.

MY INTERVIEW-CARAVAN had trekked into Jerusalem where immediately I began to hear many strange tales about this Emir and his Oriental splendor. He was fortified by vast barriers of burning sand and the hazards of meeting roving bands of barbarous robbers. But I also heard of Abdullah's harem of beautiful queens and his retinue of eunuchs.

To interview this mysterious monarch promptly became the obsession of my life and forthwith I started action to achieve this purpose.

"I'll bring back Abdullah's first interview to America," I eagerly exclaimed to the officer of the Royal Flying Corps who brought these stories from the desert.

The officer looked at me in amazement. "You know why no one has ever interviewed him before? The trip is too dangerous. It takes you through the Jordan Valley and the Dead Sea, which lies hundreds of feet below sea-level, and Jericho, in summer one of the world's hottest places. Then the desert—."

Graphically, he depicted the hardships of reaching Transjordania, a little principality lying between Palestine and Arabia, whose Moslem population is about 300,000.

Although under mandate to Great Britain, the country is run independently by Abdullah, whose family is well known in contemporary history. His brother Faisal is ruler of Mesopotamia. Another brother, Ali, is the recently deposed King of the Hedjaz. Hussein, his father, formerly ruled the Hedjaz, and traces his ancestry back fifty generations directly to the Prophet Mohammed.

This colorful background made me more determined than ever to interview Abdullah.

STILL the officer shook his head: "You'll never get there. No driver dares brave the desert."

He was right. For once, the magic of American dollars failed me. "Who wants to die?" all guides and drivers queried, and dismissed the subject.

Finally I appealed to Sir Ronald Storrs, at that time Jerusalem's governor, to send me in a government car. Sir Ronald immediately refused.

"The desert is unsafe these days," he explained. "The Druse are revolting against the French in Syria. They escape into the desert. Deserters from the French Foreign Legion also hide there. After wandering around a few days, they become crazed by heat and thirst. They're bloodthirsty and lie waiting for travelers to pass. These desert bandits not only steal the car and rob the passengers, but strip them of their clothes, leaving them naked to die in the sun."

"But to a woman. . . ." I began.

Lady Storrs interrupted. "The last woman who crossed that desert shot herself on her return."

Gravely I listened to them both. "Well," I said, "that settles it. I'm going!"

"You're not!" snapped Sir Ronald. "I refuse to sanction your trip. I will not be responsible for an American life."

That night my dinner was tasteless. My soup was salty with tears

Suddenly I heard my name called

"Betty . . ." it was the English officer, "do you still want to visit the Emir's palace?"

I hated his sudden sense of humor, so didn't reply

"Here's your chance!" he continued. "A

Pasha is going there tonight in his armored car. He heard about your courage—and said he'd take you along!"

But no longer was I encouraging false hopes. "Even if he does take me," I argued. "What's that? Sir Ronald tells me there are no hotels or lodgings. The natives all live in mud huts and sleep in clusters on the floor."

"The Pasha, as Commander of the Arab Legion, has the only real house there," replied my friend. "You're his guest."

Just then the Pasha approached. "Bring a revolver and water," he said, tersely, "we leave at midnight. The Jordan Valley is unbearably hot during the day. We must get there before sun-rise."

A long, low car . . . armed guards . . . a black-skinned Kurd chauffeur—and into the night we rode. The mosques and minaret-spires of the Holy City were soon lost in blackness as we threaded our way along winding, serpentine roads with hair-pin bends.

Each moment it seemed we would tumble down a steep precipice. The great mountains of soft limestone took on outlines of gigantic beasts. From behind them ran skulking figures . . . desert bandits . . . snipers. Every minute we expected them to fire on us.

DULL and listless lay the Jordan River. Tranquil and calm as a stagnant pool gleamed the Dead Sea. The river valley, hundreds of feet below sea-level, was hot, stifling.

I didn't dare utter a sound. I couldn't catch my breath . . . Stifling. Choking for breath. Gasping. Fiercely I clutched the goat-skin filled with water. . . .

On ascending to sea-level once more, it became warmer. To my amazement, my companion handed me a blanket! "Can he be losing his senses?" I wondered, when he began tying his head-dress about his neck and face and wrapping the blanket around him. Suddenly I understood his actions, for along came a rain of stinging sand, cutting, piercing every particle of my skin.

We were in the desert! The heat became little tongues of flame licking my cheeks, my arms, my neck. Stinging sands blinded my eyes, choked my breath. To ward off all this, I crawled underneath my blanket. Still hot. I wished I had a fur coat to keep off those flaming hot sands. Then I understood why the Arab in the desert, on a hot day dons extra heavy garments!

Hours we rode. Past primordial limestone mountains, past miles of sand-dunes, harsh bushes, with sinister figures creeping behind them, past black, low-hung tents of the Bedouins.

The sun was peering through the heavens when we reached Transjordania. Its

(*Continued on page 92*)



"Kief Hallec!" I exclaimed . . . and extended my hand



Betty Ross

DEMURE, yet fearless, this young woman has dared every sort of danger from the Russian steppes to the Arabian deserts. Read her most thrilling experiences on the preceding pages. Maybe you heard some of her talks over the NBC circuit. "Around the World with Betty Ross."



Helen Gilligan

(Right)

BROADWAY musical comedy prima donna engaged by CBS to lead in a series of condensed operettas featured as the "Star Reveries"—scheduled for 10:45 EDST, every Sunday night.

Agnes Moorehead

DO YOU like Radio drama? So do we. And this young lady has held us breathless many times in her thrilling roles as you hear them in **The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes.** She's also heard in **Bertie Sees the World** and **The Silver Flute.**





Arabelle
Chambers

SHE croons all the way up to High C through the WCKY, Covington, Ky., microphone. Will be on theatrical tour with other WCKY artists by the time you read this



Mae
Questel

SHE'S practically a carbon copy of anyone of the stage or screen whom she may choose to imitate. Recently she doubled for Helen Kane boop-a-dooping Broadway and no one tumbled.



Frances Shelley

(left)

"WHAT Is This Thing Called Love?" Don't ask Miss Shelley because she was the first one to sing it—and she's still singing it, as you may have heard her from WABC et al, New York. She was a member of the English revue, **"Wake Up and Dream."**



Claudette Colbert

RADIO gave Miss Colbert an unsuspected voice. Until she was cast for a singing part on Vitality Personalities programs she thought her talents were confined to speaking parts. But she went in for intensive training and filled the bill very satisfactorily.



Karena Shields

MAYBE you would like to be among the little boys, and girls who have this smiling story lady to entertain them over KTM, Los Angeles, every day. She also directs the women's hour and drama activities at this station.



Lucrezia Bori

IT WASN'T so hot when this picture was taken of the famous Metropolitan soprano and her fluffy bow-wow. She was among the notables heard on the Simmons hour, CB! How's the pulse, gay dog, when fair lady holds the paw



Lois Bennett

MISS BENNETT has distinguished herself on many notable programs over the National Broadcasting Circuit. You have heard her on the Armstrong Quaker period, and more recently on the General Motors program, where she is presenting selections from the Gilbert and Sullivan operettas.

LITTLE AMERICA TUNES in

Aunt and Uncle Mike

By Evans E. Plummer

ONCE upon a time—. Funny, but it is certainly apropos that I should begin thus a story about the "aunts" and "uncles" who tell Radio's young listeners their nightly bedtime stories, but anyhow, once upon a time—

Back in 1920 and before, there were really very few important figures outside of the family circle who meant a thing to Annie and Willie or Johnnie and Mary, unless it was the Boogy Man and Santa Claus. The Goblins, of course, ruled over a portion of Childom, but whenever Satan or Old Man Boogy was brought to the rescue by a despairing parent as aide de camp in laying down the law to an unruly tot, its eyes opened in wide-eyed fear, and the battle was won without a casualty.

But since Radio—well, even old Saint Nick hasn't a fraction of the invested power young America has surrendered to its favorite Aunt So-and-sos and Uncle Whosits, broadcasting nightly at 5:30 or thereabouts from Stations A to Z. These aunts and uncles, sometimes known by other titles, are real flesh and blood people—not mere figments of the imagination or illusions—and their mysterious power over youngsters is greater than that of parent, teacher, candy or even the frowned upon rod. And so good is the work of these children's idols, that, were there no other kind of program on the air, still the aunts and uncles would be reason enough for broadcasting and the necessity of a Radio receiver in every home with a growing child.

These broadcasting guardians of America's future citizens are doing a noble work in setting up ideals in the young mind. They teach honesty, obedience, care and safety, rules of hygiene and health, civic pride, etiquette, kindness, thrift, unselfishness and other sterling qualities. They inspire the growing mind with faith. They create in youth a love for the wonders of nature—the trees and flowers, the beasts and birds.

In nearly a score of years the Boy Scouts of America organization has finally reached a membership of over five million, but in less than a half-dozen years the children's clubs of the broadcasting stations in this country have attained a total enrollment, conservatively estimated of over ten millions of youngsters! There are uncles, aunts and story ladies on every network, and also broadcasting individually from ninety per cent of all stations. Who are some of the better known of these "pied pipers" who've won such lofty places in the esteem of the little tots?

Uncle Don, of WOR, Newark, is one of the more famous. He has an Etiquette Club for the little ones that has grown to almost 600,000 members. His mail knows no boundaries, coming, as it does, from Germany, England, and even as far south as Panama. One of the requisites of being an Uncle Don club member is that you must perform a daily good deed. And DO his members do those daily deeds? You should watch them.

Uncle Don's full name is Don Carney.

(*Continued on page 48*)

Just below you see Tiny Renier the Lullaby Man of WDAF, Kansas City. He's not so tiny but he could out-balance a half-dozen of his young listeners on the other end of a teeter-totter. But turn the page and see all the snap-shot photos the children sent Uncle Peter of CJRW-X-M of Manitoba and Saskatchewan. "It's a great life being a Radio Uncle," writes Uncle Peter to Radio Digest, "I even have Peterkins in far-away New York, besides three of my very own at home in Winnipeg."







Aunt and Uncle Mike

(*Continued from page 45*)







HE GREW up in Michigan's fruit belt, graduated from high school in St. Joseph, and ambled on to Chicago where the first notes in his varied career were those he struck on the piano of a nickelodeon, playing six or seven hours at a time. Harry Weber, a Windy City booking agent, saw and heard him, booked him in vaudeville at the Majestic Theatre and other Chicago playhouses, and finally Carney wound up in New York at the end of his contract the better for several hundred dollars he'd saved. The Louisiana land boom was in full bloom, and Don sunk his money in a "farm" there. After a sad attempt at running it, he went to work in a lumber yard to make money to pay a farmhand to do the farming by proxy.

"I finally took the rap," Carney said, "and sold the place to another sucker for half what I paid for it." Then he came back to New York, tried vainly to regain the stage, obtained work with a watchmaker until his employer learned Carney knew nothing about watches, and next was hired as a laborer in a shipyard at 30 cents an hour. Then the war broke out! In less than a year's time Uncle Don had become assistant superintendent of the yard at a salary of $10,000 a year. But wars end eventually, and with the last one went Carney's job. Next he became an extra—$10 a day—in D. W. Griffith's motion picture *America*, and while thus employed he heard his first Radio program. After the picture was made, Carney said,

Eight years as a Radio uncle is almost a record for Uncle Bob Wilson at KYW, Chicago. Many big boys and girls are alive today only because they were influenced by his advice to stop at the curb. The Radio pal and his small friends at right were unidentified on the photo. Below are a couple of Dixie "Uncles" and a little "Missy". Both the old darkies were former slaves.

"I bullied myself into asking for an audition, and was somewhat shocked when I was hired as an announcer for WMCA." WOR's program director heard him and invited him to the studio for an audition as "Luke Higgins" in the beloved *Main Street Sketches*. He clicked at once.

Listeners' commendations were so emphatic that he was retained also as a feature of many other programs. Thus he became "Uncle Don," the entertainer seven nights a week of WOR's children who sings etiquette songs and tongue twisters, and also doubles in the parts of Uncle Otto and Simple Simon.

FOR over eight years Uncle Bob, of KYW, Chicago, has been entertaining the children of the Midwest. Uncle Bob, whose real name is Walter Wilson, now has his "Curb Is the Limit" Club membership cards and buttons in the hands of over a half million youngsters, some of whom have grown up and married in the years he has been on the air, and are now contributing the second generation.

Beloved Uncle Bob came to KYW in 1922 originally as a "song plugger." He was then western office manager of a music publishing company, and as such, attended the KYW studios to sing his firm's new numbers and help to make them popular. One of these was *Dream Daddy*. The children went for it. Not only that, but they went for Walter Wilson even stronger. Big and jovial, he was just one of those "naturals" who have a way with children. KYW's officials noted the juvenile applause and asked him to take charge of their children's hour. So he became "Uncle Bob" and has religiously broadcast to the little tots every week night at 5:30 Central time for almost a decade.

But simply singing songs and telling stories was not enough, Uncle Bob told himself early in the business, to keep the children interested. There was so much good he could do—tell the children to scrub their teeth, mind their parents, and be careful. So it was on the fifth of October, 1923, that his *Curb Is the Limit* Club germinated, with free membership to all and the only requirement that a prospective member first pledge himself to be careful, always count ten and look both ways before crossing the street, and never play in the highways or streets. The club has a slogan you might like to know. It goes:

"In roadways I must never play.
I have no legs to give away.
I have no arms that I can spare.
To keep them both I must take care."

So successful has Uncle Bob's work been in the Midwest that he is an ever sought after speaker before juvenile gatherings at churches, schools and theaters, and even the City Council of Chicago has passed unanimously a resolution of thanks to Uncle Bob Wilson for his good work in safeguarding the city's children against traffic accidents. And do the children observe his warnings? Everywhere you go you'll see little fellows hesitating and looking both ways before crossing the street. Ask who taught them that, and they'll reply, "Uncle Bob."

"BIG Brother Bob" Emery had an idea when he was just out of his teens and struggling along in 1924 as announcer, talent, and general factotum at WGI, Medford, Mass., a pioneer station. That idea was big enough even to outlive WGI, long since passed, extend itself to WEEI, Boston, and even now has become a weekly feature of the National Broadcasting Company, commercially sponsored.

Emery's plan, in brief, was to appeal to both the older boys and the little tots as well. The older ones were to be "Big Brothers" to the younger boys and girls. With this plan as a foundation, he built a program of entertainment with his Joy Diggers' music, historical and educational dramatic sketches, and other educational bits designed to appeal to the boy, or even girl, from eight to sixteen years of age, without bearing the distinct label of education. Bits of interesting information on woodcraft, botany and the like

(*Continued on page 96*)

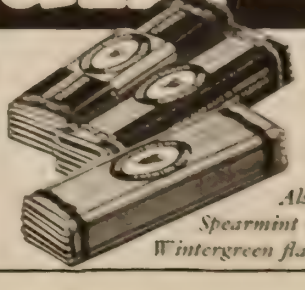


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Good-Bye GLOOM

Colonel Stoopnagle and His Valiant Army of Tastychasers March on old Gen. Depression and Take Him for a One-Way Tour

By Nelson S. Hesse

THIS is two success stories in one. It is a story, first, of the phenomenal rise to a place of prominence in the national Radio picture of "The Colonel and Budd—the Tastyeast Gloom Chasers". And it is a story of how a great organization and business was built up almost entirely through the medium of Radio.

Radio's history is filled with tales of sensational success, but few compare with that of "Colonel Lemuel Q. Stoopnagle and Budd", Buffalo's two exponents of extemporaneous comedy. The rise of this dizzy duo has been even faster than meteoric, which is pretty fast. It happened in a manner which was something like this.

Announcer Wilbur Budd Hulick, of Station WMAK, Buffalo, found himself in somewhat of a predicament on the morning of October 10, 1930. This predicament arose suddenly and painfully in the form of a 15-minute gap to fill between programs.

In a panic he rushed into the studio offices. The first person he saw was F. Chase Taylor, announcer, continuity writer, director and actor for the Buffalo Broadcasting Corporation, who was pounding out a script on his typewriter.

"Hey!" pleaded Hulick, "I've got fifteen minutes to do and nothing to do it with. Come on and ad lib with me."

Pausing only to lug a folding organ into the studio, the pair went on. Hulick's first words announced an overture on "the mighty gas-pipe organ" by "Colonel Lemuel Q. Stoopnagle". They began their extemporaneous buffoonery. Radio history was in the making.

Just a couple of "mike" men until that time, with a few mild successes to their credit. Taylor and Hulick overnight were catapulted into prominence.

"The program went over in spite of everything we could do," Taylor, alias "The Colonel", observes philosophically.

Letters poured in after that first broadcast asking for more. "The Colonel and Budd" continued their ad lib nonsense, taking the name of "The Gloom Chasers". They made no special effort, wrote no script, kept the chatter extemporaneous and soon were given a half-hour spot. A little later they were switched to an evening period over WKBW because business men complained they could not hear "The Gloom Chasers" in the morning and because it kept their wives from doing the housework.

The popularity of a Radio presentation is gauged largely by the response through the mails. "The Colonel and Budd" shattered all Buffalo fan letter records into tiny pieces. There were weeks when from 2600 to 2700 missives addressed to "The Gloom Chasers" cluttered up the offices of the Buffalo Broadcasting Corporation. Some of these epistles bore post marks of cities in Alaska, Bermuda and Nova Scotia as well as of neighboring States. The fan mail editor of the B. B. C. hired an assistant whose duty it was to devote his time solely to the correspondence of this dizzy pair.

The flood of mail grew larger and larger. If "Stoopnagle" coughed during a broadcast, the next day's mail conveyed scores of boxes of cough drops. If "Budd" sneezed, auditors sent handkerchiefs and advice in profusion. Their mail included hundreds of well-done drawings and paintings of the listeners' conceptions of the act and its principals.

Fan mail was not the only indication of the growing popularity of Taylor and Hulick. From 1600 to 2300 persons crowded into the B. B. C. studios each week to watch "The Colonel and Budd" perform, even though no invitation was extended to them. Busses were chartered by the residents of nearby towns and excursions were made to Buffalo for the sole purpose of seeing "The Gloom Chasers" in action.

Dowd & Ostreicher, of Boston, advertising agents for Green Brothers Company, of Springfield, Mass., manufacturers of Tastyeast, were searching for a good Radio act



"Take the whole Air Division and chase them Gloomics into the ocean," ordered Col. Stoopnagle. "O. Q." replied The Army

when they heard news of "The Colonel and Budd". John C. Dowd, a member of the firm, went to Buffalo, heard the act and signed up Taylor and Hulick for a trial period along with other acts in different sections of the country to determine



which was best suited for a nationwide network.

Taylor and Hulick, with their nightly half-hour of nonsense, built up the sale of Tastyeast 600 per cent. in their listening area and created such a demand for the product in Canada that the Green Brothers Company decided to open a branch factory there. There now is 100 per cent. distribution of the product in that area where hardly a bar was sold in November, 1930. "The Gloom Chasers" put Tastyeast in all chain stores without a representative or salesman ever calling.

A little more than five months after that morning in October when they first began their clowning over the air, Taylor and Hulick were signed by the makers of Tastyeast to broadcast nightly except Fridays over WABC and the Columbia network from 8:45 to 9 P. M., EDST. The contract signed by the Green Brothers Company with the Columbia Broadcasting System was the second largest ever placed with the chain. It calls for the appearance before the microphone of "The Gloom Chasers" for two years.

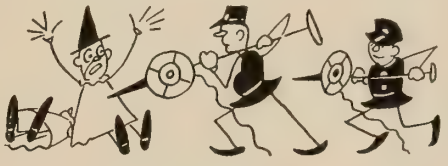
Not content with having shattered a number of records in Buffalo, Taylor and Hulick had to break another one before departing for New York to begin broadcasting over the Columbia chain. Billed as "Buffalo's Most Famous Laugh Creators and Fun-Makers", they appeared for a week at Shea's Buffalo Theatre and broke all attendance records.

Taylor and Hulick made their network debut over twenty-three Columbia stations on Sunday, May 24. Many stations have been added to the hook-up since then, and it is safe to say "The Gloom Chasers" will be heard over virtually the entire network before much more time has elapsed.

There you have the story of the amazing success of Wilbur Budd Hulick and F. Chase Taylor—"The Gloom Chasers". More chapters will be written in the months to come if "The Colonel and Budd" continue at the same pace.

As for their modus operandi, Taylor and Hulick never have used a written script. Radio listeners, with their letters, write their programs. Most of the requests they receive are for imitations of Henry Burbig, Calvin Coolidge, Lindbergh, Rudy Vallée and Amos 'n' Andy. Sometimes they mix them all up and have Amos and Burbig or Coolidge and Andy working together.

These fun-makers work best when a crowd is present in the studios. They have



never lacked a capacity audience. Because of the many requests for passes to the studio in which they work, Columbia shifted them to one of their largest studios so that as many of these requests as possible could be filled.

Taylor and Hulick are going to keep the tenor of their humor unchanged. Some humorists may deal in sophisticated gags, but "The Gloom Chasers" will adhere to homely, naive, simple jests. And they'll continue to ad lib their absurd nonsense.

Before that day when he asked Taylor to go before the microphone and ad lib with him, Hulick had only a few months of Radio experience to his credit. Although he had been dabbling in Radio for seven years, Taylor had only taken it up as a career a month or so before that day.

Taylor was born in Buffalo thirty-three years ago, a son of Horace F. Taylor, prominent Buffalo business man. He was christened Frederick Chase Taylor. His friends call him "Chase".

Originally Chase Taylor intended entering the lumber firm founded by his grandfather in 1865 and headed by his father since 1904. He prepared for this career at Nichols School, Montclair Academy, in New Jersey, and the University of Rochester, where he was a member of Alpha Delta Phi.

During the World War he served in the Navy. It was at that time that he first became interested in Radio. Radio became his hobby after the cessation of hostilities and continued to hold his interest after he entered his father's lumber firm. Later he became a stock broker, advancing to the position of vice-president of his firm.

All the time he was working Taylor was active in amateur dramatics and writing. For several years he was seen in the principal parts of many productions of the



Buffalo Players, a Little Theatre group.

Taylor was heard many times over the air before the hobby became a career. He appeared before the microphone over WGR some seven years ago for the first time. Later, in 1926, he achieved considerable success in "Nip and Tuck", a black-face comedy act, which was presented regularly over WMAK. Still later came several series of presentations over WGR, and finally, a year and a half ago, the "Smax" and "Smoke and Ashes" broadcasts. On these last two programs he appeared with Louis Dean, who is announcing the "The Gloom Chasers" over the Columbia network.

The hobby finally gained the upper hand last fall and Taylor became a full-time member of the production staff of the Buffalo Broadcasting Corporation.

Taylor is good-looking, ruddy of mien and jolly as a comedian should be. He is

(Continued on page 91)

"So this is New York, hah-ha-ha!" mused the imperturbable Colonel Stoopnagle as he lolled back in the upholstery of his skidding charger. Commander Budd brought the Cavalry to a halt before Central Park where G. H. Q. was established.



Broadcasting from The Editor's Chair

When Liberty is at Stake

THE future of Radio broadcasting as we now know it in America is threatened with destruction if the Radio public does not watch its step. Not only that, the Radio public in addition to losing its privilege of selecting programs according to individual choice from a wide range of programs, is facing the possibility of a new and odious form of taxation. Still worse, we all may soon find that "self elected interests" have decided to do our thinking and to a large extent our living for us.

The danger with which we are confronted is much like that which has from time to time threatened the freedom of the press. In Italy, Russia and some other countries, the press has been subjected to the will of political leaders and a great human principle has thereby been sacrificed to the ambition of the few instead of the many. Fortunately in our own country, the Supreme Court has recently upheld freedom of the press through declaring unconstitutional the so-called "gag" law by which the politicians of the State of Minnesota sought to control, in part at least, the time-honored prerogatives of the press.

At this moment, there is a substantial, well organized, well financed, movement on foot to enact legislation in the form of a bill to be reintroduced by Senator Fess that will turn over 15 per cent of the air channels to educational interests. On the face of it, the objective sought seems worthy and desirable, but on investigation and analysis the movement is found to involve a national menace to the Radio public as regards choice of programs and to the still more basic factor of human liberty.

These may sound like strong words to use when referring to a movement backed by such an altruistic element as educational interests. The fact is, however, that the educational interests are very much divided on this matter with leading elements opposed to the Fess Bill, and there are strong reasons for believing that many of the minority of educational bodies now backing the latest movement to legislate the use of ether, have been misled by compelling oratory and subtle propaganda. That is why the people—the Radio public as individuals—should make a point of acquainting the educators, the politicians and all others, with their personal viewpoint. In the field of Radio, there is much need of educating educators, because up to the present time, the educational interests have failed woefully to keep pace with the progress of Radio and its influence on human affairs of every description.

Here are a few facts to bear in mind and to spread as broadly as possible:

1. There are many purely educational Radio broadcasting stations in the United States today. Some excellent programs have been produced, but from the standpoint of the total time used by such stations, their public acceptance and popularity is woefully small.

2. Practically all broadcasting stations, including those of the major chains, desire to increase the amount of broadcasting along educational lines, but in spite of the free time being offered, they are limited by the inability of educators and others to make good at the program end on a quantitative basis, let alone a qualitative basis.

3. Radio programs must always stand or fall on their ability to *please* the public. No one is big enough to dictate successfully what the public must have.

4. Competition is the life of program excellence.

5. Advertiser programs are the money-fuel for sustaining as well as sponsored programs.

6. There is no reason to question the good intentions of the educational interests or to do other than encourage their wholehearted and intensive interest in Radio, but there is every reason to help prevent the educational interests at large from becoming the dupes of politically ambitious men.

7. Government ownership or domination of broadcasting will result in taxation of the Radio audience.

8. Government ownership or domination will steal away *your* right to listen to what *you* want to select.

9. Government, in political control of Radio, will strike a crushing blow to human liberty and American democracy. There is much reason for suspecting that the current effort to obtain 15 per cent for the educators is in fact the forerunner of a demand for government ownership and 100 per cent political control. The use of the educational interests at this time supplies the mask behind which the sinister aims can be hidden. Whenever through the medium of government a handful of more or less well meaning people have tried to standardize the religion, the morals or the human liberties of the people, they have always failed. History for centuries back stands witness that such is ever the case. Most of us know that the trouble with the present prohibition law lies not in its worthy objective but in the way it trespasses upon human liberty, and that this is why it has not received the hoped-for public acceptance.

THE men who colonized America and who fought and bled for its creation as a land of personal liberty and true democracy must now lie writhing in their graves at the newest and most serious menace to American freedom, namely, the insidious effort that is being made to stifle and control human thinking and human living through subtle but all powerful domination of Radio broadcasting—the greatest democratizing and socializing influence of modern times With the help of God, may the people prove able to defend themselves from the Radio wave grab which now threatens them not only with losing the right to choose programs and on a wide scale, but with straight-jacketing of their mind and soul.

RAY BILL.

Intimate Gossip *about* Song Hits *and their* Writers



Miniature yacht racing is a favorite sport of Rudy's

Tuneful Topics

By RUDY VALLÉE

Come To Me

IF YOU have had that supreme pleasure of seeing Gloria Swanson in a picture which is really an epic; namely *Indiscreet,* you would probably understand why I pick this song as one of the most captivating things written in a long time. To me the picture is one of the finest things the screen has ever produced, and Miss Swanson deserves all the honors that can be showered upon her for her work in it.

Messrs. DeSylva, Brown and Henderson, who wrote not only the songs of the picture but the picture itself, may take a very deep bow for a most unusual, refreshing, and thoroughly interesting story. I feel very happy that the songs which I will sing in George White's *Scandals* will be written by the last named two of the trio, Lew Brown and Ray Henderson. The trio, who became music publishers and millionaires almost overnight, are conceded to be the greatest song writing trio in the country.

Unfortunately the triumvirate is no longer that. Buddy DeSylva has stayed on at the Coast to write stories and songs for the Fox Film Co., and has assumed the dignified title of George DeSylva. However, both Lew Brown and Ray Henderson are in the foremost ranks of song-writers, and I know that they are going to supply me with great material for the *Scandals.*

Miss Swanson sings this song in the picture twice. The significance of the singing is that when the song is rendered it brings her sister to her to take care of the unwelcome attentions of the young man who is with her as she sings it. In her second rendition of it it precipitates a crisis which turns out quite happily for both sisters.

You really must hear Miss Swanson sing the song in the picture to appreciate the beauty of it. It is published by DeSylva, Brown & Henderson, and we play it taking a minute for the chorus.

Two Hearts In Three Quarter Time

WITH the fad of German pictures being shown in the swanky little theatres in the 50's in New York City, there subsequently followed the publishing of some of the songs from these German pictures. There have not been very many pictures nor very many songs, and this is the first one to achieve real popularity.

The song is typically German in its swing, make-up and lyrics, and when I first rehearsed it some time ago I put it down as just another clever German waltz. The public, however, has shown such a great liking for the song that it has become one of our outstanding hits, and I can thank the song for the tremendous applause that greeted it during my rendition last week here at the Brooklyn Paramount.

I have had the audacity to sing it in both English and German, though I have never studied German; happily no grapefruit was thrown. There is no question of its popularity.

It is published by Harms, Inc., and like most German waltzes it should be played very brightly.

On The Beach With You

OF COURSE the summer songs come with the warm weather. In the hope that she has another *Swinging In A*

Hammock, Tots Seymour, who wrote the lyrics for that remembered song, has had the inspiration for another summer song, but this time the scene of action is on the beach. The song is quite simple, yet extremely catchy.

Miss Seymour, as usual, has written a different type of lyric, dealing entirely with beach atmosphere, at Coney Island or the Lido Beach.

After running through about thirty songs yesterday, this song stood out like a sore finger in its unusual qualities. It should be very popular. It is published by Davis, Coots & Engel, and we will play it at about fifty seconds to a chorus.

Toodle-Oo, So Long, Goodbye

IT IS a little difficult for me to blow my own horn in talking about a song, though as I have said, obviously as I am in the American Society of Authors and Composers, and since I do feel the urge to write, with the subsequent carrying of that urge into practise, it will be necessary from time to time that I at least mention songs which I have helped to write.

Byron Gay is a native Californian of unquestionable hit writing ability, chiefly known for his *The Vamp, Sand Dunes, Horses, The Little Old Ford Rambled Right Along, Have Another Drink,* and in fact many other songs known in different localities. This same Byron Gay, after a period of quiescence during which domestic troubles disturbed his writing muse, is back again on Broadway, intending to show Tin Pan Alley that he is still writing hit songs. Certainly no one, with the exception possibly of Fred Fisher, seems to have as many ideas and titles for comedy and "nut" songs as does effervescent Byron Gay.

Lacking a piano to aid him in his composition, I have volunteered my own in my new apartment, and there I sat and listened to Byron one evening as he fooled around with the keyboard. As he played the opening phrases of the song I am discussing, I asked him what it was; he gave me the title and the opening phrases—the rest of the song was very nebulous. We began work on it that evening, and a week and a half later, after much changing, we finally evolved the song as you will probably hear it. Both of us felt it was the type of song that drinking parties will sing when breaking up, a sort of *Good Night, Ladies.* At least the song will be a relief from the raft of moon songs, and passionate love ballads so prevalent today in this era of overproduction of popular songs.

The reaction after two broadcasts has been very unusual, which leads me to believe that it may come through. The appearance of my name on it will unquestionably cause many leaders who otherwise might play it to refrain from doing so; but if the song ever gets on with the public these leaders will have to play it, as regardless of what personal reasons any of them may have for desiring not to play a song, once the public demands it we would be cutting our noses to spite our faces were we to refuse to give the public what it wants.



A picture of Byron and yours truly adorns the cover of the song. Just as we finished the collaboration in my dressing room at the Paramount, the photographer stood waiting to take the picture.

We have several more things of the same nature in preparation. If this goes well these will follow.

It is published by the Red Star Music Co. and we play it at about forty-five seconds to the chorus.

It Looks Like Love

THE names of Arthur Freed and Harry Woods themselves should guarantee a very pleasing song whenever both names appear on the same cover. Freed was the lyric writing team mate of Nacio Herb Brown and together they wrote hit after hit. Woods wrote *A Little Kiss Each Morning* and *When the Red Red Robin Comes Bob-Bob-Bobbin' Along.* Both of them have been under contract to M. G. M., writing for pictures on the Coast, and this is evidently one of their collaborations before they separated, Freed going into his own publishing company, to publish *I Surrender, Dear,* and *It Must Be True,* and Harry Woods still on the Coast writing.

This song is one of those breezy things, extremely danceable, and a fine piece of material for cabaret singers who want to liven up the group. There is nothing unusual in it from a standpoint of lyrics or melody, but it has a catchy quality about it that will bring it into some popularity at least.

It is published by the Robbins Music Co., and we play it at about forty-five seconds to the chorus.

Pardon Me, Pretty Baby

OUR old friend Phil Kornheiser sponsors another song which has been very well received by all the orchestra leaders since it has been called to their attention. Vincent Rose, that little song writer of Italy, who seems to be in his stride again, has collaborated with a young man named Jack Meskill, who seems to be fitting himself to the task of wedding the melodies which spring from Rose's fingers to the words which are running through his own brain. A third writer, Ray Klages, whose name is seen on many songs these days, aided the above two, and the three of them have evolved this song. It has been picked by several of the leading orchestras as the "Hit of the Week", or "Hit of the Month", as the case may be.

Although the song begins rather high and stays well up in range, it is quite easily singable and bids fair to become quite popular.

I Surrender, Dear

I WELCOME the opportunity to discuss the merits of a song which is really unusual in character. Few songs are constructed in such a fashion that they will bear much analysis, but this is one of those songs which causes a great deal of comment, though it may fail to have a high sales value. Written by Gordon Clifford and Harry Barris out on the Pacific Coast, it has gradually swept Eastward until today one hears it at least three or four times throughout the course of an evening's Radio performances. Even with the major stations blue penciling repetitions of popular songs, *I Surrender, Dear* is found on enough programs to convince the listener that it has merit.

While it is of the *Body and Soul* type of song, it is much less physical and much less difficult in its composition. The verse lends itself admirably to ad lib interpretation; the chorus, however, makes for fine "Dansapation".

Perhaps one of the most unusual renditions of it on phonograph records is that of the negro orchestra leader, Louis Armstrong. He is little known except to musical faddists and a few of the elite who have run across him either in a night club or on one of his phonograph records. He is a mixture of a hot trumpet player and a vocalist who bellows his lyrics out in much the same fashion as he plays his hot chorus on the trumpet, so that his rendition of *I Surrender, Dear* is one of the most fascinating things I have ever listened to. Still it seems almost a sacrilege that such a beautiful composition should be rendered in the careless style which is typically Armstrong.

But getting back to the song, it is published by Freed & Powers, and is certainly holding its ground in popularity. We play it at fifty-five seconds to the chorus.

Stardust

BEFORE I discuss this song I wish to clear up the wrong impression about my writing of this particular subject, *Tuneful Topics.* There are those who believe that my function is mainly to

(*Continued on page 86*)

RADIOGRAPHS

Intimate Personality Notes Gleaned from the Radio Family of New York's Great Key Stations

By Rosemary Drachman

"IRENE BEASLEY? Off the air in two minutes. Go up to the twenty-second floor. You'll catch her. You don't know her? One of the pages will point her out."

So much from Columbia's Publicity Department.

Up I dashed to the reception room, where almost immediately I was shaking hands with a tall, brown-haired girl who has one of those nice southern voices and one of those nice southern manners—the kind (both voice and manner) that puts you at ease and makes you think of



Irene Beasley

Dixie hospitality, famous the world over.

"But," I exclaimed, as we sat down, "you're the girl who was resting her mind." And then I hastened to explain that about a year ago I had happened to be in that same reception room and had watched her sitting across from me with a decidedly frantic expression on her face and saying to everyone who came up for a chat, "You mustn't talk to me. I'm resting my mind." For months I'd wondered who she was, and for what, or from what, she was "resting" her mind.

"I remember," laughed Miss Beasley, "that was the day I'd promised to write some stories for a series of children's programs and I didn't know what in the world I was going to write about."

"Did you get them written?"

"Yes, finally. The Aunt Zelena stories. I was a sort of female Uncle Remus and made my animals sing and talk."

Miss Beasley had the right start in life for a musical career—two parents who sang and a grandmother who was an expert pianist. But Irene was a practical lass. She decided to teach school, be sure of her monthly pay check, and do music on the side.

After she graduated from Sweetbriar College she went to a little village in Mississippi and there taught seven grades made up of eleven pupils. In the time she wasn't teaching she wrote songs. One of them, *If I Could Just Stop Dreaming,* she published herself and to popularize it, sang it over a small local Radio station. This led to work in Chicago and eventually to New York and an audition for Columbia. She has been a WABC staff artist since April, 1929. One of her latest programs is Peters' Parade.

Her Aunt Zelena series ran three times a week for five months and she has gathered some of the stories into a little book, called *A Dozen Stories With Songs For My Chilluns,* which is now in the hands of a publisher.

She feels that her school teaching experience has given her an insight into child psychology, but says that the best way to learn how to handle people of all sorts is to work in a Radio studio.

They call her "the long, tall gal from Dixie," and since she was born in Tennessee she has the right to the title. You feel she should be standing on the steps of some old southern mansion, with a welcoming smile and hand and an eager, "Come in and make yourself at home."



Harry Vonzell

Tennis and swimming are her hobbies, and horse racing, too. Just now she is living in a hotel, but says she is soon to have her own apartment and is going in for some good old-fashioned southern cooking in a big way.

Harry Vonzell

HARRY VONZELL, WABC announcer, doesn't believe in being too definite.

"What's the use?" he asks. "Soon as you get your mind made up to one thing, along comes fate, takes you by the scruff of the neck, and there you are—in a totally different place from where you expected to be."

Oh, yes, he is pretty definite about his wife and child. You see, Columbia has a questionnaire it sends to all its artists. "Are you married?" is one question. "If

so, do you wish it mentioned for publicity?" is the next. To the first Harry Vonzell says, "Yes," and to the second, "Absolutely."

When it comes to acknowledging his wife and child—yes, there is a child—Columbia's blond and smiling announcer knows just where he stands. But as for saying what he's going to do next, no, sir.

"Look," he says, "there was never any idea in my head but that I would spend all my days in California. And isn't that a funny joke?" He gestured towards the window through which one could see the tall towers of Manhattan.

"I was in Los Angeles, working in a railroad office. My ambition—if I had any—was to be paymaster some day. Maybe it was the climate, maybe it was the 'manana' spirit of the land, but I hadn't thought much ahead of that. One thing I knew, that I'd never leave the Golden West."

"There was a Radio station near my office. They found out I used to sing a bit in college and asked me to help out with some programs. It was in the days when Radio entertainment was very casual. When everyone who could say anything, or sing anything, was welcomed at the mike. There was no pay, of course. One day the announcer failed to appear and I had to announce myself. Enter fate, you see. I was offered a permanent position as announcer, and took it right then and there."

"About this time Paul Whiteman was in Los Angeles with his Old Gold Orchestra. Ted Husing had been the announcer, but Columbia had had to bring him back to New York. So there was a big contest held to see who would take Ted's place. I thought I'd take a chance, and I think the reason I won was that the judges thought I sounded like Ted Husing. I don't think I do, but they did."

At this point Harry Vonzell looked a little wistful. "I won, and that meant leaving California. For the first six weeks I was here I didn't have my family and many a time I felt like putting this little old New York on a platter and giving it back to anyone who would take it. But it isn't so bad now. I've become adjusted to its tempo. It's the place to be to get ahead. You don't have so much fun, but you go further. Yes, I've definitely made up my mind to stay here."

And then Mr. Vonzell grinned. "Which probably means that fate will step in again, and that the first thing I know I'll be in Greenland or Afghanistan."

We hope not, Harry Vonzell, for many a listener would miss your fine, sympathetic voice.

Incidentally, Mr. Vonzell is twenty-three years old and was born in the Hoosier State, in Indianapolis.

Among the programs he announces are Old Gold, La Palina, Henry George, Graybar Electric, Central Savings Bank, and that of McAleer's Manufacturing Company. On the "outside" he has worked with Ted Husing on the International Yacht Races and on the Columbia-Pennsylvania Regatta.

Jolly Bill and Jane

TO MEET William Steinke and Muriel Harbater you get up to NBC at seven forty-five A. M. Seven-forty-five, Eastern Daylight Saving Time. Really six-forty-five. That's pretty early in the morning. It means setting the alarm clock at six-thirty or thereabouts. No breakfast either—that is, not till later. On Fifth Avenue the heavy curtains of those super-exclusive shops are closely drawn. Clearly none of *their* customers would be abroad at such an hour. The only sign of life is in the window of a specialty shop devoted to bon voyage fruit baskets. There a man sits, quite unabashed, dusting off the apples and alligator pears. At NBC the elevator boy is sleepy-eyed. Early, very early, but how else can you meet William Steinke and Muriel Harbater.

You ask the natural question: "Why meet them?" Oh, but don't you know who they are? Why, they are Jolly Bill and Jane. Yes, Jolly Bill and Jane of the Cream of Wheat program, which at seven-forty-five every week day morning goes out over the NBC network.

Jolly Bill—who looks just like his name—is one of those souls who was born to enjoy life just as some other souls were born to have curly hair. And Jane's another one. They are not only jolly themselves; they make you feel jolly. At seven-forty-five in the morning, too.

After the program we all went down to the little drug store which is run in connection with NBC, and sitting on high stools, crunched bacon and nibbled toast while Jolly Billy and Jane went over the next day's script. They always do that—have a rehearsal just after their program, and then one the next day just before.

The rehearsals are, like the programs themselves, very informal. Jolly Bill tells Jane a story. She giggles at the places she wants to giggle. There is nothing set about it. On the air it sounds as if they were having an awfully good time, which is exactly the truth.

Jolly Bill was for many years in the newspaper business—cartooning for newspapers. In Bridgeport, Connecticut, and later, in Newark, New Jersey, his drawings were a daily feature. He would stand on the corners of busy streets and sketch prominent citizens. He would go to kiddie parties and give them "chalk talks". On WOR he had his first Radio experience, giving cartoon lessons over the air. It sounds rather difficult, doesn't it, but it was an immense success. Amateur artists sent in their drawings by the thousands. Jolly Bill would take the best ones, have them reproduced, and published in the paper. Then there were prizes and blue ribbons for the winners.



Jolly Bill (William Steinke) and Jane (Muriel Harbater)

Eventually Bill appeared at NBC with an idea for a children's program. His feature became one of NBC's most popular sustaining hours. Now it is a commercial with the Cream of Wheat Company as the sponsor. In connection with the program is the H. C. B. Club. Mysterious initials, which only members of the club can know. And do those boys and girls who join have a good time, what with gold stars and medals and everything.

Bill takes about nine parts himself and Jane three. So you see, betweeen them, they can put on quite a show. The morning I was in the studio, Jolly Bill was Jerry, the dog—and what a grand bark he has—'Rastus, the Cream of Wheat Chef, Schultz, the delicatessen man, and Paddy, the pirate. If I hadn't been looking I should have sworn there were several people at the mike.

Besides taking the parts of so many different characters, Bill's pockets are always laden with

(*Continued on page 96*)

MARCELLA

Little Bird Knows All—Tells All—Ask Her about the Stars You Admire

BOTH TODDLES and I have finally yielded to the behests of our many friends who want to see our pictures. And my dears, Jones is such a splendid artist—why it took weeks and weeks and w-e-e-k-s before he was satisfied with that expression around the feather in Toddles' bonnet. And of course, while one is hesitant about these things—don't you really think I have—uh—well, of course one should be very modest about one's own advantages—but I really can't resist remarking that my legs show off very well. Toddles' are quite a bit scrawny—she must never know I told you—and that's why she's in the background. Autographed copies on request.

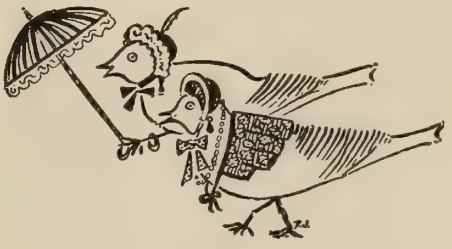


Bill Vallée

My dears it's two weeks since I saw Bill Vallée, brother of Rudy—and I simply haven't come down to earth yet. If he isn't the exact image of his brother—why it's just like being with The Crooner himself. Bill isn't quite so tall as Rudy, but he makes up for this loss horizontally. He's just twenty-two, has blond hair and soft, romantic eyes. And maybe you think it's fun being related to some famous person and being introduced around as Soandsose brother. Well, it just isn't. You lose all your identity, whatever that may be. But Bill doesn't have to depend upon his brother's popularity—he comes into this State of Popular Acclaim by his own rights and writings. For he's a writer, having worked in the Publicity Department of Paramount, he's an artist, and he's a downright good business man. He made his Radio debut on a new program called *Chats with Stars* a few weeks ago. By the way, girls, can he make popovers? Well, they're something like muffins with a vacuum in the middle. Both vacuum and surrounding territory are fit for a king, and 'tis said that Rudy of a morning garnishes his internal economy with no end of palatable popovers. And are they good? Well, let's not talk about them anymore. By the way, maybe I can get Bill's own personal recipe for making them if anyone is interested in trying them out. And next month



A. Sandersen



Toddles and I—Pleased to meet you

there's going to be some thrilling news about a new organization called the Brothers of Celebrities. Bill and the brother of Ted Lewis have already started it and I mustn't say a word more—except—and my dears, I know you will be terribly thrilled—your own Marcella is to be Secretary—imagine—the only Female—even Toddles won't be able to poke her nose in the doorway.

* * *

AND now we come to a very important person—Alexis Sandersen, Program Director of WGBS, New York. (Just as an aside, he's a popover exponent himself. He and Bill Vallée had a great time argufying about who could make them bigger and better.) It's seldom that you find a singer who has any business capacity at all. But when Mr. Sandersen is not singing on chain programs (he's been heard on the Baldwin Hour over CBS) he arranges and directs WGBS features. Lovers of music are familiar with Mr. Sandersen's beautiful voice, for he has given many recitals in New York. His greatest thrill was when he saw his name on the motion picture screens in France, where scenarios were especially written for him. And now his greatest ambition is to appear in the talkies here, and he will if movie producers want good talent. He speaks French, Italian, German, English, Scandinavian and Russian.

Which reminds me that Dr. Thatcher Clark is now on WGBS Television programs every week with his French lessons, and on WOR every Saturday with a new series called *French for Travelers*. Good chance to brush up on the language before you take that trip to Gay Paree.

There have been a great many puckered brows around the country these many weeks. Who can it be? Is she on any other program? That voice certainly is familiar? If I could only know who she is. Marcella has received many letters beseeching her to reveal the identity of the Old Dutch Girl who broadcasts three times a week over the CBS—but all I can say is—nothing doing. No, she isn't Lily Pons nor Rosa Ponselle. You'll just have to keep guessing and enjoying the program until this charming, appealing personality is ready to step out of her role as the Old Dutch Girl to appease her listeners' curiosity. Evidently she enjoys impersonating this figure which has held sway over so many households for the last twenty-six years.

* * *

DID I hear anyone say that the American home was disappearing? Well, if you saw the great big batches of home-made cookies, pies and other delicacies that admiring females send to A. L. Alexander, Chief Announcer of WMCA, you'd know that the emancipated sex hasn't quite deserted the old-fashioned oven. Mr. Alexander is so well-liked in these parts that a taxi-driver on learning that our popular announcer was his passenger, exclaimed, "Well, I would have driven him around town for nothing had I known it!" In his beautiful, clear, rich, resonant voice, he has presented such celebrities as Ethel Barrymore, Mary Pickford, George M. Cohan, Al Jolson, Arthur Brisbane and a host of others, to the Radio audience. Radio is his one and only love, his work and his play. He received his education in Boston, was engaged in newspaper and social service work and finally broke into Radio in 1925.



A.L.Alexander

Ralph Kirbery is known in Radio circles as the singing fisherman. His voice is like a siren call to cod, bass, flounder, whale and other lake fish. Aspiring fisherman need no longer stop at a local store after a day's fishing and buy a quantity of good-sized catch to take home with them. Ralph's voice is the best bait. It seems that while fishing one evening with a newspaper friend and rather impatient at no sign of even a sardine, Ralph burst into song. Amazed at such a glorious baritone voice, the fish left their abiding place and came to the surface of the water for the concert. I



R. Kirbery

want to assure you, my dears, that this is not a new version of a fish story. And the pisces (short for fish) they caught were this big. Believe it or not, Ralph Kirbery gets away with it, and I for one, although not a member of the water-breathing craniate vertebrates, enjoy his songs tremendously as do his WMCA and WOR audiences.

". . . . . and look at me now," is Art Gillham's philosophy in a nut-shell. It may seem paradoxical to most of us but Art insists that when people cry they are happy—so he spends his time on the CBS chain stimulating listeners' lachrymosynary glands. The Whispering Pianist came to his parents as a New Year's gift thirty-six years ago in their home in Atlanta. Unlike most presents, Art stayed in the family. You may have heard him say that he is just a poor, broken, trodden down human being, weighing some 376 pounds. But you mustn't believe it. He weighs a paltry 2,640 ounces, Fahrenheit. Being a very obedient son, he joined a traveling orchestra as a pianist—his father having laid out a surgeon's career for him. Later he and two others, by name Scott Middleton and Billy Smythe, wrote *Hesitation Blues* which sold more than four million copies. This was in St. Louis from where he rolled in great wealth to New York. Here he entered the dignified profession of song plugger. Since he has been hanging his troubles on the CBS clothes-line, more than 65,000 letters have been sent him by fellow sufferers. Summed up in Omar Khayam's way, Art would say, a cup of coffee, a heart-ache, some calla lillies and I.



Art Gillham

* * *

LANNY ROSS is a Yale graduate and should therefore attract all Rudy admirers. A score and four years ago, Lancelot, as he was christened, was presented to his parents in Seattle while they were on a vaudeville tour. He received his early education at the Horace Taft Preparatory School in Watertown, Conn. owned by President Taft's brother. Here he became a member of the school glee club, and when he entered Yale, he soon became a member of the glee club there. As soloist of this organization he made a tour of Europe. Has been heard on many NBC presentations.



Lanny Ross

Applications by aspiring announcers are received in great numbers at the CBS in the form of letters and telephone calls. The little, unpretentious black mike has an irresistible lure and its call is heard and answered by men of all sizes, ages, backgrounds, educations, etcet, and etcet. On a cold and mathematical morning a committee at CBS got together ten announcers for averaging purposes and after much compounding subtracting, dividing and square rooting, they arrived at a composite announcer. He is handsome, has light hair and blue eyes. Is under twenty-nine, stands five feet, eleven inches tall and weighs 166 pounds. This composite picture was obtained from Ted Husing, Frank Knight, David Ross, Harry Von Zell, Louis Dean, Don Ball, Tom Breen, Andre Baruch, George Beuchler and John Mayo. Now two more announcers have been added to the CBS family. They are Kenneth Roberts and Edward Cullen. I can see where Kenneth, my dears, is not going to be lacking in neckties and cookies and whatever else admiring listeners send to favorite announcers. Already a pair of new fond parents have christened a small bundle after him. Kenneth, himself, was born in New York City. He studied law but left school to join Christopher Morley's Hoboken production, *After Dark*. Edward Cullen is the other CBS newcomer. From Boston. Left college to join a stock company. His first New York engagement was in the same company with Tom Meighan.



Ken Roberts

* * *

MARY HANLON of Pittsburgh says she saw Rudy last summer and she knows that all those nasty reports about him are the "bunk". "I want you to thank Peggy Hull for me for speaking so nicely of Rudy and Floyd Gibbons," she continues. By this time, Mary, you must know that Rudy is now playing up at the Pennsylvania roof and that early in June he opened up on Broadway with *George White's Scandals*. Peggy Hull, by the way, started a year ago with a very lovable, affectionate kitten. What is that saying, "Great oaks from little acorns grow?" Well, Peggy is now proud foster parent of twelve handsome felines, and at the same time of a dozen problems. Peggums is writing a book, and what can she do with a big thought when a kitten or two or three runs up on her lap and comfortably settles there for the rest of the afternoon. Eleven cat-loving homes wanted—and Peggy is not paying for this ad either, but I'll get it out in some way—maybe in a home-made cooky.

Gossip: Mr. Woods, Royal Treasurer of NBC became proud father recently of a young eight-pounder. Irma Glen, the little lady who plays the big organ at WENR has 13 babies named after her. Please won't someone get another baby and christen it Irma Glen so's to pass the dre'ful 13. If Donald Nichols of Smithboro will turn to the rotogravure section in last October's RADIO DIGEST he'll see a beautiful picture of Irma. We'll have another one very soon again. Yes, Julia, Rose and Mr. Milton, Irma went and accepted a husband recently. She started to study music ever since she was seven and has been before the public most of her life. At fifteen she organized her own orchestra composed entirely of girls and in 1924 she took the *Irma Glen's Co-Eds* to South America where they played for eight weeks. "The year before that," writes Irma in her letter to me, "I toured Europe, unprofessionally, however, with mother who is my best pal (next to my husband). We visited eight countries and I heard all the music they had to offer."

A big floppy hat, great round brown laughing eyes, and a sunny disposition—that's Sue Read, one of the seven girls chosen by CBS for its television programs. You've heard her on the Miniature Theatre, Collier's, Maltine, Lux and other programs. She comes from Philadelphia where she used to pose for photographers who recognized in her hands and fingers, a grace and exquisiteness worth perpetuating on film.

Mrs. Diven, Rudy's very efficient secretary, was knee-deep in press clipping volumes when I saw her the other day. And girls, do you know that Rudy disguises himself whenever he takes a walk. Try and guess what he wears: whiskers, mustache or—well I mustn't tell you. Here, Elizabeth Stevens of Chicago, are the answers to your questions. Rudy is 29, five feet ten and a half, is not married, broadcasts from the rehearsal room of the Paramount Theatre and his office is at 67 West 44th Street.



Sue Read

* * *

SHE had just scoured the antique shops for oriental jewelry—had Josephine Breskine, well-known contralto heard over WBZ, Boston—when she came into RADIO DIGEST'S domicile. She was smartly dressed and wore gorgeous jewels—pendant ear-rings, a long necklace and very attractive rings. Miss Breskine is sister of Sylvia Breskin, internationally known prima donna who just returned from Italy, and is niece of A. I. Breskin, late composer and musical director, and she herself, with her beautiful voice, stands on the threshold of prominence.

Writes Mrs. O'Brien of Lagrange, "Have always enjoyed the wonderful programs broadcast by John Stamford. Let us have a picture, please." (*See next page.*) John is a Program Director, having been in Radio for the last seven years, and also a tenor of no mean ability. He spent a season in concerts, was in musical comedy, vaudeville and dramatic stock. His programs, the *Stamford Players*, are so intensely interesting that they hold the unbroken attention of the audience sometimes for over an hour and forty minutes.

Grace Hammill, formerly of RADIO DIGEST, bumped into Russ Russell of WGN th'other day.



J. Breskine


J. Stamford

She says it made her feminine heart quiver. He's *tall,* good looking and has blue eyes and coal black hair. Single and has a weakness for blondes, brunettes, chestnuts, ebony and Titian-haired. Used to be with Dean Fitzer of WDAF. Grace says that some time in August Frank Clark and Sarah Ann McCabe, now on NBC, will celebrate sixth weddin' anniversary.

Sally Barrett can hear Will Osborne every Wednesday night on the CBS. He and his orchestra are playing at the Bossert Roof, a Brooklyn hotel.

Ormah Carmean, Program Director of KMA, espying the SOS about the Ray-O-Vac Twins, writes this illuminating and friendly note: "Russ Wildy is now working with Freddy Rose in Chicago and appears over KYW twice a week. Billy Sheehan is with the Cudahy Packing Company of Chicago in the sales department. They were known over our station as the Paint Boys and their fans are still asking about them. I realize you must be a very busy lady but should you ever be out in Iowa, we want you to make yourself at home at our station." Thank you, Miss Carmean, and I shall certainly look you up when I am in your fair city.

For the benefit of W. N. Crosley and Lena B. Camire: Lloyd G. Del Castillo was born in Boston on April 2nd, 1893. He is staff organist and assistant musical director of WEEI and he must be a good one for he is a musician of the first rank, composer, symphony conductor, writer and bandmaster. At the age of four his mother, a musician herself, gave him his first piano lessons. Mr. Castillo, his wife, Phyllis and his two daughters, Elaine and Janet perform regularly over WEEI. Got his degree with honors in music from Harvard in 1914.

Jerry Wilford, it is rumored about, is to return to KFRC, San Francisco, according to Maye of El Paso. Thanks for the tip, Maye.

To a crowd of Mansfield Ladies and to Betty Jamieson: Marcella dedicates this trio of WTAM-ickers: Harry Frankel, known as Singing Sam, Edward H. Smith and Russell B. Wise. Mr. Wise admits that he's married and boasts of a son at Ohio Wesleyan College who is a star track man. This dean of WTAM announcers started his business career in the milk business and then went insurance-wise.


Del Castillo

* * *

ED SMITH is Program Director of WTAM. Engineering was his vocation until he was called to service in Panama and South America. Over WGY way Smith put into practice his idea of producing Radio dramas. In this he was a pioneer and Roxy devotes a whole chapter in his book to Smith's efforts in this work. The discovery of Rosaline Greene, well-known NBC and CBS star, is credited to our Pioneer of Radio Dramas and last but not least he appeared in *Seventh Heaven, Broadway* and *The Gorilla.*

Johanna Grosse, a former WTAM-icker, is not in Radio as far as Hal Metzger, Pub. Director, knows. Last he heard she was taking care of invalid mother in Cleveland.

Will Violet Harris of Muskegon Hgts., Mich., and M. M. of Neenah lend me their ears. This is WTMJ: Billy Russell no longer in Radio—Margaret Starr when last heard of was in Chicago with no


H. Frankel, Ed Smith, Russell Wise

broadcasting connection — Glen Welty conducts the Milwaukee Athletic Club Orchestra—Merrill Trapp is in charge of Cramer-Krasselt Advertising Agency's Radio Department, and WOW of Omaha never had an announcer named Thurle B. Evan. Stanley Morner, one of the latest of WTMJay's announcers, is known to everyone as the winner for two consecutive years of the state Atwater Kent audition. After college he sang in grand opera in his state. No mere printed word could adequately describe Mr. Morner. Television alone will do him justice—blond, wavy hair, blue eyes and an appealing smile.

Julanne Pelletier, 22-year old lively French pianist, entertains WTMJ's audiences with her popular piano tunes. She is a real Parisienne, five feet two, dark brown wavy hair, white glistening teeth and sloping green-brown eyes. At the age of seven she was accompanist at every public and social entertainment held in the small Michigan town where she was reared.

Merle Blackburn, the third of this trio, is one of WTMJay's singing announcers—


Stan Morner, J. Pelletier, M. Blackburn

or better still, a singing salesman—and what a crackerjack he is in the sales department of the station. This "Early Bird" announcer has very blue eyes, very black hair and very five feet—almost six tall. His hobby is disciplining billiard balls.

Since the separation of Mr. and Mrs. McNamee was talked about, the May issue of RADIO DIGEST has been selling like popovers. Why? It contains a splendid article on "Friend Husband" by the Mrs.

* * *

TO HELEN of Peoria, who enjoys this column so much. Introducing Bob Longstreet—just 24—Columbia's newest and youngest announcer. Bob's pa is Managing Editor of the Asbury Park *Press.* Listeners will remember having heard Bob sing on the Paul Tremaine concerts which were broadcast from Asbury Park last summer. He's a grad of Lehigh University, worked as public office manager for the N. J. Bell Telephone Company but Mike got him at last.

Julia Kline will soon find a picture of the Futuristic Rhythm Boys, the WOV harmony team, in one of our future issues. Al Simmons is not Connie Mack's Al—he's 22, medium height. Manny is the same age and quite good looking, but you will see for yourselves when the photo is published.

Marie, where have you been! Haven't you seen Gene and Glenn's picture in the May issue, page 15?

Hearts and stomachs are common in that they share mankind's greatest yearnings but they differ when it comes to mending. Frank Gow, junior announcer of WEEI, proved this when he found himself on a ship as Radio operator. The boat was a bit too wiggly for the old "tummy" and he was mighty glad to get on terra firma again. But two weeks on solid ground found the august stomach healed and he boarded a tramp steamer. After two years of sailing here and there he resigned and took to the land for good. For a while he taught code and theory to aspiring Radio operators at the Eastern Radio Institute, but when WEEI needed a new operator, Frank stepped into the job and was soon after that promoted to his present position.


B. Longstreet

Carl and Clara Britt—where have you been? Edward B. Husing was horoscoped and photographed especially for RADIO DIGEST May issue. Yes, Bob of the True Story Hour is a new person. I've looked all over for your twenty-one letters, but cannot find them.

This one concerns Mrs. Ellen Dickey, now of WAAT, Newark. While broadcasting for WJJD, Chicago, a Texas man fell in love with her voice. They met, everything was set for the wedding, but he suddenly disappeared in a foreign land while on Secret Service duty. Awful life, isn't it?

* * *

MARCELLA hears all, tells all. Write her a letter, ask her any of the burning questions that are bothering your mind. Information is her middle name.


Frank Gow

Riding the Morton

HIS peculiarly gifted singing voice led Morton Downey, famous Columbia tenor, into many adventures. Adversity was his lot in early years. But unfailing ambition and boundless optimism led him on to remarkable success. Below, Mr. Richards presents the second phase of young Downey's career

By
GRENVILLE RICHARDS



Morton Downey at the microphone and his orchestra as seen from the control room in the CBS studios, New York

HERE we find that Morton Downey has "arrived".

Picture a footloose and free youngster, who has led for the first twenty years of his life what at best was an uncertain existence, suddenly thrust to the front, accepted as a singer and entertainer with a capacity for earning in a month as much or more than he had ever been able to scrape together before in an entire year.

So was Downey not so very long after he got his first real break on the S.S. Leviathan while that stately craft was on her trial trip before acceptance as a Shipping Board liner.

Radio had not yet entered the picture, nor methinks, had Morton even dreamed of it. In point of fact, should we wish to draw a parallel, the rise of Radio and that of Downey are not so very much separated. Radio itself was pretty much in its babyhood insofar as being generally accepted as a medium of entertainment, in the days when Morton, viewed in the light of the same medium, was wholly an infant.

How different today—with Radio ranking as the foremost and most widely disseminated means of entertainment that the world has ever known—with Downey riding the crest created for him by Radio, beyond any question a success.

AND success rides lightly, today, just as did his smaller and earlier ones, on the shoulders of this chunky, blue-eyed youngster who inherits his clear gaze, straightforward manner and scorn of restraint from his father and through him from Auld Erin; and his voice from Heaven knows where.

He harbors no illusions about success in his field—nor for that matter illusions on much of anything else. He is rather much inclined to take each day as it comes, and is singularly devoid of surprise over whatever each may bring.

For instance, while he was annoyed, and chafed far more than would you or I when his recent illness and throat infection kept him in bed the better part of a month, he was not any more surprised than we are at the fact that winter follows summer.

Chiefly he was angry, mad clear through you might say, that it had to hit him just at the time which by all signs bid fair to be the most lucrative of his life.

Most of us feel endowed with all due and just cause for a bit of "grousing" if we have to shell out a few hundred dollars for physician's, surgeon's, and hospital bills—but in the average case the old income comes in just the same. Suppose that illness had cost us in cold cash, twenty—thirty—forty thousand, as his did Morton. Then, say you, we would have a real kick coming.

But how did Downey take it? Well, with about as much emotion as cream rising on milk. Don't think from that he liked the idea. Nay—nay! He just refused to let it get under his skin, treated it about as seriously as he regards most things in life—not at all so.

"What the heck," to quote Downey literally. "If I were going around talking about my art and my public, and were trying to sell you the idea that this was all 'art for art's sake' and a lot of bunk like that; then perhaps to keep in form I ought to bemoan the fact that by being such a darned old fool as to get sick I was unfeelingly depriving my thousands and thousands of admirers of one of the great things in life—the joy of hearing me sing."

Of course I may have been mistaken, but it seems to me that the next thing Mr. Downey said was—or at least sounded very much like—"Hooey!"

"But all joking aside," he went on, still grinning at the thought of his singing being the moment of moments in anyone's life, "I truly did not have any idea how much how many people thought of my work until I did get sick. Boy, I'll bet there will be a shortage of farm produce in Indiana for the next year."

THIS last crack was inspired by the fact that *Wabash Moon,* the theme song of his own composition which Downey uses in his broadcasts, has resulted in his being made something of a popular idol in that state. Well onto half of the gifts, remembrances and well-wishes that poured into his sick-bed came from there—and there were thousands.

"I haven't any illusions about all this wave of popularity. How long will it last? How do I know? It will have its

Crest with Downey



day and I am having mine now. But when they slide the old skids under me I am going to see to it that I do not have to worry about it or anything else no matter how well greased they may be."

IN RESPONSE to a gently-worded question on whether the present days of affluence and adulation, or those earlier times when he first got into the swim, almost literally, aboard the Leviathan, were best, he thought deep, ran a pocketful of silver from hand to hand much in the manner of a conjurer running a pack of cards through the air, and decided the old days were more fun and the present more desirable in most ways.

"But boy," and a reminiscent and somewhat satanic gleam bore silent witness, "those were the days!"

Here followed an exposition of that trait of the Downey character alluded to previously—that of never forgetting a good deed nor ever forgiving a bad one.

It seems there was aboard the Leviathan in those days if not now, a head steward, who, if not as Morton hazarded, a "Limey" in fact, was at least that by fact of parentage and desire—who did his best to make it evident.

Now if you know Downey it would be to realize that that fact alone would be more than enough to make his hair stand up, but when it developed the steward seemed more or less in charge of Downey, the Whiteman orchestra, and all other entertainers, and had classified them as "help", the situation grew serious.

When, moreover, he ruled that as help they were barred from the swimming pool, open revolt became general. As a means of quelling the rebellion he banned them from the smoking-room also, and then the gymnasium.

By this time, and particularly when he caused forcible eviction of certain members of the orchestra from those sacred spots, not a few of the musicians talked openly of dropping the steward overboard.

NOT so Downey. He simply smiled a knowing smile and let nature take its course. Nature it seems can always be counted on, for the very next year Downey made his first, and highly successful invasion of Europe.

With malice aforethought Morton booked a de luxe cabin on the Leviathan. And with the same quality and purpose Morton took pains to hunt that steward, to remind him of his, Morton's, identity and of the fact of his presence on the maiden voyage. That accomplished, Morton deliberately kept the poor devil on the jump throughout the voyage.

If he lagged he spurred him onward. If he demurred Downey threatened to report him. He had him at every task, almost to bringing him down the mainmast cap for inspection. Then just as deliberately Morton strolled ashore in England, quite, and with all that old malice aforethought, forgetting that it is customary for one to lavishly tip one's steward on leaving ship. The worst of it was that Morton had kept him so busy the fellow hardly had time to get in solid with any other passengers. Yea—truly revenge is sweet.

For the greater part of the ensuing four years Downey stayed with the Paul Whiteman organization, save for those times that he went off on European jaunts of his own during summer seasons. One of the best gags of this period is of an authorship now gone to the limbo of the lost in memory.

IT WAS of a nature that might well have been born either of the brain of Whiteman or of Downey. They are either of them quite capable of having conceived it, though to my mind it smacks more of the wit of Downey.

At any rate there was an apparently bonafide French horn player in the band. He tooted with the best of them. That was Downey, and what of it if not a sound came from the horn. It looked good. Once in each program he got up and sang a song and the audience always gave him a big hand, probably because they thought they had before them a musician who strangely and rarely enough, could also sing.

Well—one more anecdote of this—let us say—formative period, and we will hie us once more to the Downey of the present. Anecdotes, by the way, are one of the most prolific things that Morton has. If there is anything the lad really likes to do it is to get away to some quiet spot and relate these priceless bits from a day long gone in experience, but of the immediate past in point of actual years.

Just about the time that Morton was getting some early breaks as a singer he answered a call to serve as soloist at a banquet of a Jewish federation at a mid-Manhattan hotel. He only knew five songs at the time, and did not know until he arrived that he had been booked for a Jewish affair. All of the five songs were Irish ballads. But he got by all right, as he always seems to, on his wit when he can't do it by singing, and left with a bonus.

He saw the humorous side of it then as he does now, as he does in nearly everything he undertakes, for that matter. He is an inveterate jokester, but goes about his pranks so quietly and with such

serious mien that you usually wake up to find that he has put one over on you and everyone else is laughing.

Nowhere, perhaps, does this quality assert itself more than in his Radio work. Downey's rehearsals as a rule are one long laugh, and I've a sneaking suspicion that more than one official is as a rule present in the control room during these periods who would be hard put to it if asked to explain any official reason for being there.

I also have a very distinct feeling that more than one official lives in daily, weekly and mortal fear that one of these days Morton will forget he is on the air, think it is rehearsal and treat a nationwide audience of Downey fans to one or more of those quips whispered into the receptive "mike", intended solely for the ears of the crew in the control room of the studio, and in all probability directed at one or more of them in highly personal manner.

DOWNEY draws a packed house in the studio as surely as during those periods which he has given to stage appearances around New York, and which, though cut short by his illness, will probably be resumed very soon after this present moment.

He has a "cuddly" sort of way with a microphone, much as though he were taking it into intimate confidences, but the self-same habit gives control engineers a chance to figure out which of the many chills chasing each other up and down his spine is going to come in winner.

For this intimate microphone manner often results in that delicate instrument being hit, however gently—the surest road to reverberating manmade static. Of course all that could be avoided by having him sing to a microphone suspended from the studio ceiling rather than to the floor type, but Downey refuses to sing to a hanging mike.

That, and one other thing, are about the only signs of temperament this lad allows himself. He knows that in the present day he is a busy man, so if the rehearsal is not ready for him say five or ten minutes past the appointed time he may get testy about it. Not really badly of course, just in the mild Morton manner.

THE other day, however, rehearsal for his Paramount hour was set and waiting. When, an hour later, they were still waiting, from company executives on down to the kettle drummer and guest artists, the city began to get flooded by frantic telephone calls to police stations, hospitals, morgues, hotels, his apartment and everywhere else fevered officials could call to mind. His car was parked in front of the Hotel Delmonico, where he has his offices, but of Morton not a trace.

About the time theories of kidnapping came up for discussion Morton hurried in, very much harassed. On leaving his office to go to rehearsal he had found a police ticket on his car, and to use his own words—he "got so d . .n mad while looking for the cop that did it he completely forgot there was a rehearsal."

And here the boy in the man showed right on the surface. He was chastened, humiliated, downright sorry, and promised to be good. I was with him the next afternoon when he suddenly jumped up and announced he had to rush to rehearsal. He got there fifteen minutes ahead of time and sat around, kidding friends, jingling coins and generally fidgeting until the others showed up.

Another juvenile trait that crops up in Downey ever and anon is that of being unable to resist the temptation to tease when it is at all evident that the object of his attentions is vulnerable.

So, with that in mind, when he has an odd moment on his hands for a session of that nature, and finds himself in the building of the Columbia Broadcasting System at 485 Madison Avenue in New York City, with whom he has his Radio affiliations, he hies himself to the Press Department where, he knows, is suitable material for his bedevilment.

OF COURSE Downey has not achieved success without the usual chorus of pessimistic comment—seeming adherents and supporters in spite of themselves. He has gone the limit they have told you from time to time, or again, he is slipping. Slipping is right, but in defiance of all laws of gravity—uphill.

Columbia tried him out as a forlorn hope—an act that could successfully buck Amos 'n' Andy on the 7 P.M. spot—for one day a week. It was a matter of just a few days only when they began adding days to his schedule until he appeared at that hour four times a week.

Soon he became the highlight of the Paramount hour, and as a flyer on the side appeared at the Palace and was held over, so surely did he click. And now word comes to me that with the passing of Camel from the programs of the National Broadcasting Company that Downey has been picked to sing them on to sales via the new series on Columbia's air. Good boy Mort—you're slipping.

The Club Delmonico has closed for the summer, like all good supper clubs, which is just another evidence of much little-suspected business ability on the part of Downey He should have been a theatrical producer on Broadway—he knows when to close—while the public still has a definite taste for more. The minute weather became milder and Saturday nights failed to show many reservations turned down because of lack of space he shut up shop—just like that.

May I remind you at this time that all of this has been done wholly without the aid of that indefinite vocal or physical quality much vaunted and widely publicized under the slangy pseudonym of "It". His voice above all things is wholly devoid of this stigma, and—though Mr. Downey may not be thrilled when he reads this himself, he is also lacking in that quality.

In fact judging from the letters he receives from members of the opposite sex they as a rule seem to be Downey fans in spite of themselves. Take for instance the young lady from upstate somewhere in New York who wrote on nice stationery in red pencil. After assuring him that she never missed a single Downey Radio appearance she proceeded to pull him thoroughly to pieces. She was, to be gentle, far from complimentary, either to Downey or his voice, even accusing him of taking bread from the mouths of sopranos, and concluding her letter in this manner:

"PLEASE, Mr. Downey, send me your best picture so I can hang it up on the wall and throw knives at it."

This fairly well classifies her as a woman in the prime of life for Mr. Downey's real conquests seem to be among those females under six and over sixty.

It is true. Something in that silvery voice inspires infants to adoration and elderly ladies to an undownable desire to cuddle and mother him.

Really my intention was to tell you something here of the amazing things Downey can do with that voice, and to take you with me into his home—a real home—where many charming and surprising sides of his complex character come to light which would never even be suspected amid other surroundings by any mere acquaintance.

Downey, whose patron Saint is he who watches over wanderers and travelers, is yet in love with his home, and there love reigns supreme. There Downey relaxes utterly—there he throws off all restraint—and among other things indulges his own peculiar ideas of exercise. More of that anon.

NOTHING is ever quite right in that home. There is always something not quite as perfect as it should be in its physical aspects as a setting for his lovely and charming wife, Barbara Bennett. He would not be Downey if he felt otherwise. For most of all that home is a monument to a real love—to a man who worships his wife—and a wife who adores her husband.

Yet—even as I write a shadow is lifting from that home, a shadow laden with the chill breath of death. Downey's heart has not been of late either in the Radio studio nor in his home or office, but by a bedside in a New York hospital.

Happily the shadow has passed, and when Downey welcomes his wife back to their nest the telling thereof, of resumed and augmented happiness, should make beautiful reading.

Harry Glick *mixes* Chuckles *and* Exercise at WMCA

By MURIEL ALLEN



Harry Glick

WHEN you're the world's welterweight wrestling champion, you have to answer a lot of questions. The two most important ones are "How?" and "Why?"—"How did you get so strong?" and "Why did you take up wrestling?"

One lad has the answer to both queries. He's Harry Glick, the exuberant air personality who conducts the "Seat of Health" gym class over WMCA every morning at 10.00 o'clock.

"You, see, it's this way", says Harry (for some reason nobody ever thinks of calling him "Mr. Glick; he's such an all round good fellow)—"When I was a youngster—well, we won't go into the family album that far back—but all kidding aside, at thirteen years of age I threw a scare into myself—and the rest of the family—by having a serious attack of heart trouble. The doctor's verdict was, 'Don't have another or you'll be sorry.' That nearly took the tuck out of me, and for the next seven years, while I was learning all about Caesar's Gallic War and the shortest distance between two points, I wasn't even allowed to run a foot race.

"When I reached the age of twenty I celebrated the event by contracting rheumatism, and if you think that's any fun, even after you pass the eightieth milestone, you're very much mistaken. In addition to being wrecked in pain, I was as mad as the proverbial March hare.

Right there and then I made up my mind that I would become physically strong if it was the only thing I accomplished in life. So when the neighborhood gang went out to have a good time, I went down into the basement and started rigging up a gym. I made parallel bars out of my mother's old broom handles and a trapeze out of a discarded curtain pole. A friend of mine, an old 'salt', had taught me how to splice ropes. I made flying rings out of an old set of quoits and strung them from the ceiling.

"Being an omnivorous—I guess that's a good word, eh?—reader, I studied everything I could lay my hands on that had anything to do with physical culture—and what is more, I consistently put it into practice. Gradually my health began to improve and the gnawing rheumatic pains abated.

"A little later I joined the gym of the local Y. M. C. A. and while standing along the ropes one night watching a wrestling match, someone pushed me forward on the mat with the words, 'Go on, kid, let's see what *you* can do.' I wouldn't welch, so I went through with it—and floored my man. I had known nothing about the technique of wrestling, but the sport fascinated me from that time on. My muscles were now as strong as iron and my whole physique had improved.

"And then—the big scrap—on the other side, I mean. I was in the 27th A. E. F. (the fact that I passed that physical examination is proof of my general condition). Somehow fighting got to be a habit with us 'Over There' and along with the rest of the battles we went through, I had the good fortune to win welter and middleweight wrestling championships in my division.

"And when we came back—well, I literally threw my hat into the ring—and that's that."

"You mean, that's all?"

"Well, nearly all. I had a taste of the stage as a Russian dancer with Natacha Nattova; a turn before the kliegs with Adolphe Menjou, and every once in a

(*Continued on page 95*)

Do you want to reduce? Do you want to build yourself up physically? Are there any other health questions on your mind? Harry Glick will be glad to help you. Simply write to Harry Glick, care of RADIO DIGEST, *420 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y., and he will give personal consideration to your particular problem.*



Harry Glick's "Seat of Health" Class at Brighton Beach. Left foreground, Gus Van; center, Harry Glick and, right, Billy Snyder

Voice of the

SHOULD STARS TELL THEY'RE MARRIED?—A "MUTT" LETS THE CAT OUT OF THE BAG

MAY an insignificant mutt poke her nose into this all-important question that was discussed in the April issue of your most interesting magazine about whether or not a Radio star should let the cat out of the bag if he or she is married?—Whether or not you let the aforenamed mutt wag her tale, she is going to anyway. My answer is YES. After all, was the Radio created to give enjoyment and education, or to provide husbands for old maids?—She who had the last word." New York, N. Y.

* * *

THE less we know of the stars and announcers in a personal way the more mystery and romance we can build up about them. As the song goes, "Let me have my dreams." I'm a hard boiled business woman but please don't tell me my Prince Charming of the air has a wife and sixteen kids.—B. E. Neale, Deming, N. M.

* * *

OTHERS who expressed their opinions on the subject of "Marriage—Should a Star Reveal it" were . . . Agnes Richardson, 615 Fleming St., Howell, Mich. . . . Jeanne Davis, . . . Dorothy M. Swan, R.F.D. 1, Fluvanna Ave., Jamestown, N. Y. . . . G. Fusee, R. N., 94 Windemere, Highland Park, Mich. (for her family) . . . Jennie Kress, 2333 West 42nd St., Cleveland, Ohio . . . Lack of space prevents our printing their interesting letters, but all voted to have celebrities reveal their marital status, as did the majority of writers whose letters appeared in our June issue—*Editor.*

INFORMATION WANTED

CAN anyone tell me what Radio station put on my play *Gaius and Gaius, Jr.* during the summer of 1924? It is in Carolina Folk Plays, Second Series, and was broadcast without permission and the payment of royalty. A friend of mine heard it but could not remember from what station, other than that it was some New York station.—Miss Lucy M. Cobb, Y.W.C.A., Raleigh, N. C. (*Please write Miss Cobb direct if you can help her—Editor*)

QUIT JAZZING THE CLASSICS

I AM writing beside my Radio while I'm in the mood to say just what I feel. From my speaker is coming a fast, peppy fox trot, one which makes one whirl and swing dizzily about. It's not the tempo that's gotten me wild. It's the number they're playing. Believe it or not, it is the *Lament* from *Pagliacci!* A little while ago I turned the dial to escape a similar treatment of the *Meditation* from *Thais.* And several times recently, *Liebestraum* and *Serenade.* Can't the jazz bands be satisfied with *Sweet and Hot, I Got Rhythm,* and countless others, without resorting to the opera and classics?

It's outrageous that compositions of real and rare beauty should be torn to pieces and hurled at the listeners by blaring brasses, jangling pianos and thundering drums. Won't the other V.O.L. fans give their opinions?—Sally Barrett, 10 Stanyan St., San Francisco, Cal.

TRANSCRIPTIONS ARE O. K. THESE CORRESPONDENTS SAY

I AM very strongly in favor of *good* electrical transcriptions. Pray, what fault can Mr. R. J. Doyle of Bay City, Mich., find with the "Chevrolet Chronicles" or "Pequot Personalities"? I wager that the people who object so strenuously to phonograph records and electrical transcriptions could never tell the difference between "live" and "canned" programs if no identifying announcement were made.—Clara D. Lange, 2007 Marquette, Davenport, Ia. . . . I can listen to half a dozen of the electrical transcriptions and enjoy them as well as I do a coast to coast hook-up.—Mrs. C. L. Walton, 2381 Greenway Ave., Winston Salem, N. C. . . . To our way of thinking the ones who kick the most at transcriptions are ones who have tried to get on the air from their local stations and were not able, and are venting their petty jealousies in this manner. Perhaps we are wrong, but give us a good transcribed program to a poor talent program any time—K. S. Rogers, Managing Director Radio Station CFCY and Staff, Charlottetown, P.E.I., Canada.

BUT THESE FOLKS HOLD CANNED MUSIC LEAVES 'EM COLD

WHICH would I choose—a "good" program on wax or a bum one through the mike? I would choose to turn the set off and save batteries and use my own canned music on the premises. Has it ever occurred to the broadcasters that many listeners have the records at home which they are broadcasting—and frequently have better phonographs and can remember to change needles?—A. G. Taggart, Ebb and Flow Indian Reservation, Reedy Creek P.O., Manitoba, Canada . . . When I tune on a station and learn that it is a record, I immediately turn to find something different. I have canvassed our neighborhood and all of the twenty people owning Radios in my vicinity feel the same as I do. They turn the dial. Now it costs to advertise over the Radio, and I imagine that any firm taking advantage of the Radio wants as large an audience as it can get, so why not cut out the electrical transcriptions?—Clarence J. Kirby, Vice-Pres., The Monroe Nursery, Monroe, Mich. . . I certainly can tell the difference between transcriptions and first hand music and singing. There is no comparison in tone quality on the Radio.—Hazel L. Humphrey, Route 1, Box 15, Evergreen, Colo. . . . I heartily agree with Mr. Doyle who said he didn't care for "canned programs". Besides, I don't think it's fair—it's taking work away from real entertainers.—M. Hess, Cleveland, Ohio.

YOUNG LOVE FOR SALE

PLEASE enter this as my protest against the broadcasting anywhere over any Radio circuit of the vocal refrain in the dance melody entitled *Young Love for Sale*—R. C. Messner, Rockford, Ill.

A MAN RAZZES RECIPES

EVERY time I purchase your magazine I find more *junk* about raising children, politics, gardening, beauty and care of skin and cooking recipes. If we want that stuff there are magazines which print it. We buy your magazine because it says "Radio Digest" and we expect articles about Radio, television and the different Radio stars. Cut out the other rot. My favorite departments in your magazine are Coming and Going, Tuneful Topics, the picture section, Chain Gang Chatter, Radiographs, Marcella, news about stations all over the U. S.; Hits, Quips and Slips, and of course, V.O.L.—Jack Lee, 1883 North Ave., Bridgeport, Conn.

AND THIS MAN ASKS FOR 'EM

PLEASE send me your recipes for Mrs. Smith's Mystery Cake and Miss Bowering's Cubist Cake, and let me thank you very much for the same.—Mr. W. Burrows, Fitzsimmons Hospital, Denver, Colo.

GO AHEAD, HUGHIE

I HAVE a Radio-telephone station (broadcasting over wires) and use some of your plays. As it broadcasts only to five houses, it really isn't commercial. I'm only thirteen and go under the name of the Superior System—Independent Broadcasts. If you object to my using your plays, tell me so, and I'll stop.—Hugh Linst, California.

ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKE

AFTER I read an article delineating all the high requirements demanded of announcers and then turn on my set and hear some of the most elementary rules of grammar completely disregarded and some of the simplest words in the English language treated as total strangers, I cannot help wondering what these announcers do with all the education they are supposed to have.

I am not demanding "high-brow" English, but don't you think that anyone who pretends to talk over a Radio should know how to pronounce such words as "recognize", "suggest", "exquisite", "aviation" and "dirigible", just to mention a few? Yet I can hardly listen to a program of an hour's length without hearing one or more of these words mispronounced. Now don't forget, I am not talking about the little 100 watt stations either, but the big city, super-power, chain stations and the others who have indulged in so much publicity as to the qualifications of their staffs.

Here are the mistakes of a week. Monday—"Alley" for ally and "avertiser" for advertiser, to mention a few. Tuesday—"tejous" for tedious. Wednesday a speaker at an eastern station persisted in talking about the "influenzer" which recalls the fact that many others have peculiar "idears". Thursday a minister called further "futher", Friday an announcer called a heroine a "herein", on Saturday someone called bouillion "bull-i-on" and accented the word embassy on the "bas".

These are but a few of the most glaring errors during six days and I listened but a few hours each day. This makes a good game for the listener, and if you look up every mistake you notice, but about which you are not sure, you will be surprised to see how often you were wrong and the speaker right. Then, if you will occasionally let the stations hear from you it may be of mutual benefit to you and them.—R. C. Hall, Proctorville, Ohio.

JUICY BAIT FOR FAN MAIL

MORE Radios are standing idle and not being used more than once a week today because the owners can't get anything but some tin pan orchestra or some old girl screeching at the top of her voice. They talk and brag about the fan mail they get and the chances are, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, their announcers throw out some nice juicy bait to draw it in. Give us fewer musical programs and more talking acts like Gene and Glenn, Amos 'n' Andy, Abe and David, Phil Cook and Al and Pete.—Will C. Mitchell, 102 So. Ohio Avenue, Abingdon, Ill.

Listener

GUESS WHO!

Rare is this saxophone player,
Undoubtedly best crooner, too,
Deft as an orchestra leader,
Yet that isn't all he can do.

Various things he has mastered,
All lead him to fortune and fame
Lately success from his writing,
Lavished on him more acclaim,
Everyone's heard this boy, surely,
Each line of this verse spells his name.
—Eldora Bruning,
426 Eastern Parkway, Brooklyn, N. Y.

ORCHEST-ORATIONS

THE DIGEST has Rudy Vallée listed in Thursday's programs as an idol and despair to feminine listeners. That is true only to a degree and is a slam on women in the long run. They change their minds when they see and hear him. They find they have been attracted by an air voice that cannot stand the test of a theater. Detroit is too big for him. When he attacked the $50.00 per week man the way he did he spoke unwisely. Don't misunderstand me—my hat is truly off to him for the money he receives. I enjoy his writings and I harbor no malice toward him.—Jennie Blakely, Detroit, Mich. . . . Rudy Vallée is my favorite star. I went over three hundred miles, from St. Louis to Chicago, to see him and his boys, and it was sure worth the trip.—L. L. K., St. Louis, Mo. . . . Chalk up another Vallée fan. He is one of the most unspoiled entertainers on the air—Therese Meyer, Union City, N. J. . . . Always see to it that RADIO DIGEST contains a picture of him. If the cranks don't like it they can tear it out and dispose of it, but print one each time for his fans.—I. M. H., Atlantic City, N. J.

* * *

"PLEASE put my name under the Voice of the Rudy Listeners"—that's the cry from so many feminine throats. We haven't room to print all their letters, so here goes—we list names of loyal fans just to show the letters are appreciated. Writers were . . . Judith Van Dee, Lancaster, Ohio. . . . Mrs. Louise F. Stevens, East Braintree, Mass. . . . Rosemarie Lee, Nebraska. . . . Agnes Gearhart, 1746 Arlington Ave., Toledo, Ohio. . . . Marjorie Page, Huntington Sta., New York. . . . Ida Farrow, Elizabeth, Ia. . . . Mary J., New Britain, Conn. . . . Sally Barrett, San Francisco, Cal. . . . J. H., Woodlawn Ave., Chicago, Ill.

* * *

THE only numbers I dislike to hear the Royal Canadians play is their closing signature, because I know it means the end of their half hour on the air. I am a new reader of the DIGEST and I hope this letter makes me a member of Voice of the Listener —Mrs. B. C. Raynor. 108 Fairfield Ave., Syracuse, N. Y. . . . Please put more items about Guy Lombardo in your magazine—Miss Mary De Missett, Port Colborne, Ont., Canada. . . . Let me add to your list of best singers Carmen Lombardo—Verna Dunlap, 5 Lexington Ave., Merchantville, N. J. . . . Please give us a picture of Guy Lombardo and his renowned violin. It is not fair to us to always favor Rudy Vallée's friends. —Christine Hvass, 7320-25th Ave., Kenosha, Wis. . . . We regret sincerely the lack of appreciation shown to our favorite orchestra, Paul Tremaine and his boys. No others can soothe the mind and pedal extremities so quickly and thoroughly as this aggregation. Without Paul Tremaine at lunch time we are like a ship without a sail.—The Boys of Weiser's Pharmacy, Camden, N. J. . . . I wonder how so many can overlook Ted Lewis and his Orchestra—M. C. S., El Paso, Tex. . . . Ben Bernie has the most appealing personality. His semi-presto rhythm is simply delish.—Olga Garon, 80 Brock St., Drummondville, Que., Canada.

LAH-DE-DAH LADIES, BEWARE!

DO YOU think a campaign could be waged to have the women who broadcast speak naturally? Some try to adopt a languid, bored accent with an attempt at a Bostonian or Oxford pronunciation, and it is really very distasteful. I love a Boston accent which is natural, and a soft Oxford accent is charming, but to hear a woman say "tomawto" in one sentence and "tomato" in the next is simply ludicrous. It reminds me of the story of the newly rich woman who was going to take a "bawth in the bath-tub". What do your readers think?—Margaret (Mrs. W. L.) Johnston, 13405 Gruner Road, Detroit, Mich.

GET WISE, RADIO HOGS

WILL someone please edit a new book of etiquette covering Radio manners? An appropriate title might be "How to Run a Radio Politely". As an introductory chapter please advise what to do when a guest assures you that his Radio is never noisy with static while yours has bangs of static to punctuate the program. Is it necessary to say "How remarkable" or can you reply, "Oh, Blah!", as you felt like doing?

Then what to do when you are comfortably seated and tuned in on that play which you have anticipated all day, and that neighbor drops in to broadcast all the gossip. Please advise which one shall be tuned out, the Radio or the neighbor?

Then there is the question of family manners. Must one say tamely, "How kind of you," when High School Betty sails in as you are absorbed in that interesting description of an Arctic trip by an explorer . . . only to say sweetly, "Oh mother! I know you don't care for that—" She twirls the dials to find a snappy dance program, but what shall you do?

How about a chapter too, on "Keeping One's Temper" to deal with the friend who ridicules all your favorite Radio stars, says the music is distorted and your pet announcer a big bum?

These, and many similar ones are the problems confronting the Radio fan today. How may we keep within the bonds of etiquette and still enjoy our Radio? Who will be the first to compile this much-needed book?—Mrs. May B. Turner, Wayne, N. Y.

SEE MAY DIGEST, J. B.

FOR some time I have waited for a write-up on Georgia Backus and I have failed to see it. If she won't consent to a story, please print a large picture. I know you won't disappoint me. She and Frank Knight are one of the best combinations I have yet heard. (*May Radiographs fill the bill—Editor*)—J. B., Belmont, Mass.

DX FANS, HERE'S YOUR MEAT

I WOULD like to know the requirement of some DX Clubs because I am very anxious to join. I have logged 315 stations in three months, including Canada, Cuba, Mexico, Nova Scotia and a few police and experimental stations. I have no short wave set but my R.C.A. goes to 1715 kilocycles.—Bill Caventer, 103 N. Hazelwood Ave., Youngstown, Ohio (*DX Clubs please answer Mr. Caventer—Editor*).

* * *

WE GET good reception here in Prince Edward Island all through the summer as well as in winter time. I've heard about 250 different stations in the U. S. and about 25 in Canada. I would like to hear from any DX listener and promise to answer all letters received.—Anthony Arsenault, P. O. Box 444, Summerside, Prince Edward Island, Canada. . . . Any DX fan who would like a tip on how to make his Radio reach out further, drop me a line and I'll oblige with the tip. I have received 209 stations up to now on a seven tube Radio. DXer's let me hear from you—Orrin L. Case, 403 Clairmont St., Port Huron, Mich. . . . Jack Owens is lucky to have logged that many stations. I wish I could, but we have so much trouble here that DX'ing has never been very good. Would like to know what kind of Radio you have, Jack Owens, and what time of day or night you DX?—Nancy Saxton, 317 N. Sergeant, Joplin, Mo.

* * *

FOLLOWING up the letter of Mr. Erlewine, I would like to add my suggestion that you carry a separate "DX" department in your magazine. A DXer's column would be of year 'round interest, as it would include both shortwave and longwave listeners, their "logs", catches, most prized reception verifications, hints on "mystery" stations and comments in general. My own DX list includes 414 different longwave stations. The first was logged on Oct. 15, 1930 and the last on March 24, 1931. I use a custom-built, nine-tube, modern electric receiver. For the summer months I will drop to the shortwaves with a "superhet" converter on my receiver.

I would like to express my personal appreciation of your list of Cuban, Mexican, Canadian and U. S. stations. Such a complete list, including even the smallest stations of neighboring nations, is not easily found in ordinary log books. To help start the DX mail, I'd like to ask for a few return letters from Frank E. Howell, Eddie G. Erlewine and C. L. Swafford with more details about their DX'ing. I've been wondering if Mr. Howell's 170 stations were all received on a crystal set. If he knows of a method by which one can receive verification from all stations, he should let us know about it. Anyhow, let's start this DX department—Paul K. C McAfee, R. 4, Salina, Kans . . . In commending Mr Erlewine's suggestion for a DXer's column, may I add that he has been my correspondent for the past few months through the good will of your magazine. Such a column should gain immediate popularity and DX'ing undoubtedly will claim many readers of RADIO DIGEST.—Malcolm Rackow, Eastport, L. I., N. Y.

* * *

THERE you are DX Fans, there's your column. It's yours to fill as you will, so get busy and write a few interesting letters.

And the rest of you V O L. fans, drop us a line. What's wrong? No kicks this month. We must have had a perfect mag. last issue, or our Helpful Critics must be getting lazy. —V O L.—*Editor*.



Director Bagley is floored . . . pacing the bicyclists of the Tower Health League. There's modest Bill Mahoney at the piano in his rôle of rhythmist.

They Leave Comfy Beds

Bagley, the Bantering Bicyclist, Leads Four Millions in World's Largest Gym Class Every Week Morning

By Bruce Gray

"I CAN'T get 'em up, I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up in the morning." The bugle sounds its brisk message at 6:45 o'clock every weekday morning and, as if to contradict the bugle's expression of futility, the members of the world's largest gym class—4,000,000—count 'em—4,000,000—hop from their warm, cosy beds, turn on their Radio sets and proceed to do the daily dozen.

What is the motivating force that transforms this sleepy, inanimate mass of humanity into a vigorous, seething body that moves rhythmically to and fro in a series of calisthenics? The answer is—human nature. Who is responsible for this unusual urge so early each day? The answer this time is—Arthur E. Bagley. And thereby hangs our tale.

The world's largest gym class, as the Tower Health League has come to be known, was the result of an idea—one that seemed at the time to be a small idea, at that. But first let us consider some of the events leading up to the birth of this idea.

Even as a boy in Rahway, N. J., where he was born and attended grammar school, Arthur Bagley was interested in what was then known as physical culture, but has since become physical education. He liked the gym class best of all his high school studies. He acquired a certain skill in things gymnastic and, like every other real boy, he was proud of his prowess. He practiced the various feats of skill and strength until he could perform them to his own satisfaction.

However, it never occurred to him, when he was choosing his life work, to become a physical instructor. He wanted to be a newspaper man. When he had graduated from school, he set out to attain this desire. He got a job on a newspaper and experienced in it all the thrill that he had anticipated. But the long, irregular hours and the strenuous work, which monopolized practically all of his time, caused him to forsake this line of work.

During the five years he had been a reporter Mr. Bagley occasionally had attended gym classes. So he now decided to return to his early love, not only as a source of amusement and as a means for his own personal development, but also as a livelihood.

His first job was as physical director of the Ansonia, Conn., branch of the Y. M. C. A. This was the beginning of twenty-two years' association with the "Y" in Taunton and Lawrence, Mass., and later in Newark. During this period he was absent from the "Y" field for a year, when he served as athletic director in army cantonments at Rockingham, N. C., and Camp Green, N. C.

IT WAS while he was physical director at the Newark "Y" that Mr. Bagley's big idea came to him in rather modest guise. He thought that it might be a pleasing novelty to broadcast some of his simpler drills over Station WOR, which was located not far from home. The station authorities agreed to let him try his plan.

The response was surprising. People let it be known in no uncertain terms that they wanted to do calisthenics in the Bagley manner; that is, as a part of a large gym class all working in unison and harmony, and guided by the "master's voice". The tone of this voice, they learned, is always changing. It is, in turn, pleading, admonishing, encouraging and jesting, but it is always tempered by the "master's" thorough understanding of human nature.

The news of Mr. Bagley's broadcasts spread rapidly. It was in March, 1925, a year after he had started broadcasting over Station WOR, that the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, which preaches assiduously the doctrine of health and well-being, asked him to broadcast his talks daily under the Metropolitan's sponsorship. Arrangements were made for the broadcast to go over Station WEAF and several other stations in the eastern part of the country. Gradually other stations were added to the chain until now there are eight. The most recent addition was Station CKGW of Toronto.

Mr. Bagley's keen insight into human nature is the result of his twenty-two years of work in the Y. M. C. A. field. As he says, he really had to learn about human nature if he was to preserve any semblance of order among the large crowd of men and boys under his direction. He had to be prepared to meet any situation that might arise. He had to know how to handle those who became fresh and unruly, how to encourage those who were disheartened, and how to instill ambition and life into those who were lazy. He found that this last class is represented in every gathering of men. Invariably there are surly chaps who do as little as possible at all times and grumble at having to do that much.

However, there is a spark of good, even in this type, Mr. Bagley believes. It is his theory that every person has within himself the potentialities for greatness. If anyone is a failure, he feels, it is only because the potential best has not been

Their *for* Him



"Rrrrip! There go pa's pajamas!" Arthur Q. Bagley starts the whole family off on their morning pursuit of health via the exercise route

brought out. Mr. Bagley, therefore, endeavors to ignite the spark of personal pride in such people by pointing out to them their latent abilities.

Mr. Bagley tries to appeal to every sort and condition of person. As a result, he receives all kinds of letters. Some thank him for what he has done for them in showing them the way to rugged, glowing health. Others, unattached and lonely women, pour out their hearts and troubles to him, feeling that they know him and he knows them as a result of the daily class meetings.

Still others complain, because, as Mr. Bagley says, "you can't please everybody." Some people write in to tell him that he talks too fast when giving instructions. Others tell him he is much too slow. Some people complain that he nags them, while others say he is too easy with them. Some suggest that the exercises are too strenuous to be followed entirely, while others demand that he give them something hard to do. Like a good pilot, Mr. Bagley tries to steer a middle course and please the average person.

MR. BAGLEY usually finds time to give a few words of advice to his classes about the food they should eat. "For," he says, "if people abuse their stomachs, no amount of exercise is going to do them any good. The two things, exercise and diet, go hand-in-hand to produce the perfect human specimen."

People often write to him, asking individual health advice. If they seem to have something really the matter with them, he advises them to seek medical aid. But, if they are merely too plump and want to reduce, or if they want to build up their general health, he sends them the diet list, which gives them scientific advice about eating. Every letter that comes to him is answered. Many are merely requests for the printed exercise charts, to facilitate following the Radio directions, but others require careful individual instructions.

Now let us get a glimpse of Mr. Bagley and the Tower Health League in action. When the bugle sounds at 6:45 A. M. six mornings in the week, all classes of people respond. Men, women and children of all sizes, types and shapes, and from all walks of life join in the daily dozen. Some want to reduce their weight, while others are trying to add to their poundage. But, provided they keep exercising faithfully, they all eventually attain the desired end.

FOLLOWING the bugle call, Director Bagley steps to the microphone, greets his class with a cheery "Good morning, good friends!" and immediately proceeds with the first exercise. A snappy piano accompaniment is played by "Bill" Mahoney, Mr. Bagley's ever-faithful man Friday. Due to Bill's reticent nature, his Radio admirers have not learned much about him, but they have come to regard him as a most important part of the broadcast. It is said that, after Bill gets through playing for the Tower Health League, he goes downstairs to his desk in the Metropolitan's accounting department, where he does his bit toward making a big insurance company's routine move more smoothly.

While Mr. Bagley is taking his class through the first exercise we glance around the studio. It is ideally appointed for broadcasting, after the manner of the large Radio studios. Located on the 27th floor of the Metropolitan Tower on Madison Square, New York City, it affords an

(*Continued on page 80*)

What's What "Way Down East"

ALL the folks in Providence studios aren't angels, as you would expect. There are rumors of college pranks committed by John Gordon Freaser, WEAN's newest announcer. But he graduates this month and all that will be over. He has been with the Rhode Island station in a paying job while attending Brown University. . . . Lloyd Wesley Dennis, Jr., is another of these collegiate announcers, beating John out of Brown by only six months. He writes continuity, sings and plays the violin.

"Blue-blooded" Charlotte Presel has two ancestors of the nobility, Count de Presel and Baron de Rothschild, but finds it impossible to sit still and be a "noble lady" and fill her three jobs . . . director of women's programs, announcer and concert pianist at the Providence station.

* * *

GETTING hot is a habit which is contagious at WNAC, Boston. John Shepard, Jr., head of the station does not object to his musicians warming up but he does protest when the studio carpet and furnishings become ignited by the spark of syncopation. Linus Travers, production manager of WNAC, discovered the studio floor covering afire while a broadcast was being made. Fire fighters put it out without listeners knowing a thing about the near-catastrophe.

* * *

YORKSHIRE pudding is the favorite delicacy of Edgar R. Carver, musical director of WGY, Schenectady, who was born in Leeds, England . . . which city is of course in Yorkshire. At eleven young Carver was called England's greatest boy composer and conducted a juvenile orchestra before the King of England. Coming to the United States with an Irish Band to play at the St. Louis Exposition, he liked it here and finished his education at Friends University at Wichita, Kans. Then came more ferrying back and forth between England and the U. S., and finally complete adoption of this country when he filled important musical positions with the Rivoli and the Rialto. After several years as conductor of the Roxy Theatre and of a symphony ensemble at WJZ, Mr. Carver joined WGY as musical director of all programs.



Salty Allen of WOV, Countess Von Luckner and Felix, Count Luckner, aboard S.S. "Mopelia". Salty was "beer taster" and outboard motor adviser to the Count on his recent trip to the United States.



WeTEL you WHAT, Mayor Mackey of Philadelphia is some Radio w-FAN. Here he is, surrounded by the mikes of the nine stations over which he has made the WELK-in ring at various times.

* * *

CORRECTION: Jean Scull, the attractive young Philadelphia star whose photograph appeared in April RADIO DIGEST, sings on the Amoco Hour at WCAU (not WPEN as stated).

* * *

WHAT with all the sage advice to mariners and boating enthusiasts which issues forth from Salty Allen in his Daily Boatman's Column at New York's WOV, you'd expect to see a gray-bearded old tar behind the mike. But Salty is just a young fellow in his early twenties, who's seen a lot of this world for his age. He's traveled both by land and sea and met many celebrities whose common bond of interest with him is a desire to win outboard-motor races. The German submarine commander, Count Felix Von Luckner, is one of his co-hobbyists, and Salty has spun one or two yarns about the Count on his daily noontime program. Some day when he has time and typewriters are built into cruisers he expects to write the "great American novel".

* * *

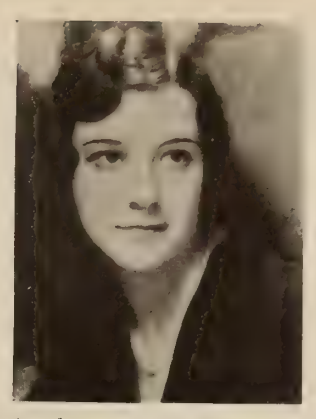
IT looked like a catastrophe for Rose Gallo, but it turned out to be her greatest blessing. Rose was an organist at the Alhambra Theatre in Philadelphia, when along came the vitaphone and forced her out of a job. Then somebody told her her voice would take kindly to the mike. She tried it with great success. Now she is heard daily over WELK and WPEN.

* * *

AVIATORS are no novelty to Radio, but the credit for putting a real underground worker on the air belongs to WNBO of Washington, Pa. "The Enterprise Miner" who appears three times a week to give interesting anecdotes about mining, is really an old-timer who spent many years on the job. His partner and accompanist is a young "breakerboy" who handles a ukulele and sings like a professional.

Chain Gang Chatter

By Janet Dublon



Another opera star gone completely Radio—Helen Oelheim

'MEMBER the "Perils of Pauline"? And how you sat on the edge of your seat every Saturday in the darkened movie house until Pauline was delivered from the villain's last week's clutch, only to hop into another dilemma? Well, if you want to recapture some of those old thrills, listen in on Gloria Gay one o' these Wednesdays on National net. Gloria's real name is Frances Wilcox, and she's one of the prettiest girls I've seen up at 711 Fifth. Better looking than the hostesses . . . that's saying something. Biography? At zero years arrived in Deposit, New York. Four—tried to run away to New York. Six—repeated. Nothing else important until college days at Syracuse U. Then again—ran away to New York, but this time arrived. In *Firebrand,* the play. Other plays and Radio since. Isn't married . . . yet.



Gloria Gay unmasked at last! She's pretty Frances Wilcox

AND JIMMIE—Gloria's co-partner in adventure? Modest, and hard to track to his lair. But finally found not far from the studio. One Carver Johns, born in Fort Wayne. Writes "Gloria Gay's Affairs" himself. Age—29, graduate of Oxford (the only one I ever heard who didn't come back with *that* accent) author of plays and short stories. Ditto marks on the "isn't married . . . yet."

"I FELT like a piece of Swiss cheese," says Eddie Freckman. "I landed in a hospital in France full of bullet holes. Doctors told me I'd always be an invalid." But leave it to the marines . . . Eddie's now accompanist on Columbia's Pabstett Variety hour, weighs 235 pounds, walks without a limp and—does he play the piano!

BIRTHDAY PARTY: Last month the Ukulele Lady and her song writer husband were eight years in Radio. I mean, of course, May Singhi Breen and Peter De Rose . . . NBC threw a party for them. Did you hear the festivities, with Ray Perkins as Master of Ceremonies? Eight announcers did the honors, Paul Whiteman and Rudy Vallee contributed by wired-in programs and skeenteen others did their bits right in the studio.

IRENE BORDONI never wears the same evening dress or wrap to the CBS studios twice . . . I once had my hair waved alongside Irene. Hers was being washed. It was then the longest, thickest I had ever seen. Way below her waist. She wore it off her ears, way up high on top of her head. It's not so long now but in comparison with ex-bobbies, it's munificent. She had it cut because hats weren't becoming.

IN CASE you're wondering what's become of NBC's Revelers . . . they are concertouring various lands. France, Germany, Holland, Austria and . . . where in heck is the city of Schaveningen? The four of 'em. James Melton and Lewis James, tenors; Elliot Shaw, baritone, and Frank Banta, accompanist, will be back in pronounceable U. S. cities (New York, to be exact) about September 1st.

DISGRUNTLED Radio stars sometimes tell the Press Department. "I could write a better publicity story myself." To which Press never dares respond "I could do a better airact myself." But they up and prove it. Take Bob Taplinger of Columbia's staff and his "Meet the Artist" broadcast. He interviews headliners before the mike so that listeners can find out from their own lips favorite foods, sports and deep dark secrets. It *does* make a good airact.

OPERAS are fine for the ears but sometimes heavy on the eyes, when the soprano weighs a mere 240. That's why I'll always retain pleasant memories of the American Opera Company and pretty young Helen Oelheim in particular. After its death she took to the air. Now she's "Freda Zorn" of the CBS Dutch Masters. This is to tell all those conclusion jumpers who think she's a real opera diva size because of her rich full voice . . . Helen is young and petite, with blue eyes. Born and raised in Buffalo.

YOU SHOULD have seen the festivities opening night at the Penn Roof to welcome Rudy. And all the Radioites who were there . . . Maurice "Right Now" Chevalier, Little Jack Little, Norman Pierce. And plenty of his fans with their B. F.'s turned out for the dancing.



Two femmes? No, one homme in disguise (Jack Shannon) on the right, and one femme (Marie Stoddard) in their rig-up for the Gossipers, popular transcription skit

Spilling All the News

Midwest Briefs

By BETTY McGEE



"Smile, darn ya, smile!" Even baby grins when he hears Marc Williams, KSTP, croon cowboy style

CHATTERING again!

And if we seem breathless and a little flighty don't blame us for we can't help it—not today. We are just recovering from an encounter with the "Three Doctors" of WMAQ fame. They've signed up now with Dr. West's and adopted a trade.

When "Dr" Pratt and "Dr" Sherman first went on the air with their humor, hokum and harmony, some four and a half years ago they conceived the idea of being doctors of the spirit, so to speak. You see Russell Pratt and Ransom Sherman had played pranks together back in high school days in Appleton, Wisconsin, and sung and played together on many a long winter evening—and thought it sounded pretty good, too, they admit. So when the two families moved to Chicago it was natural that Russell and Ransom should continue to sing and play together and continue to think it sounded pretty good. As they came to man's estate they entered the insurance business together. The Radio venture began just for fun. Some months later they took on as interne, Joe Rudolph, who was already well known about town for his ability to produce unbeatable music.

During these years they have been making nonsense and poking fun at everything. They have had a wonderful time burlesquing national advertising and the chain broadcasts and they're still at it. As a matter of fact it is said that these three were the original burlesquers of chain feature ideas, although the "Doctors" themselves discreetly say nothing on the subject.



Serious camera study of Chicago's ad libbing Three Doctors. Pratt, with the (of course, Dr. West's) toothbrush mustache, Sherman in the vise. What's left is Rudolph

Everywhere that people talk about the trio the question is sure to arise—do they write or plan their broadcasts? The answer is *no*. It's pure and simple ad libbing—(not always pure, but sometimes simple). Incidentally it's interesting to note that their ad libbing has it all over ad libbing as it's done on the stage. Whereas on the stage it's a spontaneous wise-crack interjected here and there, with these three it is a steady flow of 'em from day to day and year to year.

BOB GREER and Mal Clair, who are widely known to their Radio audience as "Snowball and Willie" come rightly by that slow and easy drawl, for Mal is from Alabama and Bob claims Arkansas as his home state. After many and varied experiences on the stage and screen, Mal and Bob became friends and vaudeville partners. They met on the sunny shores of Southern California and as a team they traveled the road from Hollywood—to New York — to Chicago. They're on WIBO nightly, except Sunday, at 6:15 CDT.

The courts lost a prospective attorney when Don Ameche, now featured on Chicago NBC dramatic programs, changed his mind while a student at the University of Wisconsin and joined a stock company at Madison.

And the stage lost one of its rising juveniles when Ameche caught the lure of Radio a year or so ago and deserted the footlights for the greater audience reached through the microphone.

Ameche was active in dramatics during his prep school and college days and was an active member of the University Players before he left school to go with the stock company.

After leaving the stock company Ameche played with Fiske O'Hara in *Jerry For Short;* went from New York to Greenwich, Conn., with the Chamberlain Brown players and played the juvenile lead in *Illegal Practice*, when it played at the Playhouse in Chicago. His last stage appearance was with Texas Guinan in vaudeville in New York.

About a year and a half ago Don began to get Radio fever and appeared in several shows at WJJD and WCFL and then returned to New York where he appeared before the microphone at WMCA.

He's an ardent six day bicycle race fan—and these nice days are finding him on the golf links a lot, too.

YOU'D never think, to look at Allan Grant, the slight, rather short WGN

(*Continued on page 88*)

From the Local Broadcasters

Pacific Coast Briefs

By Dr. RALPH L. POWER

CASTANETS should be clicking frequently at KPO these days. Alice Gentle, newest addition to the San Francisco station's list of operatic stars, has been called the greatest "Carmen" of the country. She's on the air every Monday and Friday evening, Mondays with Cy Trobbe's salon orchestra and on Fridays on KPO's concertized opera hours. Born in Seattle, Alice has roamed up and down the coast, taking stellar rôles with nationally recognized opera companies and appearing of late in the talkies.

EARL J. GLADE is just a hobbyist, according to Dick Evans of Salt Lake City's KSL. But his hobbies have had a way of outgrowing their original minor rôles and becoming important in Mr. Glade's life. In the beginning Radio was a hobby with him, and he promoted one of the first commercial broadcasting stations in the West. The early KSL days were starvation periods and pretty lean picking, but now Mr. Glade manages two prosperous broadcasters, KSL and KLO.



Alice Gentle, newest staff diva, is inducted into the KPO holy of holies—Cy Trobbe's library of over 20,000 musical compositions

The Tabernacle organ and choir broadcast was another hobby of the Salt Lake Pioneer. Now it's on coastwise waves. But his most unique hobby is words. Did you know how to spell the leather leggin's that cowboys wear? They're called "shaps" or "chaps". But it took Mr. Glade to discover them in the dictionary—and you'll find them there as chaparajos.

RADIO has a strange way of drawing people from other fields to the mike, but KFRC claims the one and only female architect. She is Merle Matthews, production manager, and her orderly, shipshape dovetailing of programs and people show the influence of her training. It all came out when a certain summer resort, Cuesta La Honda by name, which advertises on the Frisco station's wavelength, received a number of plans for very unusual summer cottages. They were from Merle.

REGISTER another Radio marriage on the book of time. George Snell surprised his listeners at KDYL when he took as wife Miss Althea Pederson, who has been KDYL traffic manager for the last two years. It must be admitted, however, that it wasn't a shock to the Salt Lake studio folks, for they could see it brewing for many months, and bets were even placed on the date it would occur.

Hundreds of KDYL fans and "Uncle Ben" (that's George's Kangaroo Club name) devotees sent congratulations to the pair. George is dark, and extremely good-looking, so Althea is holding down her desk in the traffic department to see that no feminine fans try to win him away.

THERE are two pretty Kelly babies in a big house in Berkeley who listen to the loud speaker of the Radio expectantly at all times. Mother is Dorothy Desmond and father Tom Kelly, of the NBC Coast dramatic staff. Tom and Dorothy met under the auspices of Shakespeare—they were both playing in a summer stock company. Romance blossomed, and when they found Radio offered an opportunity to continue in drama and run a happy home as well, they signed up for mike work.

Dorothy Desmond is slender, charming and doesn't look a bit like the mother of two youngsters. She has famous ancestry on both sides of her family. Her mother was a Wells of the Wells-Fargo bank family, and her father a descendant of the bold bad Earls of Desmond. She's been a dancer, a stock player and actress.

"EIGHTEEN Feet of Harmony"—no, not a new mammoth piano. That's a new male trio just descended on the Northwest Broadcasting System. Three boys from the University of Washington, each over six feet tall—Bob Youse, tenor, Herb Bartlett, tenor, and Jack Little, baritone.



Ted Osborne reading his daily stint for the KHJ burlesque news reports. Uncle Ted has disguised himself with false mustache and wig

Sweet Six-ty

"I Can't Understand Why People Get Old!" Declares Miss Hopper Who Is Still Brimful of Youth Although She Is Approaching Seventy

By Anne B. Lazar

A DAINTY little woman, under five feet and weighing ninety-two pounds, has triumphed over all of the cruel laws which old age imposes on mankind and is still young at sixty-odd years.

Creaking Knees, Sallow Skin, Wrinkled Neck and Falling Hair, which have been the foes of youth ever since Eve lent her ear to the serpent, received a mighty death blow as far as Edna Wallace Hopper is concerned, and they are now probably crawling subtly along ready for a spring on an easy victim.

If you are beginning to groan, complain and fidget about inconsequential happenings—whether you are nineteen or ninety—you are yielding to the onslaughts of senility. For age isn't a matter of years, according to Miss Hopper—it's a state of mind.

I had heard how Miss Hopper succeeded in warding off old age and looked young in spite of the passing years—but I must have proof. Surely there were wrinkles and a few streaks of gray hair—it must be all theory with her, I concluded. The fountain of youth may have its place in legends and romances, but no one could be expected to believe that even Edna Wallace Hopper had completely escaped from the ravages of six decades of time.

With these doubts assailing me, I approached the entrance of the St. Regis—one of the few remaining exclusive hotels in New York City—with vestiges of old Manhattan's traditions. Two footmen led me through the massive canopied entrance, and I was whisked up to Miss Hopper's apartment by a crisply uniformed elevator boy.

"I'll come back with a tale of dyed gray hair," I consoled myself—"and with a wrinkle or two in the bargain." One might get away with this perpetual youth stuff from the stage of a theatre and over the Radio, but not under the lens of an interview.

I had brought myself up to the point of being sorry for Miss Hopper. It would be too bad to disillusion the American public and to tear down this happy illusion of Youth at Sixty which Miss Hopper had built up, but everything must be sacrificed for the cause of truth.

WITH a mixture of feelings, I rang the bell. The door was soon opened by a bobbing little figure with a smiling face framed in a wealth of brown wavy hair.

"Miss Hopper?" I asked of the big, brown-eyed miss.

"I'm Miss Hopper," was the reply, at the which, dear reader, I managed to create a good long sneeze, thereby giving me a good opportunity to drown an embarrassing moment. When I finally overcame my surprise, I mysteriously stopped sneezing and returned Miss Hopper's cordial greeting.

I looked at her again. She was fresh with youth, graceful, pretty and merry. Of course—this must be the daughter, but I would wait before asking any other question that might make it necessary for another sneeze.

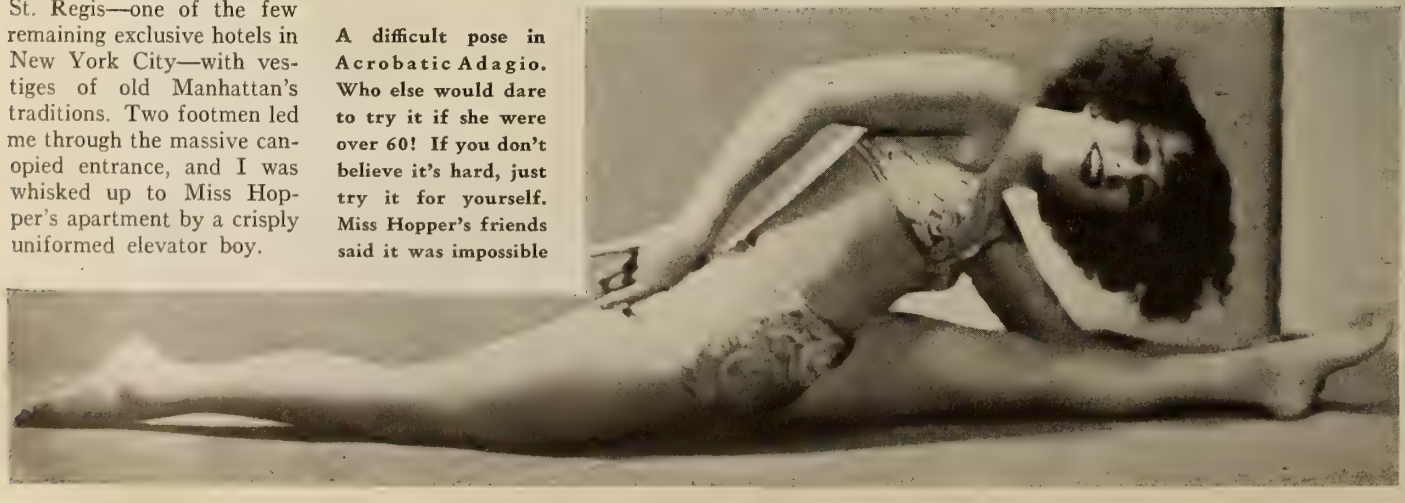
We both sat down in this comfortable room furnished in old rose—but no one else entered on the scene.

Then this was Miss Hopper—this young person who looked no more than twenty-five in appearance and action. The two distinctive features about Miss Hopper are her great big brown eyes and her brown silk fluffy hair which she admits is as straight as a stick and needs waving every now and then.

"Let me tell you a few things about youth," began Miss Hopper with a twinkle in her eye. By this time I needed a little advice to fortify my young years, for Miss Hopper was in spirit and energy much younger than I.

"Given diet, exercise and the right state of mind, and you can't get old. The right mental attitude is everything in life. And you can't maintain this mental equipoise if you are going to allow yourself to be tossed by every wave of circumstance.

"Men and women ought to take off a little time each day for self-study and self-analysis. If they find themselves fretting and stewing over every ill wind,



A difficult pose in Acrobatic Adagio. Who else would dare to try it if she were over 60! If you don't believe it's hard, just try it for yourself. Miss Hopper's friends said it was impossible

it's a sure sign that they need moral courage.

"And no one has a corner yet on the Courage Curb. It's free and there's enough to go around in this world of ours.

"If people availed themselves of this quality, they would all soon be out of this depression. They've just allowed themselves to be swallowed up by this wave of bad business instead of making an effort to rise above it. And what amazes me is that not only have middle-aged men and women sunk beneath this spell of stagnation, but the young girls and boys have fallen right under it also.



Just like that—tossed from one part of the stage to the other. Miss Hopper gets a great "kick" out of it

"WHY I remember way back in 1920—we had a similar depression. In one day I lost an entire fortune—all that I had was swept completely away from me and there wasn't anything open for me that I could see.

"I was over fifty," recalled Miss Hopper with no trace of sadness or self-pity in her voice—"a period in life when most women are just about sitting in their rockers, rehearsing sorrowful experiences and waiting for the remaining years to march up on them.

"In the face of this calamity, I went to a beautiful party that night and danced the whole evening through. I never told anyone about the loss. My husband, however, whom I met at the affair did mention that a rumor was about that I had sustained a great loss. But I denied it, and said it wasn't true."

"But you could always depend upon your husband in a great need," I ventured. "Knowing that there was someone to fall back upon would take away half the sorrow."

"Never!" exclaimed Miss Hopper. "I have never gone to anybody for anything. Not even my husband. I have never asked anything even of my closest friends—and that is why I am able to keep them.

"The day following the reversal of circumstances, I looked the situation squarely in the face. I wasn't at all discouraged. I felt it was the best thing that could have happened to me, for it aroused me from the ease in which I had been living. I had been sitting smugly in the lap of luxury—now I had to get up and work. I studied myself and asked, What am I fitted for? How can I be of service to others and to myself? At that time everyone was discussing youth—people were in quest of it. It was talked about at teas, at parties and at clubs.

"Having been on the stage most of my life, I had my own public, and although I had never lectured before, I said to myself, there's no time like the present to start.

"People had always wondered how I retained my youth and men and women would be interested in what I had to say about it, I thought.

"Now the point that I wish to bring out," continued Miss Hopper, "is that I did not sit down on the ruins of a mighty fortune and weep bitter tears. Crying isn't the best exercise for the eyes anyway, and tears tend to obstruct one's vision to the opportunities that are waiting ahead of us.

"I just brushed the last remaining ashes of my departed wealth from my party frock and started right away to build another treasure trove. I agree with Henry Ford," continued Miss Hopper, "that this depression is just the result of poor thinking. What men and women need now is courage to lift themselves out of the rut into which they have been gradually driven down. It should awaken them to new life.

"If I succeeded in starting a new business when I was over fifty, other people can do the same. Self-pity is probably another great hindrance to progress. When a man pities himself, he can't get the right perspective of his case, and he gets himself right in the way of his own possible advancement.

"Now, this may all seem to be quite

(*Continued on page 95*)



(*Courtesy of Ruth Collins*)

Iron ivy tree affords graceful arms which hold small pots concealed by trailing vines. A malacca wheel seat.

Dressing Up Your Porch

Accessories are just as important as the large pieces of furniture

By SHERRILL WHITON

Director of the New York School of Interior Decoration. Heard over National Radio Home-Makers' Club Wednesday mornings

I SUPPOSE there are more people who would like to know how to rearrange or redecorate their homes than those who have new homes to decorate. You can't all become professional decorators, but you can do something that's far more important and useful. You can all make an effort to make your home a place more agreeable to live in, more comfortable, more convenient and workable, more pleasing to the eye. Not a place that you want to get out of and go somewhere, but a place where you want to go back to and stay.

I'm going to give you a little advice about the furnishing of porches and sun parlors.

Lots of people get these two kinds of rooms confused or rather they think of them as being the same kind of room—really they're two entirely different kinds and as such they have to be furnished and decorated very differently.

A sun parlor is primarily a winter room where you want to bring a little of the effect of outdoors into the house during the winter months. You also want to get all the sun you can and for cloudy days when there isn't any sun you try to bring sunlight into the sun parlor by using various colors, lots of tones of red, yellow and orange.

But the porch is an entirely different proposition. The porch may be enclosed but it has to be arranged with lots of windows that can be thrown wide open to let in the air. The porch is a summer living space and the idea is to let in as much air as possible and still keep the sun out.

A porch has to be protected from dust and the weather and usually from insects and the first thing that we should think about is proper screening. There is only one kind of screen to use and that is made of copper. It costs a very little more than the ordinary iron wire screens to start with but it pays in the long run. It doesn't need any paint, never rusts and lasts forever unless the small boy in the house tries to throw his base ball through it. Screens help keep out the dust too and that means much less outdoor housecleaning.

NEXT to wire screens the most important things are shades, curtains and other devices to keep out the sunshine.

Sunshine is usually considered healthy but we can get too much of a good thing at times, and in the summer we have to dodge it.

During the last few years, Venetian blinds and slatted wooden shades have returned to popularity. Venetian blinds keep the sun off but let the wind through — and that's what we want in the summer time. They also prevent glare, and they are heavy enough so that they don't blow out of position—you can even get them with devices to prevent flapping—and the best of them are painted in sun-proof colors to prevent fading.

Then we have the European types of porch furniture becoming more and more popular, such as the bent iron chairs and tables. The chairs are the kind one used to see in the little German gardens and parks of Paris with iron seats with a spring in them.

If you like the so-called modern type they're making porch furniture in a new metal called "chromium" — constructed out of either pipe forms or square metal bars. It looks like polished nickel and they say it always keeps its polish bright and shiny—doesn't tarnish, rust or corrode; it's as strong as steel. While the arms and legs and uprights are made in this metal, the seats and backs are usually of brightly striped canvas.



(*Courtesy of Mayhew Shops*)

Double-trayed metal plant and serving stand.

A DASH of Discontent

Smug Satisfaction with things leads men and women into ruts. Progress is made possible by looking a step or two ahead



Ann Sawyer—the first television girl to be signed up by the NBC on the Pacific Coast—Drafted from the talkies

By Frances Ingram

Consultant on Care of the Skin heard on NBC every Tuesday morning

THE hotel dining room was crowded and it was impossible not to overhear the discussion at the next table. One of the women in the group had evidently brought into the conversation some instances of what she considered men's prejudice against women in business.

"Tommyrot", said the man beside her. "It isn't a question of prejudice against women—the point is that women lack the necessary qualifications for success."

The women's voices were immediately raised in indignant protest to be silenced a moment later by an authoritative signal from the man.

"If you give me a chance I'll explain it to you", he offered. "Sure, women are accurate, neat, efficient, honest, loyal —all of that—but they don't get ahead because very few of them are discontented enough. That's what they need—a dash of discontent. Look at that girl in our general office. She's been with the firm longer than I have. She knows more about the firm's business than I do. And where is she? In the general office. Last week when we were hiring a secretary to McKinley, did she get the job? No. We hired a new girl. All right, maybe it's unfair, but I don't think it is. That girl is contented—she's satisfied. All she cares about is her pay check at the end of the week. What's the matter with the woman? Well, I just told you—as far as anybody knows, she hasn't got a dash of discontent in her make-up."

That's all of the discussion I heard, unfortunately, but thinking it over later, it seems to me that the argumentative gentleman was right. Every advancement, every achievement, every bit of progressive and humanitarian work has been due to a dash of discontentment in someone. If man had been content to travel on his own two legs, he would never have learned to ride behind a horse. If he had been content with horses as a means of transportation, the automobile would never have been invented. Had he been content with the automobile, the aeroplane would never have been conceived. If women had been satisfied with brooms, they would not have carpet sweepers and vacuum cleaners today. Would we have the telephone, the Radio, the trans-Atlantic cable, or any advances in science, in art, in literature if it were not for the presence of some malcontents among us?

CONTENTMENT is eulogized, discontentment denounced. But why? Every humanitarian movement, every effort to alleviate pain and suffering has sprung from divine discontent, as Charles Kinsley in his "Health and Education" wrote some years ago: "To be discontented with the divine discontent, and to be ashamed with the noble shame, is the very germ of the first upgrowth of all virtue." It is this divine discontent of which I am speaking. To be discontented and do nothing about it—to grow disgruntled and neurotic—is no virtue, certainly. But to reach out for something better, to be *constructively* discontented is the divine discontent from which all virtue springs.

Now women do not lack this spark of discontent although it is true that as a group they may not yet have learned to use it for their own immediate advancement in the business world. But to women's discontent can be attributed the success of innumerable men who sit on the top rung of the ladder of success. A man may be content to rise one rung upon this ladder. His wife's constructive discontent inspires him to reach for a higher rung. There is one man who has achieved what would seem to be the very pinnacle of fame and fortune, but he is not resting there because his wife's belief in his ability and her divine discontent are spurring him to even greater achievements. Hers is not a disgruntled neurotic dissatisfaction, remember, but a constructive progressive expectation of better things. Hers is not a materialistic discontent—it is a desire to have her husband utilize the gifts which might otherwise lie dormant and undeveloped. Such discontent spells happiness, not only for the individual, but for the race as a whole.

THE world would have less of beauty and idealism if woman lacked this fine dissatisfaction with things as they are—with herself, for instance. If women were without the desire for improvement, culture would be lagging centuries behind. Beauty, too, would be much rarer than it is. It is due to

(*Continued on page 90*)

Out of the AIR

HITS—QUIPS—SLIPS

By INDI-GEST

Cash for Humor!

IT WILL pay you to keep your ears open and your funny bone oiled for action. Radio Digest will pay $5.00 for the first selected humorous incident heard on a broadcast program, $3.00 for second preferred amusing incident and $1.00 for each amusing incident accepted and printed.

It may be something planned as part of the Radio entertainment, or it may be one of those little accidents that pop up in the best regulated stations. Write on one side of the paper only, put name and address on each sheet, and send your contribution to Indi-Gest, Radio Digest.

Getting into Indi's black books doesn't mean that a bad mark is entered against your name (if you're a Radartist). No, it only means that at one time or another Indi has heard a particularly good story from or about you, which has been entered in the "little black note book".

Now I've collected a good batch and have decided to air them. Here they are, copied right out of Indi's storybook:—

HE PICKED A GOOD LINE

Do you, or don't you know that all the chain programs are carried on specially leased telephone wires? This, in explanation of the fact that a telephone linesman unwittingly became an announcer. He climbed up to tap a wire and make a report to his home office. Astonished at hearing music on the line, he yelled to a fellow worker on the ground, "Great gosh! There's music on this darn line." All Texas heard him!

PEEPING TOM

An indignant man in Portland phoned the police to "Come quick and arrest the men who are peeping in my window and frightening my wife." A patrol wagon pulled up, to find two scared kids, the oldest only 15. They explained that being far away from home, they had stopped to hear what was happening to Amos and Andy.

BOYS WILL BE BOYS

Even when they're full-fledged Radactors, boys will be like this. . . . Donald Hughes, who is the second part of the Daddy and Rollo program on CBS, insisted on taking the mike nearest the control room. As he finished his last line, he made one wild dash for the glass door and hurled himself into the operator's room, nearly knocking over two studioites in his way. He just wanted to hear what his voice sounded like!

ALMOST A NON-CONDUCTOR

When a dog bites a man, that's commonplace, but when a man bites a dog, that's News. Likewise, when a passenger is left behind that's nothing unusual, but when a conductor is left, well, "dat's sumepin". Ray Ferris and Chuck Haynes, of Chicago NBC were returning from Huntington, Ind. to the Windy City when a cow calmly walked out on the track and caused a minor collision. The train stopped, and in the interim passengers and conductor did a little track-walking to stretch their legs. Damage repaired, passengers came aboard. The train started and Ray stood on the last platform smoking a cigarette, when far, far away he spotted the conductor running like Charley Paddock to catch the train. Ray pulled the emergency cord and stopped the train. Now there's a "Chuck and Ray Fan Club" on that railroad.

ADV: FOR EMPIRE STATE AND CHRYSLER BUILDINGS

Blackstone program (NBC):
Capt. Blackstone: An Englishman who arrived in New York from London remarked that the American sky was so much clearer than their London sky. You know, Frank, I've been wondering why it's that way ever since.
Frank Crumit: Oh, that's because we have skyscrapers.—*Rose Bailey, 129 Grant St., Greensburg, Pa.*

Puzzle: How can you travel by rail and by boat at the same time? Ans: Try being seasick. A spot "by rail" is most convenient!

The Next "Special Personal Appearance Broadcast" Will Be This.



Jimmy the Thug:—"Crime Don't Pay—Instead of Reaching for the Diamond, I Should Have Reached for a Cigarette."

Call It A Day

By Beulah Hauser

I hurry with the furnace fire
I start the old range burning,
Then dial madly up and down
Before I start the churning.

"Early Birds" I hear at dawn—
I 'spose they're out for worms—
Then N B C says "Cheerio"
Result—my oatmeal burns.

The "Gypsies" from the "A & P"
Are tuning up the strings,
Then "Hits and Bits" come crowding on
When lo! the door bell rings;

"What's Butterworth" down in the loop?
The farmers gargle o'er their soup,
Then "Golden Gems" of "Magic Speech"
Announce themselves with static screech.

A "Blue Streak" rends the balmy air
Though sky is calm and clear,
"The Weather Forecast" takes the stand
And says "A storm is near."

Next in our line of march today
Comes "Edna Wallace Hopper" gay,
Before they "Shove her off the air"
She tells us NOT to brush our hair.

"Fleischmann's Yeast" croons "Rudy" dear
"Bugs Baer" gently answers, 'here'
"Graham McNamee" now takes the wheel
And drains a glass before his spiel.

Sir "Rolfe" has made his "Lucky Strike"
As "Vincent Lopez" takes the 'Mike'
And with a yawn I can't express
I board "The Sleepy Town Express."

But do I sleep? Ye Gods, No! No!
For "Amos and Andy" are giving their show,
The only rest I get is a 'Jonar'
"By special permission of copyright owner."



Announcer:—Friends! I Wish You Were Here. It's Just One Great Big, Jolly Party.



SLIPS THAT PASS THROUGH THE MIKE

MORMONISM IN THE MOVIES —Heard in WOKO news flash:—"Douglas Fairbanks, the husband of Mary Pickford and nine others will enter the English golf tournament." Doug had better watch out, or Will Hays will get after him!—*Mrs. L. S. Zanche, 222 Newell St., Pittsfield, Mass.*

FRANKNESS IS THE BEST POLICY — Milt Cross announcing the A & P Gypsies, "And who doesn't know that lovely song of Carrie Jacobs Bond, The End of a Perfect Day—the A & P Gypsies!"—*Isyla K. Powers, 319 Hanover St., Meriden Conn.* (Isyla was first with that slip and cops the prize, but *Mrs. G. F. Parkin of Meriden, Conn.*, was also heard from).

BE A SPORT AND CALL A TAXI —Sammie Watkins of WREC announcing his next two numbers—"I've Got Five Dollars and Walking My Baby Back Home". Some cheap skate! —*Virginia Riddick, Coffeeville, Miss.*

UNFORGIVABLE CRIME

I hate the voice of one announcer
This man I'd like to bury
And yet he is a clear pronouncer
Of all vocabulary.
I hate him not for all his learning
Although it makes me giddy.
One fault has set my hatred burning—
He calls a child a kiddy!

—*William H. Eldridge, 300 Portage St., Hibbing, Minn.*

SAFETY FIRST

From KFRC: Lord Bilgewater (Monroe Upton) answers questions. Here's one he read:

> Dear Sir:—
> I moved to Twin Peaks five years ago, and after a year there my wife presented me with twins. Then I got a job up at Three Rivers. A year later my wife presented me with triplets. I have just had a wonderful offer to go to the "Thousand Islands". Lord Bilgewater, what shall I do?"

Said Bilgy:—"Accept by all means. But for goodness sake, go alone!"—*Mrs. M. J. Schuler, San Francisco, Cal.*

Chain Calendar Features

See Index to Network Kilocycles on page 82

Throughout Week

JOLLY BILL AND JANE—(daily except Sunday)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:45 a. m.	6:45	5:45	4:45
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
KDKA	WJR	WLW	

GENE AND GLENN—Quaker Early Birds. (Daily except Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:00 a. m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WEAF	WJAR	WEEI	WTAG
WCSH	WFI	WRC	WGY
WCAE	WTAM	WWJ	WSAI
WRVA	WPTF	CKGW	WJAX
WIOD	WFLA	WSUN	CFCF
WBEN			

CHEERIO—(daily ex. Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:30 a. m.	7:30	6:30	5:30
WEAF	WEEI	WCKY	WRC
WCSH	WWJ	WHO	WOC
WDAF	WAPI	KPRC	WFI
WSB	WSM	WJAX	WPTF
WTAG	WOAI	WBEN	WRVA
CKGW	WIOD	WHAS	WFLA
WSUN	WTAM	WJDX	WJAR
WGY	WOW	WCAE	WGN
WKY			

THE VERMONT LUMBER JACKS—John Whitcomb. (Daily ex. Sunday)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:30 a. m.	7:30	6:30	5:30
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WBAL
WHAM	KDKA	WJR	

THE COMMUTERS—Emery Deutsch. (Daily ex. Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:00 a.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WDRC
WPG	WIP	WFAN	WHP
WMAL	WWNC	WXYZ	WSPD
WDOD	WBBM	WMT	KMOX
KOIL	KFH	CFRB	WOKO

CAMPBELL'S ORCHESTRA—(Daily ex. Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:15 a.m.	8:15	7:15	6:15
WEAF	WTIC	WJAR	WTAG
WLIT	WRC	WCSH	WDAF
WEEI	WBEN	WCAE	WHO
WTAM	WSAI	KSD	WOW
WOC	WWJ	CKGW	WLS
WGY			

TONY'S SCRAP BOOK—Conducted by Anthony Wons. (Daily ex. Sun. & Fri.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:30 a. m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WHEC
WKBW	WDRC	WORC	WPG
WCAU	W3XAU	WHP	WMAL
WCAO	WKBN	WSPD	WREC
WTAQ	WBBM	KMOX	KOIL
KFH	KFJF	KTRH	KTSA
KLZ	CFRB		

THE OLD DUTCH GIRL—(Mon., Wed., Fri.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:45 a. m.	8:45	7:45	6:45
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WKBW
WEAN	WNAC	WCAU	W3XAU
WJAS	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WBT
WGST	WXYZ	WSPD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WDSU	WISN
WOWO	WMAQ	WCCO	KMOX
KMBC	KOIL	KFH	KFJF
KRLD	KTSA	KLZ	KDYL
CFRB			

IDA BAILEY ALLEN—Radio Home Makers. (Mon. Wed. & Thurs.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:00 a. m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WKBW
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WADC	WWNC	WSPD	WDOD
WLAC	WISN	WBBM	WXYZ
WTAQ	KMOX	KFH	

RAY PERKINS—Libby, McNeil and Libby Program. (Thurs. and Friday)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10.00 a.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
WIBO	WLW	KDKA	WSB
WREN	KWK	WHAS	WSM
WMC	WAPI	WJDX	WSMB
WJR	WGAR		

RADIO HOUSEHOLD INSTITUTE—(except Friday and Sunday)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
11:15 a. m.	10:15	9:15	8:15
WEAF	WJAR	WTAG	WCSH
WLIT	WRC	WCAE	WWJ
WTAM	KSD	WTMJ	KSTP
WEBC	WEEI	WGY	WMC
WBEN	WSAI	KYW	WOC
WHO	CFCF	CKGW	

UNEEDA BAKERS—(Mon. and Thurs.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
11:30 a. m.	10:30	9:30	8:30
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WKBW
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WCAU
W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WADC	WKRC	WWNC
WBT	WGST	WXYZ	WSPD
WDOD	WREC	WLAC	WBRC
WDSU	WOWO	WBBM	WCCO
KMBC	KMOX	KOIL	KFH
KFJF	KRLD	KTSA	KLZ
KDYL			

PAUL TREMAINE—(daily ex. Sunday)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
12:00 noon	11:00	10:00	9:00
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WHEC
WKBW	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WORC	WPG	WCAU	W3XAU
WHP	WJAS	WLBW	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ	WADC
WKBN	WLAC	WBRC	WISN
KSCJ	WMT	KMBC	KLRA
WDAY	KOIL	KFJF	KLZ
KOL	WTAQ		

COLUMBIA REVIEW — (daily except Sat. and Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
12:30 p. m.	11:30	10:30	9:30
WABC	W2XE	WLBZ	WDRC
WORC	WPG	WCAU	W3XAU
WHP	WJAS	WLBW	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WADC	WBT
WBCM	WSPD	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WISN	WOWO
WBBM	KSCJ	WMT	KMBC
KLRA	WDAY	KOIL	WIBW
KFJF	WGR		

FELIX FERDINANDO AND HIS PARK CENTRAL ORCHESTRA—(daily ex. Sunday)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
1:00 p.m.	12:00	11:00	10:00
WABC	W2XE	WGR	WPG
WCAU	W3XAU	WJAS	WLBW
WMAL	WCAO	WTAR	WADC
WHK	WWNC	WDOD	WLAC
CFRB			

HARRY TUCKER AND HIS BARCLAY ORCHESTRA—(Mon., Wed., Fri.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
1:30 p. m.	12:30	11:30 a. m.	10:30
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WHEC
WGR	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WORC	WPG	WIP-WFAN	WJAS
WLBW	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WREC	WBRC	WDSU	WISN
WTAQ	WCCO	WMT	KMOX
KMBC	KFJF		

PABST-ETT VARIETIES—(Tues. & Fri.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
2:00 p.m.	1:00	12:00	11:00
WABC	W2XE	WKBW	WNAC
WCAU	W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL
WCAO	WHK	WKRC	WXYZ
WISN	WBBM	WCCO	KMOX
KMBC	KOIL	WRR	KDYL
KVI	KOL	KFPY	KOIN
KHJ	KFRC	KLZ	

DALE WIMBROW—(Mon., Thurs. & Sat.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
2:00 p. m.	1:00	12:00	11:00
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WORC	WCAU
W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WADC	WWNC	WDOD
CFRB	WOKO		

THE THREE DOCTORS—(Tues., Wed. & Thurs.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
3:30 p.m.	2:30	1:30	12:30
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WORC	WPG
WCAU	W3XAU	WHP	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WADC	WHK
WWNC	WXYZ	WSPD	WDOD
WISN	WTAQ	WFBM	WCCO
WMT	KMOX	KFH	KVI
KOL	KFRC	CFRB	WOKO

COLUMBIA SALON ORCHESTRA—(Daily ex. Sat. & Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
3:00 p. m.	2:00	1:00	12:00
WABC	W2XE	WGR	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WORC	WPG
WHP	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WDBJ	WADC	WHK	WKRC
WKBN	WWNC	WBT	WBCM
WSPD	WDOD	WREC	WLAC
WISN	WFBM	WGL	WBBM
KSCJ	WMT	KLRA	WDAY
KOIL	KFJF	KRLD	KTRH
KLZ	KVI	KOL	KFPY

EDNA WALLACE HOPPER—(Tues. & Thurs.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
3.45 p.m.	2.45	1.45	12.45
WJZ	WBAL	WHAM	KDKA
WGAR	WJR	WLW	KWK
WREN	KFAB	CKGW	KSTP
WEBC	WRVA	WPTF	KTAR
WJAX	WIOD	WFLA	WSUN
WHAS	WSM	WSB	KECA
KGO	KGW	KOMO	KHQ
KOA	KSL	KFSD	KTHS
CFCF	WDAY	KFYR	WCFL
WMC	WAPI	WSMB	WJDX

LA GERARDINE PROGRAM—Jean Beaudine. (Mon. & Thurs.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
5:45 p. m.	4:45	3:45	2:45
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WKBW
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WCAU
W3XAU	WJAS	WCAO	WHK
WKRC	WGST	WXYZ	KMOX
KMBC	KOIL	KRLD	

TONY'S SCRAP BOOK—Anthony Wons. (Wed., Fri., Sat.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
5:45 p. m.	4:45	3:45	2:45
WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WGR
WJAS	WLBW	WCAO	WWNC
WXYZ	WSPD	WDOD	WLAC
WDSU	WTAQ	KMBC	KFH
KRLD	WACO	KLZ	KOH

ROY ATWELL'S TIDE WATER INN—(Mon., Wed. & Fri.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
6:30 p.m.	5.30	4:30	3:30
WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WKBW
WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WORC	WCAU	W3XAU	WHP
WJAS	WMAL	WTAR	WOKO

LITERARY DIGEST TOPICS IN BRIEF—Lowell Thomas. (Daily except Sunday)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
6:45 p.m.	5:45	4:45	3:45
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
WBAL	KDKA	WRVA	WPTF
WJAX	WIOD	WLW	WFLA
WSUN			

UNCLE ABE AND DAVID—(Wed., Thurs., Friday., Sat.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
6:45 p.m.	5:45	4:45	3:45
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WCSH
WFI	WRC	WTMJ	WSM
WEBC	WCAE	WGY	WTAG
WTAM	WWJ	WSAI	KSD
WOC	WHO	WOW	WDAF
WSB	WSMB	WEJX	WDNR
WHAS	WBEN	CKGW	WMC

KATE SMITH AND HER SWANEE MUSIC—(Tues. to Sat.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:00 p.m.	6:00	5:00	4:00
(Mon. at 7:15)		(Sun. at 8:15)	
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WDRC
WNAC	WORC	WHP	WJAS
WLBW	WMAL	WTAR	WWNC
WDOD	WTAQ	WCCO	WMT
KOIL	KFH	KRLD	CFRB

AMOS 'N' ANDY—Pepsodent. (Daily except Sunday)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:00 p.m.	6:00	5:00	4:00
WJZ	WHAM	KDKA	WBZ
WBZA	WRC	CKGW	WRVA
WPTF	WJAX	WIOD	WCKY
WFLA	WSUN	WLW	WJR
WGAR	CFCF		
11:00 p.m. on following stations			
WMAQ	KWK	WREN	WDAF
WTMJ	KECA	KSL	WHAS
WSM	WSB	WKY	WENR
WSTP	WSMB	WJDX	KTHS
KPRC	WEBC	KGO	KHQ
KOMO	KGW	WFSD	WOAI
WMC	KAO	KFAB	WBAP

DENNIS KING AND THE LINIT ORCHESTRA—(Daily ex. Sat. & Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:15 p.m.	6:15	5:15	4:15
WABC	W2XE	WADC	WCAO
WNAC	WKBW	WBBM	WKRC
WHK	WXYZ	WOWO	WDRC
KMBC	KOIL	WCAU	W3XAU
WFBL	WJAS	WEAN	KMOX
WSPD	WMAL		

TASTYEAST JESTERS — (Monday, Thurs., Sat.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:15 p.m.	6:15	5:15	4:15
WJZ	WCKY	WHAM	WBZ
WBZA	WREN	KDKA	WRC
WGAR	WRVA	WPTF	WJAX
WIOD			

PHIL COOK—The Quaker Man. (Daily except Sat. and Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:30 p.m.	6:30	5:30	4:30
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WOAI
KPRC	WJDX	KTHS	WPTF
WJAX	WIOD	WFLA	WSUN
WHAS	WSM	WMC	WSB
WSMB	WHAM	KDKA	WREN
KWK	WTMJ	WEBC	KOA
KSL	WRC	WGAR	CFCF

EVANGELINE ADAMS — Astrologer. Forhan's. (Mon. and Wed.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:30 p.m.	6:30	5:30	4:30
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WHEC
WKBW	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WCAU	W3XAU	WCAO	WTAR
WDBJ	WADC	WHK	WKRC
WAIU	WWNC	WBT	WGST
WXYZ	WSPD	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WDSU	WISN
WFBM	WGL	WBBM	WCCO
KMOX	KMBC	KLRA	KOIL
KFJF	WRR	KTRH	CFRB

THE CAMEL QUARTER HOUR—(Mon. to Sat.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:45 p.m.	6:45	5:45	4:45
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WHEC
WGR	WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC
WORC	WCAU	W3XAU	WHP
WJAS	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WDBJ	WADC	WHK	WKRC
WCAH	WWNC	WBT	WTOC
WQAM	WDBO	WDAE	WXYZ
WOKO	WSJS	WSPD	WMAQ
11:30 p.m. on following			
KOIL	WGST	WBRC	WDOD
KTRH	WFBM	KLRA	WCCO
WISN	WREC	WNOX	WLAC
WDSU	KFJF	KSCJ	KTSA
WIBW	KHJ	KOIN	KFRC
KOL	KFPY	KVI	KLZ
KDYL			

DADDY AND ROLLO—Congress Cigar Co. (Sun., Tues. & Thurs.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:30 p.m.	6:30	5:30	4:30
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WKBW
WCAU	W3XAU	WJAS	WLBW
WGL	WCAO	WADC	WKRC
WXYZ	WSPD	WREC	WISN
WMAQ	WCCO	KMOX	KMBC
KOIL			

JULIA SANDERSON AND FRANK CRUMIT — Blackstone Plantation. (Tues.) (Thurs. at 9:00 on WJZ)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:00 p.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WTAG
WCSH	WFI	WRC	WIBO
KSD	WOC	WGY	WBEN
WCAE	WTAM	WWJ	WSAI
WHO	WDAF	WOW	WEBC
KSTP	Thurs. network:		WJZ
WBZA	WBZ	WBAL	WHAM
KDKA	WCKY		

ARTHUR PRYOR'S CREMO MILITARY BAND—(Daily except Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:00 p.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WABC	W2XE	WNAC	WCAU
W3XAU	WEAN	WDRC	WPG
WWNC	WLBZ	WBT	WTAR
WDBJ	WORC	WQAM	WDBO
WTOC	WDAE		
11:00 p. m. on following stations			
WFBL	WKBW	WJAS	WLBW
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WCAH
WKBN	WGST	WXYZ	WBCM
WSPD	WLAP	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WDSU	WISN
WTAQ	WOWO	WFBM	WMAQ
WCCO	KSCJ	WMT	KMOX
KMBC	KLRA	WNAX	KOIL
KFH	WIBW	KFJF	WRR
KTRH	KTSA	WACO	KLZ
KDYL	KOH	KOL	KFPY
KOIN	KFBK-WOKO		

RUDY VALLÉE—Fleischmann Hour. (Thursday)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:00 p.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WEAF	WEEI	WTAG	WJAX
WJDX	WJAR	WCSH	WFI
WRC	WGY	WHO	WOW
WDAF	WWJ	WHAS	WTAR
WMC	WSAI	WSB	WSMB
WEBC	KOA	WRVA	KSL
KOMO	WOAI	WSM	WOC
WAPI	KGO	KHQ	KECA
KSD	CKGW	WTAM	KGW
KSTP	KPRC	CFCF	WFLA
WSUN	WCAE	(WTMJ	KTHS
WIOD	WBAP	WKY, off 8:30)	
Sunday 7:00 p. m. on following stations			
WJZ	WREN	WSB	WSM
KFAB	WJR	KWK	

BARBASOL PROGRAM—(Mon., Wed. and Friday)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:15 p.m.	7:15	6:15	5:15
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WKBW
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WCAU
W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL	WCAO
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WXYZ
WSPD	WISN	WFBM	WMAQ
WCCO	KMOX	KMBC	KOIL

RADIOTRON VARIETIES — "Bugs" Baer. (Wed. and Sat.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:15 p.m.	7:15	6:15	5:15
WEAF	WEEI	WTIC	WJAR
WTAG	WCSH	WRC	WLIT
WBEN	WTAM	WSAI	WIBO
WWJ	KSD	WOC	WHO
WOW	WDAF	WIOD	WFLA
WSUN	WSM	WSB	WSMB
WJDX	WFAA	WOAI	KOA
KSL	KGO	KECA	KGW
KHQ	KOMO	KTAR	KFSD
WPTF	KPRC	WEBC	KVOO
WTMJ	WSTP		

KALTENBORN EDITS THE NEWS—(Sun., Tues. and Thurs.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:30 p.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WGR
WEAN	WNAC	WORC	WCAU
W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL	WCAO
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WXYZ
WSPD	WOWO	WFBM	WCCO
KMOX	KMBC	KOIL	

TASTYEAST GLOOM CHASERS—(Every night ex. Fri.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:45 p.m.	7:45	6:45	5:45
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WGR
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WORC
WCAU	W3XAU	WJAS	WCAO
WADC	WAIU	WGST	WXYZ
WSPD	WDSU	WOWO	WFBM
WBBM	WCCO	KMOX	KMBC

FORTUNE BUILDERS — (Sun. & Thurs.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:30 p.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WKBW
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WCAU
W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL	WCAO
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WGST
WXYZ	WSPD	WDSU	WOWO
WFBM	WBBM	WCCO	KMOX
KMBC	KRLD	KLZ	KDYL
KOL	KFPY	KOIN	KFRC
CFRB			

B. A. ROLFE AND HIS LUCKY STRIKE DANCE ORCHESTRA — (Tues., Thurs.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WTAG
WCSH	WFI	WRC	WCAE
WWJ	WSAI	KSD	WOC
WHO	WTMG	WEBC	WRVA
WJAX	WIOD	WFLA	WSUN
WHAS	WSM	WMC	WSB
WSMB	WJDX	WOAI	KOA
KGO	WKY	KECA	KGW
KHQ	KOMO	KTAR	KSFD
WIBO	WDAF	WTAM	WAPI
WBEN	WOW		

Thurs. same as Tues. except following are off:

WAPI	KECA	WIBO

Thurs. add WGY

Saturday stations as follows:

WEAF	WJAR	WTAG	WCSH
WCAE	WFI	WRC	WGY
WRVA	WWJ	WSAI	KSTP
WHO	WTAM	WBEN	WOC
KGO	KFKX	WIOD	KFI
KGW	KOMO	WSM	WEBC

CLARA, LU AND EM—(daily except Sun. and Mon.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:30 p.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30
WJZ	WBAL	WHAM	KDKA
WJR	WLW	KWK	WREN
WGAR	WBZ	WBZA	WGN

RAPID TRANSIT—(Tues. and Thurs.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
11:00 p.m.	10:00	9:00	8:00
WEAF	WEEI	WFI	WCAE
KSD	WWJ	WSAI	WOC
WHO	WIOD		

NOCTURNE—Ann Leaf at Organ (daily).

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
12:30 a.m.	11:30	10:30	9:30
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WKBW
WEAN	WNAC	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WKBN	WREC	WBRC
WDSU	WISN	WFBM	WCCO
WMT	KMBC	KOIL	KFH
KFJF	KTRH	KLZ	

Sunday

MORNING MUSICALE—Emery Deutsch Conducting.

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:00 a.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WGR
WLBZ	WORC	WPG	WCAU
W3XAU	WHP	WCAO	WTAR
WWNC	WBT	WSPD	WDOD
WREC	WLAC	WISN	WFBM
KFH	KMOX	WNAX	WIBW
WMT	KFJF	KRLD	KTRH
KDYL			

NEAPOLITAN DAYS—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
11:00 a.m.	10:00	9:00	8:00
WEAF	WJAR	WTAG	WDAF
WOC	WHO	KGO	KECA
WEBC	WMC	WAPI	KOA
KOMO	KFSD	WENR	

INTERNATIONAL BROADCAST—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
12:30 p.m.	11:30	10:30	9:30
WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WGR
WLBZ	WDRC	WORC	WPG
WHP	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WDBJ	WADC	WHK	WWNC
WBT	WBCM	WSPD	WDOD
WISN	WOWO	WCCO	KSCJ
WMT	KMBC	KLRA	WDAY
KFJF	KLZ	KDYL	KVI
KFPY			

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN GEMS—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
1:30 p.m.	12:30	11:30	10:30
WEAF	WTIC	WCAE	KGW
KOA	WEEI	WJAR	WTAG
11:15 p.m.	10:15	9:15	8:15
WCSH	WRC	WGY	WTAM
WWJ	WSAI	KYW	WOC-
WHO	WFLA	WSUN	WHAS-
WSM	WAPI	WSMB	KVOO-
WGAR	KGO	KSL	

GYPSY TRAIL—Emery Deutsch, Conductor, with Karle Thome, Soloist.

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
1:30 p.m.	12:30	11:30	10:30
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WHEC
WGR	WDRC	WORC	WPG
WHP	WJAS	WMAL	WTAR
WISN	WTAQ	WCCO	WMT
KMBC	WKJF	KLZ	CFRB

MOONSHINE AND HONEYSUCKLE—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
2:00 p.m.	1:00	12:00	11:00
WEAF	WTAG	WJAR	WRC
WGY	WBEN	WTAM	KSD
WWJ	WDAF	WEEI	WLIT
WCAE	KOA	KSD	WTIC
CFCF	WOC	KYW	WHO
WOW			

NATIONAL YOUTH CONFERENCE—Dr. Daniel A. Poling.

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
3:00 p.m.	2:00	1:00	12:00
WJZ	WBAL	KDKA	KWK
WREN	KFAB	WRVA	WJAX
WIOD	WFAA	KVOO	WOAI
WFLA	WSUN	KGW	WPTF
KGO	KOA	KSTP	WEBC
WMC	WSMB	KPRC	WKY
KOMO	KHQ	WSB	WAPI
WGAR	WTMJ	KSL	WJDX
WSAI	WSM	WDAY	

SYMPHONIC HOUR — with TOSCHA SEIDEL, Violinist.

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
3:00 p.m.	2:00	1:00	12:00
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WNAC
WHEC	WKBW	WEAN	WJAS
WCAU	W3XAU	WHP	WTAR
WLBW	WMAL	WCAO	WKBN
WDBJ	WADC	WAIU	WSPD
WWNC	WXYZ	WBCM	WISN
WDOD	WBRC	WDSU	WMAQ
WTAQ	WFBM	WGL	KLRA
WCCO	KSCJ	WMT	KFJF
KOIL	WIBW	KFH	KLZ
KRLD	KTSA	WACO	WAAB
KDYL	KVI	WOKO	

CATHEDRAL HOUR—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
4:00 p.m.	3:00	2:00	1:00
WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WORC	WPG	WCAU	W2XAU
WHP	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WDBJ	WKRC	WKBN	WWNC
WBT	WBCM	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WFBM	WGL
WBBM	KSCJ	WMT	KMBC
KLRA	WDAY	KOIL	WIBW
KFH	KFJF	KRLD	KTRH
KTSA	KLZ	KVI	KFPY

DR. S. PARKES CADMAN—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
4:00 p.m.	3:00	2:00	1:00
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WCSH
WTAG	KOA	WOW	WKY
WOAI	WSAI	WJAX	WHAS
WJDX	KVOO	KPRC	WEBC
WDAF	WWJ	WFLA	WSUN
KHQ	WHO	WOC	KGO
KOMO	WCAE	WFJC	WRC
KGW	WPTF	WMC	WGY
WSM	WSB	WAPI	WBEN
WRVA	WIOD	WGN	KPO
KHQ	WCAE	WPTF	WTIC
WDAY	KFYR		

SERMON BY REV. DONALD GREY BARNHOUSE—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
5:00 p.m.	4:00	3:00	2:00
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WGR
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WJAS
WMAL	WADC	WKRC	WXYZ
WSPD	WOWO	WMAQ	KOIL
WCAU	W3XAU	KRLD	WRR

POP CONCERTS—Cleveland Symphony Orchestra.

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
5:00 p.m.	4:00	3:00	2:00
WEAF	WTIC	WJAR	WTAG
WRC	WCSH	WGY	WWJ
WFI	WBEN	WTAM	WSAI
WOC	WHO	WDAF	CKGW
CFCF	WCAE	WOW	WEEI
KYW			

GRACE HAYES—Songs.

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
6:45 p.m.	5:45	4:45	3:45
WJZ	WBAL	CFCF	WREN
WBZ	WBZA	KFAB	WGAR

THE WORLD'S BUSINESS—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:00 p.m.	6:00	5:00	4:00
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WPG
WHP	WJAS	WLBW	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WADC	WWNC
WXYZ	WDOD	WTAQ	WMAQ
WMT	KMOX	KOIL	KFH
WOKO	WIP -	WFAN	

RCA VICTOR PROGRAM—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:30 p.m.	6:30	5:30	4:30
WEAF	WJAR	WTAG	WCSH
WWJ	KPRC	WBEN	WRC
WCY	WCAE	WTAM	WSAI
KYW	WRVA	WIOD	WFLA
WSUN	WHAS	KSD	WDAF
WTMJ	WEBC	WMC	WSB
WSMB	WJDX	KTHS	KVOO
WOAI	WKY	KOA	KSL
KGO	KFI	KHQ	KTAR
KFSD	KGW	KOMO	WFAA
WWJ	KPRC	KVOO	KTHS

ENNA JETTICK MELODIES—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:00 p.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
KWK	KYW	WKY	WJR
WREN	WFAA	KPRC	WOAI
WHAS	WSM	WTMJ	KSTP
KDKA	WMC	KOA	WENR
WIOD	KTHS	WSMB	KOMO
KFI	KGW	KSL	KHQ
WLW	WCKY	WSB	WPTF
WRVA	WFLA	WSUN	KFAB
KFSD	KTAR	WJDX	KPO
KVOO	WBAL	WGAR	WEBC
CFCF			

MAURICE CHEVALIER—Chase and Sanborn.

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:00 p.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WJAR	WTAG	WCSH	WRC
WGY	WCAE	WWJ	WSAI
KSD	WOW	WIOD	WIBO
KSTP	WHO	WOC	WHAS
WEBC	WMC	WSB	WSMB
WKY	KTHS	KPRC	WOAI
WTMJ	WTAM	WJDX	WFLA
WSUN	WDAF	WTIC	KVOO
WBEN	WLIT	WEAF	

THE COTY PLAYGIRL—Irene Bordoni.

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WGR
WEAN	WDRC	WCAO	WADC
WHK	WKRC	WXYZ	WSPD
WNAC	WCAU	W3XAU	WJAS
WMAL	WOWO	WBBM	KMOX
KMBC	KOIL		

ATWATER KENT HOUR—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:15 p.m.	8:15	7:15	6:15
WEAF	WEEI	WRC	WFI
WGY	WCAE	WTAM	WWJ
WSAI	KSD	WOW	KOA
KFI	KGW	KOMO	KPO
WOC	WHO	WDAF	KSL
WBEN			

"WORLD ADVENTURES WITH FLOYD GIBBONS"—Libby-Owens-Ford Glass Co.

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:15 p.m.	9:15	8:15	7:15
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
KDKA	WJR	KWK	WREN
KYW	WCKY	WGAR	WBAL

WESTINGHOUSE SALUTE—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:45 p.m.	8:45	7:45	6:45
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WBAL
WHAM	KDKA	WGAR	WJR
WCKY	KYW	KWK	WREN
WIOD	WHAS	WMC	WSM
WSMB	WJDX	KVOO	WOAI
WKY			

IODENT CLUB—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:45 p.m.	8:45	7:45	6:45
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WTAG
WCSH	WRC	WCAE	WWJ
WSAI	WLS	KSD	WOC
WHO	WOW	WEBC	WTMJ
WBEN	WFI	WDAF	

KAFFEE HAG SLUMBER MUSIC—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:30 p.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	KDKA
WHAM	WJR	WLW	KWK
WREN	WENR		

SUNDAY AT SETH PARKER'S—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:45 p.m.	9:45	8:45	7:45
WEAF	WEEI	WCHS	WRC
WGY	WOW	WDAF	CKGW
KSTP	WCAE	WTAM	WWJ
KYW	WHO	WEBC	WJAX
WIOD	WHAS	WSM	WJDX
KPRC	WKY	KOA	KGO
KGW	WSB	KTAR	KFSD
WRVA	WBEN	WFI	WOC
WFLA	WSUN	KECA	

RUSSIAN CATHEDRAL CHOIR—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
11:30 p.m.	10:30	9:30	8:30
WEAF	WRC	WWJ	WOW
WGY	WTAM	KSTP	WEBC
WOC	WHO	WENR	WAPI
WIOD	WHAS		

Monday

THE MADISON SINGERS—Musical Program by Mixed Quartet.

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
11:15 a.m.	10:15	9:15	8:15
WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WKBW
WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WPG	WCAU	W3XAU	WJAS
WLBW	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WDBJ	WKBN	WWNC	WBCM
WSPD	WDOD	WREC	WLAC
WBRC	WISN	WOWO	KSCJ
KMBC	KLRA	KOIL	KFJF
KTSA			

NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
12:30 p.m.	11:30	10:30	9:30
WJZ	WHAM	WJR	WRVA
WHAS	WEBC	WAPI	WOW
WMC	WSB	WGAR	KVOO
WKY	WOAI	WRC	WHO
WDAF	WJDX	WBAL	WSMB
KWK	KOA	WBZ	WBZA
WOO	KTHS	WFLA	WSUN
WJAX	KFAB	KPRC	KDKA
WLW	WPTF	WSM	WDAY
KFYR	KTW	WREN	

U. S. ARMY BAND—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
4:00 p.m.	3:00	2:00	1:00
WABC	W2XE	WGR	WNAC
WCAU	W3XAU	WCAO	WADC
WSPD	WDOD	WLAC	WISN
WBBM	WCCO	WLBW	WMAL
WTAR	WXYZ	WDSU	WTAQ
WACO	KOH	KFRC	CFRB

ART GILLHAM

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
5:00 p.m.	4:00	3:00	2:00
WABC	W2XE	WGR	WFAN
WLBW	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WWNC	WXYZ	WSPD	WDOD
WLAC	WDSU	WISN	WTAQ
KMOX	KMBC	KRLD	WACO
KLZ	KOH		

CURRENT EVENTS—H. V. Kaltenborn.

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:00 p.m.	6:00	5:00	4:00
WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WGR
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WWNC	WSPD	WDOD
WTAQ	KFH	WACO	KOH
KFRC	CFRB		

"HOW'S BUSINESS?"—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:00 p.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WEAF	WJAR	WRC	KSD
KOMO	WSAI	WDAF	WJDX
KGO	KECA	KHQ	WFLA
WSUN	WHAS	WEBC	WSMB
KGW	KTAR	KFSD	KSL
WMC	WPTF	WIOD	WOC
WHO	WLIT	WCSH	KFYR
KOA			

WEBSTER PROGRAM—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:15 p.m.	7:15	6:15	5:15
WEAF	WEEI	WTIC	WJAR
WTAG	WCSH	WLIT	WRC
WREN	WCAE	WTAM	WWJ
KSD	WDAK	WSAI	WEBC
WLS	WOC	WHO	WOW

GOLD MEDAL EXPRESS—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:30 p.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	KDKA
WJAX	WIOD	WFLA	WSUN
WGAR	WJR	WLW	WOAI
WKY	KYW	KWK	WREN
KOA	KSL	KFAB	WRVA
WTPF	KGW	KTAR	KFI
KHQ	WBAL	KOMO	KFSD
KGO	KTHS		

A. & P. GYPSIES—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:30 p.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30
WEAF	WEEI	WTAG	WJAR
WTIC	WCSH	WLIT	WRC
WGY	WCAE	WWJ	WSAI
WGN	KSD	WOC	WDAF
WTAM	WOW	WHO	WBEN

THE THREE BAKERS—Leo Reisman's Orchestra.

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WHEC
WKBW	WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC
WNAC	WORC	WPG	WCAU
W3XAU	WHP	WJAS	WLBW
WMAL	WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WWNC
WBT	WGST	WTOC	WQAM
WDBO	WDAE	WXYZ	WBCM
WSPD	WLAP	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WDSU	WISN
WOWO	WFBM	WMAQ	WCCO
KSCJ	WMT	KMOX	KMBC
KLRA	WDAY	WNAX	KOIL
WIBW	KFH	KFJF	KRLD
KTRH	KTSA	KLZ	KDYL
KOL	KFPY	KOIN	KHJ
KFRC			

MAYTAG ORCHESTRA—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
KDKA	WJR	KWK	WREN
KSTP	WEBC	KTHS	WKY
WOAI	KOA	KSL	KGO
KECA	KGW	KSQ	KOMO
KVOO	WLW	WFAA	KPRC
WGAR	KFYR	WSM	WMC
WBAL	KYW	WDAY	WTMJ

AN EVENING IN PARIS—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WKBW
WEAN	WNAC	WCAU	W3XAU
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WBT
WXYZ	WSPD	WOWO	WBBM
KMOX	KMBC	KOIL	

GENERAL MOTORS PROGRAM—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WCSH
WTAG	WLIT	WRC	WGY
WCAE	WTAM	WWJ	WGN
KSD	WOC	WOW	WSAI
WDAF	WHAS	WSM	WMC
WSB	KPRC	WJAX	WFAA
WOAI	WKY	KOA	KSL
KGO	KGW	KFI	KOMO
KHQ	WTIC	WHO	WBEN
WTMJ			

CHESEBROUGH REAL FOLKS—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
KDKA	WLW	KWK	KYW
WREN	CKGW	WJR	WGAR
WBAL			

GUY LOMBARDO'S ORCHESTRA—Robert Burns Panatela Program.

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WKBW
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WCAU
W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL	WCAO
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WXYZ
WSPD	WOWO	WFBM	WMAQ
WCCO	KMOX	KMBC	KOIL
KFJF	KRLD	KTRH	KTSA
KLZ	KDYL	KOL	KFPY
KOIN	KHJ	KFRC	

SYMPHONIC RHYTHM MAKERS—Vaughn de Leath.

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:30 p.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30
WEAF	WJAR	WTAG	WRC
WCAE	WTAM	WLIT	WWJ
WDAF	WHO	WSB	WJDX
WBEN	WGY	WOC	WHO
CFCF	WEEI		

EMPIRE BUILDERS—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:30 p.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
KDKA	WJR	WLW	KYW
KWK	WREN	WTMJ	WOAI
KSTP	WEBC	KOA	KSL
KGO	KECA	KOMO	KHQ
KTAR	KFSD	WKY	WBAP
KPRC	WGAR	KGW	

BEN BERNIE AND HIS ORCHESTRA FROM CHICAGO—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
11:30 p.m.	10:30	9:30	8:30
WABC	W2XE	WKBW	WDRC
WNAC	WORC	WPG	WCAU
W3XAU	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WKBN	WREC	WBRC
WDSU	WISN	WTAQ	WFBM
WCCO	WMT	KMOX	KMBC
KOIL	KFJF	KTRH	KTSA
KLZ	CFRB		

ASBURY PARK CASINO ORCHESTRA

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
11:45 p.m.	10:45	9:45	8:45
WABC	W2XE	WKBW	WEAN
WNAC	WCAU	W3XAU	WCAO
WTAR	WKBN	WREC	WBRC
WDSU	WISN	WTAQ	WFBM
WCCO	WMT	KMOX	KMBC
KOIL	KFH	KFJF	KTRH
KTSA	KLZ		

PAUL WHITEMAN—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
12 mid.	11:00	10:00	9:00
WEAF	WRC	WTMJ	KYW
WSB	WENR	KSD	WDAF
WSM	WOW		

Tuesday

JOSEPHINE B. GIBSON—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:45 a.m.	9:45	8:45	7:45
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
KDKA	WCKY	KWK	WSM
WMC	WSB	WAPI	WSMB
WKY	WTMJ	WPTF	WJDX
WJAX	WIBO	WREN	KSTP
WEBC	WRVA	WIOD	KTHS
KVOO	WBAP	KPRC	WOAI
WHAS	WJR	WFLA	WSUN

Blue Ribbon Chain

Throughout the Week

8:00 a.m.—WEAF—Gene and Glenn. Quaker Early Birds. (Daily ex. Sun.)

8:30 a.m.—WEAF—Cheerio. (Daily ex. Sun.)

9:15 a.m.—WEAF—Campbell's Orchestra directed by Andy Sannella, the man that has his attic completely outfitted as a Radio station. (Daily ex. Sun.)

10:00 a.m.—WJZ—Ray Pineapple Perkins Happy sage of Radiodom—(Thurs. & Fri.)

3:30 p.m.—WABC—Three Doctors. Greatest ad lib-ing trio on air. A Niagara Falls of wisecracks and all spontaneous. (Tues., Wed. & Thurs.)

6:30 p.m.—WABC—Roy Atwell's Tide Water Inn. Roy is the masculine Mrs. Malaprop and does a few calisthenics with English as she is spoke. (Mon., Wed. & Fri.)

6:45 p.m.—WJZ—Lowell Thomas—Gentleman reporter gives digest of important news. (Daily ex. Sun.)

7:00 p.m.—WJZ—Amos 'n' Andy. Depression—nothing! What about all dem propolitions pourin' into de Andrew Brown Taxicab Office? (Daily ex. Sun.)

7:15—WABC—Dennis King—handsome and talented actor drafted on new Linit program. (Daily ex. Sat. and Sun.)

7:30 p.m.—WABC—Evangeline Adams unfolds daily history through astral readings by the courtesy of Forhan's. (Mon. and Wed.)

7:30 p.m.—WABC—Daddy and Rollo still going strong with Radio listeners. (Sun., Tues. and Thurs.)

7:45 p.m.—The Camel Quarter-Hour—worth turning the dial a mile what with Morton Downey, Anthony Wons and Jacques Renard's Orchestra. (Mon. to Sat.)

8:00 and 11:00 p.m. — WABC — Arthur Pryor's Cremo Military Band—With four of the Pryor family in the program it ought-ter be good. (Daily ex. Sun.)

8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Blackstone Plantation with Julia and Frank—and Jack Shilkret. (Tues. and Thurs.)

8.00 p.m.—WEAF—Rudy Vallee who opened on the Pennsylvania roof early in June and is now acting in George White's Scandals. (7:00 p.m. Sunday on WJZ.)

8:45 p.m.—WABC—Tastyeast Gloom Chasers in the persons of F. Chase Taylor as Col. Lemuel Q. Stoopnagle, and Wilbur Hulick as Bud—authors of a million laughs. (Daily ex. Friday.)

10:00 p.m.—WEAF—B. A. Rolfe and his Lucky Strike Orchestra (Tues., Thurs. and Sat.)

10:30 p.m.—WABC—Fortune Builders featuring Douglas Gilbert—feature article about program in this issue. (Sun. and Thurs.)

10:30 p.m.—WJZ—Clara, Lu and Em—If it's ichthyology, paleontology or philately, leave it to the Super Suds girls to give you the double "o" on it. (Daily ex. Sun. and Mon.)

Sunday

12:30 p.m.—WABC—International Broadcast—everything from King George to the Lord Mayor of London Town.

1:45 p.m.—WJZ—Little Jack Little.

3.00 p.m.—WABC—Toscha Seidel and Symphony orchestra.

8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Maurice Chevalier with French pep and Dynamic David Rubinoff conducting, and Jimmy Walling-ton announcing.

9.00 p.m.—WABC—Irene Bordoni as the Coty Playgirl.

9:15 p.m.—WEAF—Atwater Kent.

10:15 p.m.—WJZ—World Adventures with Floyd Gibbons.

Monday

5:00 p.m.—WABC—Art Gillham, purveyor of syncopated melancholia—rumored about that he imbibes two quarts of coffee daily.

7:45 p.m.—Roxy Symphony Concert, direction Erno Rapee.

ADVENTURES IN WORDS—Dr. Frank H. Vizetelly.

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
5:15 p.m.	4:15	3:15	2:15
WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WGR
WDRC	WFAN	WHP	WLBW
WMAL	WCAO	WTAR	WKBN
WWNC	WBCM	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WISN	WGL
WCCO	KSCJ	WMT	KLRA
WDAY	KFJF	KRLD	KTRH
KTSA	KLZ		

BOND SUNSHINE PROGRAM—"Gentleman Jim" Corbett.

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
6:00 p.m.	5:00	4:00	3:00
WEAF	WTIC	WGY	WBEN

NATIONAL SECURITY LEAGUE BROADCAST SERIES—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
6:00 p.m.	5:00	4:00	3:00
WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WDRC
WHP	WLBW	WTAR	WDBJ
WWNC	WBT	WBCM	WDOD
WREC	WLAC	WBRC	WGL
WBBM	KSCJ	WMT	KLRA
WDAY	KFJF	KTSA	KLZ
KDYL	KVI	KOL	KFPY

RAISING JUNIOR—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
6:00 p.m.	5:00	4:00	3:00
WJZ			

SOCONYLAND SKETCHES—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:30 p.m.	6:30	5:30	4:30
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WTAG
WESH	WGY	WBEN	WTIC

PAUL WHITEMAN'S PAINT MEN—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8.00 p.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
KDKA	WTMJ	WJR	WLW
KYW	KWK	WREN	WRVA
WJAX	KGW	KOMO	KHQ
KFSD	KTAR	WGAR	KOA
WIOD	WHAS	WSM	WMC
WSB	WJDX	WSMB	WOAI
KFAB	KGO	KECA	WSUN
WBAL	WPTF		

BLACKSTONE PLANTATION—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:00 p.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WEAF	WTIC	WEEI	WJAR
WTAG	WCSH	WFI	WRC
KSD	WOC	WGY	WBEN
WCAE	WTAM	WWJ	WSAI
WHO	WDAF	WOW	WEBC
KSTP			

RADIOTRON VARIETIES—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:15 p.m.	7:15	6:15	5:15
WTIC	WEEI	KPRC	WJAR
WTAG	WCSH	WRC	WLIT
WBEN	WTAM	WSAI	WIDO
WWJ	KSD	WOC	WHO
WOW	WDAF	WIOD	WFLA
WSUN	WSM	WGY	WSB
WSMB	WJDY	WFAA	WOAI
WEBC	KOA	KSL	KGO
KECA	KGW	KHQ	WHAS
KOMO	KTAR	KFSD	WPTF
KVOO	KSTP	WMC	WDAY
KFYR			

ROUND TOWNERS—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:15 p.m.	7:15	6:15	5:15
WFBL	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WORC	WPG	WHP	WJAS
WLBW	WCAO	WTAR	WWNC
WXYZ	WDOD	WISN	WTAQ
WCCO	KMOX	KFH	KVI
CFRB			

NATIONAL DAIRY PRODUCTIONS—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:30 p.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30
WEAF	WTAG	WFI	WRC
WGY	WWJ	WSAI	WGN
KSD	WDAF	WEBC	WRVA
WJAX	WIOD	WSUN	WFLA
WSM	WMC	WSB	WSMB
WJDX	KPRC	WOAI	WKY
KOA	KSL	KTHS	WJAR
WHAS	WCSH	WBAP	WBEN
KSTP	WOW	WPTF	WTIC
WEEI			

McKESSON MUSICAL MAGAZINE—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WTAG	WEAF	WEEI	WJAR
WBEN	WCSH	WFI	WRC
WOW	WTAM	WSAI	KSD
WJAX	WTMJ	WEBC	WRVA
WSM	WIOD	WFLA	WSUN
WJDX	WMC	WSB	WSMB
KOA	KPRC	WOAI	WKY
KTAR	KSL	KGO	KECA
KHQ	KFSD	KGW	KOMO
KVOO	WWJ	KYW	WHAS

HENRY GEORGE—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WGR
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WCAU
W3XAU	WHP	WJAS	WMAL
WCAO	WADC	WHK	WKRC
WXYZ	WSPD	WISN	WOWO
WFBM	WBBM	WCCO	KMOX
KMBC	KOIL	KFH	

FULLER MAN—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WTAG
WCSH	WFI	WRC	WGY
WBEN	WCAE	KVOO	WBAP
KSTP	WEBC	WTMJ	WRVA
WTAM	WWJ	WSAI	WIBO
KSD	WOC	WHO	WOW
WDAF	WKY	KOA	KSL
KGO	KECA	KGW	KOMO
KHQ			

DEATH VALLEY DAYS—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WJZ	WBAL	WCKY	WREN
KWK	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
KDKA	WENR		

RICHIE CRAIG, JR.—Blue Ribbon Malt Jester.

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:15 p.m.	9:15	8:15	7:15
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WGR
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WCAU
W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL	WCAO
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WBT
WXYZ	WSPD	WBRC	WDSU
WOWO	WMAQ	WCCO	KMBC
KLRA	KOIL	KFH	KRLD
KTSA			

PARAMOUNT PUBLIX RADIO PLAYHOUSE—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:30 p.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WHEC
WMAK	WKBW	WGR	WLBZ
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WORC
WPG	WCAU	W3XAU	WHP
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WDEL	WTAR	WDBJ	WSAZ
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WCAH
WKBN	WWNC	WBT	WGST
WTOC	WQAM	WDBO	WDAE
WXYZ	WBCM	WSPD	WLAP
WFIW	WDOD	WREC	WLAC
WBRC	WDSU	WISN	WOWO
WFBM	WBBM	WCCO	KSCJ
WMT	KMOX	KMBC	KLRA
WDAY	WNAX	KOIL	WIBW

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
KFH	KFJF	KRLD	WRR
KTRH	KTSA	KLZ	KDYL
KVI	KOL	KFPY	KOIN
KHJ	KFRC	KNX	CFRB

FLETCHER HENDERSON AND HIS ORCHESTRA—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
11:00 p.m.	10:00	9:00	8:00
WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WKBW
WDRC	WORC	WCAU	W3XAU
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WKBN	WSPD	WREC
WBRC	WDSU	WISN	WTAQ
WFBM	WCCO	WMT	KMOX
KMBC	KFJF	KTRH	KTSA
KLZ	CFRB		

Wednesday

MARY HALE MARTIN'S HOUSEHOLD PERIOD.

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:00 a.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WJZ	WBAL	WIBO	KDKA
KWK	WREN	WJDX	WSMB
KFAB	WHAS	WSM	WMC
WSB	WBZ	WBZA	WLW
WGAR	WHAM	WAPI	KSTP
WJR	WEBC		

BEN AND HELEN—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
11:15 a.m.	10:15	9:15	8:15
WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WKBW
WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WORC	WPG	WCAU	W3XAU
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WDBJ	WKBN	WWNC
WBCM	WSPD	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WISN	WOWO	WBBM
KSCJ	KMBC	KLRA	KOIL
KFJF	KRLD	KTSA	KDYL

EASTMAN SCHOOL SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
4:00 p.m.	3:00	2:00	1:00
WJZ	WHAM	WREN	KFAB
WRC	CKGW	KSTP	WJAX
WSM	KOA	KGO	KECA
KTAR	WGAR	WBZA	KFYR
WBZ	WBAL	KGW	KOMO
WDAY			

"BILL SCHUDT'S GOING TO PRESS"—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
6:00 p.m.	5:00	4:00	3:00
WABC	W2XE	WDRC	WFAN
WHP	WLBW	WMAL	WTAR
WDBJ	WADC	WWNC	WBT
WBCM	WDOD	WREC	WLAC
WBRC	WGL	WCCO	KSCJ
KLRA	WDAY	KFJF	KRLD
KTSA	KLZ	KDYL	KVI
KOL	KFPY		

Features

8:30 p.m.—WEAF—A. and P. Gypsies. Orchestra directed by Harry Horlick. Don't overlook feature story this issue.

9:30 p.m.—WEAF—General Motors Program. Male Quartet and Frank Black's orchestra.

9:30 p.m.—WJZ—Chesebrough Real Folks. Get your seat on the Thompkins cracker barrel.

10:00 p.m.—WABC—Guy Lombardo.

10:00 p.m.—WEAF—Adventures of Sherlock Holmes—A rare treat—and well done.

10:30 p.m.—WJZ—Empire Builders. Vivid and realistic sound effects alas are synthetic! Get lowdown in feature article on another page.

11:00 p.m.—WABC—Ben Bernie from Chicago.

Tuesday

5:15 p.m.—WABC—Adventures in Words with Dr. Vizetelly.

8:00 p.m.—WJZ—Paul Whiteman's Paint Men. And Mildred Bailey puts more color into the program with her "blues" numbers.

9:30 p.m.—The Philco Symphony Concert with Howard Barlow conducting.

10:00 p.m.—WABC—Richie Craig, Jr., the Blue Ribbon Malt Jester—original and not a dead spot in his program.

10:30 p.m.—WABC—Paramount Publix Radio Playhouse.

Wednesday

7:30 p.m.—WEAF—Boscul Moments with Mme. Frances Alda and Frank LaForge.

9:00 p.m. — WABC — Gold Medal Fast Freight.

9:30 p.m.—WEAF—Palmolive Hour with Olive Palmer, Paul Oliver and Revelers Quartet.

9.30 p.m.—WABC—Arabesque—the fascinating desert play.

10:15 p.m.—WABC—Peter Pan Forecasts. Pajamas for sleeping, pajamas for lounging and why not pajjies for dancing is the question asked by prominent stylists.

Selected by the Editors

To provide you with the outstanding features for each day of the week the Radio Digest *program editor has selected the programs indicated as Blue Ribbon. Do you agree with her selections? (For stations taking the programs, see adjoining list.)*

11:00 p.m. — WEAF — Nellie Revell, The Voice of Radio Digest, tells you what you ought to know about your favorite artists.

Thursday

9:00 p.m.—WABC—Premier Salad Dressers. Brad Browne and Al Llewelyn oil up your funny bones, but not with salad dressing.

9:00 p.m.—WEAF—Arco Birthday Party—sort of collective celebration of famous people's natal days.

9:30 p.m.—WJZ—Maxwell House Ensemble with Don Voorhees directing.

Friday

11:00 a.m.—WABC—Emily Post—Are you posted on rules of etiquette? Followers of code are not snobs but persons of taste.

7:00 p.m.—WEAF—Major Bowes' Family and Yasha Bunchuk directing orchestra.

8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Cities Service Concert with Jessica Dragonette.

8:30 p.m.—WABC—Dutch Masters. Songs of all ages for all ages.

9:00 p.m.—WJZ—Interwoven Pair with Billy Jones and Ernie Hare.

10:00 p.m. — WJZ — Armstrong's Quakers with Mary Hopple, and Lois Bennett.

10:30 p.m.—WEAF—RKO Theatre of the Air. The best of everything.

Saturday

6:00 p.m.—WABC — Ted Husing's Sportslants. Latest in world of sports from Theodore.

2:45 p.m.—WJZ—Sisters of the Skillet—Edward East and Ralph Dumke are great helps to housewives.

9:00 p.m.—WEAF—General Electric Hour with Floyd Gibbons and Erno Rapee.

BOSCUL MOMENTS WITH MME. ALDA—Frank LaForge, pianist.

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:30 p.m.	6:30	5:30	4:30
WEAF	WLIT	WBEN	WCAE
WSAI	WRC	WTAM	WGY

"BACK OF THE NEWS IN WASHINGTON"—William Hard.

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:45 p.m.	6:45	5:45	4:45
WEAF	WRC	KOA	KECA
KGO	WCAE	WBEN	KOMO
KFSD	WSAI	WIBO	KSD
WOC	WHO	WOW	WDAF
WEEI	WJAR	WFLA	WSUN
KSTP	WENR		

LISTERINE PROGRAM—Bobby Jones, golf chats.

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:00 p.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WEAF	WTIC	WEEI	WTAG
WCSH	WLIT	WRC	WBEN
WTAM	WWJ	WSAI	WIBO
KSD	WOC	WHO	WOW
WPTF	WIOD	WFLA	WSUN
WHAS	WSM	WMC	WSB
WJDX	WFAA	WOAI	KOA
KSL	KGO	KECA	KGW
KOMO	KHQ	KTAR	KFSD
WGY	KPRC	KFYR	WJAR
WSMB	CKGW	CFCF	WRVA
WTMJ	KSTP	WEBC	WDAY
WDAF	KTHS		

MOBILOIL CONCERT—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:30 p.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WCSH
WTAG	WLIT	WRC	WSAI
KSD	WOW	WTAM	KOA
KVOO	WFAA	WOAI	WKY
WTIC	KPRC	KSL	WGY
WGN	WEBC	WDAF	WCAE
WHO	WOC	WWJ	WBEN
KSTP	WTMJ		

GOLD MEDAL FAST FREIGHT—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WKBW
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WCAU
W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WDBJ	WADC	WHK
WKRC	WCAH	WXYZ	WSPD
WLAP	WREC	WLAC	WISN
WOWO	WFBM	WMAQ	WCCO
KSCJ	KMOX	KMBC	KOIL
KFH	KFJF	KRLD	KLZ
KDYL	KOL	KFPY	KOIN
KHJ	KFRC	KMJ	KFBK

HALSEY, STUART PROGRAM—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WTAG
WCSH	WLIT	WRC	WGY
WCAE	CKGW	WRVA	WJAX
KOA	KSL	KGO	KGW
KOMO	KHQ	WSAI	KSD
WOC	WHO	WOW	WWJ
WSMB	KVOO	KPRC	WOAI
KSTP	WTMJ	KYW	WHAS
WSM	WMC	WSB	KFI
WBEN	WTAM	KFI	

PALMOLIVE HOUR—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WEAF	WEEI	WTIC	WJAR
WTAG	WCSH	WLIT	WRC
WGY	WCAE	WSAI	WGN
KSD	WOC	WOW	WSMB
WTMJ	CKGW	KSTP	WHAS
WSM	WMC	WDAF	WHO
WSB	WOAI	KOA	KSL
KGO	KGW	KOMO	KHQ
WFAA	KPRC	WWJ	WTAM
WBEN	KFI		

ARABESQUE—Desert Play.

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WKBW
WDRC	WORC	WPG	WEAN
WIP	WJAS	WLBW	WMAL
WTAR	WSPD	WREC	WDSU
WISN	WTAQ	WFBM	WCCO
WMT	KMOX	KMBC	KFJF
KTSA	KLZ	KFRC	CFRB

VITALITY PERSONALITIES—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WABC	W2XE	WADC	WJAS
WNAC	WKBW	WBBM	WKRC
WBT	WXYZ	WOWO	KMBC
KOIL	WCAU	W3XAU	WEAN
KMOX	WFBL	WSPD	WMAL
WDRC	WGST	WBRC	WRR
KTRH	WFBM	KLRA	WISN
WCAH	WLAC	WDSU	KFJF
KTSA	KDYL	KHJ	KOIN
KFRC	KOL	KFPY	

PETER PAN FORECASTS—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:15 p.m.	9:15	8:15	7:15
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WKBW
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WCAU
W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL	WCAO
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WXYZ
WSPD	WOWO	WBBM	KMOX
KMBC	KOIL	KRLD	KVI
KOL	KFPY	KOIN	KHJ
KFRC	KMJ	CFRB	KFBK

COCA COLA PROGRAM—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:30 p.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30
WEAF	WEEI	WTIC	KTAR
WTAG	WCSH	WLIT	WRC
WCAE	WSAI	WOC	WEBC
WKY	KYW	KSD	WRVA
KSTP	WJAX	WIOD	WSM
WSMB	WSUN	KPRC	WOAI
KOA	KSL	KGO	KGW
KHQ	KOMO	KFSD	WJDX
WDAF	WHAS	WTAM	WHO
WOW	WMC	WSB	WWJ
WAPI	WBEN	KFI	WGY
WTMJ	WBAP	WFLA	

"THE VOICE OF RADIO DIGEST"—Nellie Revell.

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
11:00 p.m.	10:00	9:00	8:00
WEAF	WFLA	WSUN	WLIT
WTAM	WOC	WHO	WRC
WEEI	WJAR	WCSH	WGY
WIBO	WJAX	WIOD	

GUY LOMBARDO AND HIS ROYAL CANADIANS—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
11:30 p.m.	10:30	9:30	8:30
WABC	W2XE	WFAN	WADC
WEAN	WNAC	WHK	WXYZ
WPG	WDSU	NTAQ	WACO
CFRB	WKBW	WLBW	WCAO
WTAR	WDBJ	WADC	WHK
WWNC	WDOD	WLAC	WISN
KMBC	KFH	KLZ	

Thursday

FIVE ARTS—Radio Home Makers.

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
11:00 a.m.	10:00	9:00	8:00
WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WKBW
WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WPG	WCAU	W3XAU	WJAS
WLBW	WCAO	WTAR	WIBW
WKBN	WWNC	WBCM	WSPD
WDOD	WREC	WLAC	WISN
WOWO	KSCJ	KMOX	KMBC
KLRA	KOIL	KFJF	KTSA

ART GILLHAM—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
6:00 p.m.	5:00	4:00	3:00
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WHEC
WHP	WLBW	WMAL	WTAR
WKBN	WREC	WBRC	WTAQ
WCCO	WMT	KMOX	KMBC
KOIL	KFJF	KTRH	KTSA
KLZ	CFRB		

BOND SUNSHINE PROGRAM—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
6:00 p.m.	5:00	4:00	3:00
WEAF	WTIC	WGY	WBEN

MID-WEEK FEDERATION HYMN SING—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:00 p.m.	6:00	5:00	4:00
WEAF	WMC	WIBO	WWJ
WHAS	WOC	WHO	KOA
WBEN	WCAE	WTMJ	KDYL
KFYR	WAPI	WJAR	WFI
WTIC	WENR		

SALADA SALON ORCHESTRA—Nathaniel Shilkret.

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:30 p.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WBAL
WHAM	KDKA	WJR	WIBO
KWK	WREN	KFAB	WGAR

THE HAMILTON WATCHMAN—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:45 p.m.	7:45	6:45	5:45
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WGR
WEAN	WNAC	WCAU	W3XAU
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WXYZ
WSPD	WOWO	WJJD	KMOX
KMBC	KOIL		

ARCO BIRTHDAY PARTY—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WTAG
WCSH	WFI	CKGW	WRC
WGY	WTIC	WSM	WIOD
WJAX	WOAI	KOA	KSL
WKY	WBAP	WRVA	WSAI
KSD	WDAF	KYW	WCAE
WTRC	WOW	WSMB	WJDX
WOC	WMC	WHO	KGO
KECA	KOMO	KHQ	KGW
WAPI	WTAM	WBEN	KTAR
KFSD	WWJ		

PREMIER SALAD DRESSERS—Brad Browne and Al Llewelyn.

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WCAU	W3XAU
WJAS	WMAL	WCAO	WADC
WHK	WKRC	WXYZ	WSPD
WOWO	WBBM	KMBC	KTRH
KOIL			

DETECTIVE STORY MAGAZINE—Dramatized Tales of Mystery

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WKBW
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	W3XAU
WJAS	WMAL	WCAO	WADC
WHK	WKRC	WXYZ	WSPD
WOWO	WBBM	KMOX	KMBC
KOIL	WCAU		

JACK FROST'S MELODY MOMENTS

Eastern 9:30 p.m.	Central 8:30	Mountain 7:30	Pacific 6:30
WEAF	WJAR	WWJ	WTAG
WCSH	WFI	WRC	WCAE
WSAI	WTAM	WIBO	WGY
WBEN			

MAXWELL HOUSE ENSEMBLE—

Eastern 9:30 p.m.	Central 8:30	Mountain 7:30	Pacific 6:30
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WBAL
WLW	WKY	WTMJ	WEBC
WHAS	WSM	WJAX	KPRC
KOA	WRVA	WSB	WBAP
KYW	KWK	WREN	WIOD
WJR	WSMB	WOAI	KECA
KGW	KOMO	KHQ	WAPI
WMC	WHAM	KDKA	KSL
KGO	WJDX	WSUN	WFLA
KTAR	KFSD		

THE LUTHERAN HOUR—

Eastern 10:00 p.m.	Central 9:00	Mountain 8:00	Pacific 7:00
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WKBW
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WCAU
W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL	WCAO
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WXYZ
WSPD	WDSU	WOWO	WBBM
WCCO	WMT	KMOX	KMBC
WNAX	KOIL	KRLD	KLZ
KDYL	KOL	KFPY	KOIN
KHJ	KFRC		

PETERS PARADE—

Eastern 10:45 p.m.	Central 9:45	Mountain 8:45	Pacific 7:45
WKBW	WPG	WHP	WJAS
WLBW	WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WKBN
WWNC	WBT	WGST	WTOC
WQAM	WDBO	WDAE	WXYZ
WBCM	WSPD	WLAP	WDOD
WREC	WLAC	WBRC	WISN
WTAQ	WOWO	WBBM	WCCO
KSCJ	WMT	KMOX	KMBC
KLRA	WNAX	KOIL	WIBW
KFH	KFJF	WRR	KTRH
KTSA	KLZ	KDYL	KOH
KVI	KOL	KFPY	KOIN
KHJ	KFRC	WNOX	

OZZIE NELSON AND HIS ORCHESTRA—

Eastern 11:00 p.m.	Central 10:00	Mountain 9:00	Pacific 8:00
WABC	W2XE	WGR	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WORC	WPG
WCAU	W3XAU	WHP	WLBW
WMAL	WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ
WADC	WKBN	WBT	WBCM
WLAC	WBRC	WISN	WFBM
WGL	WMT	KLRA	WDAY
WNAX	KOIL	KFH	KFJF
KTSA	KLZ	KDYL	CFRB
WTAQ			

Friday

BOND BREAD PROGRAM—

Eastern 10:15 a.m.	Central 9:15	Mountain 8:15	Pacific 7:15
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WHEC
WKBW	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WORC	WCAU	W3XAU	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WADC	WHK
WAIU	WXYZ	WSPD	WDSU
WFBM	KMOX	KMBC	KOIL
KFH	KFJF		

JOSEPHINE B. GIBSON—

Eastern 10:45 a.m.	Central 9:45	Mountain 8:45	Pacific 7:45
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WBAL
WHAM	KDKA	WCKY	WIBO
KWK	WREN	WTMJ	WSM
KSTP	WEBC	WRVA	WJAX
WIOD	WHAS	WMC	WAPI
WSMB	KTHS	KVOO	WBAP
KPRC	WOAI	WKY	WJDX
WPTF	WSB	WJR	KDKA
WFLA	WSUN		

EMILY POST—

Eastern 11:00 a.m.	Central 10:00	Mountain 9:00	Pacific 8:00
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WKBW
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WCAU
W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL	WCAO
WADC	WKRC	WXYZ	WSPD
WISN	WOWO	WBBM	KMOX
KMBC	KOIL	CFRB	

COLUMBIA EDUCATIONAL FEATURES—

Eastern 3:45 p.m.	Central 2:45	Mountain 1:45	Pacific 12:45
WABC	W2XE	WGR	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WORC	WPG
WCAU	W3XAU	WHP	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WHK	WKBN
WSPD	WBRC	WISN	WTAQ
WFBM	WBBM	WMT	KMBC
KOIL	KFH	KFJF	KTRH
KTSA	KLZ	CFRB	

RADIO GUILD—

Eastern 4:00 p.m.	Central 3:00	Mountain 2:00	Pacific 1:00
WJZ	WBAL	WHAM	KGO
CKGW	WPTF	WJAX	KTAR
KFI	KOMO	KFSD	WBZA
KFAP	KSTP	WEBC	WJR
WMC	WREN	KYW	KWK
KSL	KOA	WTMJ	WSB
WGAR	WLW	WOAI	WKY
WSMB	KVOO	WRC	KPRC
WRVA			

LIGHT OPERA GEMS—

Eastern 5:00 p.m.	Central 4:00	Mountain 3:00	Pacific 2:00
WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WGR
WDRC	WHP	WLBW	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WKRC	WKBN
WWNC	WBT	WBCM	WSPD
WDOD	WREC	WLAC	WBRC
WISN	WGL	WCCO	KSCJ
WMT	KMOX	KMBC	KLRA
WDAY	KFH	KFJF	KRLD
KTRH	KTSA	KLZ	KDYL

WINEGAR'S BARN ORCHESTRA—

Eastern 6:00 p.m.	Central 5:00	Mountain 4:00	Pacific 3:00
WABC	W2XE	WGR	WDRC
WFAN	WHP	WJAS	WLBW
WMAL	WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ
WADC	WKBN	WWNC	WBT
WBCM	WDOD	WREC	WLAC
WBRC	WISN	WFBM	WGL
WBBM	WCCO	KSCJ	WMT
KMBC	KLRA	KOIL	KFJF
KRLD	KTRH	KTSA	KLZ
KDYL	KVI	KOL	KFPY
KHJ			

MAJOR BOWES' FAMILY—

Eastern 7:00 p.m.	Central 6:00	Mountain 5:00	Pacific 4:00
WEAF	WJAR	WWJ	WLIT
WBEN	WCAE	KGW	WENR
WOC	WHO	KOMO	WHAS
WMC	WSB	KTAR	KOA
KGO	KECA		

CITIES SERVICE CONCERT ORCHESTRA—Jessica Dragonette

Eastern 8:00 p.m.	Central 7:00	Mountain 6:00	Pacific 5:00
WEAF	WEEI	WTIC	WLIT
WRC	WCAE	WJAR	WCSH
WOW	KYW	KSD	WDAF
KSTP	WTMJ	WKY	WOC
WEBC	KOA	WOAI	KOMO
KGO	KHQ	WTAG	KSL
CKGW	KECA	WHO	WSAI
WTAM	WBEN	WWJ	

NESTLE'S PROGRAM—

Eastern 8:00 p.m.	Central 7:00	Mountain 6:00	Pacific 5:00
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
WIBO	KWK	WREN	KFAB
WJR	WLW	KDKA	WGAR
WBAL	WLS		

THE DUTCH MASTERS—

Eastern 8:30 p.m.	Central 7:30	Mountain 6:30	Pacific 5:30
WADC	WCAO	WNAC	WGR
WBBM	WKRC	WHK	WXYZ
WOWO	WDRC	KMBC	WABC
W2XE	KOIL	WCAU	W3XAU
WJAS	WEAN	KMOX	WFBL
WSPD	WMAL	WCCO	

ARMSTRONG QUAKERS—

Eastern 10:00 p.m.	Central 9:00	Mountain 8:00	Pacific 7:00
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	KDKA
KYW	KWK	WHAM	KPRC
WJR	WTMJ	WEBC	WHAS
WSM	WSB	WOAI	KOA
WSMB	KSL	KGW	KOMO
KHQ	WMC	WBAP	KFI
WCKY	KTHS	KSTP	KVOO
WKY	WREN	KGO	

VAN HEUSEN PROGRAM—

Eastern 10:00 p.m.	Central 9:00	Mountain 8:00	Pacific 7:00
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WKBW
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WCAU
W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL	WCAO
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WGST
WXYZ	WSPD	WDSU	WMAQ
WCCO	KMOX	KMBC	KOIL

EASTMAN PROGRAM—

Eastern 10:00 p.m.	Central 9:00	Mountain 8:00	Pacific 7:00
WEAF	WJAR	WCSH	WCAE
WWJ	KSD	WSAI	WRC
WBEN	WLIT	WTAG	WGY
WTAM	WOW	WENR	WEEI

THE MARCH OF TIME—

Eastern 10:30 p.m.	Central 9:30	Mountain 8:30	Pacific 7:30
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WKBW
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WCAU
W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL	WCAO
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WXYZ
WSPD	WOWO	WBBM	KMOX
KMBC	KOIL		

RKO THEATRE OF THE AIR—

Eastern 10:30 p.m.	Central 9:30	Mountain 8:30	Pacific 7:30
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WTAG
WLIT	WGY	WCAE	WWJ
WSAI	WIBO	KSD	WDAF
WRVA	WJAX	WIOD	WMC
WSB	WSMB	WOC	WJDX
KGO	KTHS	WOAI	WKY

INDEX TO NETWORK KILOCYCLES

National Broadcasting Company

	Kc.		Kc.
CFCF	1030	WENR	870
CKGW	960	WFAA	800
KDKA	980	WFI	560
KECA	1340	WFLA	620
KFAB	770	WGAR	1450
KFI	640	WGN	720
KFKX	1020	WGY	790
KFSD	600	WHAM	1150
KFYR	550	WHAS	820
KGB	1330	WHO	1000
KGO	790	WIBO	560
KGW	620	WIOD	1300
KHQ	590	WJAR	890
KOA	830	WJAX	900
KOMO	920	WJDX	1270
KPO	680	WJR	750
KPRC	920	WJZ	760
KSD	550	WKY	900
KSL	1130	WLIT	560
KSTP	1460	WLS	870
KTAR	620	WLW	700
KTHS	1040	WMC	780
KVOO	1140	WOAI	1190
KWK	1350	WOC	1000
KYW	1020	WOW	590
WAPI	1140	WPTF	680
WBAL	1060	WRC	950
WBAP	800	WREN	1220
WBEN	900	WRVA	1110
WBZ	990	WSAI	1330
WBZA	990	WSB	740
WCAE	1220	WSM	650
WCFL	970	WSMB	1320
WCKY	1480	WSUN	620
WCSH	940	WTAG	580
WDAF	610	WTAM	1070
WDAY	940	WTIC	1060
WEAF	660	WTMJ	620
WEBC	1290	WWJ	920
WEEI	590		

Columbia Broadcasting System

	Kc.		Kc.
CFRB	960	WFBL	1360
CKAC	730	WFBM	1230
KDYL	1290	WGL	1370
KFH	1300	WGR	550
KFJF	1480	WGST	890
KFPY	1340	WHEC	1440
KFRC	610	WHK	1390
KHJ	900	WHP	1430
KLRA	1390	WIBW	580
KLZ	560	WIP	610
KMBC	950	WIS	1010
KMOX	1090	WISN	1120
KOH	1380	WJAS	1290
KOIL	1260	WJJD	1130
KOIN	940	WKBN	570
KOL	1270	WKBW	1480
KRLD	1040	WKRC	550
KSCJ	1330	WLAC	1470
KTRH	1120	WLAP	1200
KTSA	1290	WLBW	1260
KVI	760	WLBZ	620
WAAB	1410	WMAK	900
WABC	860	WMAL	630
WACO	1240	WMAQ	670
WADC	1320	WMT	600
WAIU	640	WNAC	1230
WBBM	770	WNOX	560
WBCM	1410	WOKO	1440
WBRC	930	WORC	1200
WBT	1080	WOWO	1160
WCAH	1430	WPG	1100
WCAO	600	WQAM	560
WCAU	1170	WREC	600
WCCO	810	WRR	1280
WDAE	1220	WSPD	1340
WDBJ	930	WTAQ	1330
WDBO	1120	WTAR	780
WDOD	1280	WTOC	1260
WDRC	1330	WWNC	570
WDSU	1250	WWVA	1160
WEAN	780	WXYZ	1240
WFAN	610	W2XE	6120
		W3XAU	6060—9590

INTERWOVEN PAIR—

Eastern 9:00 p.m.	Central 8:00	Mountain 7:00	Pacific 6:00
WJZ	WHAM	WMC	KDKA
WJAX	WKY	WREN	KPRC
KWK	WBZ	WBZA	KGW
WSMB	WIOD	WFAA	WJR
KSTP	WHAS	KYW	WEBC
WCKY	WSM	WRVA	WSB
WAPI	WOAI	KOA	KSL
KGO	KGW	KOMO	KHQ
KFSD	KTAR	WGAR	KFI
WBAL			

THE CLICQUOT CLUB—

Eastern 9:00 p.m.	Central 8:00	Mountain 7:00	Pacific 6:00
WEAF	WEEI	WTIC	WJAR
WTAG	WCSH	WLIT	WRC
WOW	WCAE	WSAI	WIBO
KSD	WWJ	WDAF	WOC
WHO	WGY	WBEN	

ARMOUR PROGRAM—

Eastern 9:30 p.m.	Central 8:30	Mountain 7:30	Pacific 6:30
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WJR
KYW	WREN	KSTP	WEBC
WRVA	WMC	WSB	WOAI
KOA	KSL	KGO	WKY
WHAS	KGW	KHQ	KOMO
WGAR	KDKA	WTMU	WSM
WBAL	WJAX	WAPI	WLW
WPTF	WJDX	WHAM	WSMB
KPRC	WIOD	KWK	KFI
WRC	WCSH	KOA	KGW
KFI	KHQ	KOMO	KTAR
KFSD	WHO	WOW	WTAM
KSL	WFLA	WSUN	WBEN
WTIC	WPTF		

Saturday

SAVOY PLAZA ORCHESTRA — Rudolph Bochco, Director

Eastern 1:30 p.m.	Central 12:30	Mountain 11:30	Pacific 10:30
WABC	W2XE	WGR	WEAN
WDRC	WCAU	W3XAU	WHP
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WDBJ	WADC	WAIU
WBT	WBCM	WSPD	WLAC
WBRC	WOWO	KLRA	CFRB

ANN LEAF AT THE ORGAN—

Eastern 4:00 p.m.	Central 3:00	Mountain 2:00	Pacific 1:00
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WEAN
WDRC	WPG	WCAU	W3XAU
WMAL	WCAO	WTAR	WHK
WWNC	WXYZ	WSPD	WDOD
WISN	WTAQ	WFBM	KOIL
KRLD	KVI	CFRB	WOKO

TED HUSING'S SPORTSLANTS—

Eastern 6:00 p.m.	Central 5:00	Mountain 4:00	Pacific 3:00
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WFAN
WAP	WLBW	WTAR	WDBJ
WADC	WHK	WAIU	WBT
WBCM	WREC	WLAC	WBRC
WISN	WOWO	WBBM	WCCO
KSCJ	WDAY	KOIL	WIBW
KFH	KFJF	KRLD	KTRH
KTSA	KLZ	KVI	KOL
KFPY	KHJ	KFRC	CFRB

"THE HIGHROAD OF ADVENTURE" Gilbert E. Gable—

Eastern 6:00 p. m. 5:00	Central 4:00	Mountain 3:00	Pacific
WEAF	WTIC	KSD	WTAM
WRC	WJDX	KGW	WIBO
KOA			

RISE OF THE GOLDBERGS—

Eastern 7:30 p.m. 6:30	Central 5:30	Mountain 4:30	Pacific
WJZ	WHAM	WREN	WIBO
WGAR	KGO		

VALSPAR SATURDAY NIGHT CLUB

Eastern 7:30 p.m.	Central 6:30	Mountain 5:30	Pacific 4:30
WEAF	WTIC	WJAR	WTAG
WLIT	WRC	WGY	WBEN
WCAE	WTAM	CFCF	WSAI
WENR	KSD	WOC	WHO
WOW	WDAF	CKGW	WEBC
WRVA	WPTF	WJAX	WIOB
WFLA	WSUN	WMC	WSB
WSMB	WJDX	KTHS	KPRC
KOA	WKY		

WEBSTER PROGRAM — featuring Weber and Fields—

Eastern 8:00 p.m.	Central 7:00	Mountain 6:00	Pacific 5:00
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WTAG
WCSH	WFI	WRC	WGY
WBEN	WCAE	WTAM	WWJ
WSAI	WIBO	KSD	WOC
WHO	WOW	WDAF	WTMJ
KSTP	KOA	KSL	WEBC
WTIC			

THE SILVER FLUTE—

Eastern 8:30 p.m. 7:30	Central 6:30	Mountain 5:30	Pacific
WEAF	WCSH	WGY	WCAE
WSAI	KSD	WDAF	WJAR
WOC	WHO		

FULLER MAN—

Eastern 8:30 p.m. 7:30	Central 6:30	Mountain 5:30	Pacific
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WBAL
WHAM	KDKA	WJR	WLW
KWK	WREN	KOA	CKGW
WHAS	KPRC	KGO	KECA
KGW	KOMO	KFAB	KHQ
WIBO	WKY	WTMJ	WMC
WEBC	WSB	WAPI	WSMB
WJDX	KSTP	WBAP	

MARY CHARLES—With Nat Brusiloff's Orchestra.

Eastern 8:45 p.m. 7:45	Central 6:45	Mountain 5:45	Pacific
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WKBW
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WORC
WCAU	W3XAU	WHP	WJAS
WLBW	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WSPD	WBRC	WISN	WTAQ
WFBM	WMT	KMOX	KMBC
KOIL	KFH	KFJF	CFRB
KFRC			

GENERAL ELECTRIC HOUR—Floyd Gibbons.

Eastern 9:00 p.m.	Central 8:00	Mountain 7:00	Pacific 6:00
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WTAG
WCSH	WFI	WRC	WGY
WBEN	WCAE	WTAM	WWJ
WSAI	KSD	WOC	WOW
WDAF	WTMJ	KSTP	WEBC
WRVA	WJAX	WHAS	WMC
WSB	WAPI	WSMB	KPRC
WOAI	KOA	KSL	KGO
KFI	KGW	KOMO	KHQ
KFSD	KTAR	WHO	WIOD
WDAY	WFLA	KFYR	WSUN
WTIC			

BEN ALLEY AND ANN LEAF—

Eastern 9:00 p.m.	Central 8:00	Mountain 7:00	Pacific 6:00
WABC	W2XE	WDRC	WORC
WPG	WHP	WJAS	WLBW
WMAL	WTAR	WHK	WWNC
WXYZ	WSPD	WDOD	WISN
WTAQ	WMAQ	WMT	KMOX
KOIL	KFH	KVI	CFRB
WOKO			

SATURDAY DOMINO ORCHESTRA—

Eastern 9:30 p.m. 8:30	Central 7:30	Mountain 6:30	Pacific
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WBQL
WHAM	KDKA	WGAR	WJR
WLW	KYW	WREM	

HANK SIMMONS' SHOW BOAT—

Eastern 10:00 p.m. 9:00	Central 8:00	Mountain 7:00	Pacific
WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WKBW
WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WORC	WPG	WFAN	WHP
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WDBJ	WADC	WKRC
WKBN	WWNC	WBT	WBCM
WSPD	WDOD	WLAC	WBRC
WISN	WFBM	WGL	WMAQ
WCCO	KSCJ	WMT	KMOX
KMBC	KLRA	WDAY	WNAX
KOIL	WIBW	KFH	KFJF
KRLD	KTRH	KTSA	KLZ
KDYL	KOL	KFPY	KHJ

ANHEUSER BUSCH PROGRAM—

Eastern 10:45 p.m. 9:45	Central 8:45	Mountain 7:45	Pacific
WABC	W2XE	WNAC	WKBW
WBBM	WHK	WXYZ	KMBC
KOIL	WCAU	W3XAU	WJAS
WEAN	KMOX	WMAL	KHJ
KOIN	KFRC	KOL	KFPY
KVI	WDOD	KRLD	KLZ
KTRH	WFBM	KLRA	WREC
WCAH	WDSU	KFJF	KDYL
WMT			

WILL OSBORNE AND HIS BOSSERT ORCHESTRA—

Eastern 11:45 p.m. 10:45	Central 9:45	Mountain 8:45	Pacific
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WDRC
WORC	WPG	WCAU	W3XAU
WHP	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WADC	WHK	WWNC
WXYZ	WSPD	WDOD	WISN
WTAQ	WFBM	WCCO	WMT
KOIL	KFH	KRLD	KVI
KFRC	CFRB		

Stations Alphabetically Listed

The following list of stations has been corrected from the latest authentic sources. However, station managers are invited to report any inaccuracies.—EDITOR

K

KBTM.....Paragould, Ark.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
KCRC.....Enid, Okla.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
250 w. until local sunset.
KCRJ.....Jerome, Ariz.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KDB....Santa Barbara, Calif.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
KDFN.....Casper, Wyo.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
KDKA.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
50,000 w.—980 kc.—305.9 m.
KDLR.....Devils Lake, N. D.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
KDYL..Salt Lake City, Utah
1000 w.—1290 kc.—232.4 m.
KECA.....Los Angeles, Calif.
1000 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.
KELW.....Burbank, Calif.
500 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.
KEX.....Portland, Ore.
5000 w.—1180 kc.—254.1 m.
KFAB.....Lincoln, Nebr.
5000 w.—770 kc.—389.4 m.
KFAC.....Los Angeles
1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
KFBB.....Great Falls, Mont
500 w.—1360 kc.—234.2 m.
2500 w. until local sunset
KFBK.....Sacramento, Calif.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KFBL..... Everett, Wash.
50 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
KFDM.....Beaumont, Texas
500 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
KFDY.....Brookings, S. D.
500 w.—940 kc.—319. m.
KFEL.....Edgewater, Colo.
500 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.
KFEQ.....St. Joseph, Mo.
2500 w. 680 kc.—535.4 m.
KFGQ.....Boone, Iowa.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.7 m.
KFH.....Wichita, Kans.
1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
KFI.....Los Angeles, Calif.
5000 w.—640 kc.—468.5 m.
KFIO.....Spokane, Wash.
100 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
KFIU.....Juneau, Alaska
10 w.—1310 kc.—328.9 m.
KFJB.....Marshalltown, Iowa
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset
KFJF..Oklahoma City, Okla.
5000 w.—1480 kc.—202.6 m.
KFJI.....Astoria, Ore.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
KFJM....Grand Forks, N. D.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
KFJR.....Portland, Ore.
500 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
KFJY.....Fort Dodge, Iowa.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KFJZ.....Fort Worth, Texas
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
KFKA.....Greeley, Colo.
500 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
KFKB.....Milford, Kans.
5000 w.—1050 kc.—285.5 m.
KFKU.....Lawrence, Kans.
500 w.—1220 kc.—245.8 m.
KFKX.....Chicago, Ill.
10,000 w.—1020 kc.—293.9 m.
KFLV.....Rockford, Ill.
500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
KFLX.....Galveston, Texas
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
KFMX.....Northfield, Minn.
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
KFNF.....Shenandoah, Iowa
500 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
KFOR.....Lincoln, Nebr.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
250 w. until local sunset
KFOX.....Long Beach, Calif.
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
KFPL.....Dublin, Texas
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KFPM.....Greenville, Tex.
15 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KFPW.....Fort Smith, Ark.
50 w.—1340 kc.—223.7 m.
KFPY.....Spokane, Wash.
1000 w.—1340 kc.—223.7 m.
KFQD.....Anchorage, Alaska
100 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
KFQU.....Holy City, Calif.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KFQW.....Seattle, Wash.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KFRC....San Francisco, Calif.
1000 w.—610 kc.—419.5 m.
KFRU.....Columbia, Mo.
500 w.—630 kc.—475.9 m.
KFSD.....San Diego, Calif.
500 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
KFSG.....Los Angeles, Calif.
500 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
KFUL.....Galveston, Texas
500 w.—1290 kc.—232.4 m.
KFUM Colorado Springs, Colo.
1000 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
KFUO.....Clayton, Mo.
500 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.
1000 w.—KFUO until L. S.
KFUP.....Denver, Colo.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KFVD.....Culver City, Calif.
250 w.—1000 kc.—299.8 m.
KFVS....Cape Girardeau, Mo.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
KFWB.....Hollywood, Calif.
1000 w.—950 kc.—315.6 m.
KFWF.....St. Louis, Mo.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
KFWI....San Francisco, Calif.
500 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.
KFXD.....Nanysa, Idaho
50 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KFXF.....Denver, Colo.
500 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.
KFXJ..Grand Junction, Colo.
50 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KFXM..San Bernardino, Calif.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
KFXR..Oklahoma City, Okla.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
250 w. KFXR until L. S.
KFXY.....Flagstaff, Ariz.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KFYO.....Abilene, Texas
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
250 w. until local sunset
KFYR.....Bismarck, N. D.
1000 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.
2500 until local sunset
KGA.....Spokane, Wash.
5000 w.—1470 kc.—204 m.
KGAR.....Tucson, Ariz.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
250 w. KGAR until L. S.
KGB.....San Diego, Calif.
500 w.—1330 kc.—225.4 m.
KGBU.....Ketchikan, Alaska
500 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
KGBX.....St. Joseph, Mo.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KGBZ.....York, Nebr.
500 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
KGCA.....Decorah, Iowa
50 w. 1270 kc. 236.1 m.
KGCR.....Watertown, S. D.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
KGCU.....Mandan, N. D.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
KGCX.....Wolf Point, Mont.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset
KGDA.....Mitchell, S. D.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
KGDE....Fergus Fall, Minn.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset
KGDM.....Stockton, Calif.
250 w.—1100 kc.—272.6 m.
KGDX.....Huron, S. C.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
KGEF.....Los Angeles, Calif.
1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
KGEK.....Yuma, Colo.
50 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
KGER.....Long Beach, Calif.
1000 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
KGEW....Fort Morgan, Colo.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
KGEZ.....Kalispell, Mont.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KGFF.....Shawnee, Okla.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KGFG..Oklahoma City, Okla.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
KGFI...Corpus Christi, Texas
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
250 w.—until local sunset
KGFJ.....Los Angeles, Calif.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
KGFK.....Moorehead, Minn.
50 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
KGFL.....Raton, N. M.
50 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
KGFW.....Ravenna, Nebr.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KGFX.....Pierre, S. D.
200 w.—580 kc.—516.9 m.
KGGC...San Francisco, Calif.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KGGF.South Coffeyville, Okla.
500 w.—1010 kc.—296.8 m.
KGGM...Albuquerque, N. M.
250 S.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
500 w.—until local sunset.
KGHF.....Pueblo, Colo.
250 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.
500 w. until local sunset
KGHI.....Little Rock, Ark.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
KGHL.....Billings, Mont.
1000 w.—950 kc.—315.6 m.
KGIR.....Butte, Mont.
250 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
KGIW.....Trinidad, Colo.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KGIX.....Las Vegas, Nev.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KGIZ.....Grant City, Mo.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
KGJF.....Little Rock, Ark.
250 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
KGKB.....Brownwood, Texas
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
KGKL.....San Angelo, Texas
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
KGKO...Wichita Falls, Texas
250 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
500 w. until local sunset
KGKX.....Sandpoint, Idaho
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KGKY.....Scottsbluff, Nebr.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
KGMB.....Honolulu, Hawaii
500 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.
KGMP.....Elk City, Okla.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
KGNF....North Platte, Nebr.
500 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.
KGNO.....Dodge City, Kans.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
KGO.....San Francisco, Calif.
7500 w.—790 kc.—379.5 m.
KGRS.....Amarillo, Texas
1000 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
KGU.....Honolulu, Hawaii
1000 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
KGVO.....Missoula, Mont.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KGW.....Portland, Ore.
1000 w.—620 kc.—483.6 m.
KGY.....Lacey, Wash.
10 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
KHJ.....Los Angeles, Calif.
1000 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
KHQ.....Spokane, Wash.
1000 w.—590 kc.—508.2 m.
2000 w.—until local sunset
KICK.....Red Oak, Iowa
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KID.....Idaho Falls, Idaho
250 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.
500 w. until local sunset
KIDO.....Boise, Idaho
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
KIT.....Yakima, Wash.
50 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KJBS....San Francisco, Calif.
100 w.—1070 kc.—280.2 m.
KJR.....Seattle, Wash.
5000 w.—970 kc.—309.1 m.
KLCN.....Blytheville, Ark.
50 w.—1290 kc.—232.4 m.
KLO.....Ogden, Utah
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
KLPM.....Minot, N. D.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KLRA.....Little Rock, Ark.
1000 w.—1390 kc.—215.7 m.
KLS.....Oakland, Calif.
250 w. 1440 kc. 208.2 m.
KLX.....Oakland, Calif.
500 w. 880 kc. 340.7 m.
KLZ.....Denver, Colo.
1000 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
KMA.....Shenandoah, Iowa
500 w.—930 kc.—315.6 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
KMAC....San Antonio, Texas
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
KMBC.....Kansas City, Mo.
1000 w.—950 kc.—315.6 m.
KMCS.....Inglewood, Calif.
500 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
KMED.....Medford, Oregon
50 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KMJ.....Fresno, Calif.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
KMLB.....Monroe, La.
50 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
KMMJ....Clay Center, Nebr.
1000 w.—740 kc.—405.2 m.
KMO.....Tacoma, Wash.
500 w.—860 kc.—348.6 m.
KMOX.....St. Louis, Mo.
50,000 w.—1090 kc.—275.1 m.
KMPC....Beverly Hills, Calif.
500 w.—710 kc.—422.3 m.
KMTR....Los Angeles, Calif.
500 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
KNX.....Hollywood, Calif.
50,000 w.—1050 kc.—285.5 m.
KOA.....Denver, Colo.
12,500 w.—830 kc.—361.2 m.
KOAC.....Corvallis, Ore.
1000 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.
KOB....State College, N. M.
20,000 w.—1180 kc.—254.1 m.
KOCW.....Chickasha, Okla.
250 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
500 w. until local sunset
KOH.....Reno, Nev.
500 w.—1380 kc.—217.3 m.
KOIL....Council Bluffs, Iowa
1000 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.
KOIN.....Portland, Ore.
1000 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
KOL.....Seattle, Wash.
1000 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
KOMO.....Seattle, Wash.
1000 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.
KONO....San Antonio, Texas
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
KOOS.....Marshfield, Ore.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
KORE.....Eugene, Ore.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KOY.....Phoenix, Ariz.
500 w.—1390 kc.—215.7 m.
KPCB.....Seattle, Wash.
100 w.—650 kc.—461.3 m.
KPJM.....Prescott, Ariz.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
KPO.....San Francisco, Calif.
5000 w.—680 kc.—440.9 m.
KPOF.....Denver, Colo.
500 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.
KPPC.....Pasadena, Calif.
50 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
KPQ.....Wenatchee, Wash.
50 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
KPRC.....Houston, Texas
1000 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.
2500 w. until local sunset
KPSN.....Pasadena, Calif.
1000 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
KQV.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
500 w.—1380 kc.—217.3 m.
KQW.....San Jose, Calif.
500 w.—1010 kc.—296.8 m.
KRE.....Berkeley, Calif.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
KREG.....Santa Ana, Calif.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
KRGV.....Harlingen, Texas
500 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.
KRLD.....Dallas, Texas
10,000 w.—1040 kc.—288.3 m.
KRMD.....Shreveport, La.
50 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KROW.....Oakland, Calif.
500 w.—930 kc.—288.3 m.
1000 w.—KROW until L. S.
KRSC.....Seattle, Wash.
50 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
KSAC.....Manhattan, Kans.
500 w.—580 kc.—516.9 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
KSCJ.....Sioux City, Iowa.
1000 w.—1330 kc.—225.4 m.
2500 w.—KSCJ until L. S.
KSD.....St. Louis, Mo.
500 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.
KSEI.....Pocatello, Idaho
250 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
KSL.....Salt Lake City, Utah
5000 w.—1130 kc.—265.3 m.
KSMR....Santa Maria, Calif.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
KSO.....Clarinda, Iowa
500 w.—1380 kc.—217.3 m.
KSOO.....Sioux Falls, S. D.
2000 w.—1110 kc.—270.1 m.
KSTP.....St. Paul, Minn.
10,000 w.—1460 kc.—205.4 m.
KTAB.....Oakland, Calif.
1000 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
KTAP.....San Antonio, Texas
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KTAR.....Phoenix, Ariz.
500 w.—620 kc.—483.6 m.
1000 w.—KTAR until L. S.
KTAT.....Fort Worth, Texas
1000 w.—1240 kc.—241.8 m.
KTBR.....Portland, Ore.
500 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
KTBS.....Shreveport, La.
1000 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
KTFI.....Twin Falls, Idaho
500 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.
KTHS...Hot Springs National Park, Ark.
10,000 w.—1040 kc.—288.3 m.
KTLC.....Houston, Texas
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KTM.....Los Angeles, Calif.
500 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.
1000 w.—KTM until L. S.
KTNT.....Muscatine, Iowa
5000 w.—1170 kc.—256.3 m.
KTRH.....Houston, Texas
500 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
KTSA.....San Antonio, Texas
1000 w.—1290 kc.—232.4 m.
2000 w.—KTSA until L. S.
KTSL.....Shreveport, La.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KTSM.....El Paso, Texas
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KTW.....Seattle, Wash.
1000 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
KUJ.....Walla Walla, Wash.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
KUOA.....Fayetteville, Ark.
1000 w.—1390 kc.—215.7 m.
KUSD.....Vermillion, S. D.
500 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
750 w. until local sunset
KUT.....Austin, Texas
500 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
KVI.....Tacoma, Wash.
1000 w.—760 kc.—394.5 m.
KVL.....Seattle, Wash.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
KVOA.....Tucson, Ariz.
500 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.
KVOO.....Tulsa, Okla.
5000 w.—1140 kc.—263.7 m.
KVOS.....Bellingham, Wash.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
KWCR.....Cedar Rapids, Iowa
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KWEA.....Shreveport, La.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
KWG.....Stockton, Calif.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
KWJJ.....Portland, Ore.
500 w.—1060 kc.—282.8 m.
KWK.....St. Louis, Mo.
1000 w.—1350 kc.—222.1 m.
KWKC.....Kansas City, Mo.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
KWKH.....Shreveport, La.
10,000 w.—850 kc.—352.7 m.
KWLC.....Decorah, Iowa
100 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
KWSC.....Pullman, Wash.
1000 w.—1220 kc.—245.8 m.
2000 w. until local sunset
KWWG.....Brownsville, Texas
500 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.
KXA.....Seattle, Wash.
500 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
KXL.....Portland, Ore.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KXO.....El Centro, Calif.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
KXRO.....Aberdeen, Wash.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KXYZ.....Houston, Texas
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.

KYA.....San Francisco, Calif.
1000 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
KYW.....Chicago, Ill.
10,000 w.—1020 kc.—293.9 m.
KZM.....Haywood, Calif.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.

W

WAAB.....Boston, Mass.
500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
WAAF.....Chicago, Ill.
500 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.
WAAM.....Newark, N. J.
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
2000 w. until local sunset
WAAT.....Jersey City, N. J.
300 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
WAAW.....Omaha, Nebr.
500 w.—660 kc.—454.3 m.
WABC.....New York City
50,000 w.—860 kc.—348.6 m.
WABI.....Bangor, Me.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WABZ.....New Orleans, La.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WACO.....Waco, Texas
1000 w.—1240 kc.—241.8 m.
WADC.....Tallmadge, Ohio
1000 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.
WAIU.....Columbus, Ohio
500 w.—640 kc.—468.5 m.
WALR.....Zanesville, Ohio
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WAPI.....Birmingham, Ala.
5000 w.—1140 kc.—263. m.
WASH...Grand Rapids, Mich.
500 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
WAWZ.....Zarephath, N. J.
250 w.—1350 kc,—222.1 m.
WBAA.....W. Lafayette, Ind.
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
WBAK.....Harrisburg, Pa.
500 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
WBAL.....Baltimore, Md.
10,000 w.—1060 kc.—282.8 m.
WBAP.....Fort Worth, Texas
50,000 w.—800 kc.—374.8 m.
WBAX.....Wilkes Barre, Pa.
100 w.—1210 kc.—237.8 m.
WBBC.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
WBBL.....Richmond, Va.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WBBM.....Chicago, Ill.
25,000 w.—770 kc.—389.4 m.
WBBR.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
WBBZ.....Ponca City, Okla.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WBCM.....Bay City, Mich.
500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
WBEN.....Buffalo, N. Y.
1000 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
WBEO.....Marquette, Mich.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WBGF ....Glens Falls, N. Y.
50 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
WBIG.....Greensboro, N. C.
1000 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
WBIS.....Quincy, Mass.
1000 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
WBMS.....Hackensack, N. J.
250 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
WBNX.....New York, N. Y.
250 w.—1350 kc.—222.1 m.
WBOQ.....New York, N. Y.
5000 w.—860 kc.—348.6 m.
WBOW.....Terre Haute, Ind.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WBRC.....Birmingham, Ala.
500 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
WBRE.....Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WBSO.....Needham, Mass.
500 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.
WBT.....Charlotte, N. C.
5000 w.—1080 kc.—277.6 m.
WBTM.....Danville, Va.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
WBZ.....Springfield, Mass.
15,000 w.—990 kc.—302.8 m.
WBZA.....Boston, Mass.
1000 w.—990 kc.—302.8 m.
WCAC.....Storrs, Conn.
250 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.
WCAD.....Canton, N.Y.
500 w.—1220 kc.—245.8 m.
WCAE.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
1000 w.—1220 kc.—245.8 m.
WCAH.....Columbus, Ohio
500 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.
WCAJ.....Lincoln, Nebr.
250 w.—590 kc.—508.2 m.
WCAL.....Northfield, Minn.
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
WCAM.....Camden, N. J.
500 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.
WCAO.....Baltimore, Md.
250 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.
WCAP.....Asbury Park, N. J.
500 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.
WCAT.....Rapid City, S. D.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WCAU.....Philadelphia, Pa.
10,000 w.—1170 kc.—256.3 m.
WCAX.....Burlington, Vt.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WCAZ.....Carthage, Ill.
50 w.—1070 kc.—280.2 m.
WCBA.....Allentown, Pa.
250 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
WCBD .....Zion, Ill.
5000 w.—1080 kc.—277.6 m.
WCBM.....Baltimore, Md.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
250 w. until local sunset
WCBS.....Springfield, Ill.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WCCO....Minneapolis, Minn.
7500 w.—810 kc.—370.2 m.
WCDA.....New York City
250 w.—1350 kc.—222.1 m.
WCFL.....Chicago, Ill.
1500 w.—970 kc.—309.1 m.
WCGU.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
WCHI.....Chicago, Ill.
5000 w.—1490 kc.—201.2 m.
WCKY.....Covington, Ky.
5000 w.—1490 kc.—201.2 m.
WCLB.....Long Beach, N. Y.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WCLO.....Janesville, Wis.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WCLS.....Joliet, Ill.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WCMA.....Culver, Ind.
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
WCOA.....Pensacola, Fla.
500 w.—1340 kc.—223,7 m.
WCOC.....Meridian, Miss.
500 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
WCOD.....Harrisburg, Pa.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WCOH.....Yonkers, N. Y.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WCRW.....Chicago, Ill.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WCSC.....Charleston, S. C.
250 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
WCSH.....Portland, Me.
1000 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
WDAE.....Tampa, Fla.
1000 w.—1220 kc.—245.8 m.
WDAF.....Kansas City, Mo.
1000 w.—610 kc.—491.5 m.
WDAG.....Amarillo, Texas
1000 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
WDAH.....El Paso, Texas
100 w.—1310 kc—228.9 m.
WDAY.....Fargo, N. D.
1000 w.—914 kc.—319 m.
WDBJ.....Roanoke, Va.
250 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.
500 w. until local sunset
WDBO.....Orlando, Fla.
500 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
100 w. until local sunset
WDEL.....Wilmington, Dela.
250 w.—1120 kc. —267.7 m.
500 w until local sunset
WDGY....Minneapolis, Minn.
1000 w.—1180 kc.—254.1 m.
WDIX.....Tupelo, Miss.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WDOD...Chattanooga, Tenn.
1000 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.
2500 w. until local sunset
WDRC.....Hartford, Conn.
500 w.—1330 kc.—225.4 m.
WDSU.....New Orleans, La.
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
WDWF.....Providence, R. I.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WDZ.....Tuscola, Ill.
100 w.—1070 kc.—280.2 m.
WEAF.....New York, N. Y.
50,000 w.—660 kc.—454.3 m.
WEAI.....Ithaca, N. Y.
1000 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
WEAN.....Providence, R. I.
250 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.
500 w. until local sunset
WEAO.....Columbus, Ohio
750 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
WEBC.....Superior, Wis.
1000 w.—1290 kc.—232.4 m.
2500 w. until local sunset
WEBQ.....Harrisburg, Ill.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WEBR.....Buffalo, N. Y.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
200 w. until local sunset
WEDC.....Chicago, Ill.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WEDH.....Erie, Pa.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WEEI.....Boston, Mass.
1000 w.—590 kc.—508.2 m.
WEHC.....Emory, Va.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset
WEHS.....Evanston, Ill.
100 w.—1400 kc.—211.1 m.
WELK.....Philadelphia, Pa.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
250 w. until local sunset
WELL...Battle Creek, Mich.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WENR.....Chicago, Ill.
50,000 w.—870 kc.—344.6 m.
WEPS.....Auburn, Mass.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WEVD.....New York City
500 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
WEW.....St. Louis, Mo.
1000 w.—760 kc.—394.5 m.
WEXL.....Royal Oak, Mich.
50 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WFAA.....Dallas, Texas
50,000 w.—800 kc.—374.8 m.
WFAN.....Philadelphia, Pa.
500 w.—610 kc.—491.5 m.
WFBC.....Knoxville, Tenn.
50 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WFBE.....Cincinnati, Ohio
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset
WFGB.....Altoona, Pa.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset
WFBL.....Syracuse, N. Y.
1000 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
2500 w. until local sunset
WFBM.....Indianapolis, Ind.
1000 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
WFBR.....Baltimore, Md.
500 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
WFDF.....Flint, Mich.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WFDV.....Rome, Ga.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
WFDW.....Anniston, Ala.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WFI.....Philadelphia, Pa.
500 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
WFIW.....Hopkinsville, Ky.
1000 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
WFLA.....Clearwater, Fla.
1000 w.—620 kc.—483.6 m.
2500 w. until local sunset
WFOX.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
WGAL.....Lancaster, Pa.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WGAR.....Cleveland, Ohio
500 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
WGBB.....Freeport, N. Y.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WGBC.....Memphis, Tenn.
500 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.
WGBF.....Evansville, Ind.
500 w.—630 kc.—475.9 m.
WGBI.....Scranton, Pa.
250 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.
WGBS.....New York City
250 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.
500 w. until local sunset
WGCM.....Gulfport, Miss.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WGCP.....Newark, N. J.
250 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
WGES.....Chicago, Ill.
500 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
WGH.....Newport News, Va.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WGL.....Fort Wayne, Ind.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
WGMS.....St. Paul, Minn.
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
WGN.....Chicago, Ill.
25,000 w.—720 kc.—416.4 m.
WGR.....Buffalo, N. Y.
1000 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.
WGST.....Atlanta, Ga.
250 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
500 w. until local sunset
WGY.....Schenectady, N. Y.
50,000 w.—790 kc.—379.5 m.
WHA.....Madison, Wis.
750 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
WHAD.....Milwaukee, Wis.
250 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
WHAM.....Rochester, N. Y.
5000 w.—1150 kc.—260.7 m.
WHAP.....New York City
1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
WHAS.....Louisville, Ky.
10,000 w.—820 kc.—365.6 m.
WHAT.....Philadelphia, Pa.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WHAZ.....Troy, N. Y.
500 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
WHB.....Kansas City, Mo.
500 w.—860 kc.—348.6 m.
WHBC.....Canton, Ohio
10 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WHBD.....Mt. Orab, Ohio
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
WHBF.....Rock Island, Ill.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WHBL.....Sheboygan, Wis.
500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
WHBQ.....Memphis, Tenn.
100 w.—1370 kc.—2718. m.
WHBU.....Anderson, Ind.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WHBY.....Green Bay, Wis.
100 w.—1200 kc—249.9 m.
WHDF.....Calumet, Mich.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
250 w. until local sunset
WHDH.....Boston, Mass.
1000 w.—830 kc.—361.2 m.
WHDI....Minneapolis, Minn.
500 w.—1180 kc.—254.1 m.
WHDL..Tupper Lake, N. Y.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WHEC.....Rochester, N. Y.
500 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
WHFC.....Cicero, Ill.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WHIS.....Bluefield, W. Va.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WHK.....Cleveland, Ohio
1000 w.—1390 kc.—215.7 m.
WHN.....New York, N. Y.
250 w.—1010 kc.—296.8 m.
WHO.....Des Moines, Ia.
5000 w.—1000 kc.—299.8 m.
WHOM.....Jersey City, N. J.
250 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
WHP.....Harrisburg, Pa.
500 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
WIAS.....Ottumwa, Iowa
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WIBA.....Madison, Wis.
500 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.
WIBG.....Ellans Park, Pa.
50 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.
WIBM.....Jackson, Mich.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
WIBO.....Chicago, Ill.
1000 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
1500 w. until local sunset
WIBR.....Steubenville, Ohio
50 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WIBU.....Poynette, Wis.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WIBW.....Topeka, Kansas
1000 w.—580 kc.—516.9 m.
WIBX.....Utica, N. Y.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
300 w. until local sunset
WICC.....Bridgeport, Conn.
250 w.—1190 kc.—252 m.
500 w. until local sunset
WIL.....St. Louis, Mo.
100 w.l.s.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset
WILL.....Urbana, Ill.
250 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
500 w. until local sunset
WILM.....Wilmington, Del.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WIOD.....Miami Beach, Fla.
1000 w.—1300 kc.—230. 6 m.
WIP.....Philadelphia, Pa.
500 w.—610 kc.—491.5 m.
WIS.....Columbia, S. C.
500 w.—1010 kc.—296.8 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
WISJ.....Madison, Wis.
250 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.
500 w. until local sunset
WISN.....Milwaukee, Wis.
250 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
WJAC.....Johnstown, Pa.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WJAG.....Norfolk, Nebr.
1000 w.—1060 kc.—282.8 m.
WJAK.....Marion, Ind.
50 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WJAR.....Providence, R. I.
250 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
400 w. until local sunset
WJAS.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
1000 w.—1290 kc.—232.4 m.
2500 w. until local sunset
WJAX.....Jacksonville, Fla.
1000 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
WJAY.....Cleveland, Ohio
500 w.—610 kc.—491.5 m.
WJAZ.....Mt. Prospect, Ill.
5000 w. 1490 kc.—201.2 m.
WJBC.....La Salle, Ill.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WJBI.....Red Bank, N. J.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WJBK..Highland Park, Mich.
50 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
WJBL.....Decatur, Ill.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WJBO.....New Orleans, La.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WJBT-WBBM Glenview, Ill.
25,000 w.—770 kc.—389.4 m.
WJBU.....Lewisburg, Pa.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WJBW.....New Orleans, La.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WJBY.....Gadsden, Ala.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WJDX.....Jackson, Miss.
1000 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
WJJD.....Mooseheart, Ill.
20,000 w.—1130 kc.—265.3 m.
WJKS.....Gary, Ind.
1000 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
1250 w. until local sunset
WJR.....Detroit, Mich.
5000 w.—750 kc.—399.8 m.
WJSV...Mt. Vernon Hills, Va.
10,000 w.—1460 kc.—205.4 m.
WJW.....Mansfield, Ohio
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WJZ.....New York City
30,000 w.—760 kc.—394.5 m.
WKAQ.....San Juan, P. R.
500 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
WKAR.....E. Lansing, Mich.
1000 w.—1040 kc.—288.3 m.
WKAV.....Laconia, N. H.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WKBB.....Joliet, Ill.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WKBC.....Birmingham, Ala.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WKBF.....Indianapolis, Ind.
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
WKBH.....La Crosse, Wis.
1000 w.—1380 kc.—217.3 m.
WKBI.....Chicago, Ill.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WKBN.....Youngstown, Ohio
500 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
WKBO.....Jersey City, N. J.
250 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
WKBS.....Galesburg. Ill.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WKBV.....Connersville, Ind.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
1500 w. until local sunset
WKBW.....Buffalo, N. Y.
5000 w.—1480 kc.—202.6 m.
WKBZ.....Ludington, Mich.
50 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WKJC.....Lancaster, Pa.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WKRC.....Cincinnati, Ohio
1000 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.
WKY...Oklahoma City, Okla.
1000 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
WKZO Berrien Springs, Mich.
1000 w.—590 kc.—508.2 m.
WLAC.....Nashville, Tenn.
5000 w.—1470 kc.—204 m.
WLAP.....Louisville, Ky.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset
WLB.....Minneapolis, Minn.
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
WLBC.....Muncie, Ind.
50 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WLBF....Kansas City, Kans.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WLBG.....Petersburg, Va.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset
WLBL.....Stevens Pt., Wis.
2000 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
WLBW.....Oil City, Pa.
500 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
WLBX.....L. I. City, N. Y.
1000 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WLCI.....Itahca, N. Y.
50 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WLEY.....Lexington, Mass.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
WLIB.....Elgin, Ill.
25,000 w.—720 kc.—416.4 m.
WLIT.....Philadelphia, Pa.
500 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
WLOE.....Boston, Mass.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset
WLS.....Chicago, Ill.
50,000 w.—870 kc.—344.6 m.
WLSI.....Cranston, R. I.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WLTH.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
WLVA.....Lynchburg, Va.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
WLW.....Cincinnati, O.
50,000 w.—700 kc.—428.3 m.
WLWL.....New York City
5000 w.—1100 kc.—272.6 m.
WMAC.....Cazenovia, N. Y.
250 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
WMAF..S. Dartmouth, Mass.
500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
WMAK.....Buffalo, N. Y.
1000 w.—1040 kc.—2888.3 m.
WMAL...Washington, D. C.
250 w.—630 kc.—475.9 m.
500 w. until local sunset
WMAQ.....Chicago, Ill.
5000 w.—670 kc.—447.5 m.
WMAZ.....Macon, Ga.
500 w.—1180 kc.—254.1 m.
WMBA.....Newport, R. I.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WMBC.....Detroit, Mich.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
250 w. until local sunset
WMBD.....Peoria Hts., Ill.
500 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
WMBF....Miami Beach, Fla.
1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
WMBG.....Richmond, Va.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WMBH.....Joplin, Mo.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
250 w. until local sunset
WMBI.....Chicago, Ill.
5000 w.—1080 kc.—277.6 m.
WMBO.....Auburn, N. Y.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WMBQ.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WMBR.....Tampa, Fla.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
WMC.....Memphis, Tenn.
500 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
WMCA.....New York City
500 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
WMMN....Fairmont, W. Va.
250 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
500 w. until local sunset
WMPC.....Lapeer, Mich.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WMRJ.....Jamaica, N. Y.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WMSG.....New York, N. Y.
250 w.—1350 kc.—222.1 m.
WMT.....Waterloo, Iowa
500 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.
WNAC.....Boston, Mass.
1000 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
WNAD.....Norman. Okla.
500 w.—1010 kc.—296.8 m.
WNAX.....Yankton, S. Dak.
1000 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
WNBF....Binghamton, N. Y.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WNBH...New Bedford, Mass.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WNBO.....Silver Haven, Pa.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.

WNBR.....Memphis, Tenn.
500 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.
WNBW.....Carbondale, Pa.
10 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WNBX.....Springfield, Vt.
10 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WNBZ...Saranac Lake, N. Y.
50 w.—1290 kc.—232.4 m.
WNJ.....Newark, N. J.
250 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
WNOX.....Knoxville, Tenn.
1000 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
2000 w. until local sunset
WNYC.....New York, N. Y.
500 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
WOAI.....San Antonio, Tex.
50,000 w.—1190 kc.—252 m.
WOAN....Whitehaven, Tenn.
500 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
WOAX.....Trenton, N. J
500 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.
WOBT.....Union City, Tenn.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset
WOBU....Charleston, W. Va.
250 w.—580 kc.—516.9 m.
WOC.....Davenport, Iowa
5000 w.—1000 kc.—299.8 m.
WOCL.....Jamestown, N. Y.
25 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WODA.....Paterson, N. J.
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
WODX.....Mobile, Ala.
500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
WOI.....Ames, Iowa
5000 w.—640 kc.—468.5 m.
WOKO...Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
500 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
WOL.....Washington, D. C.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WOMT.....Manitowoc, Wis.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WOOD...Grand Rapids, Mich.
500 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
WOPI.....Bristol, Tenn.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WOQ.....Kansas City, Mo.
1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
WOR.....Newark, N. J.
5000 w.—710 kc.—422.3 m.
WORC.....Worcester, Mass.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WOS.....Jefferson City, Mo.
500 w.—630 kc.—475.9 m.
WOV.....New York City
1000 w.—1130 kc.—265.3 m.
WOW.....Omaha, Nebr.
1000 w.—590 kc.—508.2 m.
WOWO.....Ft. Wayne, Ind.
10,000 w.—1160 kc.—258.5 m.
WPAD.....Paducah, Ky.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WPAP.....Cliffside, N. J.
250 w.—1010 kc.—296.8 m.
WPAW.....Pawtucket, R. I.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WPCC.....Chicago, Ill.
500 w.—570 kc.—535.4 m.
WPCH.....New York City
500 w.—810 kc.—370.2 m.
WPEN.....Philadelphia, Pa.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset
WPG.....Atlantic City, N. J.
5000 w.—1100 kc.—272.6 m.
WPOE.....Patchogue, N. Y.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
WPOR.....Norfolk, Va.
500 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.
WPSC.....State College, Pa.
500 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
WPTF.....Raleigh, N. C.
1000 w.—680 kc.—440.9 m.
WQAM.....Miami, Fla.
1000 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
WQAN.....Scranton, Pa.
250 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.
WQAO.....Palisade, N. J.
250 w.—1010 kc.—296.8 m.
WQBC.....Vicksburg, Miss.
300 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
WQDM.....St. Albans, Vt.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
WQDX.....Thomasville, Ga.
50 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WRAF.....South Bend, Ind.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WRAK.....Williamsport, Pa.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
WRAM....Wilmington, N. C.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
WRBI.....Tifton, Ga.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WRBJ.....Hattiesburg, Miss.
10 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
WRBL.....Columbus, Ga.
50 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WRBQ.....Greenville, Miss.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
250 w. until local sunset
WRBX.....Roanoke, Va.
250 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
WRC.....Washington, D. C.
500 w.—950 kc.—315.6 m.
WRDO.....Augusta, Maine
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
WRDW.....Augusta, Ga.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WREC.....Memphis, Tenn.
100 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.
1000 w. until local sunset

WREN.....Lawrence, Kans.
1000 w.—1220 kc.—245.8 m.
WRHM...Minneapolis, Minn.
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
WRJN.....Racine, Wis.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
WRNY.....New York City
250 w.—1010 kc.—296.9 m.
WROL.....Knoxville, Tenn.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WRR.....Dallas, Texas
500 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.
WRUF.....Gainesville, Fla.
5000 w.—830 kc.—361.2 m.
WRVA.....Richmond, Va.
5000 w.—1110 kc.—270.1 m.
WSAI.....Cincinnati, Ohio
500 w.—1330 kc.—225.4 m.
WSAJ.....Grove City, Pa.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WSAN.....Allentown, Pa.
250 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
WSAR.....Fall River, Mass.
250 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
WSAZ....Huntington, W. Va.
250 w.—580 kc.—516.9 m.
WSB.....Atlanta, Ga.
5000 w.—740 kc.—405.2 m.
WSBC.....Chicago, Ill.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WSBT.....South Bend, Ind.
500 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
WSDA.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
WSEN.....Columbus, Ohio
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WSFA.....Montgomery, Ala.
500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
WSIX.....Springfield, Tenn.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WSJS...Winston-Salem, N. C.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WSM.....Nashville, Tenn.
5000 w.—650 kc.—461.3 m.
WSMB.....New Orleans, La.
500 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.
WSMK.....Dayton, Ohio
200 w.—1380 kc.—217.3 m.
WSOC.....Gastonia, N. C.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WSPA.....Spartanburg, S. C.
100 w.—1420 kc. 211.1 m.
250 w. until local sunset
WSPD.....Toledo, Ohio
500 w.—1340 kc.—223.7 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
WSSH.....Boston, Mass.
500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
WSUI.....Iowa City, Iowa
500 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.
WSUN.....Clearwater, Fla.
1000 w.—620 kc.—483.6 m.
2500 w. until local sunset
WSVS.....Buffalo, N. Y.
50 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
WSYB.....Rutland, Vt.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WSYR.....Syracuse, N. Y.
250 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
WTAD.....Quincy, Ill.
500 w.—1440 kc.—209.2 m.
WTAG.....Worcester, Mass.
250 w.—580 kc.—516.9 m.
WTAM.....Cleveland, Ohio
50,000 w.—1070 kc.—280.2 m.
WTAQ.....Eau Claire, Wis.
1000 w.—1330 kc.—225.4 m.
WTAR.....Norfolk, Va.
500 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.
WTAW...College Station, Tex.
500 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
WTAX.....Springfield, Ill.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WTBO.....Cumberland, Md.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
250 w. until local sunset
WTEL.....Philadelphia, Pa.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WTFI.....Toccoa, Ga.
500 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
WTIC.....Hartford, Conn.
50,000 w.—1060 kc.—282.8 m.
WTMM.....Huntsville, Ala.
50 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WTMJ.....Milwaukee, Wis.
1000 w.—620 kc.—483.6 m.
2500 w. until local sunset
WTOC.....Savannah, Ga.
500 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.
WWAE.....Hammond, Ind.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WWJ.....Detroit, Mich.
1000 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.
WWL.....New Orleans, La.
5000 w.—850 kc.—352.7 m.
WWNC.....Asheville, N. C.
1000 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
WWRL.....Woodside, N. Y.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WWSW.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WWVA.....Wheeling, W. Va.
5000 w.—1160 kc.—258.5 m.
WXYZ.....Detroit, Mich.
1000 w.—1240 kc.—241.8 m.

Canada

CFAC-CNRC, Calgary, Alta.
500 w.—600 kc.—405 m.
CFBO.....St. John, N. B.
500 w.—890 kc.—337 m.
CFCA-CNRT...Toronto, Ont.
500 w.—840 kc.—357 m.
CFCF.....Montreal, P. Q.
500 w.—1030 kc.—291 m.
CFCL - CKCL - CKNC
Toronto, Ont.
500 w.—580 kc.—517 m.
CFCN.....Calgary, Alta.
500 w.—690 kc.—435 m.
CFCO.....Chatham, Ont.
100 w.—1210 kc.—248 m.
CKCR.....Waterloo, Ont.
50 w.—1010 kc.—297 m.
CFCT.....Victoria, B. C.
500 w.—630 kc.—476 m.
CFCY, Charlottetown, P. E. I.
500 w.—580 kc.—516.9 m.
CFJC.....Kamloops, B. C.
15 w.—1120 kc.—268 m.
CFLC.....Prescott, Ont.
50 w.—1010 kc.—297 m.
CFNB.....Fredericton, N. B.
50 w.—1210 kc.—248 m.
CFQC-CNRS, Saskatoon, Sask.
500 w.—910 kc.—330 m.
CFRB-CJBC King, York Co. Ont.
4000 w.—960 kc.—313 m.
CFRC.....Kingston, Ont.
500 w.—930 kc.—323 m.
CHCH Charlottetown, P. E. I.
100 w.—960 kc.—313 m.
CHCS.....Hamilton, Ont.
10 w.—880 kc.—341 m.
CHGS, Summerside, P. E. I.
100 w.—1120 kc.—268 m.
CHMA.....Edmonton, Alta.
250 w.—580 kc.—517 m.
CHML.....Hamilton, Ont.
50 w.—880 kc.—341 m.
CHNS-CNRH...Halifax, N. S.
500 w.—910 kc.—330 m.
CHRC.....Quebec, P. Q.
100 w.—880 kc.—341 m.
CHWC.....Pilot, Butte, Sask.
500 w.—960 kc.—312 m.
CHWK.....Chilliwick, B. C.
5 w.—1210 kc.—248 m.
CJCA.....Edmonton, Alta.
500 w.—930 kc.—323 m.
CJCB.....Sydney, N. S.
50 w.—880 kc.—341 m.
CJCJ-CHCA...Calgary, Alta.
500 w.—690 kc.—435 m.
CJGC-CNRL...London, Ont.
5000 w.—910 kc.—330 m.
CJGX.....Yorkton, Sask.
500 w.—630 kc.—476 m.
CJOC.....Lethbridge, Alta.
50 w.—1120 kc.—268 m.
CJRM.....Moose Jaw, Sask.
500 w.—600 kc.—500 m.
CJRW.....Fleming, Sask.
500 w.—600 kc.—500 m.
CKAC - CHYC - CNRM
St. Hyacinth, Quebec
5000 w.—730 kc.—411 m.
CKCD-CHLS Vancouver, B.C.
50 w.—730 kc.—411 m.
CKCI.....Quebec, P. Q.
22½ w.—880 kc.—341 m.
CKCK - CJBR - CNRR
Regina, Sask.
500 w.—960 kc.—313 m.
CKCO.....Ottawa, Ont.
100 w.—890 kc.—337 m.
CKCR.....Waterloo, Ont.
50 w.—1010 kc.—297 m.
CNRV-CNRQ..Quebec, P. Q.
50 w.—880 kc.—341 m.
CKFC.....Vancouver, B. C.
50 w.—730 kc.—411 m.
CKIC.....Wolfville, N. S.
50 w.—930 kc.—323 m.
CKGW - CJBC - CJSC - CPRY
Ontario, Ont.
5000 w.—690 kc.—435 m.
CKLC - CHCT - CNRD
Red Deer, Alberta
1000 w.—840 kc.—357 m.
CKMO.....Vancouver, B. C.
50 w.—730 kc.—411 m.
CKNC.....Toronto, Ont.
500 w.—580 kc.—517 m.
CKOC.....Hamilton, Ont.
50 w.—880 kc.—341 m.
CKPC.....Preston, Ont.
25 w.—1210 kc.—247.9 m.
CKPR.....Midland, Ont.
50 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
CKUA.....Edmonton, Alta.
500 w.—580 kc.—517 m.
CKWX.....Vancouver, B. C.
50 w.—730 kc.—411 m.
CKY-CNRW Winnipeg, Man.
5000 w.—780 kc.—385 m.
CNRA.....Moncton, N. B.
500 w.—630 kc.—476 m.
CNRV.....Vancouver, B. C.
500 w.—1030 kc.—291 m.

Cuba

CMBC.....Havana
150 w.—955 kc.—314 m.
CMCD.....Havana
14 w.—1345 kc.—223 m.
CMCF.....Havana
250 w.—900 kc.—333 m.
CMCG.....Guanabacoa
30 w.—1286 kc.—233 m.
CMCM.....Havana
100 w.—1500 kc.—200 m.
CMCO.....Marianao
225 w. 660 kc.—455 m.
CMCQ.....Havana
600 w.—1150 kc.—261 m.
CMCR.....Havana
20 w.—1286 kc.—233 m.
CMCU.....Havana
50 w.—1345 kc.—223 m.
CMGA.....Colon
100 w.—834 kc.—360 m.
CMGC.....Matanzas
30 w.—1063 kc.—282 m.
CMGE.....Cardenas
30 w.—1375 kc.—218 m.
CMHA.....Cienfuegos
200 w.—1154 kc.—260 m.
CMHB.....Sagna la Grande
10 w.—1500 kc.—200 m.
CMHC.....Tuinucu
500 w.—791 kc.—379 m.
CMHD.....Caibarien
250 w.—920 kc.—325 m.
CMHE.....Santa Clara
20 w.—1429 kc.—210 m.
CMHI.....Santa Clara
15 w.—1110 kc.—270 m.
CMJB.....Ciego de Avila
20 w.—1276 kc.—275 m.
CMK.....Habana
3000 w.—730 kc.—411m.
CMKA.....Santiago de Cuba
20 w.—1450 kc.—207 m.
CMKB.....Santiago de Cuba
15 w.—1200 kc.—250 m.
CMKD.....Santiago de Cuba
40 w.—1100 kc.—272 m.
CMHC.....Tuinucu
500 w.—791 kc.—379 m.
CMAA.....Guanajay
30 w.—1090 kc.—275 m.
CMAB.....Pinar del Rio
20 w.—1249 kc.—240 m.
CMBA.....Habana
50 w.—1345 kc.—223 m.
CMBC.....Habana
150 w.—955 kc.—314 m.
CMBD.....Habana
150 w.—955 kc.—314 m.
CMBF.....Habana
7½ w.—1345 kc.—223 m.
CMBG....Santiago de la Vegas
150 w.—1070 kc.—280 m.
CMBI.....Habana
30 w.—1405 kc.—213 m.
CMBJ.....Habana
15 w.—1285 kc.—233 m.
CMBK.....Marianao
15 w.—1405 kc.—213 m.
CMBL.....Habana
15 w.—1500 kc.—200 m.
CMBM.....Marianao
15 w.—1285 kc.—233 m.
CMBN.....Habana
30 w.—1405 kc.—213 m.
CMBP.....Habana
15 w.—1500 kc.—200 m.
CMBQ.....Habana
50 w.—1405 kc.—213 m.
CMBR.....Habana
15 w.—1500 kc.—200 m.
CMBS.....Habana
150 w.—790 kc.—380 m.
CMBT.....Habana
150 w.—1070 kc.—280 m.
CMBW.....Marianao
150 w.—1010 kc.—297 m.
CMBX.....Habana
30 w.—1405 kc.—213 m.
CMBY.....Habana
100 w.—1405 kc.—213 m.
CMBZ.....Habana
150 w.—1010 kc.—297 m.
CMC.....Habana
500 w.—840 kc.—357 m
CMCA.....Habana
150 w.—1225 kc.—245 m
CMKC.....Santiago de Cuba
150 w.—1034 kc.—290 m.
CMJC.....Camaguey
15 w.—1321 kc.—227 m
CMQ.....Habana
250 w.—1150 kc.—261 m
CMW.....Habana
700 w.—588 kc.—510 m
CMX.....Habana
500 w.—900 kc.—333 m.

Mexico

XEA.....Guadalajara, Jal.
100 w.—1000 kc.—300 m
XEB.....Mexico City
1000 w.—1000 kc.—300 m.
XEC.....Toluca
50 w.—1000 kc.—300 m
XED.....Reynosa, Tamps
10,000 w.—977 kc.—307 m
XEE.....Linares, N. L.
10 w.—1000 kc.—300 m.
XEF.....Oaxaca, Oax.
100 w.—1000 kc.—300 m.
XEFA...Mexico City
250 w.—1250 kc.—240 m
XEFE...Nuevo Laredo, Tamps
1000 w.—1000 kc.—300 m
XEI.....Morelia, Mich.
100 w.—1000 kc.—300 m.
XEJ.....C. Juarez, Chih.
100 w.—1000 kc.—300 m
XEK.....Mexico City
100 w.—1000 kc.—300 m.
XEL.....Saltillo, Coah.
10 w.—1000 kc.—300 m.
XEM.....Tampico, Tamps
500 w.—730 kc.—411 m.
XEN.....Mexico City
1000 w.—711 kc.—422 m.
XEO.....Mexico City
5000 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
XEP.....Tamaulipas
200 w.—1500 kc.—200 m.
XEQ.....Ciudad Juarez, Chih.
1000 w.—1000 kc.—300 m.
XER.....Mexico City
100 w.—650 kc.—461 m
XES.....Tampico, Tamps.
550 w.—890 kc.—337 m.
XET.....Monterey, N. L.
1500 w.—630 kc.—476 m.
XETA.....Mexico City
500 w.—1140 kc.—263 m.
XETF.....Vera Cruz
500 w.—680 kc.—441 m.
XEU.....Vera Cruz, Ver.
100 w.—1000 kc.—300 m.
XEV.....Puebla, Pue.
100 w.—1000 kc.—300 m.
XEW.....Mexico City
5000 w.—780 kc.—385 m.
XEX.....Mexico City
500 w.—1210 kc.—248 m.
XEY.....Merida, Yucatan
100 w.—1000 kc.—300 m.
XEZ.....Mexico City
500 w.—588 kc.—510 m.
XETA.....Mexico City
500 w.—1140 kc.—263 m.
XFA.....Mexico City
50 w.—7143 kc.—42 m.
XFC.....Aguascalientes
350 w.—805 kc.—373 m.
XFD.....Mexico City
50 w.—11,111 kc.—27 m
XFF.....Chihuahua, Chih.
250 w.—915 kc.—328 m.
XFG...Villahermosa, Tabasco
2000w.—638 kc.—470 m.
XFI.....Mexico City
1000 w.—818 kc.—367 m.
XFX.....Mexico City
500 w.—860 kc.—349 m.

Television Stations

2000-2100 kc. band

W2XCR.....New York, N. Y.
Jenkins Television Corp.
48 lines per picture—5000 w.
W3XK.....Wheaton, Md.
Jenkins Laboratories
48 lines per picture—5000 w.
W2XCD.....Passaic, N. J.
DeForest Radio Corp.
48 lines per picture—5000 w.
W2XBU.....Beacon, N. Y.
Harold E. Smith
48 lines per picture—100 w.
W9XAO.....Chicago, Ill.
Western Television Corp
45 lines per picture—500 w
W2XAP.....Portable
Jenkins Television Corp.
48 lines per picture—250 w.

2100-2200 kc. band

W3XAD.....Camden, N. J
RCA Victor Co.
60 lines per picture—500 w
W2XBS.....New York, N. Y
National Broadcasting Co
60 lines per picture—5000 w
W2XCW...Schenectady, N. Y
General Electric Co.
— lines per picture—20,000 w
W8XAV.....Pittsburgh, Pa
Westinghouse Electric Co
60 lines per picture—20,000 w
W2XR Long Island City, N. Y
Radio Pictures, Inc
48 lines per picture—500 w
W9XAP.....Chicago, Ill
Chicago Daily News
45 lines per picture—1,000 w
W3XAK.....Bound Brook, N. J
National Broadcasting Co
60 lines per picture—5,000 w

2750-2850 kc. band

W9XAA.....Chicago, Ill.
Chicago Federation of Labor
48 lines per picture—1000 w
W9XG.....West Lafayette, Ind
Purdue University—1500 w
W2XBO Long Island City, N. Y
United Research Corp.—500 w

2850-2950 kc. band

W1XAV.....Boston, Mass
Shortwave & Television Lab
48 lines per picture—500 w
W9XR.....Downer's Grove, Ill
Great Lakes Broadcasting Co
24 lines per picture—5000 w
W2XR Long Island City, N. Y
Radio Pictures, Inc
48 lines per picture—500 w

Tuneful Topics

(*Continued from page 54*)

pick hits. While I do try to portray budding hits while they are in embryo, my main delight in writing for this particular column is to discuss the inner workings and harmless gossip in the writing of, and the publication of the various songs which I mention. Notice I say "harmless gossip", because I am not in accord with the Broadway fallacy that it is necessary to be supremely critical, nay, even vituperative, in discussing artistic efforts in order to be interesting.

A columnist works on the theory that to say nice things about people would be to be uninteresting. Personally I believe one may be very complimentary, and yet extremely interesting, depending upon the interesting facts about the subject.

Therefore, when someone jumps to his feet after my discussion of the song *Stardust,* which has been a hit for some time, and which has been out for even a longer time——when this person rises to state that I am late in my discussion of the song, I am very happy to agree with him, although a careful check-back on the songs I have discussed in these columns will show that my judgment has been vindicated in quite a few cases where the songs have achieved an unusual popularity, yet I made no pretensions to being a picker of hits. Please remember that the time between the writing of the article, and the subsequent publication of Radio Digest is approximately a month, in which time many a song may blossom forth to an intense popularity, and then completely disappear from the counters of the music stores.

Stardust, however, is a song which has been out for a long time, that is to say, several months, and only recently has it come into a great popularity. Just the reason for this popularity is hard to say. Personally I have always felt that melody in a song is the chief attribute which brings popularity. Certainly *Stardust* has a most fascinating melody.

It was written by a young orchestra leader-vocalist, who is sponsored by the Victor Co. in his recordings and writings, one Hoagy Carmichael, and the lyrics are by Mitchell Parish. The song has steadily found its way up to the threshold of appreciation of the song-buying public.

It is published by Jack Mills, and must be played quite slowly in order to be appreciated. I would take at least a minute and five seconds for the chorus.

Cubalero

LESTER BANKER, has contributed so much to the enjoyment of our Fleischmann programs by his excellent pianistic efforts in conjunction with either Cliff Burwell or Walter Gross (depending upon which young man was with us at the time Mr. Banker was associated with the Connecticut Yankees). This same Lester Banker has always shown a leaning towards composition. Many evenings at the Villa Vallée we have played a tango which he wrote with another young man, also a pianist.

In the case of the tango, Mr. Banker's contribution was that of the lyrics, both in English and in Spanish. The Spanish lyrics lack that patois-like and colloquial quality that only a genuine native seems to be able to put into the lyrics of a song, however technically right they may be. In fact, that is probably the reason that no English-speaking person should try to write lyrics in a foreign tongue. The English-speaking person is apt to translate too literally, as Mr. Banker has done both in the tango and in his new composition, *The Cubalero.*

In the case of *Cubalero,* the words and music have been written by Lester Banker, Joe Young, and John Sizas. They have handled the rhythms exceptionally well. These boys have combined the elements of both the modern Rumba and the old Bolero, which has come into popular fashion since the advent of Ravel's *Bolero.* The bolero is an old Spanish dance coming from Spain, and the Rumba comes from Cuba.

The rhythm is extremely syncopated and staccato. This is one of those compositions which, like *The Peanut Vendor,* must be heard before it can really be appreciated.

It is published by the Witmark Music Publishing Co., and it is hard to make any rule as to its speed of tempo.

Making Faces At The Man In The Moon

MY OLD friend, Max Rich, pianist-composer of *My Bluebird Got Caught In The Rain; Yes or No; Smile, Darn Ya' Smile,* and in fact many other tunes, too numerous to mention, has collaborated with Al Hoffman, Ned Washington, and Kate Smith, in the writing of what looks to be another hit "moon song".

The poor old moon has been twisted around and fitted into so many states and situations of late that it is a wonder that we have any moon left! Still, it makes a highly desirable subject for the composition of a song, and in this case I believe the twist is quite unusually novel. The title itself is indeed clever. The song is lilting and catchy, simply being the complaint of a young swain who feels that the moon shines on all other lovers but makes an exception in his case.

We will play it at a minute for the chorus.

One of the newest and best liked of Tin Pan Alley publishers who has gone, in a modest way, into publishing hit songs, is George Marlo. He may take a bow, for any success that this song may have. My best wishes to the Marlo Music Corporation.

They Leave Their Comfy Beds for Him

(*Continued from page 67*)

inspiring view of the sidewalks of New York, the skyscrapers and the East River. The walls, which are hung with specially made draperies, and the ceiling are constructed so as to prevent echoes and deaden all unnecessary sound in the studio. Thick carpet on the floor also helps.

Now our attention is again called to Director Bagley at the microphone. He is dressed in a white shirt and white duck trousers. He is of medium height, compactly and slightly built. His muscles are hard, his movements are quick and sure, the movements of a man whose mental and physical co-ordination are perfect. He drinks many glasses of water during his broadcasting. He smiles with his eyes, as well as his lips, while he talks.

We hear his deep, pleasant voice, as he keeps up a rapid-fire chatter of instruction and comment to his class. He has a veritable enchanter's gift for coaxing and cajoling, for instilling vigor into the laggards and ambition into the ambitionless. He has an uncanny gift for projecting his personality over the mike and making every member of his class of four million feel that he or she is being personally supervised.

There is no resisting the spell of Mr. Bagley's words. Before you know it you are filling your lungs with the early morning air. Sleep departs from your eyes and heaviness from your heart. You are splendidly and vibrantly alive from your finger-tips, which are stretched high above your head, to your toes.

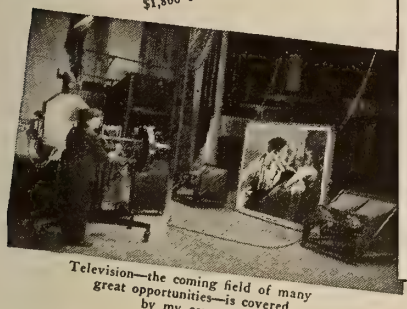
Being the physical director of the largest gym class in the world is, of itself, a great responsibility. Although Mr. Bagley's wife, son and lovely daughter live in the family home in New Jersey, he occupies a room in a New York hotel where, safe from the vagaries of transportation, he can be within easy walking distance of the Metropolitan Tower.

Since his first broadcast Mr. Bagley has been absent only once and then it was due to a death in the family. He has never been late for a class. Sometimes this is difficult, too, because he is in great demand as a speaker. He says that the masters of ceremony at the functions at which he appears almost never realize that he has to get up at 5:45 A. M., so they are not always careful about placing his talk early on the program. (*Since this was written Mr. Bagley underwent an operation for appendicitis, but has now returned to class in good health—Editor.*

Recently the Tower Health League celebrated its sixth birthday. Since March 31, 1925, when it first went on the air, the Tower class has broadcast regularly six days a week. It has the distinction of being the oldest daily feature on the NBC networks, from the standpoint of broadcast hours. In establishing this record of more than 2,300 broadcasts, Mr. Bagley



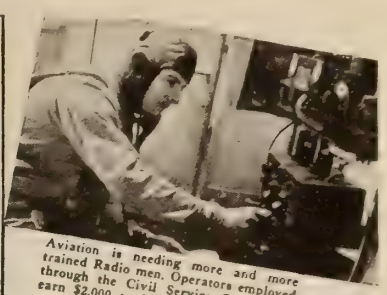
Broadcasting stations need trained men continually for jobs paying $1,800 to $5,000 a year.



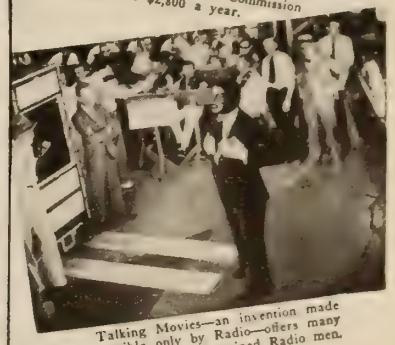
Television—the coming field of many great opportunities—is covered by my course.



Operators on ships see the world and get good pay plus expenses.



Aviation is needing more and more trained Radio men. Operators employed through the Civil Service Commission earn $2,000 to $2,800 a year.



Talking Movies—an invention made possible only by Radio—offers many fine jobs to well trained Radio men.

You'll Get *Thrills*-Adventure BIG PAY in RADIO

I will Train You at Home to Fill a Fascinating Job in Radio



J. E. Smith, Pres.

Radio's Amazing Growth is Opening Hundreds of Big Jobs Every Year

You like action, romance, thrills! You'll get them in Radio—plenty of them! Big pay, too. That is why I urge you to mail the coupon below for my free book of startling facts on the variety of fascinating, money-making opportunities in this great, uncrowded field. It also explains how you can quickly learn Radio through my amazingly simple 50-50 method of home-study training, even though you may not now know the difference between a "Screen Grid and a Gridiron". Thousands of men who knew absolutely nothing about Radio before taking my course are today making real money in this growing industry.

Thrilling Jobs That Pay $50 to $100 a Week

Why go along with $25, $30 or $45 a week in dull, no-future work when there are plenty of good jobs in Radio that pay $50, $75 and up to $250 a week? For instance, by taking my training, you can see the world in grand style as a Radio operator on shipboard. There are many splendid openings in this line with good pay plus your expenses. You'll also find thrills and real pay in Aviation Radio work. Broadcasting is another field that offers big pay and fascinating opportunities to men who know Radio. And think of the great, thrilling future for men with *Radio training* in Television and Talking Movies. My free book tells all about these and many other branches of Radio that bring you in contact with interesting people, pay big money and make life pleasant for you. Without doubt, Radio training is the key that opens the way to success. And *my* training, in particular, is the *only* training that makes you a *"Certified RADIOTRICIAN"*—the magic words that mean valuable recognition for you in whatever type of Radio work you take up after graduation. You'll see *why*, when you receive my interesting book.

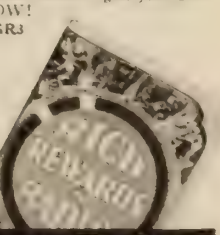
Earn While You Learn

You don't have to quit your present job to take my course! You stay right at home, hold your job, and learn in your spare time. (Lack of high school education or Radio experience are no drawbacks.) I teach you to begin making money shortly after you enroll. My new practical method makes this possible. I give you eight big laboratory outfits that teach you to build and service practically every type of receiving set made. Many of my students earn $15, $20, $30 weekly while learning. Earle Cummings, 18 Webster St., Haverhill, Mass., writes: "I made $375 in one month in my spare time, installing, servicing, selling Radio sets." And let me emphasize right here that a Radio business of your own is one of the money-making opportunities my training prepares you for in case you wish to settle down at home.

Get My Free Book

Send the coupon below for my 64-page book of opportunities in Radio and information on my home-study training. It has put hundreds of fellows on the road to bigger pay and success. It will tell you exactly what Radio offers you, and how my Employment Department helps you get into Radio after you graduate. I back my training with a signed agreement to refund every penny of your money if, after completion, you are not satisfied with the Lesson and Instruction Service I give you. Fill in and mail the coupon NOW!

J. E. SMITH, Pres., Dept. 1GR3
National Radio Institute,
Washington, D. C.



Act Now

Mail Coupon Today

J. E. SMITH, *President*
National Radio Institute, Dept. 1GR3
Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. Smith: Send me your book "Rich Rewards in Radio" giving information on the big money opportunities in Radio and your famous 50-50 method of home-study training. I understand this places me under no obligation and that no salesman will call.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

Occupation .....

Travelled 75,000 Miles

"Dear Mr. Smith: I have worked as Junior Operator on board S. S. Dorchester and Chief Operator of the Chester Sun. I have travelled from 75,000 to 100,000 miles, visited ports in various countries, fished and motored with millionaires, been on airplane flights, etc. I am now with Broadcasting Station WREN." (Signed) Robin D. Compton, 1213 Vermont St., Lawrence, Kansas.



$400 a Month

"The Radio field is getting bigger and better every year. I have made more than $400 each month and it really was your course that brought me to this." J. G. Dahlstead, 1484 So. 15th St., Salt Lake City, Utah.

Employment Service to all Graduates



When a hotel manager *made a road map*

THIS guest was leaving early in the morning for the South. And he didn't know the road. During the evening, the manager himself made a road map for the guest. Did the guest appreciate it? He wrote back and said he never made a wrong turn.

Perhaps we're wrong in talking about such little things, when we have such big things to offer. Bigger rooms at lower prices... Roomy closets . . . Popular priced cafeteria or coffee shop... Central location . . . Even specially selected meats for all dining rooms. But somehow, it's the little extra things that bring our guests back. You'll be back, too, once you know us.

Extra service at these 25

UNITED HOTELS

NEW YORK CITY'S *only United* . . . . The Roosevelt
PHILADELPHIA, PA. . . . . The Benjamin Franklin
SEATTLE, WASH. . . . . The Olympic
WORCESTER, MASS. . . . . The Bancroft
NEWARK, N. J. . . . . The Robert Treat
PATERSON, N. J. . . . . The Alexander Hamilton
TRENTON, N. J. . . . . The Stacy-Trent
HARRISBURG, PA. . . . . The Penn-Harris
ALBANY, N. Y. . . . . The Ten Eyck
SYRACUSE, N. Y. . . . . The Onondaga
ROCHESTER, N. Y. . . . . The Seneca
NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y. . . . . The Niagara
ERIE, PA. . . . . The Lawrence
AKRON, OHIO . . . . . The Portage
FLINT, MICH. . . . . The Durant
KANSAS CITY, MO. . . . . The President
TUCSON, ARIZ. . . . . El Conquistador
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. . . . . The St. Francis
SHREVEPORT, LA. . . . . The Washington-Youree
NEW ORLEANS, LA. . . . . The Roosevelt
NEW ORLEANS, LA. . . . . The Bienville
TORONTO, ONT. . . . . The King Edward
NIAGARA FALLS, ONT. . . . . The Clifton
WINDSOR, ONT. . . . . The Prince Edward
KINGSTON, JAMAICA, B.W.I. . The Constant Spring

UNITED HOTELS

has built up a following estimated at 4,000,000 people. He has received more than 1,000,000 letters from his class members during the six years. A force of 15 secretaries is required to handle his enormous mail, which averages over 400 letters a day and about 14,000 a month.

In the course of the six years of broadcasting, Mr. Bagley has entertained more than 10,000 visitors, most of whom were members of the exercise class. No less than 9,999 of them have asked: "What does Mr. Bagley do with his time after the last class at 8 A. M.?

The first thing on the morning's routine is breakfast. After that, Mr. Bagley starts in on his 400 selected letters, reads them and makes notes from them to be used in the following morning's broadcast. If no visitors interrupt, he can finish the day's mail before luncheon.

Luncheon frequently means making a speech somewhere. He then returns to the studio and finishes his notes for the following day. The bicycle itinerary must be laid out and a poem must be selected. Mr. Bagley has more than one hundred volumes of poetry in his studio library, and he prides himself on the fact that he rarely repeats a poem, which means that he has already used about 1,800 poems. Between these things, Mr. Bagley finds time to keep abreast of the day's news by reading five or six daily newspapers. At five or five-thirty he goes home and he retires early.

Gabologue

(*Continued from page 23*)

Preston" program. * * * * Miss Wall was formerly of the stage, and was last seen with Jane Cowl. * * * * Her handsome sister, Mildred Wall, was seen here quite recently in "Up Pops the Devil."

And, here's another vote for Illinois. * * * * Lucille was born in Chicago. * * * * She has light brown hair, blue eyes, and is five feet, seven and a half inches tall. * * * * She was educated in The Sacred Heart Academy at Washington, D. C. * * * * Her parents live in Forest Hills, Long Island, where her father is a real estate man. * * * * And even though Lucille is the Love Story Girl of Radio, she is not married.

A funny thing happened to Lucille during one of her early broadcasts. * * * * The program had signed off, and the whole company had left the studio. * * * * The company that was to follow them on the air, filed into the studio just vacated by Lucille's associates. * * * * When Lucille got out on Fifth Avenue, she found that it was raining and that she had left her rubbers back in the studio where she had been broadcasting. * * * * She hurried back, found the studio filled with people in the middle of what she thought was a rehearsal. * * * * The Conductor, Josef Pasternack, was up on the platform with Baton posed as though ready to start the orchestra. * * * * He glared at her. * * * * She pointed to her feet and tried to pantomime that she had come back for her rubbers. * * * * He glared worse than ever. * * * * Finally, just as the announcer was saying through the mike, "Around the world with Libby's," Lucille interrupted with, "I'm sorry to disturb you, gentlemen, but I've simply got to have my rubbers." * * * * Maybe you don't think that was a dark moment in Radioland. * * * * Talk about the shot that went around the world. * * * * Goodyear or Goodrich or anyone else's rubbers never caused such a commotion. * * * * Hereafter, on the air or off the air, Lucille has decided to let it rain.

SONG WRITERS



Don't Fail To Read

"Song Requirements of Talking Pictures, Radio and Records", an explanatory instructive book, SENT FREE on request. Writers may submit song-poems for free examination and advice. Past experience unnecessary. We revise, compose and arrange music and secure Copyrights. Our modern method guarantees approval. *Write Today.*

R. D. Newcomer Associates, 1674 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Midwest Briefs

(*Continued from page 70*)

pianist, that he is a good wrestler and boxer . . . and that he was once a terror to the youngsters in that part of Chicago in which he grew up. He's also a runner and a swimmer . . . and his technique is always above reproach, whether he's hitting the piano keys or a fistic opponent.

He was born in London and brought to this country when he was just a little fellow, by his mother, Sarah Lewis, a dramatic coach and member of the Morris Grau Opera company.

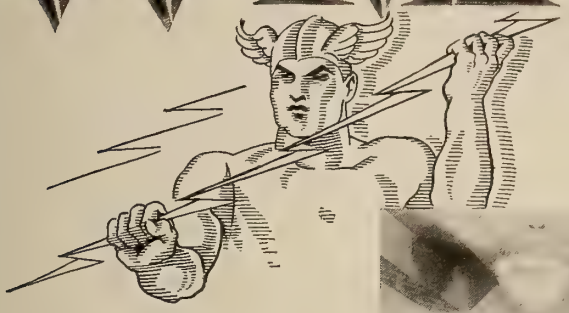
COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO! That's KFYR crowing over its Radio Tribe of Long Boy Scouts. The Lone Scouts are boys who live in outlying districts far away from organized troops, and when the Bismarck, North Dakota, station conceived the idea of organizing a troup, National Scout Headquarters okayed it enthusiastically. This first Radio tribe holds meetings every other Wednesday evening at 6:15 CDT. Eagle Scouts Melvin Munger and Robert Edick of Troop 2, Bismarck, take the part of "Bud and Bob," who relate experiences and give friendly help.

BROADCASTING Station WLS announces that Edgar L. Bill, for seven years its director, has organized the Peoria Broadcasting Association to take over the ownership and operation of Station WMBD, Peoria. He has resigned his WLS position and takes active charge of WMBD, following the approval of transfer of ownership by the Federal Radio Commission. Mr. Bill is a pioneer in the broadcasting field, becoming director of WLS when it went on the air in April, 1924. Previously, he served several years in farm and daily newspaper work. He made the Prairie Farmer station outstanding in farm and home service.

AMERICA'S PREMIERE REGIONAL STATION

WMCA

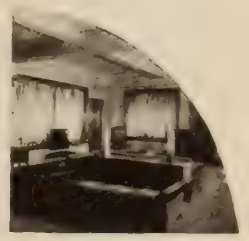
NEW YORK CITY



570 K.C. 100% Modulation 500 Watts

13,000 square feet of modern broadcasting facilities . . . . . 7 perfect studios . . . . . the WMCA THEATRE, first Radio Theatre of the Air with auditorium comfortably seating two hundred . . . . . studios overlooking the Great White Way . . . . . a staff of more than one hundred experts to prepare and present your programs . . . . . a truly modern broadcasting plant.





THE AIRLINE TO THE NEW YORK MARKET

Twelve million people live within the trading area of New York. Nowhere else in the world is there a greater concentration of buying power. The yearly consumption of luxuries and necessities of these New Yorkers reaches a staggering total.

New York is the world's richest, most compact market for every kind of product and service that human ingenuity can devise. The New York market *alone* has made millionaires of men.

Because of its size—the many-sided angles of its life—the cosmopolitan character of its population—some advertisers believe that the New York market is difficult to sell successfully.

But radio broadcasting through WMCA has shattered this prejudice; has proven, through actual *results* for a varied clientele of advertisers, that New York is *now* one of the *easiest* markets in the world in which to gain a firm foothold.

NEW YORK'S OWN STATION

WMCA covers practically *every* event—*every* happening that is of *interest to New Yorkers*. If there is an important New York news story WMCA broadcasts it. Banquets of local importance and significance, outstanding ring and sport events, theatrical performances, the smarter night clubs—these are a few of the things that New Yorkers expect WMCA to cover.

We believe that no station has more friendly and personal relations with its army of listeners than WMCA. Because they are always sure of finding something of immediate and local interest on its program, New Yorkers have an exceptionally warm regard for WMCA.





Knickerbocker Broadcasting Co. Inc.
1697 Broadway at 53rd Street
New York City

Thorough coverage at rates that are commensurate with service . . . . . transmission that is thorough, perfect and clear . . . . . a pioneer station that has achieved a unique record of success for itself as well as for its clients . . . . . literature and rate cards will be forwarded to interested prospective clients.



Bowery Mission



Night Clubs



Banquets



Theatres



Sports

BROADCASTING · IN · THE · NEW YORK · MANNER



Learn RADIO, TELEVISION, TALKING PICTURES

Don't spend your life slaving away in some dull, hopeless job! Don't be satisfied to work for a mere $20 or $30 a week. Let me show you how to make REAL MONEY in RADIO—THE FASTEST-GROWING, BIGGEST MONEY-MAKING GAME ON EARTH!

Jobs Leading to Salaries of $60 a Week and Up

Jobs as Designer, Inspector and Tester, paying $3,000 to $10,000 a year—as Radio Salesman and in Service and Installation work, at $45 to $100 a week—as Operator or Manager of a Broadcasting Station, at $1,800 to $5,000 a year—as Wireless Operator on a Ship or Airplane, as a Talking Picture or Sound Expert — HUNDREDS of Opportunities for fascinating BIG PAY Jobs!

Without Books *or* Lessons in 10 Weeks

By Actual Work *in* Great Coyne Shops

Coyne is NOT a Correspondence school. We don't teach you from books or lessons. We train you on the greatest outlay of Radio, Broadcasting, Television, Talking Picture and Code Practice equipment in any school. You don't need advanced education or previous experience. We give you—right here at Coyne—all the actual practice and experience you'll need. And because we cut out all useless theory, you graduate as a Practical Radio Expert in 10 weeks.

TELEVISION

Talking Pictures

And Television is already here! Soon there'll be a demand for THOUSANDS OF TELEVISION EXPERTS! The man who gets in on the ground-floor of Television can make a FORTUNE in this new field. Learn Television at COYNE on the very latest Television equipment! Big demand in TALKING PICTURES and SOUND REPRODUCTION! Hundreds of good jobs for WIRELESS OPERATORS! Learn ALL branches of Radio at Coyne—the one school that has been training men for 32 years.

Earn as You Learn

You get FREE EMPLOYMENT HELP FOR LIFE! And if you need part-time work while at school to help pay expenses, we'll gladly help you get it. Coyne Training is tested—proven beyond all doubt. You can find out everything absolutely free. Just Mail Coupon for MY BIG FREE BOOK!

H. C. LEWIS: President
Radio Division, COYNE ELECTRICAL SCHOOL
500 S. Paulina St., Dept. B1-9H, Chicago, Ill.

Send me your Big Free Radio Book and all details of your Special Introductory Offer. This does not obligate me in any way.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

Lucky Adam's Apple Man

(*Continued from page 19*)

he isn't going out, he is wearing his hat.

He greets you with a quick, penetrating blue eye. If he knows you well he offers you a cigar. There are few formalities. You state your business, get a decision and go. George Hill seldom keeps anyone who has an appointment waiting, and he exacts the same courtesy from the visitor. If he finds your questions irrelevant or impertinent, he can shut his jaw like a trap. But if he likes you or your errand, he can relax and smile.

Beside him in neatly arranged piles on his desk are books of proofs of Lucky Strike and Cremo cigar advertisements. He is also president of the American Cigar Company, a subsidiary, and incidentally on March 16th he began a fifteen minute broadcast of band music by Arthur Pryor and his Cremo Military Band six nights a week over the Columbia Broadcasting System.

Hill knows no hours in the conduct of his business. No matter where he is nor what he is doing, ideas flash through his mind. When these merit it, Hill goes into action. He manages to supervise every detail of his business. He keeps every important fact about it handy. Ask him a question about certain figures in his business, and out pops a paper with the answer on it. He prefers facts to estimates. He does things in a big way, but he does not exaggerate. Neither does he understate. He seeks always to be exact.

Every Saturday morning at eleven he goes to the NBC studios to hear an audition of his program. B. A. Rolfe and his orchestra have been practicing for two hours. When Hill hears an audition he does not see the orchestra, because he thinks the *sight* of the men might disturb his judgment. It is the *sound* in which the Radio audience is interested. How does the music "click" as it comes through the receiving set?

About the table is the Lucky Strike Broadcast Committee: L. Ames Brown, president of Lord & Thomas and Logan, the agency that handles the Lucky Strike account; Bertha Brainerd, NBC program director; Vincent Riggio, vice president in charge of sales of American Tobacco; Rosalie Adele Nelson, "Lucky" girl of poster fame, and others.

Before each member of the committee is a complete continuity of the program, as well as score sheets which give the exact arrangement of the instruments and the number of measures which they play in the various selections. A switch is turned. The orchestra is heard. All listen and look at Hill. Hill just listens. From time to time a member of the committee will get up and dance to some of the numbers to check the orchestra's tempo and vitality.

"Too blue," snaps Hill. "I don't like those pianos. Make that rhythm snappier. Put more pep in it."

Hill is not the only one who works hard to put snappy individuality into the Lucky Strike hours. Two hundred and thirty-six hours of desk work and rehearsal precede every hour on the air. Rolfe uses eight arrangers, working constantly. A holiday is usually just another day of work for them. Last summer Rolfe bought a motor boat to take the men off shore for a while during these rare leisure hours.

The orchestra and soloists have been selected with as much care as the program itself. Look them over. Here is a cornetist who has gained international reputation. Here is Ross Gorman, one of the most versatile musicians, who plays twenty-seven instruments and is busy inventing more. Several of the musicians conduct orchestras of their own. Andy Sannella, Lucien Schmidt, cellist and tenor "sax", Frank Banta, and a number of other artists are nearly as well known to the American Radio audience as Rolfe himself. Thorgersen's method of reading the continuity is in itself distinctive—and Hill was responsible for developing that too.

When former Ambassador James W. Gerard a few months ago issued a list of the sixty-four "Rulers of America," he mentioned only one man from the tobacco industry. That man was George Washington Hill. In some respects Hill is a more "powerful" ruler than any of the others, because he is probably a better showman. He rules by persuasion. He knows how to make people enjoy the things which he has to offer.

"GET-ACQUAINTED CLUB"

"Quick Introductions!" Big list (FREE). Send for one. American Friendship Society. Box 100-B. Detroit, Mich.

A Dash of Discontent

(*Continued from page 75*)

woman's discontent with her appearance that we owe many past and reigning beauties.

Greta Garbo, to take a contemporary example, was once dissatisfied, and justly so, with her inherent gaucherie; Marion Davies with her snub nose and wealth of freckles; Dolores Del Rio with her figure (strange as it seems now she was once the typical Mexican housewife, over-weight, with no distinction and no chic); Gloria Swanson with her prominent and unbeautiful nose; and Norma Shearer with her deep-set, too-small eyes —to name only a few of the beauties who started their film careers under actual handicaps. Had they been deficient in the constructive discontent which leads to fame and fortune not one of them would now be glittering in the crowded galaxy of screen stars.

Yes, to women the world owes much of its beauty and its progress. In spite of the belligerent gentleman of the luncheon table, woman has within her deep wells of that divine discontent which is "the very germ of the first upgrowth of all virtue".

Good-Bye, Gloom

(*Continued from page 51*)

noted for his vocal imitations of Coolidge and Lindbergh, and can make up to look exactly like President Hoover. During the last Presidential campaign Taylor's imitation of Coolidge was stopped by the Federal Radio Commission. They allowed him to resume after the campaign.

Eggs, from ostrich up or down, are his preferred dish. He likes 'em any style but old.

Railroad timetables and the minutes of City Council are his favorite reading matter. The sport in which he likes to participate above all others is going to fires. The sport he likes to watch is someone making out checks (good checks) to him.

Taylor has a younger brother, Horace, Jr., who resembles him so closely people take them for twins. Horace, Jr., attended Dartmouth, where he was captain of the swimming team in 1922-23. He now is secretary of his father's lumber firm and of Sunflower Plantation, Inc., and is president of the Clipper Oil Corporation.

"Stoopnagle" is married and has a son, F. Chase Taylor, Jr. eight. His wife is the former Lois Ruth De Ridder, daughter of a prominent Rochester shoe manufacturer.

Hulick, the "Budd" of this act, is a fair-haired boy of twenty-six. He actually intended to follow a musical career. As a boy he sang in the choir of St. Mark's Cathedral, Asbury Park, N. J. At the age of twelve he was winner of a school-children's singing contest.

At Georgetown University Hulick enrolled for a music course and spent much of his time with the glee club and the instrumental club, singing and playing the saxophone. He also played football. During his undergraduate days Budd always nursed the desire to enter show business or its cousin, Radio.

After his graduation Hulick tooted and crooned with Johnny Jones' recording orchestra. In Buffalo he made his inauspicious debut behind the spigots of a soda fountain. One day an executive of WEBR saw him cutting up for the customers, and Budd was placed before the microphone and told to talk. Three months later the Buffalo Broadcasting Company signed him as an announcer, actor and continuity writer.

Previous to his successful rôle on the "Gloom Chasers" act, Hulick was famed chiefly as the "Don" of the "Happiness House" program. He appeared also in the "Major Bullmore Expedition" episodes and as "Elisha" in the "Plain Folks" act. He also crooned on several programs.

One night Hulick was announcing a program from the Palais Royal, a Buffalo night club. Helen Lewis and her girl band, appearing at a motion picture house that week, were guests at the club on this particular night. During the evening Budd met Wanda Hart, an entertainer appearing with the band. Two weeks later they were married. Since then Mrs. Hulick has been on a number of programs with her husband.



PUTTING

"RED LETTER DAYS"

on the radio calendar

The world's first broadcast, consisting of the Harding election returns, came over Westinghouse Station KDKA, November 2, 1920. The first church service, the first broadcast of a theatrical production was presented over a Westinghouse Station. Time and again, Westinghouse has blazed the radio trail with achievements that today have become commonplace at the nation's firesides.

The same story of Westinghouse radio leadership holds true today. Westinghouse Radio technique . . . Westinghouse broadcasting facilities . . . Westinghouse reputation . . . have made thousands and thousands of loyal listeners who turn their dials to a Westinghouse Station the moment they switch on their radios. 980—990—1020 kilocycles! Remember those numbers when you're tuning in!

WESTINGHOUSE · RADIO · STATIONS

WBZ-WBZA 990 kilocycles — KDKA 980 kilocycles — KYW-KFKX 1020 kilocycles

Boston, Mass., Statler Building — Springfield, Mass., Hotel Kimball

—COMMERCIAL OFFICES—

Pittsburgh, Pa., Hotel Wm. Penn — Chicago, Ill., 1012 Wrigley Bldg. — New York, N. Y., 50 E. 42nd Street

Betty's Big Thrill

(*Continued from page 32*)

slopes were covered with adobe huts as diminutive as dolls' houses. Gleaming under that brilliant Oriental sun, it all took on the aspect of unreality—a stage setting of a toy village.

A few hours' rest in the Pasha's house, and I was trundling over dusty roads to the royal palace. My escort was the son of the Prime Minister, who warned me to wear the longest dress I had, and to be sure my neck and arms were covered. "It's bad enough you approach him with a bare face . . ." he said. "No woman has ever been seen on our streets with an uncovered face before."

A large, white house with many pillars was the glittering palace on the hill. Eunuchs in flowing robes were standing on the wide steps. Long black braids of hair fell over their shoulders. Bowing low, they led us inside where the Emir sat on his royal dais. My escort fell at the Emir's feet and fervently kissed the hem of his garments as he repeated an invocation to Allah.

Was this the way to greet an Oriental potentate? Frankly, I was a bit nonplussed. Then I remembered America's democratic greeting for everyone and extended my hand.

The ruler shook it warmly.

"Kief Hallec!" (How do you do?) I exclaimed.

"Ah, the lady-with-the-white-face speaks Arabic!" exclaimed the Emir.

"Only about ten words," I laughingly answered.

"Learn ten more and you'll know the language!" he laughed.

Emir Abdullah might have stepped forth from the covers of a story-book as he sat there that never-to-be-forgotten afternoon in his palace at Amaan, the desert capital. Surprisingly young; slightly above medium height, pleasantly plump, his brown eyes hold the clue to his personality. They constantly smiled. His heavy mustache drooped over full red lips and patch of black beard.

His Highness began the interview by remarking: "The advancement of the world is in the hands of women. The development of a country is simultaneous with the growth of its women."

Was civilization leaving any mark on his feminine subjects, I wondered. So, citing Mustapha Kemal, who had permitted the women of Turkey to unveil, I asked Abdullah whether he would allow his women subjects to do likewise.

"Never!" he shouted. "Never! My women will never unveil!"

"But," I persisted. "It's progress."

"What has a woman's uncovered face to do with progress?" he demanded. "I help my feminine subjects. I established schools for them, so that now, for the first time in history, women of the desert receive an education. They learn the history of our country and housework. But ah," the ruler of Transjordania shook his head sadly: "Our women are changing."

"For the better?" I asked.

"No." He was sad again. "For the worse. They're becoming civilized."

"But why is that worse?" I asked in surprise.

"Because our women are becoming fond of pretty dresses with low necks and short sleeves!" he gasped. "But worst of all—they love to ride in motor cars!"

"Is that a terrible vice?" I asked.

He became stern again. "It encourages the men to buy motor-cars. Just think," he wailed, "eight years ago, when I came here to rule, there wasn't a single automobile in Transjordania. Now our capital has eighty-five cars! Think of that heavy traffic in our city!" he demanded. "Doesn't that show luxury is creeping in here?"

"And why do you blame that on your women?" I asked.

"Because," he said sternly. "The women encourage men to buy cars! These women! The next thing, they'll be wanting to wear gowns without sleeves!"

"Your Highness, how many wives do your subjects have?" was my next question.

"Four, the Koran allows them," he answered (the Koran is their Bible). "But I make them prove they can support their wives before they take on extra ones, so the average man here can afford only two or three wives. I have two queens," he said proudly.

"Only two?" I asked.

"But I'm a young man . . . only thirty-five," he said apologetically. "I've got plenty of time yet to fill out my quota."

"Why are American women so opposed to polygamy?" he suddenly demanded. "Why wouldn't you, for instance, join a harem?"

"Never!" I replied. "I could never share the man I loved with other women. There's something possessive about real love."

As we discussed love, as interpreted in the Orient and the Occident, the retinue of eunuchs filed in and prostrated themselves at Abdullah's feet. Again the Prime Minister's son began kissing the hem of the Emir's robe.

My time was up.

The Emir rose.

"Has the lady-with-the-white-face any more questions?" he asked.

I nodded.

"Your Highness, what do you, a desert ruler with a harem of queens, really think of women—in your private life?"

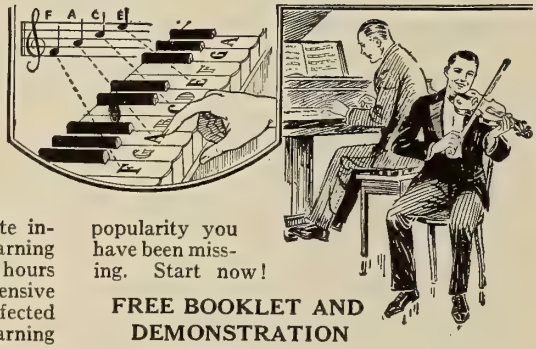
Emir Abdullah, ruler of Transjordania, descendant of the Prophet Mohammed, smiled as he answered:

"Even with a King, a woman gets first attention in everything. Ah, she is his greatest pleasure — and his greatest worry!"

Half a Million People
have learned music this easy way

You, too, Can Learn to Play Your Favorite Instrument Without a Teacher

Easy as A-B-C



MANY of this half million didn't know one note from another—yet in half the usual time they learned to play their favorite instrument. Best of all they found learning music *amazingly easy*. No monotonous hours of exercises—no tedious scales—no expensive teachers. This simplified method, perfected by the U. S. School of Music, made learning music as easy as A-B-C!

From the very start you are playing *real* tunes perfectly, by *note*. Every step from beginning to end, is right before your eyes in print and picture. First you are *told* how to do a thing, then a picture *shows* you how, then you do it yourself and *hear* it. And almost before you know it, you are playing your favorite pieces—jazz, ballads, classics. No private teacher could make it clearer. The cost is surprisingly low—averaging only a few cents a day—and the price is the same for whatever instrument you choose.

LEARN TO PLAY BY NOTE

Mandolin	Saxophone
Piano	'Cello
Organ	Ukulele
Violin	Cornet
Banjo	Trombone

Or any other instrument

Learn now to play your favorite instrument and surprise all your friends. Change from a wall-flower to the center of attraction. Musicians are invited everywhere. Enjoy the popularity you have been missing. Start now!

FREE BOOKLET AND DEMONSTRATION LESSON

If you really *do* want to play your favorite instrument, fill out and mail the coupon asking for our Free Booklet and Free Demonstration Lesson. These explain our wonderful method fully and show you how easily and quickly you can learn to play at little expense. Instruments are supplied when needed—cash or credit. U. S. School of Music, 1837 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC,
1837 Brunswick Bldg., New York City

Send me your amazing free book, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," with introduction by Dr. Frank Crane; also Free Demonstration Lesson. This does not put me under any obligation.

Name .....

Address .....

Instrument..... Have you Instrument?.....

Fight That Wave Grab

(*Continued from page 30*)

Camouflaging its real motive behind a high wall of discreet propaganda a "little army of self-promoters", who unquestionably hope to occupy "high-chair" positions in the future dictatorship of Radio broadcasting, placed the ammunition for its initial broadside in the hands of an unsuspecting senator. And when, on January 8th, 1931, Simeon D. Fess, Republican, from Ohio, introduced bill "S. 5589" in the Senate he became the innocent dummy for the "little army of self-promoters."

I can state frankly that the Fess bill is one of the most vicious pieces of legislation ever introduced in Congress. It must never be permitted to become a law.

By now those of our readers who have accepted the Fess bill at its face value will have jumped to a conclusion. Do they say, "This is being written at the instigation of the commercial broadcaster?" Allow the writer to deny this charge once and for all.

I AM not writing this at the request of, or in behalf of, any person or persons connected with commercial broadcasting. I am affiliated in no way with, nor receiving pay from, any commercial broadcaster. The editors of RADIO DIGEST are not subsidized by any commercial broadcaster. The editorial policy of this magazine favors constructive promotion of education in Radio. The Fess bill does not constructively promote education in Radio. RADIO DIGEST is published in the interest of the listener and every user of a receiving set is entitled to know the truth about any attempt to place Radio in jeopardy.

In telling the truth about the Fess bill RADIO DIGEST hopes not only to enlighten the listener and the public at large but sincerely desires to remove the blindfold from the eyes of every individual member of the several educational groups so unwittingly drawn into a liberty-throttling political scheme.

Now let us consider the ammunition with which the listener can successfully combat the present attack on his intelligence and *his pocketbook*.

Do you enjoy the editorial policy of your favorite newspaper? You must, or you would not purchase it. Let us assume that your favorite newspaper consists of twenty pages. Suppose there came a day when you discover that three pages of every issue are filled with political propaganda, or what have you?, in direct opposition to the editorial policies of the paper.

Of course, you say, these three pages must be nothing more than paid advertisements. But are they? You are told that the publisher of your favorite newspaper was forced, *by law* to accept and print the subject matter which fills these three pages. How could he be forced to do this against his will? How, indeed! By order of the Federal authorities! It *might* happen.

If the Fess bill, confiscating 15 per cent of all the allocations now being used by privately owned broadcasting stations in the United States, should become a law it is just as reasonable to assume that a similar attempt to confiscate one and one-half pages out of every ten in all privately owned publications might be tried.

But, you say, that will never happen. Granted. The press is not asleep. Nor would a congressman, in his right mind, dare propose a bill which would tend to establish a dictatorship of the American newspaper. The press is an old established institution which knows full well the rights to which it is entitled. The boys of "the fourth estate" are on the job. They would meet any attempted confiscation of those rights with the most powerful weapon — *Truthful Publicity*.

Radio is an infant alongside the press. I do not say that Radio is asleep, but I do claim that it has not learned as yet to rise up on its own feet and take a definite stand for its rights. Like the press it enjoys freedom of speech. It cannot perform its rightful function and keep faith with the public, no more than could the press, if freedom of speech is throttled. The foundation upon which Radio has been built is threatened if the Fess bill is allowed to become a law. The first step has been made toward the *ultimate confiscation of all broadcasting* by the Government.

A MINORITY of educationalists and some politicians in America are continually howling that our broadcasting is monopolized commercially. That is not true.

Let us give a brief comparison of the percentage of advertising on the air with that contained in periodicals.

L. Ames Brown, president of Lord, Thomas and Logan, has made a study of the advertising content of program continuities of 109 advertisers on the National and Columbia chains. He says, "The ten most popular programs have an advertising content of 8 per cent, while three of the first rank programs run about 11 per cent." Often you will find from 60 to 80 per cent of newspaper space devoted to advertising. Or, as Mr. Brown goes on to say, "One of our national magazines last year carried nearly twice as much advertising in its fifty-two issues as the two great chain systems did in 365 days."

"But," says an objector, "where one does not have to read the ads. in a magazine or newspaper he is forced to listen to the advertising announcements on the air or miss the entertainment features of a commercially sponsored program."

Very true, but the reader *pays* for his magazine or newspaper while the air programs cost the listener nothing.

"All right," is the objector's reply, "if the air advertiser were eliminated I would be willing to pay for my Radio entertainment, educational and otherwise, just as I do for the reading matter in magazines and newspapers."

The only way that could be managed in Radio would be by monopoly control under government supervision with a direct method of taxation.

"Why not?" The objector wants to be consistent. "I'm willing to be taxed to be rid of the air advertiser."

Yes? What price magazines and newspapers without advertisers? What price Radio without advertisers?

AND who do you imagine will be established as the mentor of your air programs then? You don't know? You'll find out. A bureaucratic politician. You may not think so now but in the event of government control of Radio the manipulating type of politician will be the absolute power "behind the microphone."

Now let me quote from the address of a former member of the Federal Radio Commission given before the National Advisory Council on Radio in Education (an organization not affiliated with the sponsor of the Fess bill or any commercial broadcaster) on May twenty-first: "Most stations have more unsold time on their hands than they know what to do with. They offer to turn it over, *without charge*, to educational institutions in the vain hope that they will make sensible use of it. I have no hesitation in saying that the state universities could have, without cost to them, *five times* as many hours on commercial stations as they are now using if only they were equipped to put on reasonably interesting programs. Even our regional governing bodies, garrulous as they usually are, turn suddenly shy when it comes to making use of free Radio; the task of utilizing as much as fifteen minutes a week taxes their facilities to the utmost!"

And there you are.

Commercial broadcasters are sponsoring their own educational programs because educational institutions and regional governing bodies *refuse* to accept free time on preferable allocations from studios using the best possible modern mechanical equipment.

Further revelations concerning the B'c Wave Grab will be presented by Mr Hobart in the next RADIO DIGEST.

Mr. Jones Tunes In!

Lem Misses a Million Dollar Program and Discovers That Tubes Wear Out

By Robert L. Kent

LEMUEL JONES sighed as he arose from the table. He was tired. It had been a prodigious day at the office and a quiet evening in the big chair beside the radio looked mighty good.

"Ann," he said to his pretty wife, "Ann, I read today about a wonderful new program that is to go on the air tonight. A million dollars is being spent on it and the piece in the paper said that there's a big surprise for listeners. I sure want to listen to that program. Seems as though the radio is getting better every day."

"Well, Lem," replied Ann, neatly folding her napkin, "I hope you do hear it but I have my doubts. Our set has been acting queer lately. It seems to die down to a whisper and when it does come in stronger there's a funny sound and you just can't hear a thing. I'm tired of the exasperating thing."



"Don't tell me those kids have been fooling with the radio again, Ann."

"Now Lem, you always say that, but I know they haven't because I have kept them out of that room."

"Well, we'll see," and Lem stalked from the room, into the sun parlor, and let himself wearily down into the cushioned easy chair. "Boy that feels good," he murmured, reaching for the dial on the radio. He threw the switch and whirled the dial to his favorite station.

He waited. A droning sound issued from the speaker and, faintly at first, then louder, came a noise that certainly was not music. Nor was it the velvet voice of the announcer.

Mr. Jones fidgeted, but waited. Two creases appeared between his eyes. His sensitive ears were offended. He twisted the dial to another station. The result was exactly the same.

"Darn," growled the head of the Jones family, raising his lanky form from the chair. He was angry. His face was diffused with blood—a characteristic of the Jones clan when aroused or embarrassed. Lem noisily pried off the top of the radio and his body bent in the middle like a jackknife. He peered closely at the conglomeration of tubes, wires and whatnots. He pushed each of the tubes to make certain they were firmly in their sockets. He gently pulled a wire here and tentatively touched a gadget there, but if there was any improvement it was not apparent. Now Lemuel Jones had not the least conception of the inner workings of a radio set. No, Lem knew nothing about radio and his pushing and pulling was a desperate and forlorn hope that perhaps some miracle would happen. But nothing did happen and after minutes of fussing with the works he finally desisted.

Ordinarily he was a mild mannered individual, but at the end of that fifteen minutes he was in much the same state as the golfer who has been hooking and slicing through eighteen holes of golf. He gritted his teeth and said things half under his breath that Ann would have been extremely shocked to hear. He banged the top on the radio and sulkily picked up the evening paper—a perfectly good evening wasted—and he had wanted to hear that wonderful new program.

The rattling of dishes in the kitchen finally ceased and Ann entered. Lem looked at her over the top of his paper. "It's no use, Ann," he said. "The thing won't work and I don't know what's wrong with it. Better get a service man to look it over tomorrow and have him put it in shape."

MR. SMITH, of the Radio Shoppe, grinned as he turned from the 'phone. "Hey, Al," he shouted to a young man in the rear of the store who was busily tinkering with an old battery model, "wrap up a set of tubes for a Sweetone set. Mrs. Jones is having trouble. It's the tubes. 'Sfunny, but people wait until the last minute to call a service man and then they want service in a hurry. And how!"

"Yeah, that's right," replied Al with an answering grin on his freckled face, and walking forward with the package of tubes. "They forget that tubes wear out!"

Sweet Six-ty

(*Continued from page 73*)

remote from the subject of youth," exclaimed Miss Hopper, who all this while had been emphasizing her points with determined and expressive gestures of her hands, "but worry and self-pity are the most subtle destroyers of years. They gnaw at the very foundation of life.

Was it possible that this pretty, young looking creature who expressed vivacity in every limb, who flitted across the room like a little girl, and who spoke with such animation—was it humanly possible that she had journeyed sixty-odd years over the Highway of Time. Those who know Miss Hopper say that she has been "Over Sixty" for several years, which would lead us to believe without any complicated reckoning that Seventy was close at hand. But for Miss Hopper's purposes, "Over Sixty" is plenty. "I hate figures anyway," she said.

"You know, the thing that surprises me most is that people *get* old. I don't know how they do it. I can't understand their mental processes. It amazes me.

"I for one have no criticism to make of my young friends, and I have a host of them. I associate constantly with young people for I enjoy being with them.

"The youth of today is just the same as it was in grandmother's day—full of life, joy and freedom. I have one criticism to make among American girls and women. There is not enough individuality in dress. If a new fashion is decreed by a stylist they all thoughtlessly accept it without considering their own particular adaptation for it. Here again, is where courage is needed. They are afraid to carry out the courage of their convictions.

"Perhaps another reason for the lack of inquiry in personal dress is that in this age when everything is running at top-speed and people are spinning around like long-wound tops, they haven't the time to study themselves. They take the best thing that comes along and ask no questions.

"As for myself, I believe I'm the only one in New York who still wears short skirts—party or no party."

Miss Hopper was dressed in a pretty tailored two-piece frock which reached to her knees. But anyone with a pair of legs like Miss Hopper's should have no difficulty in carrying out convictions about abbreviated frocks.

Miss Hopper is essentially a creature of the theatre. The stage has been sort of a home for her for many years.—it makes no difference if it's just a small house in Hicksville. The applause to an actress is the "Good and well-done faithful servant."

"Give me the footlights and an audience," exclaimed Miss Hopper as she streched out her arms to an imaginary crowd of people, "and I am the happiest person in the world. There is nothing to compare with it."

Petite Miss Hopper has never had a sensation of fear in her life, but she confessed to feeling afraid the first few times she approached the unresponsive microphone.

There was no applause—nothing to tell her that she pleased the audience. Just the cold stiff shoulder of a black microphone. But when the letters came pouring in from all parts of the country to the number of 300,000 during the first twelve weeks, Miss Hopper began to realize that she was making "a hit" with her listeners.

Miss Hopper like most of us has many theories and ideals, but she differs from us in that she is able to prove each and every one of them.

Last year in the face of the keen opposition of her friends and acquaintances she attempted one of the most difficult tasks that is known to the stage. Her purpose in taking up acrobatic adagio, one of the most dangerous and complicated forms of dancing, was to prove to the world that she was young in body, that she was supple of limb and flexible of muscle. She was told that she was insane even to think of anything like that. But Miss Hopper wanted to disprove the age-old law that the body is limited in activity after a certain age, and she did it. She played to packed audiences whom she astounded by her grace, vigor and suppleness.

There is no monopoly on youth. Miss Hopper insists that everyone can follow her example. Start now, she advises. Eat the right kind of foods, exercise and don't fret. Take a mixture of these ingredients in the right proportion and you have conquered Elusive Youth.

Harry Glick

(*Continued from page 63*)

while I take a fling at the 'World of Literature'—you know, articles on physical culture and health.

"Then broadcasting opened its doors to me. Do I like it? Say, those morning gym classes put pep into me for the rest of the day.

"What are my hobbies? Well, believe it or not, I have a real passion for rowing. It's the most marvelous exercise in the world. And when I can't get to a boat and do the real stuff, I take a ride in my little 15-pound rowing machine. Why, that's what keeps me fit! Every time I get a chance I take my classes down to the beach during this fine summer weather and we all have a grand time! Come on over the next time we go. I'm going to break a bottle of salt water over this little do-hickey and give it a title—think it'll be—what's that? No better name than the one it has—'The Seat of Health?' So you like that? O. K., buddy. See you again sometime. So long!"



RUDOLPH L. DUNCAN, President, RCA Institutes, Inc., Member, Institute of Radio Engineers; Member, Radio Club of America; Member, Veteran Wireless Operators Association; Captain, SCR, United States Army.

A Radio message

To men who are looking ahead!

by R. L. DUNCAN

ONLY a few men will read this message . . . but they will be the type of men in whom I am personally interested. For such men . . . I want to open the door to thorough training in radio. And the coupon below is the first step!

RCA Institutes, Inc., (formerly the Marconi Institute) was founded 22 years ago for one purpose. To produce graduates who will be of *value* to the radio industry. If our Institute never made a penny . . . but did succeed in lifting the standard of radio technicians, engineers, and merchandisers, we would consider our work a success!

Naturally, we want our message to reach as many men as possible. So we founded resident schools in four metropolitan cities. Then we opened our courses to men all over the world who cannot afford to give up their positions. Thousands of our students study at home in their spare time. With the equipment we furnish, they have their own radio laboratory right at home! You, too, can start your course at home *any time!*

Our courses cover the entire radio field. We train beginners who have had no previous knowledge of radio. Advanced students take our more technical courses. But whatever branch of radio interests you . . . is all ready for you to study. The cost is surprisingly low for the training you get.

As the oldest radio school in America, we have given training to nearly 20,000 men. Many of these are now executives and engineers in the largest broadcasting and manufacturing companies. But none of these arrived overnight. Nor will you. Your success depends on how well you train yourself . . . how hard you work. But we will help you. I personally invite you to write to me for our free book that gives you the complete story.

RCA INSTITUTES, Inc.

RCA INSTITUTES, Inc.
Dept. DR-7
75 Varick St., New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Please send me your FREE book which tells about your laboratory method of radio instruction at home.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Occupation .....

Aunt and Uncle Mike

(*Continued from page 49*)

came under the latter group in his plan.

The same basic idea is still carried out by his NBC commercial program, heard each Sunday night, as well as his local broadcasts from WEEI, Boston, and the club has a huge membership.

Bob Pierce, the original "Old Man Sunshine" of NBC network fame, was "imported" for WLW's young listeners last February when the Cincinnati station's executives went to New York City to gather in talent for the station. His daily Sunshine Club is on the air every week day at 5:30 p.m. amusing children of school age. His programs combine the qualities that made him famous as Old Man Sunshine and "Uncle Bob" to thousands of children in the NBC and WOR audiences. He makes his act something more than a bedtime story period by mingling with it music, literature in light doses, comedy, little lessons in hygiene, and safety talks.

So successful has he been that one national (note) woman's magazine commented on his work and influence on children in an editorial, pointing out that children's entertainment programs like his could be classed with education by Radio. Other critics have been as generous and never accuse him of being oversentimental or silly.

Every child who writes to Old Man Sunshine gets a Sunshine Club button with Pierce's picture on it. The club has a pledge and a song that has to do with making other people happy and doing a daily good turn. Among the thousands of letters he receives, every now and then a truly pathetic one turns up. His latest was written in Braille by five little girls in a school for the blind. They listen to him every day and are planning to learn the club song when they get it rewritten in Braille!

Hopping back from the shores of the Ohio River and over to the rock-ribbed coast of Maine, we find another new youngster's club, "The Caravan". This has been in existence at WCSH, Portland, a month less than a year, yet, within its first eight months it gathered over eleven thousand members. The Caravan is a Radio-newspaper club sponsored by the Portland Press Herald, Evening Express and Sunday Telegram for pupils of primary, grammar and junior high schools everywhere. Already its enrollment includes children from 400 New England cities and towns, Canada and the British West Indies.

Encouraging youngsters in self-expression by the medium of a broadcast each Tuesday evening during the school term, and through the club news which is published daily in the sponsoring newspapers, is the main object of the club, whose director, incidentally, is Uncle Dan (Daniel A.) Hegarty. The children make the program. Original musical and mystery sketches are presented solely by the members with no outside professional aid except Howard Reiche, club pianist.

Of course, Uncle Dan writes the skits, conducts tryouts and stages the rehearsals, but otherwise the show is one staged by and for the youngsters. Half a thousand young performers have already been given an opportunity to display their talents which range from singing, reading and acting to playing instruments. Some of the volunteer broadcasters have traveled distances of 200 miles in order to appear before the microphone.

And now, dear children, as it's two o'clock in the morning, this finishes our bed-time story. Next month at the same time through these pages Uncle Ev promises to continue this Radio fairy tale.

Charm

(*Continued from page 25*)

or hectic or excited. We easily lose our heads.

"In order to give our friends that undefinable, subtle quality which is our charm, we must have a complete repose. For this perfect physical control and calm nerves are necessary. We must learn how to relax. This helps us to give forth a calmness and quiet serenity that soothes and rests other people. They find it comforting to be with us.

"Since dancing gives one this bodily control and grace of movement, make it a practice to turn on the Radio or the victrola and to dance at home. I have had awkward, self-conscious girls come to my studio and a few months of dancing improved the ease and grace of their manner and their bearing so greatly that their personalities were transformed.

"It is the development of these womanly graces which hold charm for everyone."

Now we come to one who has won the hearts of people in every part of the world and whose name has become a synonym for charm—Mary Pickford. It was an amazingly youthful person that greeted us in her hotel suite during her brief stay in New York. She has an engaging smile and a manner that is exceedingly gracious. But what one particularly notices is that her face is illumined by a rare expression of spirituality.

"It is hard to say just what charm is," she told us. "Barrie speaks of it as 'a sort of bloom on a woman.' The dictionary calls it 'an irresistible power to please and attract.' In either case it sounds most desirable, doesn't it?

"I have always been entranced by the title of Alice Duer Miller's book, 'The Charm School,' and have thought how much better it would be if some of the beauty parlors on every block could be replaced by charm schools. For charm is much more difficult to acquire and certainly much more beautiful than beauty itself.

"The most precious thing about charm is that it is ageless. It is a possession that remains with one to the last day, undiminished in beauty.

"This subtle quality is a composite of many attributes: daintiness, perfect grooming, joy of living and love of one's fellow-beings. One must have a warm interest in the problems, in the joys and sorrows of others. It must be an interest that springs from the heart. It cannot be simulated or pretended. There must be a sincere desire to know, to sympathize and to understand."

Radiographs

(*Continued from page 56*)

tin whistles, horns, kazoos and various other articles to make the noises he wishes on his programs. There are few sounds Bill isn't equal to, from the bark of a dog to the clump, clump of horses.

Jane is a versatile little lady also, even if she is only twelve years old. She acts, she sings, she giggles. And when it's time to leave NBC she trundles off to school just as any ordinary little girl must do. Each morning her mother brings her to the studio, and always listens most attentively, either in the control room, or out in the reception hall. Jane has been in Radio three years now. For a long time she was one of Madge Tucker's children in the program of "The Lady Next Door." When Jolly Bill wanted a partner, he went to Miss Tucker, and when he had heard all the children in auditions, decided that Jane was the one most suited for the part.

Uncle Bill has quite a family of his own —three girls and a boy. They take many trips together, and this helps Bill to gather stories. He says he always tries out his jokes on his family first. At home he does his writing on a little sun porch, or he works at his desk on the twelfth floor of NBC. His writing is very casual. He prefers to stand before the microphone and talk, just as any child's uncle would tell a story. Undoubtedly he has the right idea, for he numbers his nieces and nephews by the thousands.

RADIO DIGEST PUBLISHING CORP.,
420 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.

To make sure of every forthcoming issue of Radio Digest I wish to become a regular subscriber. Enclosed find $3.00 in payment for my subscription for twelve months.

Name_____Date_____

Street_____City, State_____



This life color makes a lovelier "you"...

OF ALL THE TINTS and shades in which make-up color might be presented, there is but one true life color. Soft, illusive, yet real as life...a color that breathes charm and loveliness . . . a color that beauty chemists long sought and at last discovered—Phantom Red.

In any light, on any skin, with any costume, this phantom-like color holds its fresh bloom. To the white skin of fairest blondes, it brings the tint of primroses; to skin of ivory tone, it brings a golden blush; to brunettes of suntanned shades, it gives that brilliance and depth that only such complexions may use. For Phantom Red accents with color while it reveals your own complexion tone, blending perfectly, giving individual beauty.

This marvelous life-color may now be yours, in Phantom Red Lipstick and Rouge Compact—and with the equally smart Phantom Eye Shadow and Phantom Brow, your make-up necessities are complete. They are sold at leading toilet goods counters, at the following prices: Phantom Red Lipstick in smart red and black swivel case, $1.00. Junior size, 50c. Phantom Red Rouge Compact, 75c. Phantom Eye Shadow, paste form in enamel case, blue-gray or brown, $1.00. Stick form in enamel case, 50c. Phantom Brow, liquid, brown or black, 75c. Phantom Brow mascara cake, in smart container with brush and mirror, brown or black, 75c.



LILA LEE
(*First National*)



LORETTA YOUNG
(*First National*)



MARY PHILBIN
(*Universal*)



DOROTHY MACKAILL
(*First National*)

Clip and mail the coupon below. For 10c, the vanity size Phantom Red Lipstick and Make-up Book will be mailed to you. Dainty models of Phantom Red Rouge Compact, Phantom Eye Shadow, and Phantom Brow, are 10c each additional. Address Carlyle Laboratories, Inc., 67 Fifth Avenue, New York.



Phantom Red COSMETICS

To realize your ideal mail this coupon today

CARLYLE LABORATORIES, Inc., 67 Fifth Avenue, New York
Enclosed please find cents (10c each) for the items I have checked below
☐ Lipstick ☐ Rouge ☐ Brow Liquid ☐ Eye Shadow

Name_____

Address_____

_____

Consider your Adam's Apple!!*

Don't Rasp Your Throat With Harsh Irritants

"Reach for a LUCKY instead"

Now! Please!—Actually put your finger on your Adam's Apple. Touch it—your Adam's Apple—Do you know you are actually touching your larynx?—This is your voice box—it contains your vocal chords. When you consider your Adam's Apple you are considering your throat—your vocal chords. Don't rasp your throat with harsh irritants—Reach for a LUCKY instead—Remember, LUCKY STRIKE is the only cigarette in America that through its exclusive "TOASTING" process expels certain harsh irritants present in all raw tobaccos. These expelled irritants are sold to manufacturers of chemical compounds. They are not present in your LUCKY STRIKE. And so we say "Consider your Adam's Apple."



LUCKIES are always kind to your throat



Emily Boyle
BRONXVILLE, N. Y.

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TUNE IN—The Lucky Strike Dance Orchestra, every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evening over N. B. C. networks

"It's toasted"

Including the use of Ultra Violet Rays
Sunshine Mellows — Heat Purifies
Your Throat Protection — against irritation — against cough

THE CUNEO PRESS, INC., CHICAGO

Radio Digest

SEPTEMBER, 1931 25 Cents



BETTY ROSS, W2XCR

TELEVISION IS HERE

FALSE TEETH ARE A GREAT INVENTION
BUT KEEP YOUR OWN AS LONG AS YOU CAN



PYORRHEA has no respect for you

PYORRHEA, dread disease of the gums, comes to four people out of five past the age of forty. It is an insidious foe that may infect the mouth of youth and lurk in the gums for years before beginning its real work of havoc.

It starts with tender gums that bleed easily when brushed. As it progresses it spreads dangerous poisons throughout the system, often loosening teeth in their sockets until they fall out or extraction is necessary.

False teeth at best are only a substitute for your own and so often they are only the penalty of thoughtlessness and neglect.

A dentist perfected Forhan's to fight pyorrhea

At the first sign of pyorrhea go right to your dentist for a careful oral diagnosis. Modern dentistry can work wonders and save you untold trouble in your mouth if you rely on it in time.

Between visits to your dentist your teeth are your own responsibility. Therefore choose your dentifrice with utmost care.

Forhan's is the discovery of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S., who for 26 years specialized successfully in the treatment of pyorrhea. It is unique in that it contains the benefits of an ethical preparation developed by Dr. Forhan, which thousands of dentists use in the treatment of pyorrhea.

Don't gamble with pyorrhea

It is really folly to take a chance. Decide now not to gamble any longer.

Visit your dentist regularly and brush your teeth with Forhan's twice a day. You can make no finer investment in the health of your mouth and the safety of your teeth.

Forhan Company, Inc., New York; Forhan's Ltd., Montreal.

FORHAN'S

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

False teeth often follow pyorrhea, which comes to four people out of five past the age of 40



SENSATIONAL VALUE!
SEND NO MONEY



A daily sun bath—a few minutes in the morning or evening—will keep you looking and feeling physically fit.



Invalids confined indoors missing the life-giving, health-bringing power of natural sunlight, find the Health Ray Lamp a boon.



Ultra-violet rays prevent rickets by supplying Vitamin D to the System.

Now the Amazing Benefits of ULTRA-VIOLET RAYS for ONLY $5.95

A $100 Sun lamp can do no more

Now, through the magic of the Health Ray Lamp, artificial sunlight, containing all the rejuvenating and healthful properties of sunshine, is available to all—at any time of the day or night—at any season of the year. Now the great benefits of ultra violet radiation can be yours . . . through this new, full-strength, therapeutic, ultra-violet (and infra-red) lamp at the *lowest* retail *price* in the world . . . $5.95!

Mass production and tremendous sales alone make this possible.

Youthful Vigor and Vitality

A few minutes in the morning or evening will suffice for your daily sun bath . . . will keep you feeling and looking physically fit . . . your body stimulated with Vitamin D . . . your brain alert . . . colds, grippe . . . annoying little aches and pains will pass you by. The whole family will enjoy greater health.

Inexpensive Health Insurance

It costs only a few cents a day to enjoy the relaxing, healthful, vitalizing rays of the Health Ray Lamp. By subjecting yourself to these rays, you are building up a reserve of health and strength to withstand disease. You will look and feel vibrant, vigorous, fully alive. You are safeguarding your health in a pleasant, inexpensive way.

Real Sun Tan (the glow of health)

A genuine sun Tan is quickly and easily secured with a Health Ray Lamp. A few minutes a day spent bathing in the rays of this lamp will give you the same kind of tan you get on a Florida beach.



Brings These Many Benefits

1. Builds strength and vigor, resistance to sickness; invigorates the entire system.
2. By activating the cholesterol in the skin, Vitamin D is created which fixes the calcium and phosphorus in the blood, preventing rickets.
3. Prevents colds, grippe, lumbago, stops the annoying little aches and pains of every day.
4. Improves the appearance by imparting the natural ruddy glow of vigorous health. Gives the same kind of Tan you would get from a month on the Florida beaches.
5. Frees the skin from pimples and temporary blemishes.

Specifications

Operates on either Alternating or Direct current. Resistance coil is of the best Nickel Chrome wire. Guaranteed for one year.

$5.95 HEALTH RAY LAMP

Innumerable Uses Found for Ultra Violet Radiation

These rays are especially effective in destroying germ life and imparting vigor and vitality. They also stimulate glandular function. They are remarkably efficacious in some forms of skin diseases. Strongly antiseptic, they destroy germs and clarify the skin. Pimples and temporary blemishes yield quickly to their purifying action. Children respond rapidly to the beneficent effects. In cases of listlessness and anemia, the rays are unusually effective. An invaluable aid in the treatment of rickets.

Same Benefits as $100 Lamps

The Health Ray Lamp is a remarkable bargain. Users receive the same benefits as with the $100 and $150 lamps. It is two lamps in one. It not only produces ultra violet—those rays that destroy germ life, invigorate physically and mentally and stimulate glandular function—but an especially designed generator produces at the same time the warm infra-red rays which stimulate blood circulation, soothe, comfort and penetrate deeply into living body tissue . . . healing and preventing illness.

10 days Free Trial—Send No Money

The Health Ray Lamp, including goggles, carbons, instructions, guarantee, etc., will be sent you for free ten days' trial in your own home. Try it at our risk. For ten days, experience its vitalizing, health-building effects. Compare the results with higher priced equipment. Send no money. Simply fill out coupon below and the complete outfit will go forward immediately. When it arrives, deposit $5.95, plus a few cents postage with the postman. After 10 days' trial, if you aren't amazed and delighted with results, simply return it and we will immediately refund your money.

There is only one requirement—that you include on the coupon the name of your local dealer from whom you would ordinarily purchase the Health Ray Lamp (for instance the name of your druggist or department store.)

Take Advantage of this special offer now! Fill out the coupon below and mail it today. Please print name and address plainly.

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW

Health Ray Manufacturing Company, Inc.
423 Harding Building
Station "O," New York, N. Y.

Send me one Health Ray (ultra violet and infra-red) Lamp, complete with goggles, carbons, instructions, guarantee, etc., at the special introductory price. Upon arrival I agree to pay postman $5.95 plus a few pennies postage.

It is understood that if after 10 days I am not completely satisfied, I may return the lamp and you will immediately refund my money.

Name_____

Street Address_____

City_____ State_____

Name of Dealer_____
(from whom you would ordinarily buy)

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THE NATIONAL BROADCAST AUTHORITY

Radio Digest

Including RADIO REVUE and RADIO BROADCAST

Raymond Bill, Editor

Harold P. Brown, Managing Editor

Henry J. Wright, Advisory Editor

Charles R. Tighe, Associate Editor

Nellie Revell, Associate Editor



HELEN GILLIGAN of CBS has had a life of lucky Thirteens. She was born April 13, there are 13 letters in her name, her first audition was on August 13th and there have been at least 13 other lucky breaks.



CONSTANCE BENNETT, eldest of Richard's three daughters, is one of the delightful RKO entertainers you have heard over the NBC net. She has distinguished herself on the screen and stage and delights all fans.

September, 1931

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FRANCES WILLIAMS is one of the newest prospects for the television department of the Columbia System. Bill Schudt is enthused not only about her televisibility but her splendid record as a vaudeville artist.



ANN CHASE, one of the newest members of the NBC National Players in San Francisco. Her adaptability to Radio for dramatic programs gives great promise for the day now at hand when players will be seen.

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Your name on the coupon below brings you a FREE copy of this new catalog of KALAMAZOO-DIRECT-TO-YOU Stoves, Ranges and Furnaces. It saves you ⅓ to ½ on your new cook stove or heating equipment, because it quotes you factory prices at *sensational reductions.*

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New Ranges in Lovely New Colors

Don't miss the new Coal and Wood Ranges, new Combination Gas and Coal Ranges—new colors and new improvements. *Look for the ranges with the new Utility Shelf—they're lower, much lower in price, and so attractive!* The President is a modern new Coal and Wood Range. Your choice of Pearl Gray, Ivory Tan, Nile Green, Delft Blue or Black Porcelain Enamel in all ranges. Colors to match every decorative scheme. Colors that start you dreaming of a beautiful kitchen. Colors as easy to clean as a china dish. Also Gas Stoves, Oil Stoves, Household Goods.

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Pages of colored pictures and descriptions of Heat Circulators. Astoundingly Low Prices. Easy Terms. They give constant circulation of fresh, healthful, moist, warm air—eliminate colds and winter ills. Several models with convenient foot warmer. Heat from 3 to 6 rooms comfortably.

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If you are interested in a modern furnace-heating system actually planned for your home, mail coupon. It's easy to install your own furnace (pipe or direct heat)—thousands have. We show you how. A Kalamazoo furnace increases your home's value—makes it more livable, more comfortable, more healthful. Only $5 down.

30 Days' Free Trial

Use your Kalamazoo for 30 days, FREE. Every Kalamazoo carries a 5-year Guarantee Bond on materials and workmanship. $100,000 Bank Bond Guarantee of Satisfaction. You are fully protected—you risk nothing.

24 Hour Shipments

All stoves and ranges are shipped from Kalamazoo, Mich., or Utica, N. Y., warehouses, if you live east, within 24 hours. Furnaces, 48 hours. No delay. Safe delivery guaranteed.

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Kalamazoo's standard of quality is the same as for 31 years. Tremendous buying power enabled us to buy raw materials at the lowest possible prices. Selling direct from the factory—we are able to give you this year as never before, *absolute rock-bottom Factory Prices.* Kalamazoo is a factory. You can't beat factory prices at any time—more especially this year. Mail the coupon now for this sensational new book.

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Put an (X) in column at left to indicate articles in which you are interested.

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2403 Rochester Ave., Kalamazoo, Mich.

Dear Sirs: Please send me your FREE Catalog.

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(Please print name plainly)

Address.....

City..... State.....

News, Views *and* Comment

By Robert L. Kent

WHAT with television turning the last "corner," old Radio favorites staging a comeback and the boys in the studios and advertising agencies working overtime to build new Radio gems for listeners, there's precious little sign of depression in broadcasting and Radio fans had better sit close to their sets so they won't miss anything.

One of the best that will be with us again over a coast to coast hook-up on the Columbia network is The March of Time—that breath-taking, soul-stirring, mirth-provoking dramatization of world news September 11 at 8:30 P. M. E.S.T. over 36 Coast to Coast stations, the curtain goes up on what is easily one of the best programs on the air. Don't miss that opening night. Get a ringside seat beside your Radio and twist the dial to the right station.

Another program that has been on Summer vacation scheduled for a return to the air is Collier's Radio Hour . . . it's national . . . NBC is the network, the date is September 13. There will be drama, music and talk.

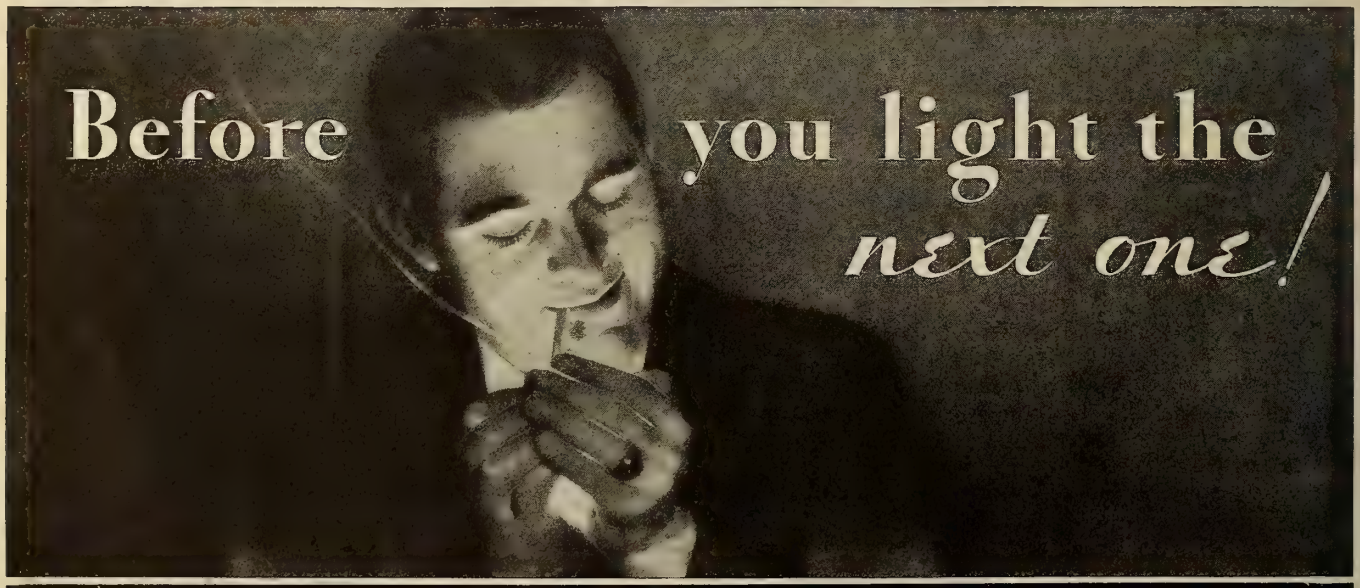
Some of the best Radiactors at NBC get together on Thursday, September 17, when The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes will again be on the air.

Here's a yarn to tax your credulity: A Radio communication sent at noon half way around the globe may reach its destination while the recipient is still in bed . . . not because of slow service but because of the difference in time. It's daytime there when it's nighttime here, if you know what we mean.

Marconi's first commercial wireless station in the United States, near Babylon, Long Island, built, it is said, early in 1901, is being preserved as a historical exhibit. It was purchased by Major Armstrong, Radio inventor, and presented to the Radio Corporation of America.

This is a story of a violin—and an artist who couldn't stand the nerve strain of owning it. You see it was a Stradivarius. David Rubinoff, who is a feature of the Chase and Sanborn Sunday evening programs over NBC, wanted that instrument more than he has desired anything in years. Rubinoff dickered and finally reached the rock-bottom price—$35,000. He was tempted. He lay awake nights thinking about that rare and beautifully-toned violin. He almost fell—and then he began to worry about the risk. He is a dynamic man . . . always rushing about to keep his many engagements . . . danger of damage to the instrument . . . he decided to wait until his life moves in a more quiet groove. . . I'm afraid he'll never own that violin.

Startling improvements have been made in television reception at Columbia in New York. And the programs are excellent . . . everything from boxing matches staged in the studio to character sketches and musicians. It is a peculiar fact that engineers will not admit that television has reached a state of perfection that should interest the average Radio fan . . . but it has. The images at Columbia are the best we have seen to date . . . facial expressions and movements of the artists are something to write home about. Only fault is that too many artists are permitted to be televised without putting on proper make-up.

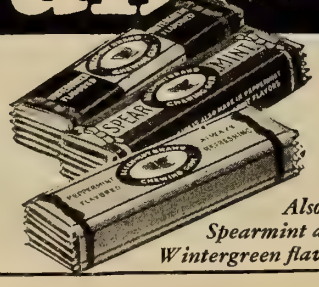


Beech-Nut Gum

MAKES THE NEXT SMOKE TASTE BETTER!

Buy a package of Beech-Nut Gum when you buy cigarettes or cigars. Chew it between smokes... It has the same effect as a good meal because it stimulates your taste sense... makes each smoke taste as good as the first one after breakfast... makes your smoking always enjoyable. *REMEMBER, there is no other gum quite so good as Beech-Nut.*

Made by BEECH-NUT PACKING COMPANY—Also Makers of Beech-Nut Fruit Drops



Also in Spearmint and Wintergreen flavors

BIG PAY JOBS *open* for the Radio Trained Man





Scores of jobs are open to the Trained Man—jobs as Designer, Inspector and Tester—as Radio Salesman and in Service and Installation work—as Operator, Mechanic or Manager of a Broadcasting station—as Wireless Operator on a Ship or Airplane—jobs with Talking Picture Theatres and Manufacturers of Sound Equipment—with Television Laboratories and Studios—fascinating jobs, offering unlimited opportunities to the Trained Man.

Ten Weeks of Shop Training

Come to Coyne in Chicago and prepare for these jobs the QUICK and PRACTICAL way—BY ACTUAL SHOP WORK ON ACTUAL RADIO EQUIPMENT. Some students finish the entire course in 8 weeks. The **average time is only 10 weeks.** But you can stay as long as you please, **at no extra cost to you.** No previous experience necessary.

TELEVISION *and* TALKING PICTURES

In addition to the most modern Radio equipment, we have installed in our shops a complete model Broadcasting Station, with sound-proof Studio and modern Transmitter with 1,000 watt tubes—the Jenkins Television Transmitter with dozens of home-type Television receiving sets—and a complete Talking Picture installation for both "sound on film" and "sound on disk." We have spared no expense in our effort to make your training as COMPLETE and PRACTICAL as possible.



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After you have finished the course, we will do all we can to help you find the job you want. We employ three men on a full time basis whose sole job is to help our students in finding positions. And should you be a little short of funds, we'll gladly help you in finding part-time work while at school. Some of our students pay a large part of their living expenses in this way. **Mail the coupon below!**

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H. C. LEWIS, President Founded 1899
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500 S. Paulina St., Dept. 61-9H, Chicago, Ill.

Send me your Big Free Radio and Television Book. This does not obligate me in any way.

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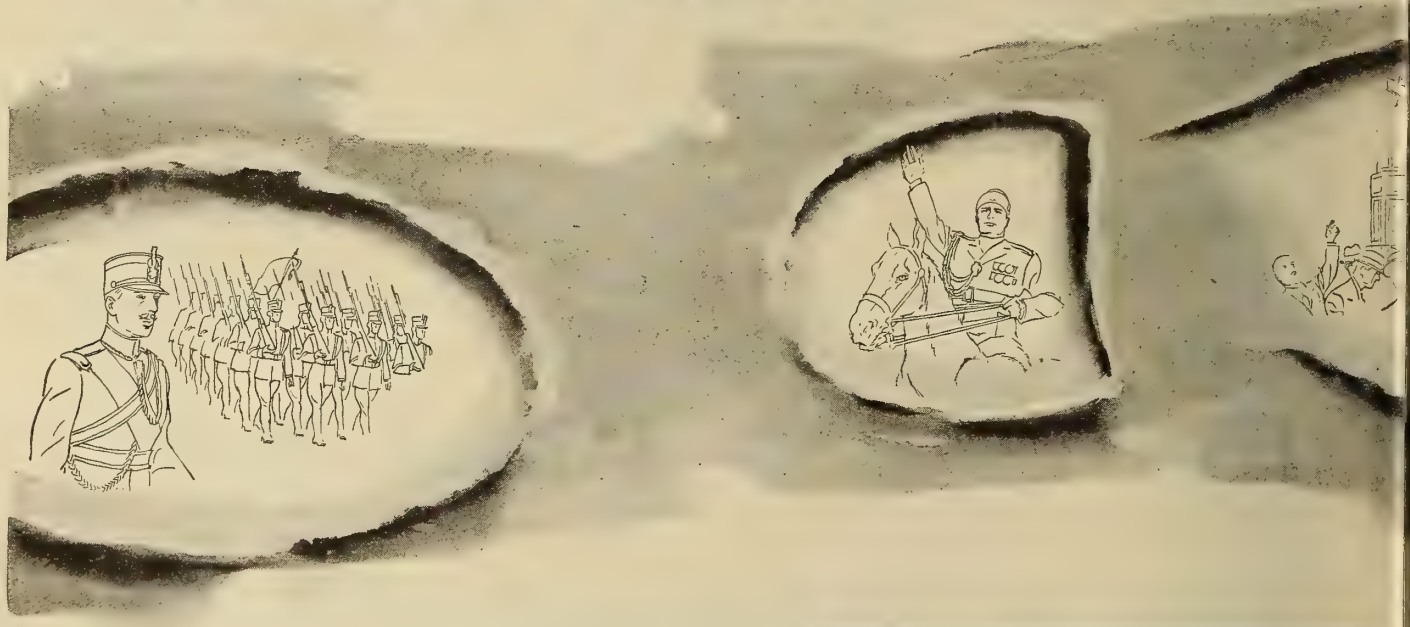
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"CATCHES THE UNDER-RIPPLING DRIVE OF DESTINY" . . . *Jack Foster* † "THE MAGAZINE

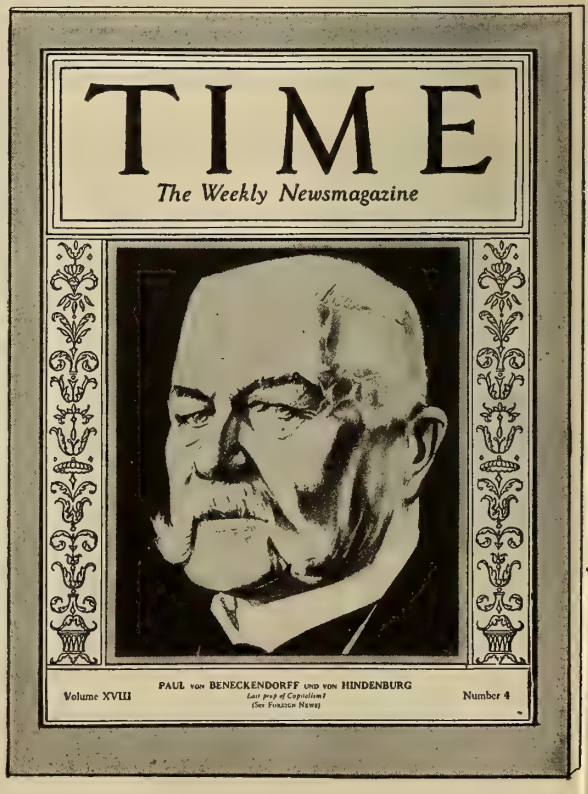
"THE APEX IN RADIO SHOWMANSHIP" . . . . *Variety* † "ABSOLUTELY NEW DEPARTURE IN RADIO" . . . . *Baltimore News*

Starting September 11th

TIME Ma



On a Thousand fronts the history of the world moves swiftly forward. From every corner of the world comes NEWS *-news of politics, science, people, crime, art, religion, economics.* TIME *(the only newsmagazine) watches, analyzes and every seven days reports the march of human history on all its fronts*



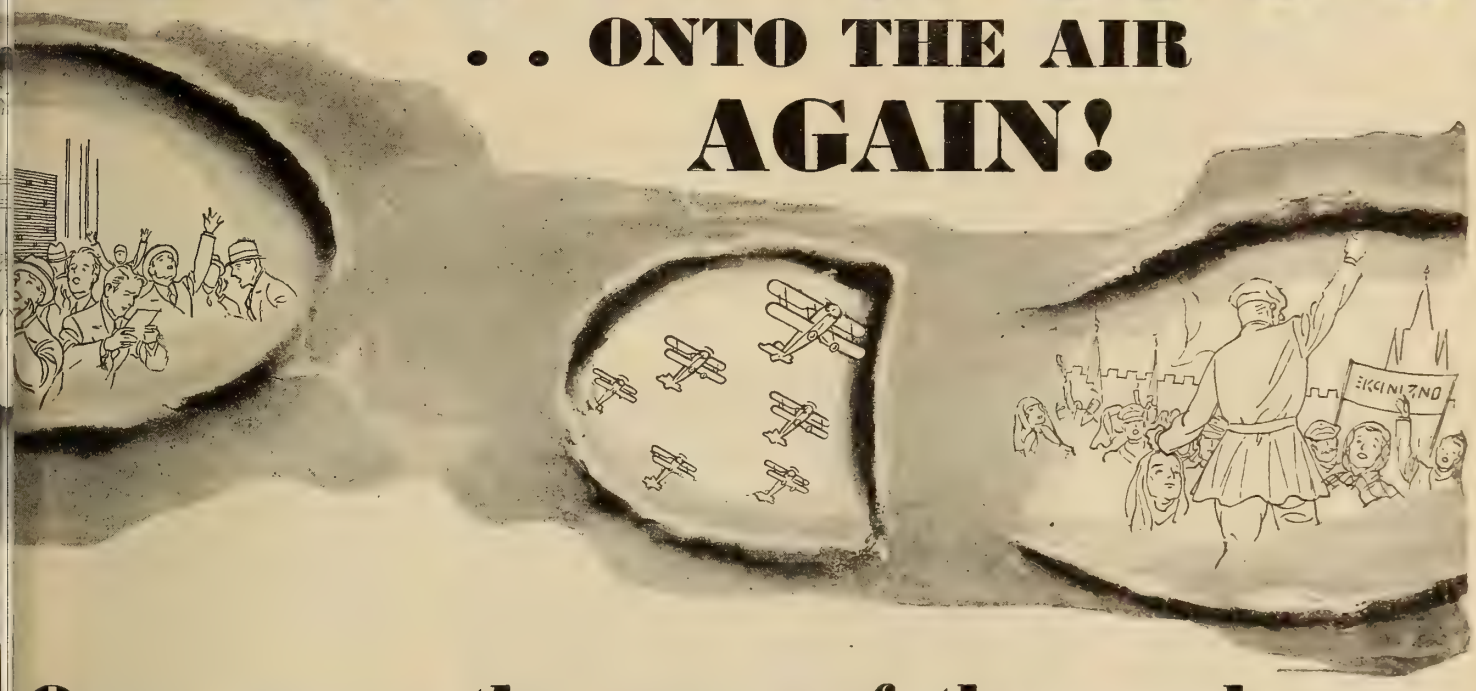
On the Newsstands EVERY FRIDAY 15¢

"THRILLING—BLENDS REALISM AND FANCY" . . . . *Louis Reid* † "SEASON'S OUTSTANDI

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rches On . .

. . ONTO THE AIR AGAIN!



Once more the news of the week COMES ALIVE over your RADIO!

TIME is on the air again—with "The MARCH of TIME."

First curtain, Friday evening, September eleven.

It's NEW radio . . . new, vivid, absorbing as TIME itself!

It's a new kind of reporting of the news —*on the air*—the re-enacting of memorable scenes from the news of the week.

For a half-hour every Friday evening, the thrilling, significant scenes in the week's news will live again in your living-room—more dramatic than fiction, because compounded of vivid reality and the history-making drive of destiny. It is the *living* story of your lifetime—it is "The MARCH of TIME."

Now it's here again! Tune in!

"THE MARCH OF TIME"

Each Friday evening. Pick up your nearest of 36 coast-to-coast Columbia stations.

8:30 P. M., E. D. S. T.

O PROGRAM" . . . . *Radio Digest* + "HUZZAS FROM MOST BLASÉ LISTENERS" . . . . *N. Y. Sun*

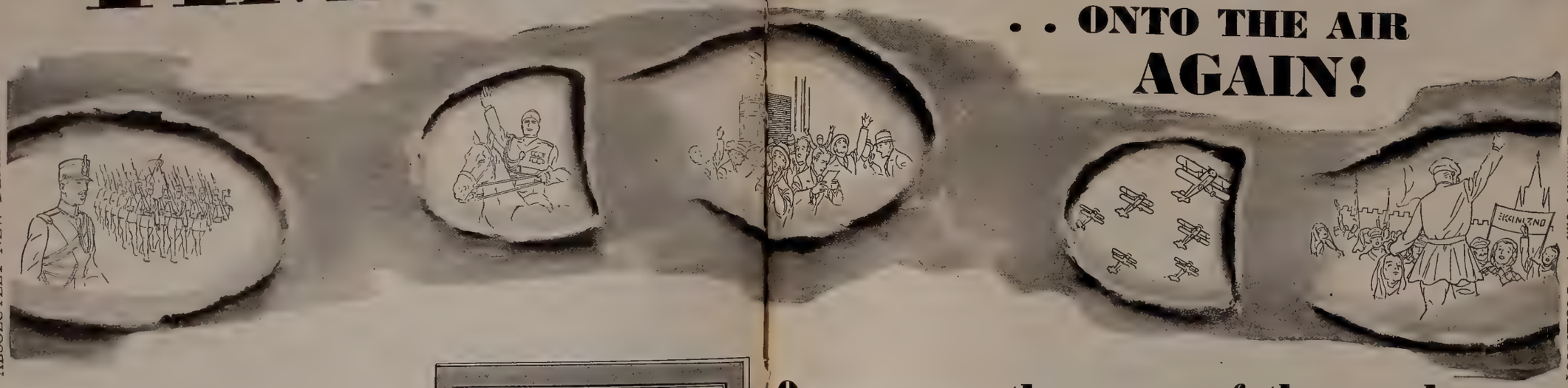
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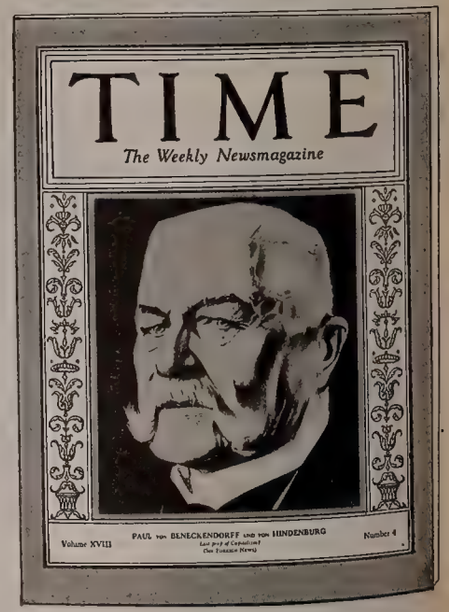
Starting September 11th

TIME Marches On . .

. . ONTO THE AIR AGAIN!



On a Thousand fronts the history of the world moves swiftly forward. From every corner of the world comes NEWS-*news of politics, science, people, crime, art, religion, economics.* TIME *(the only news-magazine) watches, analyzes and every seven days reports the march of human history on all its fronts*



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"DRAMATIC AS TIME ITSELF" . . . . *Baltimore Sun* + "FOREMOST FEATURE ON THE AIR" . . . . *Frederic William Wile* +

Coming *and* Going

Observations on Events and Incidents in the Broadcasts of the Month

THIS is our special Television Number. We have been keeping an attentive eye on the subject for a long time, but because we have considered it more of a laboratory proposition than a fan subject we have been content merely to tell you briefly and simply of the developments as they have progressed.

Now, however, we are definitely prepared to take our stand on the proposition that *Television is Here.*

There are twenty-two television broadcasting stations now authorized to function in the United States. As many more applicants are seeking to establish television stations. Several large factories are now at work producing television receivers for the public. The country is aroused from coast-to-coast with television enthusiasm. Good images are produced on receiving screens varying from one inch to six feet high. New inventions are undergoing tests for sensational improvements over systems now in vogue. And as the new systems come in old ones will go—just as it happened in Radio during the crystal age. The Big Chains are vying with each other to lead in this phase of broadcasting. And everything is for the Radio listener and observer.

* * *

AFTER making our bow to Mr. Francis Jenkins who not only was the inventor who gave us the first motion picture projection machine but has also pioneered the way with television inventions, let us give a cheer to our young inventors. Philo Farnsworth of San Francisco, Ulises S. Sanabria of Chicago and Hollis M. Baird of Boston, all among the foremost of inventors in new and successful systems of television, are in their twenties.

* * *

WILLIAM S. PALEY came back from Europe with his pockets full of contracts or agreements from all important countries to exchange programs in transatlantic broadcasts. This will further a suggestion made in Radio Digest a year ago proposing a frequent interchange of good will programs to promote universal peace and understanding between the nations. As a further step to promote good will in his own country Mr. Paley's first policy move on his return was to cut out all commercial religious programs and substituting therefor an hour each to the three leading religious faiths of the country every Sunday.

* * *

"MAIN street has turned the tables on Broadway," reads one naive release from the New York NBC press bureau. It continues: "Country folks who a few years ago were making annual pilgrimages from Gopher Prairie and Sauk Center to be awed by Manhattan's funsters, have gone into the entertainment business themselves and made good . . . more specifically, the figures say that of the 366 programs offered over the NBC networks since January 1 of this year 157 had their origin in Chicago and far-flung corners of the country." Along with Chicago, Gopher Prairie and Sauk Center are mentioned Cleveland, Rochester, Denver and San Francisco as worthy contributors to the nation's Radio entertainment. Har! Har! Who said England was the "tight little isle?"

ALL right! All right! Lay off, please! It's all settled! All you letter writers who hastened to advise this department that you do not want artist scandals in Radio Digest win your point. We only wanted to make sure we were not imposing our own prejudice against such reading matter on our readers. Glad you so emphatically agreed with us. Studio scandals are out.

* * *

M. H. AYLESWORTH, president of the National Broadcasting Company, and considered one of the most conservative authorities, was recently quoted by a news syndicate as saying, "Of one thing we are now certain; the television era has definitely dawned." Mr. Aylesworth and David Sarnoff are also credited with the statement that the RCA will have a "commercial television receiver on the market within the next year."

* * *

SOON we may expect a few loud rips in our sound receivers. Members of the Federal Radio Commission reconvene this month armed with important court decisions with which they doubtless will begin tearing out a number of broadcasting stations, which they believe should be eliminated for the good of the service. Activities along this line should be watched with keen interest, both by listeners and broadcasters, since it is a well known fact that certain elements in Congress have been urging such action for some time and Congressional interest in broadcasting as manifested at the last session is not above suspicion.

* * *

AT LAST we are beginning to find out a few things about the 1930 census as it effects Radio. We are beginning to get reports from the more populous states and as we go to press Connecticut takes top position in the list of 34 states reported. A little better than every other family in the state owns a Radio receiver. The percentage of the total is 54.9. Wisconsin, Michigan and Ohio come next with slightly lower rates. Mississippi is at the bottom with 5.4 per cent.

* * *

WITH this September issue Radio Digest begins its second year of publication under the present management. It has been a good year, and one of positive growth in all directions. Every precedent was broken when the news stand reports showed the highest percentage of sales in July over the whole year. Usually the mid-summer sales of Radio Digest, and most magazines, drop from 25 to 50 per cent. Another indication of the pace that has been set by the *new* Radio Digest is the considerably increased volume of advertising which appears in this issue. Plans have already been outlined for each of the next 12 issues of this magazine. Beginning with this number you will be able to save one dollar by subscribing for a whole year. In other words the annual subscription cost to you goes down from $3 to $2. So it is now distinctly to the reader's advantage to thus make sure of receiving his Radio Digest every month as soon as it is out. The news stand price of 25 cents will remain unchanged.

—H. P. B.

Scott Owners TELL THE WHOLE

TRUE STORY OF 'ROUND THE WORLD RECEPTION WITH

The Scott All-Wave

PARIS - BERLIN - ROME

"Yesterday between 2 and 4 p. m. I received Paris, Berlin and Rome. The Rome program was very clear with no fading and excellent quality. I held each station half an hour or more. I might also mention that this reception was during a thunderstorm which was so severe as to put WEAF out of commission and absolutely prevented any decent reception on the broadcast band."

D. R. B., New London, Conn.

NEW ZEALAND 50 WATTS

"I have just received one of the most thrilling verifications that I ever received in my time of D. X.ing. It was 2XP of Wairoa, Hawke's Bay, New Zealand, a station on 366 meters with only 50 watts. Boy, this seems to be an impossibility but I did it with my Scott. Also ZL2FC of Wairoa the same station owned by the same man, Mr. Perry. Besides Mr. Perry sent me a three page letter, showing how thrilled he was on receiving a report on his transmission which checked correct. This gives me my 457th verification. Also a number of new ones out waiting for report." R. A. T., Cresskill, N. J.

AUSTRALIA - JAPAN

"On the short waves which by now you will have surmised I have camped, I have had VK3ME, Melbourne, Australia; KAIXR, Manila; JIAA, Japan; and a most amazing lot of others not too far distant, but they will come in on the speaker (if I want them to) good and clear at that." J. C. G., Minneapolis, Minn.

CUBA - HOLLAND

"On the broadcast band, stations on the Pacific Coast, Mexico City, Havana, Cuba, and Halifax roll in with the power of locals. On the Short Wave Bands, England, Italy, Germany, Holland, and South America furnish me with daily entertainment. I am particularly pleased with the short wave reception of the operas broadcast from Rome, also the pronouncements from the Vatican Station."

F. L. Y., Queens Village, N. Y.

MANY FOREIGN STATIONS

"I can truthfully say it is the only real radio in town. The All Wave Receiver is in perfect condition and bringing in many foreign stations." R. W., Marion, N. C.

ENGLAND - AUSTRALIA

"Today G5SW, Chelmsford, England, came in, not faintly but with thunderous volume. I also got 12RO Italy, with good reception. Last night I received HKD, Barronquilla, Colombia with volume loud enough to be heard a block away, and I also got HRB, Tegucigalpa, Honduras with loud volume. I also have received VK3ME with perfection."

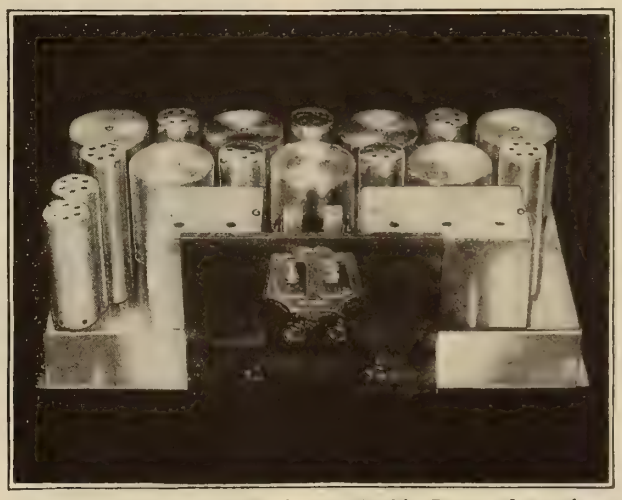
H. A. M., Yukon, Okla.

FROM ALL DIRECTIONS

"The tone quality is magnificent and I received Canada as far as Montreal, and Mexico to Mexico City and Reynosh also Japan seven mornings."

A. R. M., East San Diego, Cal.

FOR MONTHS we have modestly described the capacity of the Scott All-Wave Receiver for 15-550 meter, 'round the world reception. We have told the technical story of this laboratory-built receiver and have explained the engineering reasons for its unequalled performance. We have sold the Scott All-Wave on the basis of guaranteed, consistent, perfect reception from London, Rome, Paris and from other equally distant foreign stations, as well as all the U. S. and Canadian stations anyone might care to listen to.



The Scott All-Wave Receiver is guaranteed for 5 years. Any part proving defective within that time will be replaced free of charge.

Now, we are tuning you in on the replies to these promises. We are letting Scott All-Wave users tell you, *in their own words*, that the Scott All-Wave Receiver is even greater than we have described it. Read, in the left and right hand columns, what they say.

Hundreds more equally enthusiastic letters praise the Scott All-Wave Receiver. News and magazine editors likewise give columns and columns of space to the many wonders this receiver does in the way of regular daily duty.

MAIL COUPON FOR FULL PARTICULARS

Clip the coupon now. It will bring you the complete story of the Scott 15-550 meter All-Wave, a full description of the beautiful, chrome plated chassis, and illustrations of the many magnificent consoles made especially for this receiver. Send the coupon at once. You'll be delighted when you learn the low price at which the Scott All-Wave may be obtained.

SCOTT TRANSFORMER CO.
4450 Ravenswood Ave., Dept. E-9, Chicago

SCOTT TRANSFORMER CO.
4450 Ravenswood Ave., Dept. E9, Chicago, Ill.
Send me full particulars of the Scott All-Wave Receiver.

Name.....

Street.....

Town..... *State*.....

HONDURAS - ENGLAND

"I received my Scott receiver on May 16th. I played it the next day; I tuned in GBS, Rugby, England at 12:30 P. M. and I heard the mayor talk from London. That was the first station I tuned in and it came in very clear. I just tuned in HRB in Honduras; it is now 9:30 P. M. I can get about 10 stations on 38 to 84 meter coils." C. C. B., Allentown, Pa.

GERMANY AGAIN

"The Short Wave results have been very gratifying. I have heard Chelmsford, England; Holland; France; Germany and several South American countries."

J. Q. S., Washington, D. C.

IRELAND - ROME

"The results on the All-Wave Receiver have been wonderful. I have logged Germany, England and Ireland, and some Islands that I could not get the name clearly. Also, the entire dedication services at dedication of short wave broadcasting station at the Vatican City, Italy. Heard the Pope louder that if I had been one of the vast audience. Cannot be too highly praised." L. W. B., Davenport, Ia.

EXCEEDS ALL CLAIMS

"In this day of extravagant advertising and claims it is indeed a pleasure to receive an article that surpasses all of the claims made for it, and certainly the SCOTT RECEIVER does that. It is beautifully designed, engineered and constructed; and its performance and tone are of corresponding excellence."

E. W. P., Chevy Chase, Md.

ENGLAND - ITALY

"Yesterday afternoon and this afternoon also, I tuned in Italy and England. They come in with wonderful volume such as I have never heard before. This morning I tuned in Australia. I got it in a minute or so after I worked the dials a little. It came in very good."

W. H. A., New Bedford, Mass.

SOUTH AMERICA, TOO

"I have logged Bogota, S. A., 12RO Rome, Chelmsford England, besides all that I want in U. S. A. and Canada."

D. T. V., Detroit, Mich.

CHINA

"Indo-China, HSJ, Bankok, Siam, RV15, G5SW, J1AA and others are heard when on the air, as well as the eastern relay stations. This is June but Australian and New Zealand broadcasts are still being received even after daylight in the early morning. June third, from 4 to 5 A. M. I listened to 2V1, 3LO, 4QG Australia and 2YA Wellington, tho it was broad daylight." T. H. H., Hoquiam, Wash.

ROME LIKE LOCAL

"On the low wave, I find it no trouble to tune in Rome, Buenos Aires. I also received Melbourne, Australia. When I first picked up Rome I thought something wrong and I was getting a New York station, it was so strong. The tone and quality is the finest."

G. N. J., St. Thomas, Ont.



Carleton A. Coon

THESE two gentlemen are the component parts of America's greatest dance orchestra hyphen. They came up from the Indian country to the Big Cities and M. G.—just like the story books. Phil Maxwell tells you about it on the opposite page.



Joe L. Sanders

Indian Rhythm Comes Natural to

Coon-Sanders

Famous Orchestra Leaders Respond to Spark of Red Man's Blood in their Veins—Modern Instruments Convey the Tempo of Beating Tom-toms and Radio Audiences Go Wild in Appreciation

By PHIL MAXWELL

THIS is a story about a couple of Indians.

And their profession is making "Whoopee."

These Indians are none other than Carleton Allyn Coon, 38-year-old snare drummer, and his heap-big good looking pal, Joe L. Sanders, pianist de luxe, former baseball star and a product of the Indian territory which later became Oklahoma. Mr. Coon, as does Mr. Sanders, claims that he is one-sixteenth Indian or at least enough to establish distant relationship to Vice-President Charley Curtis.

These young Redskins have accomplished so much in their short lives, for Sanders is only 33, that it would be impossible to untangle their history in a short paragraph or two. So we'll start with Mr. Coon.

Of course a fellow who was to become one of the leading band directors of America couldn't have just any country doctor bring him into the world so he chose Dr. William Mayo, of the famous Mayo Brothers, in the City of Rochester, Minn., and from all indications Dr. Mayo did a good job as a member of the welcoming committee.

Carleton flourished from the start and his father, who played trumpet in the Thomas Symphony Orchestra in Minneapolis, with the consent of Mrs. Coon, sent C. A. off to the Wentworth Military Academy at Lexington, Mo., just as soon as he began wanting to have a little spending money and took a shine to the girls up around his home town. And it was while saluting his superior officers and playing in Major "Stubby" Day's band that he learned to wield the drum sticks which are now earning him a neat sum of money.

Next we find the ambitious lad at the University of Kansas at Lawrence, Kan., where he became so engrossed with the song, "The Sweetheart of Sigma Chi" that he joined that Greek letter fraternity and between playing right half back on the football team and attempting to catch a little medical education and successfully wooing Eula Virginia Jenkins, a student of the Kansas Agricultural College at Manhattan, he was a busy young man.

"Yes, sir," said Carleton as he recalled those romantic college days. "Kansas Aggies and the University of Kansas were rivals in football but friendly in love."

After three and one-half years in the university the now Mr. and Mrs. Coon moved to Kansas City where Carleton obtained a job on the Kansas City Star.

Then came the World War, enlistment for Carleton and his visit one day on furlough to a Kansas City music store where his path crossed that of the man who is the other half of the Coon-Sanders Corporation today.

Perhaps it would be well now to pick up the life story of Mr. Sanders.

JOE L. (And he won't tell you what L stands for) Sanders was born on what Coon calls a whistle stop on the Missouri Pacific Railway, otherwise known as Thayer, Kansas. His daddy, a pioneer of the west, traded 6,000 acres of citrus fruit land in the Rio Grand Valley for 6,000 head of cattle; the plague took the cattle away and Joe's dad was left without a penny in Indian territory a part of which later became Centralia, Okla. Joe learned much of his early music from an old phonograph machine which his father brought to his home and the first one believed to have been heard in that part of the country. Both his parents had splendid voices and one of Joe's earliest recollections is the harmony as sung by his father and mother. "That is where I got my voice," he said.

He received his early education in Belton, Missouri, and attended high school in Kansas City, Mo. His life wasn't one of roses. His first job as a singer was in the Blue Goose Cabaret in K. C. and he says he'll never forget the first song he sang, "Until the Sands of the Desert Grow Cold." For which he received the stupendous sum of $2.00 everytime there was the slightest reason for the rendition of this number. From the cabaret young Sanders joined the chorus choir of the Linwood Methodist Church where he went through the roles of grand opera arias and the oratorios under the direction of its leader David Grosch, famous baritone teacher. For a while he was a member of the Kansas City Opera Company and the Kansas City Oratorio Society. In them he learned the art of musical arranging.

The William Jewell College Male Quartet next beckoned to this enterprising singer and he toured the Western states with it and the Jones Chautauqua Company at $30 a week, he paying his own expenses. "I had a gorgeous time," said Joe, "but it wasn't such a remarkable financial success."

Next we find him in Detroit, Mich., in a popular quartet named "Us Four" at the Frontenac Cafe, which, says Mr.

(Continued on page 92)



WMAQ—W9XAP presents a play "A Minuet." The actors are, left to right: Vinton Haworth, Alice Hill and Sidney Breese

TELEVISION IS *Here*

By MARK QUEST

LET'S be frank and admit it. Television *is* here.

Forget about the five year plans, and the "round the corners." Acknowledge the existence of the score and some odd television stations now sending out visible programs every day. Recognize the fact that the two great chain systems have their own television stations and production departments. Don't overlook the existence of the 25,000 or more television receiving sets now functioning in America. Take off the blinders and see the truth that television is really here.

In another year you will find not less than 100,000 television receiving sets throughout the country. In that time you also will find that the television of today will appear comparatively crude to the one available then.

Perhaps within the time of this writing and the few weeks of its appearance in print you will have heard all about what young Philo Farnsworth has been secretly developing out in California. And by that time Dr. Vladimir Zworykin of the R.C.A.-Victor Company may also have presented an important demonstration. Farnsworth is said already to have demonstrated a television image of 700 lines to the inch, which, you will admit, is a considerable refinement from the 48 and 60 line images that are being broadcast today.

The 60 line image is about the same as the average half-tone screen in a newspaper. The screen in Radio Digest is 110 lines. A 700 line screen would probably give you a picture smoothness comparable to the photos in the rotogravure section.

At any rate television is here with the 60 line screen and many of the most famous artists of the air have already had their faces flashed out to the Radio audience. In Chicago they have put on specially written television plays. Broadway stage stars have made their bow over the Jenkins-WGBS station, W2XCR on Fifth avenue. The hot and close-packed mob that witnessed first public demonstration of television at the Radio World's Fair in New York in 1928 may now see television in the home. And the same holds true for those long lines that threaded through the lanes to the home-made and rebel television demonstration in the Chicago Radio show that same year.

Radio Digest has presented from time to time the various stages of development, and the history of the very first ideas on the subject. It has held a little aloof on the side of the more conservative elements regarding the actual advent of television. But there is no need for further doubt. Television has arrived. Sets are available in most of the large department stores. And kits for assembling are obtainable in the 5 and 10 cent stores.

It would seem that the time is at hand when the government can consistently recognize this situation and assist in the next phase of growth by permitting sponsored television broadcasts. This need has been clearly pointed out by Vinton Haworth, production manager of W9XAP, of the Chicago Daily News.

Columbia Turns *the* Corner

By

BILL SCHUDT, Jr.

Television Program Director at CBS

SEEING what you hear, has become a popular phrase at the Columbia Broadcasting System's studios in New York.

Television, even though experimental and limited in scope, has turned that corner, after all.

Its experimental visual programs are valued at more than a million dollars when one considers the yearly wage of the regular artists who appear before the flying spot each night in the week.

W2XAB, that is the identification of the sight channel of the CBS interest in the Metropolis, has been operating seven hours daily, 2 to 6 PM, 8 to 11, and 8 to 10 Saturdays and Sundays, since its grand opening on Tuesday July 21 at which time the Mayor of the City of New York "opened the eyes" of the station.

Many and varied have been the experiences of this writer within the small studio. Veteran announcers have trembled. Famous speakers have suddenly gone hoarse and stuttered over scripts they knew by heart; musicians have been scared near to death by the "flying spot" and critical Radio editors have repented all when subjected to the penetrating eyes of visionary broadcasting.

But all in all television is being taken very seriously up here at the Columbia studios.

A new art, a new system is being worked out. Television technique will be vastly different from that of present day sound broadcasting.

For example continuities will probably be taboo; for who wants to look into his televisor and see an announcer reading his proclamation? Not many, you can bet on that. Of course, they may have to memorize, but that is not likely. This writer personally believes that television will eventually see popular masters of ceremony at the scanner filling in between acts, much the same as your present day revues and musical comedies.

Columbia has been routing its sight programs over W2XAB which operates on 2750-2850 kilocycles (49.02 meters). A short time ago, however, this System inaugurated a series of synchronized programs over WABC and the network.

In such cases, single acts and small group acts are merely televised in the television studio while overhanging microphones pick up the regular sound part of the program.

Thus does everything point to a finer television in the very near future. Experts say that 25,000 American homes are now equipped for reception of visual programs.

During its early weeks of experimental television, Columbia successfully televised dances by Natalie Towers, boxing demonstrations, cartoonists, jugglers, magicians, ballet dances, and miniature musical comedies.

Edwin K. Cohan, Columbia's technical director has studied television for many years. Here's what he said about it in a recent televised program:

"INAUGURATION of television broadcasting undoubtedly marks another step in the wonderful progress of the electronic art, yet how many of you who are within the sight of my face, or the sound of my voice, realize that the basic theory upon which this latest television transmission is now taking place is 47½ years old, having been discovered by a man, Nipkow, who filed a patent thereon in January, 1884.

"And how many of you know that electrical scanning, the next promised advance in this art, and the means by which all mechanically moving parts in both transmitter and receiver will be eliminated was basically discovered 23½ years ago by a man who filed such a patent in December, 1907?

"In these, as well as similar instances, the inventors were truly living ahead of their times, for it necessitated the high development of the vacuum tube, photo-electric cell, and electric amplifier, to form the essential links in the chain necessary to transform their probable theory into a practical reality.

"Television of 1931 is crude. The television of today



Radio Digest participates in its first television program. C. R. Tighe, associate editor, acts as master of ceremony in presenting to lookers-in Kitty Doner, famous vaudevillian and male impersonator at Columbia's W2XAB

is being conducted entirely on an experimental basis, this by the requirement of the Federal Radio Commission, as well as the choice of the majority of the foremost television engineers. The major portion of this work is being done within four ether channels ten kilocycles wide.

"As long as television, even in its crude state, requires a channel separate from the sound channel, for images of a moderate amount of detail and a limited range of coverage, a problem exists to find a suitable band within the Radio spectrum to which can eventually be assigned the number of stations required to satisfactorily serve our population.

"It is this, and many other problems, that today's experimental work will eventually solve or overcome.

"Television of today is perhaps comparable to the phonograph of 1910 and the moving picture of 1905, but upon this pioneering must rest the solid foundation of future progress.

"My words are not intended to sound a note of pessimism, but rather of conservation. Television will advance from now on just as surely as sound broadcasting has, and I believe at no less a pace. It will progressively bring to you the individual and small groups, the larger groups and complete symphonic and stage presentations, the outdoor sporting events, the spot news events. It will eventually bring these things to you in natural color.

"In the future there will be television networks similar to our sound networks of today and functioning much in the same manner. To accomplish this, considerable progress will have to be made, particularly with regard to the width of the transmission band. In addition, pickup flexibility and future program demands call for a suitable method of scanning whose illumination limitations are no greater than those of the present moving picture camera.

"You might be interested to know a few of the experiments we shall conduct during our seven hour daily schedule.

"First of all, what happens to an image being transmitted at this frequency in a heavily built up city such as New York, with its huge masses of steel, its electrical interference in the form of subways, street cars, elevated roads, flashing signs, and elevators?

"What happens to the image at a receiver when the sky wave arrives out of phase with the ground wave?

"What kind of makeup is most suitable for television? Should blue lipstick be used instead of red, or is some other color more suitable?

"What advantages can be taken in television productions of the persistency of vision of the human eye?

"How shall plays be dramatized to accurately portray the author's work?

"To what extent can mechanical and electrical devices assist to make a program more polished and interesting?

"These are but a few of the questions our experiments will attempt to answer, not only for ourselves but for those of the audience already looking in as well.

"The progress made in television during the past year or so has been most encouraging. Regardless of what corner television happens to be just around, the year 1932 holds every promise of being most noteworthy.

"We in Columbia, will endeavor to contribute our share toward the fulfillment of our prophecies, employing the same measure of conscientiousness that we continually strive for in our sound broadcasting. How well we succeed will be governed by the same principle that has applied in the past four years of our growth—your approval and encouragement. We will continue to do our utmost to warrant and deserve it."

Chicago asks License

By Betty McGee

PROGRESS in television will be slow and halting until television stations can be licensed for commercial sightcasting. This is the opinion of Vinton Haworth, Television production manager for W9XAP which operates in conjunction with WMAQ, the Chicago Daily News station.

WMAQ is said to be the first radio-television station to have an organized television production department and a television production manager. This station has been going ahead by leaps and bounds in the production of ambitious and intricate television programs. All of which makes Mr. Haworth's present attitude the more significant.

"'As seen from the production man's angle, the fly-in-the-ointment of better presentation is the hesitation of the authorities to license television stations (that are now operating) for commercial sightcasting," said Mr. Haworth in a recent interview. "Our difficulty at W9XAP is conjoining with WMAQ. Presenting a synchronized program is dependent entirely on WMAQ's schedule. If WMAQ's time is sold, then according to Federal Radio Law, W9XAP must go its own way, transmitting a silent picture. And we do insist that the silent television picture has served its purpose, which is mainly: 'Television is practical and practicable.'

"All the pantomimic actions that can be thought of have been broadcast . . . boxing, fencing, posing, dancing, wrestling, cartoons, ad finitum," he continued. "Adequate time to experiment with synchronization, and watch its effect on the public, is denied us because of this commercial prohibition. Were this ban lifted it would open green pastures in which the production man would run rampant, admittedly, but not obviously, experimenting. But only in this manner can we hope to progress . . . we have the material, it has proven its worth . . . why not let us build with it?

"Technical facilities for production are, at present, inelastic due to this futile circle in which we are forced to run. Our technicians are all eager to help, to cooperate in giving a good show . . . but until we can create a show worthy of the name, until we discover those many little rough-spots that only show in actual work-outs, we are helpless, to explain to them our needs. No, do not misunderstand—they are making great strides . . . in transmitting, in clearer definition, in better receiving qualities . . . in every general way except from the studio mechanics. Simply because we don't know, have no way of knowing just what we need."

The actual steps of progress in television at the Chicago Daily News station are marked by the three synchronized plays given through this station since the beginning of the year. Each was a distinct improvement over its predecessor. In the first play, cut-backs were tried as in the movies. One character would be seen in full length, and the next character that spoke was shown in close-up, then vice versa. All of which meant that the script had to be carefully gone over, so, that in moving of the characters to the different scanners, there was no break in the dialog. A difficult job, but from the television-production picture standpoint, an eminently successful one. The scenes flowed along smoothly, and hearkening back to the early movies, in changing the picture from close-up to full-length, there was never a jerk.

The operators devised an automatic relay which cut the picture instantaneously the moment the disc upon which the various lenses are mounted was turned, then brought the picture back

completely and fully in the new field that the script called for. Automatic picture cuts were possible, too, with the changing from close-up to full-length, by just switching the microphone buttons. As there is a distance, in our present lay-out of the studio, of about ten feet between the position of the full-length picture and the close-up scanner, this cut was very valuable.

In this first production, two microphones were used for speech pick-up. The one used at the close-up (announcing position) was at normal level, it being possible to place it close to the performer without it appearing in the picture. The second mike, placed in program position, was more difficult to handle. This mike, suspended from the ceiling to keep it out of the picture, required an increase in amplification of 10 decibels over normal because of the distance from the players. At times extraneous noise found its way into the scenes, such as the rustling of clothing, ticking of watches, etc. The hard plaster wall necessary for clear definition of the full-length picture caused a bit of echo.

In the two following productions a different picture-presentation was attempted. The only way to describe it is to call to mind the method in the moving-picture technique of the camera moving up on the persons or drawing away from them without a break in the picture. An approximation of this effect was arrived at by having the actors move to and from the photo-electric cells, as they spoke their lines, as the action of the script called for. This was not as successful as it was hoped, because, due to the inelasticity of the equipment described above, the operator has to keep the actor in focus, and at the same time maintain his object in the middle of the scanning beam. A change in position means a change in focus and also a change in the deflection of the mirror used in indirect scanning. Concisely, the sought-for effect was to take a full length picture, and without any appreciable change in the sequence of pictures, arrive at a close-up. "This can be done," Mr. Haworth stated, "but not with present equipment."

Only one microphone was used in these two productions, this being directly in front of the actors, turned at an angle to kill the echo from the wall, spoken of above. A little more amplification than normal was necessary, the players being about three feet away from the microphone. In one of these productions, two scenes had musical background accompanying the lines. It was found in the first show that music in the studio with the microphones pitched so high was impractical, overbalancing the speakers, so in the later productions the music was faded in, played from another studio, on cue from the control room of WMAQ.

"It is readily seen that speech-pickup necessitates as much, if not more, thought than the picture, at present," Mr. Haworth explained. "The television equipment being so unadaptable to changes during the course of action of a show eventually will bring about a microphone placed on a movable arm, such as the case in the talking-pictures, to follow the placement of the actors.

"I have an idea (I've had many!) that in time, the principles of stage-lighting positions may well be adapted to the placing of the photo-electric cells. Stage-lights project light to the object, ergo, in television the object reflects the light to the cells! But perhaps before that time arrives, the Merlins of the control rooms and 'labs' will be broadcasting programs made on sound-track film especially for television broadcasting!

"That last statement bears a prophecy? Who knows? All we can do is to wait for our chance to produce something—anything!"

WGBS-W2XCR Television Invades Broadway

"WE propose to do for radio what Warner brothers did for the motion pictures a few years ago—but with reverse English, so to speak. They added sound to sight, thereby bestowing the inestimable advantages of dialog and sound-effects to what for twenty-five years had been simply a pantomime or dumb-show, moving ghostlike upon a screen. We are adding sight to sound on the air."

The speaker was Dailey Paskman, president of the General Broadcasting System, Inc., and director of the radio station which it operates, WGBS in New York. Mr. Paskman's snapping black eyes grew dreamy as he gazed, through a wide window of his sky-scraper office across the town to some far horizon which only he could see; perhaps he was gazing with the eyes of television into the future.

He knocked the ash from his cigar as he went on: "For ten years Radio has been a phenomenon of voices and music mysteriously emanating from a magic box in your living-room. Just that and nothing more. As long as Radio was limited to the presentation of entertainment by sound alone, it was even more greatly circumscribed than were the old silent movies, for they at least were able to fall back on 'subtitles' in order to get over certain ideas to their audience; whereas Radio has had to depend entirely upon words or music to convey the impression of action, of plot, and of scene to their much greater audience. . . Audience, by the way, is an accurate term for the Radio public, since it implies the sense of listening rather than seeing; the crowd of spectators in a movie theatre would have been more accurately designated as a 'visience'! This term might well be applied to the present followers of television broadcasting.

"But since our viewers receive both the sight and the sound of our broadcasts, a new nomenclature will have to be coined, and some compound word found to describe the simultaneous Radio-listener and television-viewer, whose numbers are rapidly increasing from day to day.

"WGBS is of course the first station in New York City which is broadcasting a considerable portion of its regular radio programs by television as well as by sound. Our television channel is the short wave length of W2XCR, which is the experimental station of the Jenkins Television Corporation of Passaic, New Jersey. At this date, we are one of only three regular stations in the entire United States broadcasting sight and sound simultaneously, and one of perhaps a half-dozen in the world so engaged—the others being single national stations in European countries.

"We have always pioneered and we hope we always shall. We were a pioneer station of New York and of the United States. We pioneered in the presentation of certain types of Radio entertainment such as plays, minstrel shows, remote control pick-ups, special events, electrical transcription programs, and so on; and now we are really proud to be the pioneer in television in New York.

"Our new special television studio at 655 Fifth Avenue, where is located the transmitter of W2XCR, has been open now for only a little over four months, and we are glad to say that the progress made in television program production technique under the direction of Mortimer Stewart, television expert, has been gratifying so far.

"In the course of our inaugural program, we presented with good results scenes from seven then current Broadway shows, ranging in character from the 'Green Pastures' to the 'Silent Witness'; a score or more of stars of the legitimate stage, musical comedy, vaudeville, the talkies, the Radio, the circus, the prize-ring and other locales of the sports world, and representatives of society and officialdom. . . Since that exciting night we have managed to hang up a few records of various sorts, including several 'firsts', such as our television wedding; fashion parade and selection of Dagmar Perkins as Miss Television. We have shown dances by Maria Gambarelli (Gamby) and Patricia Bowman; boxing and wrestling matches by Jimmy McLarnin, Primo Carnera, Ray Steele, Jim Londos, Hans Kaempfer, and swimming form by

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Riding the Crest with Morton Downey

By GRENVILLE RICHARDS



Morton Downey and his wife, the beautiful Barbara Bennett

"RIDING the Crest with Downey" is no job for any one man.

The man must have a vast store of nervous energy and reserve, for when he gets under way he keeps moving—there is never any dead air under his sails.

For instance, Morton Downey recently resumed and completed his contract with the Paramount Theatres in Manhattan and Brooklyn. It was some weeks ahead of the date on which his physician had deemed it advisable, but there was no holding him—the more so in view of the fact that Mrs. Downey, sunk very, very close indeed to the border line between life and death—had just been discharged from the hospital.

When the medical fellows finally said that she was well enough to go her way, Morton had everything all planned. He had secured a place on the shores of Long Island Sound up near the Connecticut line, and there he bustled her away to recuperate.

From then on there was no holding the boy. He cut loose on a round of activity which—though it was only feverish to others—went by for Downey with the ease and smoothness and lack of evident effort of a meandering mill-stream. He was happy, he was gay. Life was rosy and in everything he saw fun and a joke—and I might add here—to the temporary discomfiture of various of his many friends. For when Morton begins to see jokes in things you as well as the next fellow may well be the joke of the moment.

He had just started his new contract as exclusive artist of the new Camel Program on Columbia's air—two broadcasts a day—six days a week—twelve broadcasts a week. He resumed his theater work—two appearances a night—sang for recordings—sang for theatrical producers—sang for himself out of sheer happiness.

He was on the go every minute that he was in the city, and then each night broke all sorts and manners of speed laws to get back to the country and Barbara at the earliest possible moment.

Take this as an example if you will. One night he made his early appearance at the theatre—then to the studio for the first broadcast—heard in the Eastern area—off to a party given by his sponsors in honor of the new and already admittedly successful program—over to the Brooklyn Paramount house again for the second show—back to the studio for the second broadcast, heard on the Pacific Coast and all between.

Morton and his manager paused for breath. They were supposed to go back to the party.

"Gee Jim," Morton said, "I am absolutely done in—tired as hell—asleep on my feet."

"Gosh Mort (though perhaps he called him Mr. Klotz, a favorite pseudonym) so am I. I'm dead on my feet. Think I'll go home and turn in."

"Oh come home with me," Downey suggested. "I've got to stay in town tonight for that early appointment tomorrow."

"Okay with me boy," said Jim, and off they went to East 86th street and the guardianship of earlier-mentioned Astor phalanxes, and the indefinite, eerie night noises of river traffic.

They were all in, these two, and tumbled into the sheets just as soon as they got in.

Now this manager chap, Jim, likes a joke just as well as Morton, and is usually the conniving partner in the latter's nefarious schemes leading to the momentary and ludicrous discomfiture of their friends, but he also likes his sleep—and plenty of it.

Jim had just got his nose buried in a nice down pillow, and was revelling

sensually in that intermediate state near the border of sleep when the subconscious takes command and floats us away. Another moment — and one good snore—and it would be all over.

"Jim, come here quick!"

The voice was Morton's, and it came not from the other bedroom as it should, but from the living room at the front of the apartment.

HALF-AWAKE, Jim immediately thought of something wrong—a rat, a cat, or a house afire across the street, and jumped out of bed. Full consciousness and a fuller realization, that, knowing the Downey nature, he might expect anything, came as his feet hit the floor. His progress to the living room was wary, silent and stealthy indeed. He had had the forethought to bring along matches, and when there was neither sight nor sound of Downey he lit one of them.

Morton, the chap who was "out on his feet," was crouched behind the piano, clad in pajamas and waiting to spring out on the unwary Jim with a bloodcurdling shriek from the gloom.

The little "joke" having failed they were back to bed again, but sleep did not seem anywhere about—even around the corner.

Downey finally tumbled out again with a pointed comment on where that idea of counting sheep could go, and hunted up some tablets guaranteed to successfully woo the favor of Morpheus.

About this time both felt as if a sandwich was not such a bad idea, and repaired to the kitchen—and there they sat and talked and smoked and drank — milk — on and on to that moment when the cold sullen grey of the first dawn light outside gave way to a faint flush of rose.

Then they yawned, stretched, went back to bed and slept like babes, and without the help of sure-fire sleeping tablets that had failed to "perk."

But do not get the idea Downey spends his hours, sleeping and waking, in thinking up and carrying out pranks on his friends. He did not invite Jim up there for the night because he looked forward to scaring him out of a year's growth, nor even—save in slight degree — because he hated the thought of Jim journeying way out to the wilds of Jersey at such an hour.

Principally it was by reason of the fact that Morton does not like to be alone. One person around him is all right with Downey, but a dozen or so is even better.

There are, perhaps, no parties more enjoyable than those which Morton stages in his home for friends now and again, and as might perhaps be suspected, it is real people they are who come to them. If there should be a misfit at one of these gatherings—by reason of indigestion or a tough day at the office or some such excuse—certain it is that—ere the evening is half spent Morton will have the delinquent kidded into line and will have provided some rare humor for the rest of the assemblage at the same time.

It is an infectious sort of thing, this good nature of his — but whisst and whurrah—does the lad love an argument.

A rare treat it was the other night when the gang was waiting around for the second Camel broadcast of the evening. Everyone in the reception room at the studios seemed concentrated in one corner when I came out of the elevator.

A little elbowing and pushing—wholly politely of course—and as more than half suspected, there was Morton parked in the center of the mass.

The session had evidently graduated from the story-telling stage, for Downey and Jacques Renard, the orchestra leader on the program, were hot in argument.

Things did seem a bit topsy-turvy after I had got the trend of their impassioned statements — for they were boasting—not of what by reason of the fairy wand of Radio they had come to earn—but of the smallest regular salaries they had ever made as entertainers.

MORTON thought he had the set-to clinched when he got down to fifteen dollars a week at the beginning of his days with the Whiteman band, when he sat with the boys and held a French horn to his lips that did not play, and got up once during the program and sang a ballad.

He was really disappointed when Renard countered with the fact that once—oh so many years ago—he had played the fiddle at a Sebago Lake resort in Maine for seven dollars a week and his board.

Not to be squelched, Downey had his final comeback ready:

"Yeah—well the seven bucks was for the wear and tear on the fiddle, and your board must have set them back plenty."

THIS concludes the series on Morton Downey. RADIO DIGEST has traced the career of this newest of great Radio stars from humble beginnings to his present position of fame and success. Morton Downey is indeed "Riding the Crest," as we predicted he would long before he attained his present popularity as a Radio celebrity.

Perhaps I can give you a clearer picture of the real Downey than in any other way by detailing an average evening in his company. We set out from the studios after the early broadcast, Downey, Jim and myself—the Three Musketeers—or as Downey insisted on having it—"The Three Mosquito Eaters, Mr. Klotz, Mr. Dooley and Mr. Hymenhauser."

TO THE Tavern for dinner, which Morton identified as the first place he ever had a charge account in New York. In the early days, when money was more welcome than certain, Morton, it seems, could always be sure of a feed at the Tavern, and perhaps the confidence born of being able to sign his meal checks in those lean days was not wholly unrelated to that later and constant confidence in self that has carried him along faithfully ever since.

Always the mimic, Morton talked "American" to the captain, English to the waiter, Fred, and with another old-time friend among the waiters, an oldish chap with his feet solidly on the ground, in an Irish brogue so pure and thick you could cut it with a knife.

Believe it or not, Morton took one look at the menu and said "Lamb Stew"!

For the ensuing half hour, between mouthfuls of lamb and dumplings, he passed the time of day with no less than twenty of as varied an assortment of males of the human species as I ever hope to lay eyes on in New York: men-about-town, aristocrats and actors, has-beens and will-be's, and just plain chiselers. The man has made a vast legion of friends in his short span of years and I for one will take oath that he has never forgotten one of them.

Incidentally, though I have sat with Downey here and there in a variety of places, this was the first time that his far-famed method of calling the attention of a waiter has been fully and adequately demonstrated.

Fred, the waiter, was at the far end of the hundred-foot room when Morton wanted something or other. There were a lot of people there and consequently a lot of talk. Suddenly a blast cut loose right beside the old right ear, my good one, and nearly ruined the thing. Picture a suddenly punctured high-pressure steam pipe, or air escaping through the valve of a heavily loaded tire—only about one hundred times louder—and you have this waiter signal. And did he run double-quick!

From there it was out on the rounds again. Downey reached over across the dash of the car and suddenly the car was filled with music.

"Don't think that thing is in here for entertainment," Morton apologized

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"JUST A MINUTE—a treat for you—see who wrote the story on the opposite page, 53, then guess who I am. Righto! But, Mr. Ambrose J. Weems (my *nom de prune*) to you, sir!"

Lawyers Attack

Wave Grab!

Standing Committee of Bar Association Vigorously Assails Fess Bill and Calls Attention to Menace in Setting Aside Channels for Special Interests

THEY shall not pass!

Like the embattled Frenchmen at Verdun this will be the watchword of loyal defenders of the American Plan of Broadcasting when the enemy hosts launch their attack to cleave the present order by legislation at the next session of Congress.

There is no doubt but that a new and even more vigorous effort will be made to upset the present order not only by revival of the bills that were left stranded at the last session but by possible new maneuvers.

Backers of the Fess Bill have already announced that it will be reintroduced next December. The Fess bill will endeavor to set aside 15 per cent of all the present broadcasting facilities for use of educational institutions. This in spite of the fact that educational institutions have of their own will surrendered 45 out of 94 stations since 1927, and that those who do operate only use for educational programs 283.85 hours per week out of 3,669.2 hours per week placed at their disposal. And 2,439.92 hours of the precious time available and reserved for them is silent.

It is probable that the Glenn Amendment, which would reserve one of the remaining channels for the exclusive use of labor, will also come up for passage. The Shipstead-Sirovich bill, of similar design, is promised for fresh consideration.

One of the most encouraging moves against this menace of the Wave Grab, which has been so vigorously fought by Radio Digest and its readers, is the detailed exposure presented in the report just issued by the Standing Committee on Communications of the American Bar Association. The report is signed by Louis G. Caldwell, former general counsel of the Federal Radio Commission, who is chairman of the committee; Cassius E. Gates, William C. Green and John C. Kendall.

"No more formidable legislative issue faces the next Congress in the field of Radio regulation than that raised by proposals to require the commission to set aside and reserve broadcasting facilities for particular groups or interests," reads the introduction to this section of the report. It adds that "according to all portents" bills similar to those already enumerated "will be vigorously pressed at the session opening next December.

"THE minimum consequences of enacting the Fess bill into law and appropriating 15 per cent of the total broadcasting facilities (the equivalent of 13.5 channels) for special use can readily be seen," states the report after outlining the engineering problem involved. "At one extreme it would mean putting out of existence about 30 stations on clear channels (most of them of high power representing large investments); at the other extreme it would force the elimination of 240 local stations of 100 watts or less, plus about 50 regional stations of 250 to 1,000 watts. . . It is difficult to calculate the loss both financially to the station owners and in terms of service to the listening public. Many communities that now receive only one program would find themselves without any service (except possibly one of continuous educational matter). Other communities that have a choice of two or three programs would find themselves correspondingly reduced.

"What could be done with the 13.5 channels if devoted to the exclusive use of educational agencies? It is clear that even if they were all put to use by high power stations on clear channels (which, generally speaking, is the only way of covering large areas) they could not be made satisfactory reception to more than a comparatively small fraction of the area of the United States. This fraction would receive the proposed educational service; the rest would not.

"Strangely the sponsors of the Fess bill have no plan or program for putting the proposal into effect, for avoiding or mitigating the havoc it would cause, or for using the 13.5 channels so as to give a country-wide distribution for the material they wish to broadcast.

"Yet, they seem willing that the finest broadcasting system in the world should be wrecked, on the strength of plausible utterances which, if carefully studied would be declared unsound by the departments of physics in every one of the educational institutions in behalf of which they profess to speak."

The report presents a history of the growth of Radio broadcasting into a program service "of sufficient excellence and variety to meet the needs and desires of all substantial groups in the community within its range. Regarding legislation to regulate the amount of advertising to be permitted.

"THE records of the Federal Radio Commission show that in May, 1927, there were 94 educational institutions licensed to broadcast in the United States, out of a total of over 700 stations. On March 9, 1931, the number had diminished to 49 out of a total of about 615 broadcasting stations. Yet to quote from a recent address by a member of the Commission (Commissioner Harold A. Lafount): 'The Commission has never cancelled a single license of an educational institution. The reduction in the number of educational stations since 1927 has occurred by virtue of voluntary assignment or surrender by educational stations of their licenses, because either they were unable for financial reasons to maintain

them, or because they did not have sufficient program material to continue operation.' "

Of the 49 stations now licensed to broadcast from educational institutions Commissioner Lafount found as a result of a questionaire that only one third of the time assiged for their use is being utilized, "out of the precious limited total."

"Of the 1,229.28 hours per week so used only 283.85 hours have been devoted to education. Even this figure does not take into account the fact that many of the 49 stations close down for the summer.

"With respect to commercial stations, the compilation showed that 3,457 out of a total of 33,784 hours, better than 10 per cent, are being used for educational broadcasts, a larger percentage of total time than that of the educational institutions themselves. . .

"THERE is, of course, no general agreement as to what constitutes an 'educational program,' as to what types of educational programs are suitable for broadcasting. . . A program broadcast by an educational institution is not necessarily educational, nor is one broadcast by a commercial station necessarily non-educational, although the contrary is frequently urged. . . There is a fundamental issue as to whether the determining standard is to be the wishes of the majority of the listening public or the beliefs of a few individuals as to what the public ought to listen to. . . Under the auspices of the National Advisory Council on Radio in Education, very constructive work is now being done in the direction of achieving, through study and co-operation of educators, of improved and enlarged educational Radio programs for the use of broadcasting stations."

Concerning the Glenn Amendment and the Shipstead-Sirovich proposal the report states that they differ from the Fess bill "in degree only and not in principle. All three proposals conflict with the conception of a broadcasting station which was announced by the Commission in one of its decisions and which the committee believes to be sound:

" 'Broadcasting stations are licensed to serve the public and not for the purpose of furthering the private or selfish interests of individuals or groups of individuals. The standard of public interest, convenience, or necessity means nothing if it does not mean this. . .

" 'The entire listening public within the service area of a station, or of a group of stations in one community, is entitled to service from that station or stations. If, therefore, all the programs transmitted are intended for, and interesting or valuable to, only a small portion of that public, the rest of the listeners are being discriminated against. . .

" 'There is not room in the broadcast band for every school of thought, religious, political, social and economic, each to have its separate broadcasting station, its mouthpiece in the ether. If franchises are extended to some it gives them an unfair advantage over others, and results in a corresponding cutting down of general public service stations. It favors the interests and desires of a portion of the listening public at the expense of the rest.' "

Members of the committee concur in stating that the American Plan of Broadcasting is the best. They advise that none of the proposals should be enacted into law.

Since the adjournment of the last Congress various notable Radio authorities have studied conditions abroad.

HENRY BELLOWS is right. War has been declared against the American Plan of Broadcasting.

It appears to be a war of attrition to wear down the good will between the Listener and the Broadcaster.

The most desperate pressure is to be brought to bear on Congress to pass the proposed Fess and kindred bills.

Should these bills pass it will be the opening wedge to break up the whole system by diverting clear channels to various group interests.

Watch developments. Talk to your neighbors. Get everybody to write to your Congressman to oppose these bills.

Dr. Julius Klein, assistant secretary of commerce and veteran Radio commentator returned early in the summer from a study of European broadcasting more than ever persuaded that the American Plan of Broadcasting has no equal. He said:

"There is no more warrant for a governmentally-controlled Radio system in the United States than there is for a governmentally-controlled chain of newspapers all over the country.

"In most countries Radio is a government monopoly, sustained usually by some form of special license tax on Radio receivers. The American business genius and the development of advertising an inherent feature of all our commerce has planted an institution which sustains itself, without the sinister influence of bureaucratic control so common elsewhere. . .

"American advertisers must undertake to educate, inform and entertain, and are perpetually under competitive fire which tends to correct errors of all degree," said Dr. Klein, and continued:

"I think the best judgment is in agreement that our free field for Radio broadcasting represents a compliance with American temperament and American requirement, and possesses values in operation that are available nowhere else.

"The income available to Radio broadcasting demonstrates that final point. Sir John Reith, director of the British Broadcasting Corporation, which conducts the English monopoly estimates that he has an annual budget of $7,000,000 to provide Radio entertainment and education for the entire British nation. Compare that with the $150,000,000 which is annually laid out for the American listener.

"I think none of us would desire to see the service in the United States take the form that has been imposed upon Radio abroad. At best the governmental systems lean to heaviness and lack of variety in programs; while at worst, they degenerate to propaganda mechanisms aiming at the rigid enslavement of the popular mind to the particular ideas animating a controlling bureaucracy."

Henry A. Bellows, formerly a member of the Federal Radio Commission, now a vice-president of the Columbia Broadcasting System and chairman of the Legislative Committee of the National Association of Broadcasters, sounded a sharp note of warning against "the chiselling" legislation aimed to cripple the present system of American broadcasting. He spoke at the first regional meeting of the association held in San Francisco a few weeks ago.

"I AM inclined to think," he said, "that we broadcasters are the most guileless, trusting, credulous lot of men in the world. The traditional idiot who lights cigarettes in a powder factory is a marvel of sanity compared to us. And the strangest part of it is that most broadcasters absolutely refuse to look the facts in the face, or to recognize the power and activity of the forces which are fighting for legislation hostile to broadcasting, and quite possibly ruinous to it. . . Broadcasters have in general adopted the ostrich policy of hiding its head in the sand to such a degree that they no longer even see the perils from which they are hiding.

"First there is the danger of legislative inroads on the broadcast band of frequencies. Suppose, as the Glenn Amendment provided, that one channel is set aside for organized labor. Suppose the Fess bill had passed, and 15 per cent of all our broadcasting facilities were turned over to educational institutions. What would happen? Do you think for a moment that Agriculture would sit tamely back without demanding a share of the spoils? How

about the demands of organized and commercialized religion? The moment Congress establishes the legislative principle that wave lengths within the broadcast band are to be dealt out as rewards for political support, broadcasting as we now know it in America is doomed.

"Remember that back of all the efforts of special interests to secure wave lengths for themselves is a tremendous amount of pressure on Congress to destroy commercial broadcasting entirely. I don't think I need to tell you where most of this pressure originates.

"Competing media, having tried vainly to discredit broadcasting as a profitable method of advertising, are now trying to strike deeper, and to create a sentiment in favor of a tax-supported, advertising-free broadcasting system. . . The danger lies not in legislative overturning, but in legislative chiselling. Take away a frequency here; a frequency there; crowd the survivors a little more closely together; put seven stations on a wave length where now there are four: This is the program of the enemies of American broadcasting.

"More than this, disgust and weary the listeners by forcing them to listen to hours of propaganda, dreary lectures, interminable reports—this is the best possible way to kill off public interest in broadcasting, and to lessen its value commercially.

"The first big legislative battle is to keep broadcast allocations out of Congress. In such a battle, a battle for existence, nine-tenths of the broadcasters are content to sit back and do nothing."

Mr. Bellows was one of the first to call the broadcasters' attention to the menace of the Fess bill and created a sensation with his outspoken denunciation of the Fess bill and what it represented during the convention of the National Advisory Council on Radio in Education last May. He is a far seeing and militant defender of the American Plan of Broadcasting.

ONE should not confuse the National Advisory COUNCIL on Radio in Education, which is opposed to the Fess bill, for the National Advisory COMMITTEE on Radio in Education, which is anxiously promoting the Fess bill. Armstrong Perry who has made a specialty of Radio writing for some years now has a job as director of the latter organization and is getting himself quoted a great deal in the newspapers on how terrible broadcasting is in this country. Recently he sailed for Europe. He succeeded in getting an interview through the Martin Codel newspaper syndicate of Radio news as follows:

"Commercial interests appear to be responsible for statements that Europeans are dissatisfied with the programs in their own countries, and that they want the American system which is operated primarily for advertising purposes. *(This comment should be well received by some publications—Editor.)* He said his observations, especially at the recent conventions of the National Education Association in Los Angeles and World Federation of Education Associations in Denver, were directly to the contrary.

"All of the persons interviewed had had an opportunity to hear programs in the United States as well as in their own countries," said Mr. Perry. "Not one of them expressed a preference for the American programs. All were opposed to opening the air in their respective countries to commercial advertising."

Mr. Perry doubtless will have a jolly good time getting similar statements from other people in the 39 countries he is to visit on the other side of the ocean. He possibly may ask a few of the people in the 48 states on this side of the ocean as to their preferences when he comes back, or later, if he happens to think about them.

American Radio For Americans

By William S. Paley

President, Columbia Broadcasting System

AFTER a visit to several European countries, lasting two months, I am more than ever convinced that every nation in the world gets eventually the type of Radio broadcasting best suiting its needs. By that I mean primarily that the temper of a people automatically decides in the long run what type of entertainment the Radio stations or networks will provide, and also what proportion of its programs will be given over to cultural presentations, and in what way this education will be administered.



William S. Paley

In the United States, no one, least of all one in my position who has to deal with the supply of Radio entertainment on a large scale to millions of people over a tremendous area, would claim for one moment that we have attained perfection. The more progress we make, the more defects we are able to remedy, the more are we made to realize that even greater tasks lie before us. Pope's words are as true today as they were two hundred years ago: "Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise!"

That is the case just as much in the countries lying on either side of the Alps as on this side of the Atlantic. European problems in broadcasting are fundamentally different from ours. Since the establishment of the Federal Radio Commission we have been able to evolve order out of chaos, by reducing drastically the number of stations and by rationalizing the distribution of wave lengths and power. It is an amazing thing to see thirty nations on the Continent of Europe working in harmony as well as they do, when each as a sovereign state theoretically could claim absolute jurisdiction over Radio broadcasting within its boundaries. Fortunately they cooperate for the common good, but naturally it is not as easy for them as it is for us to punish delinquency and inefficiency on the part of individual stations.

In that respect we have a natural advantage, as we have also in the matter of a common language, and in the fact that we serve at once as many people

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Doris Kenyon contributes her say as to the better things about Hollywood

That HOLLY NEWS

Elite of Film Colony Back George Arliss in Broadcast Series to Tell Truth About Their Town

MORE and more we are beginning to realize the comforts of a home. Radio receivers are coming out with new and added improvements each year. In fact one may listen to a concert through the Radio and obtain a better interpretation than he would in the actual presence of the musicians where he would probably hear the particular instruments nearest to the place where he happened to sit with an emphasis greater than the creator of the theme intended.

But let the musically trained technicians take hold of a concert for broadcasting and they will dope out a proper arrangement of microphones and a proper control of modulation so that you have an advantage of listening with half a dozen ears so placed at correct angles as to get the proper blend of harmony.

And now we have the Hollywood Radio Newsreel. That is bringing the talkies to your home minus only the screen—and even the screen is now possible with the advanced stage of television. The voices that you hear in the Hollywood Radio Newsreel are precisely the same as you hear them in the picture theatre—and that is a big step toward breaking down the prejudice against the so-called electrical transcription, or recorded program.

It is a big idea the proportions of which cannot be fully comprehended at first thought. It came about, we are informed, through a speech made over the air by George Arliss the dean and "Defender of Hollywood." Mr. Arliss resents bitterly the snippy attitude of many self-assumed "superior persons."

"When anyone leans toward me with sorrowful eyes," said Mr. Arliss, "and murmurs, 'But, Mr. Arliss you don't really like Hollywood, do you?' I know that I am in the presence of one of these superior persons; and I answer, 'Yes, I do like Hollywood.'"

In his speech the famous actor pointed out that the people who are in the pictures must keep themselves physically and mentally fit to perform the work required of them.

"Suppose that a star should come along an hour late to the studio," he said, "that hour would cost the management thousands of dollars. . . What are the actual facts? The men and the women of the stage have to reach the studio at eight in the morning, often earlier. They have to look bright and sparkling, and have to be prepared to memorize and speak lines at a moment's notice. They must have every faculty keen and alert. Is it possible that they could maintain this physical fitness if they did not lead reasonably quiet and sober lives?

"Of course there are black sheep; of course there are scandals. But remember there are 30,000 actors and actresses in Hollywood and every one of them is potential copy for the newspapers. To keep out of print you have to be not only respectable but lucky."

This speech was the apparent inspiration for the Hollywood Radio Newsreel which you may hear, and by closing your eyes "see," sitting quietly at your home near your Radio set.

THE editor of the fabled Daily Press had listened to the Arliss program and heard him say in conclusion, "I wish some honest person would come to Hollywood and write about it . . . somebody who hasn't any axe to grind . . . so that the public might be told the truth about life here as it really is."

The managing editor called in his star reporter, Don Kelly.

"How would you like to go to Hollywood?" he asked.

"Hollywood! Oh Boy!"

At that instant the Arliss prayer is in process of being answered. Don listens carefully to his instructions.

"Dig up new stuff. Get a fresh slant on personalities and things."

There are other hints and suggestions before Don boards the train for Hollywood. He meets a girl on the train also Hollywood bound. She becomes an elusive creature and through her the young reporter runs into many a stirring adventure.

So there is a thread of a story as the Radio Newsreel unwinds from week to week. Among the notables who are flashed across the scene are such personalities as Dorothy Mackail, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Winnie Lightner, Evalyn Knapp and in the course of this month of September will come a release with John Barrymore as the star.



Dorothy Mackail does not think the film capital is at all bad and tells the world so

WOOD *Radio* REEL



Don Kelly, the reporter who goes to Hollywood to get the facts and give the world a better opinion of the Land of Picture Dreams

The question has often been asked as to why famous movie stars do not have a more conspicuous part in Radio. Their work has required their presence in the studios at times when the greatest Radio audiences were listening. But with the perfection of the massive 16 inch recording discs that are used in talking pictures and their adaptability to Radio transcription this problem has been solved. The Hollywood Radio Newsreel is produced just the same as the sounds are recorded for a sound picture film. Every precaution is taken to prevent the taking of extraneous noises. The result is a broadcast that can not be distinguished from the original voices should they happen to be in the studio at the time of the broadcast.

In this way the producers of the Radio Newsreel can acquire the cooperation of the film celebrities who may go to the Warner studios where the Hollywood Radio Newsreel is produced, or, to make the scene even more realistic, the record may be made right on the stage where they have been at work. This makes it possible for the Radio Newsreel producers to acquire the star at his or her most suitable convenience, whether it be at 4 o'clock in the afternoon or 6 o'clock in the morning. To hold the star for a personal appearance at a certain studio at some specific period on the day's broadcast program would be inordinately expensive, either for the star or for the producer. When you hear a film celebrity—a real one—on a special sponsored program for some special gala event you may know that this notable is being well compensated.



Jaaan-ette? Janet Gordon, where are you? This is the elusive miss who disappeared

This month, if you have not already done so, you will hear the great John Barrymore. To get John Barrymore on the Hollywood Radio Newsreel was no simple matter even for such a resourceful and astute newspaper reporter as Mr. Don Kelly. Don needed a friend, and whom should he find but Mr. Wilson Mizner, the playwright and producer who knew John Barrymore way back when they stumbled together over the hot ruins of the San Francisco fire (earthquake). Together they approached the unapproachable. The miracle was performed.

WE HAVE heard the play-back on this edition of the Radio newsreel and it really is a gem. It will doubtless be conceded as one of the greatest single shorts ever to have been broadcast. King John the Great is at his best playing the part of Svengali. But there's a touch to his lines as you hear them through the amplifier that you can get in no other way. Your imagination paints a picture that you do not see on the screen—a mingling of John Barrymore and a mysterious creature of fiction.

You are standing beside Kelly, Mizner and John as they exchange casual pleasantries and then John goes into his act. He is no longer Barrymore but a weird and dominating creature with a voice that chills and thrills. You are hypnotized as you sit in the dim penumbra of the lighted stage. And when it ends you are still straining your ears for that penetrating voice. But you hear only the voice of Mizner who says, "This man doesn't act *Svengali*, he *is Svengali*."

The spell is broken. *Svengali* has vanished into the nothingness from whence he came. And it is John Barrymore who takes up the answer to Mizner's comment. He says: "I heard what you said, Wilson. It's a left handed compliment. This fellow *Svengali* was the dirtiest old swine in the world, with gravy all over his vest."

Then Don Kelly comes out of his trance. He doesn't seem to know exactly what to say. But Barrymore does not linger long, and the reel snaps to a close leaving you impressed with the feeling that something has come to you out of your Radio that is big and unique.

Barrymore is the feature of this particular edition but all the time you are kept intrigued by the running thread of the story. You are anxious to hear the next installment.

Don Kelly, the reporter, is portrayed by Frederick MacKaye of the Warner Brothers—First National Studios. Radio listeners will recognize Miss Evalyn Knapp, who is featured with him throughout the series, as the little beauty frequently identified with the George Arliss productions. No one expects to find a throbbing love story in a newsreel and this Radio newsreel is no exception. But there is a distinct strain of romance. Janet Gordon whom Kelly meets on the train as he is whirling toward Hollywood has inspired him with something more than curiosity. There had been one glorious night on the observation platform as the train rolled over a moon-lit trail toward the Pacific. In the morning he had hoped to greet her before she could leave the train. But he discovered that she had already departed. The young woman he learned was Janet Gordon. She had told him she had a contract to act in the movies with Warner Brothers. But he could

find no one at Warner Brothers who had ever heard of her.

True to its name the Radio newsreel picks up its recording devices and goes out after the news. So it happens that as Radio Digest goes to press the real reporters back of the production are getting ready to meet a new European cinema star scheduled to arrive on the Ile de France. Hollywood has called and beautiful Lil Dagovar has kissed Paris good-bye. (See picture in rotogravure section.)

Along side of the sound film cameras will be seen the Radio newsreel apparatus as the ship on which Dagovar is a passenger comes into New York harbor. She will be interviewed, and photographed. Later, as you sit in your easy chair with the Radio newsreel tuned in you will be able to hear and visualize the whole incident. You will recall the scene of many other similar incidents you have seen in moving pictures and you will be able to fill in the background to suit yourself.

And it will be real news for the release will not be stored away for some future time but will be put on the air immediately. In doing this the Radio Newsreel of Hollywood doubtless will initiate a precedent that may eventually evolve into a significant feature of future broadcasting when a similar news service will be furnished regularly to those more remote stations not now hooked up with the big chains for such events; or news events may be syndicated by transcriptions which are not covered by the big chains—the kind of news which newspapers call "features."

For more reasons than one you will find it well worth your while to tune in the Radio Newsreel of Hollywood.

In fact it may not be too presumptuous to hope that this form of broadcast may eventually prove the connecting link between the present order and that of the ultimate combination of vision and sound—a parallel of the talking picture.

Motion picture film has been and still is being transmitted by the Jenkins laboratories. The complaint has been that the scan lines are too conspicuous. Within a few months the 48 line screen has given way to the 60 line screen. There has been published at various times a report that the Radio Corporation of America is manufacturing equipment that will transmit and receive an image with the refinement of 120 lines to the inch. Some conception of that effectiveness may be gained from a study of the half-tone photographs in Radio Digest which are made on a screen 110 lines to the inch.

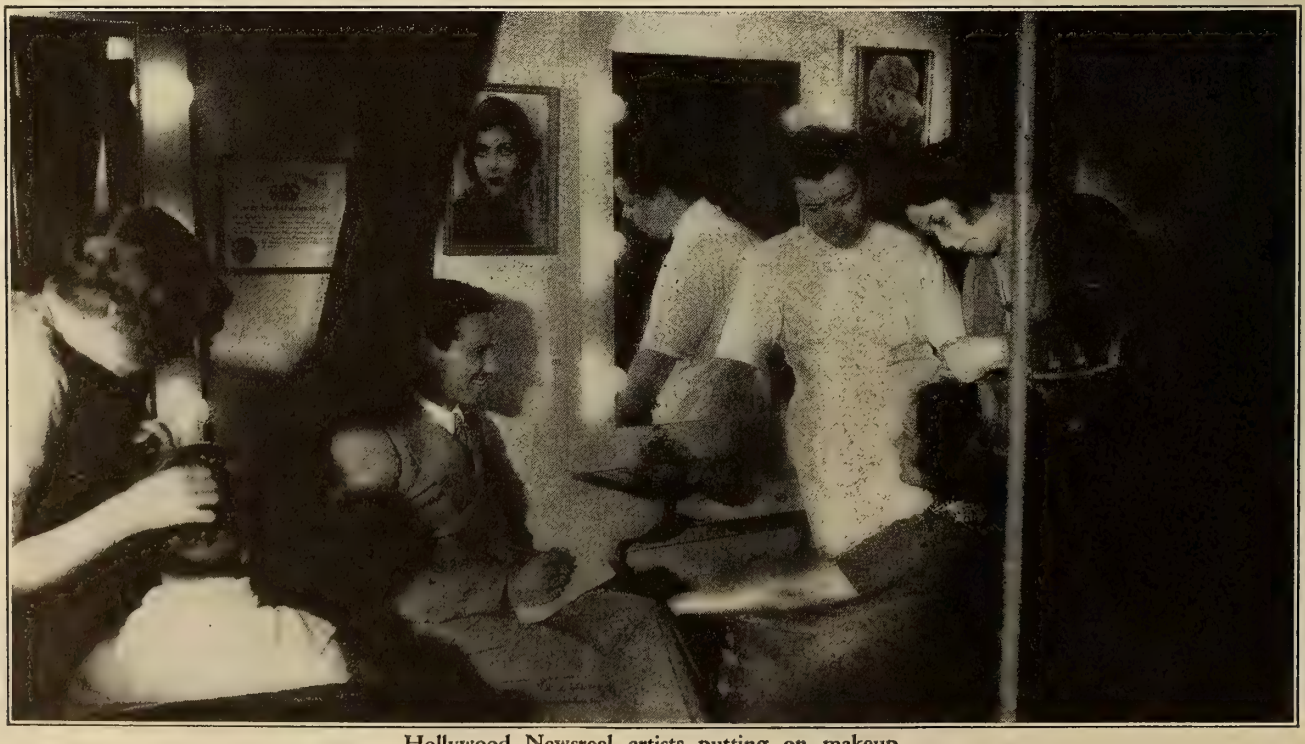
The Warner Brothers, who manufacture the discs for the Radio newsreel were the first to produce sound pictures. They used the large disc record, which they still use. But sound pictures are also well produced by R. C. A. on motion picture film through use of the photo electric cell which makes a record of sound produced in a track running on the film beside the picture as it is photographed.

One of the big national newsreels, recognizing the fact that advertising can really be entertaining, has already begun producing what is frankly called an "advertising newsreel." The fact that an oil company sponsors the Hollywood Radio Newsreel does not detract in the least from the interest shown in this feature. If the same oil company should find it practical to present a Hollywood scene at the same time it presents a story will the Radio fans become alarmed?

It's not likely they will. And the Hollywood Newsreel a la sound and television will have solved the problem of cost for production and distribution for the ultimate consumer—the Radio fan who sits at home, looks and listens.

To Select Radio Queen

ALL that is new in Radio and television will be exhibited this month at the annual Radio Fair at Madison Square Garden in New York. Also, radio stations all over the country are photographing their most pulchritudinous damsels to contest for the coveted title "Radio Queen of America." It looks as though the judges are in for a tough time of it because there's more feminine beauty in Radio than ever . . . it seems as if broadcast studios are selecting their artists with an eye to television . . . Several freely admit that it is just what they are doing. We'll tell you all about it next month and our pages will be graced with pictures of the leading contestants. A similar "show" will be staged at the Coliseum in Chicago, October 19 to 25. If you can get to either exhibition it will be very much worth your time and trouble.



Hollywood Newsreel artists putting on makeup



Gangling Hill-Billy at 19, he "got religion" and started schooling. Now, College-bred, Bradley and his "hound-dawg guitar" win baskets of fan mail

Bradley Kincaid, Mountaineer

By NATALIE GIDDINGS

WHEN a star shoots into the Radio firmament to burn with a continued bright radiance, it is well to inquire into the reason for its brilliance. What makes it shine more brightly than others in the constellation?

Let us not continue the celestial metaphor, however. It would embarrass Bradley Kincaid. For all his success on the air, he is as simple as the mountain people from whom he came. Let us rather inquire into the reasons for his particular success as a Radio entertainer. That success is phenomenal. At station WLS he received more than 100,000 letters a year for four years. At WLW in *four weeks,* 50,000 people wrote to him. His song books, published only because thousands of his listeners have demanded copies of his songs, have sold to the number of more than 200,000.

And why? Probably because Bradley Kincaid is one of the most sincere entertainers in America. Everyone who meets him is impressed with his absolute true-blueness. There is no "hokum" about his singing. His songs he learned as a child, and since then by going back to his people in the summer to live among them and to write down the things they sing that are new to him. He does not, as many other entertainers do, sing pioneer ballads because he knows there is a current taste for them. It was his good fortune to discover that the music he knows has that elusive quality of being "what the people want."

"Those old mountain ballads are as much a part of me as my hands and feet. I was raised on them," he explains.

Where was he "raised"? In Garrard County, Kentucky, where the Cumberland chain is a blue haze on the horizon, and rock-sprouting foothills give promise of towering mountains just beyond, Bradley Kincaid was born three years before the turn of the century.

He was the fourth child of William and Elizabeth Hurt Kincaid, who had gone to house-keeping in the little warehouse across the road from Grandfather Hurt's four-room house.

Bradley's great-grandfather on the Kincaid side was born in Virginia, a single generation removed from the Scotland that sired his family. But the Virginia Kincaid migrated to Kentucky by foot and by flat boat and settled in Breathitt County. Elizabeth Hurt, Bradley's mother, also was Kentuckian by birth. She could trace her ancestry back to the Hanks family, whose illustrious descendant was Abraham Lincoln, son of Nancy Hanks and Tom Lincoln. Thus Bradley Kincaid was born a true son of Kentucky in a county that lies midway between the Cumberlands and the Blue Grass.

WHEN Bradley made his first appearance, Garrard County had progressed in some degree beyond its wild frontier aspect of the time of Lincoln's birth when the chief habitations were little more than log huts in a wilderness clearing. But the mountain folk who were Bradley's people, the mountain folk who sang the songs Bradley later was to make famous all over the country, were as simple in heart and in manner as those earliest pioneers who carved the Kentucky frontier out of forest and grasslands.

Their wants are few: a clapboarded house strong enough to keep out the wind, with a generous fireplace that is furnace to warm the house, and oven to bake the corn pone and 'taters that are the basis of their daily fare. A little



When Bradley went home to learn new ballads, men women and children flocked to hear him

tobacco growing in the fields sparsely scratched out of the grasp of the stony hill sides, a few chickens ranging the grass, and some fat shoats in the barn yard, with corn to piece out their earnings are enough to take care of their frugal needs.

It was into this atmosphere of simplicity that Bradley Kincaid was born. Six children came after him in the Kincaid family. In the Kentucky foothills they consider it their "bounden duty" to obey the Biblical injunction to "be fruitful and multiply."

"If you find a family down home that has only four or five children, they'll apologize and tell you that the chimney fell down and killed six of them, or that they died of the small pox," Bradley says.

Bradley, of all the family, was the most studious, although in all his youth he went to school no more than three terms. These terms were only three months each, in the heat of summer, when the boys could best be spared between the planting and the harvest. But Bradley read everything he could get his hands on. Like Abraham Lincoln he spent many evenings on his stomach before the fireplace, elbows on the floor to prop up his chin while he pored over the Bible by the light of the fire. There were few books, to be sure, but what there were, Bradley read. He walked miles to borrow almanacs, Berkley's "The Principals of Human Knowledge," dime novels, histories, even copies of old newspapers and the iniquitous *Police Gazette*. He could outspell anyone in the county. Later, when he went to school in earnest, he outdistanced all his classes in spelling and in grammar.

The story has been told before of how music came to the Kincaid family; of how Bradley's father, a fox hunting farmer, traded one of his hounds to a negro for the guitar which Bradley learned to play, and which to this day is called "the hound dawg guitar" after its manner of acquisition. Although his brothers and sisters wouldn't part with the "hound dawg guitar" when Bradley went away to school, and the guitar he plays on the air is a fine one, he still owns that first instrument. Those he plays now, automatically become "hound dawg guitars".

In spite of his early bookishness, Bradley showed little promise of being anything other than the run-of-mine Kentucky boy, lazy, ambitionless, and a little too easily tempted by the jug of moonshine that was part of the housekeeping equipment of every home in his neighborhood. At the age of nineteen he was a big, good natured, good for nothing boy, content to help his father in the fields, and to gang up at night with the other boys in the neighborhood to drink a little "likker" and play his guitar.

Then one of those things happened that religious people call the work of God, and unbelievers credit to Circumstance. At the age of nineteen, Bradley "got religion". It changed his whole life. There was a revival meeting at Point Levell, the town nearest his home. Bradley and the other boys made life miserable for the minister in every way boys could think of to create commotion.

The night before the last meeting, Jimmy Ralston, an older boy, whom Bradley respected, urged him to come into the revival meeting the next day. Bradley was tired of mischief, tired of hanging around outside the meeting house while all his friends and "relations" were inside, so he agreed to go in.

What the preacher said in the meeting, with Bradley sitting in the front row, is forgotten. What Bradley remembers is that he went forward with the "converts" at the end of the meeting, and while the minister prayed over him, in his mind and heart was born a great craving for education. Still kneeling at the altar, he determined that he would graduate from college no matter how much hardship that might mean for him.

That September found Bradley Kincaid starting out to walk to Berea College, twenty miles from his home where he could go to school and work at the same time. He entered the sixth grade in the grammar school. At night he "hopped bells" in the local hotel to pay his expenses, for he had no money of his own, nor any from home. One can imagine the struggle it must have been for him to complete the eighth grade of school. He was of course much older than the children in the grades with him. He was, in fact, a grown man. He was out of the habit of studying. Precocious youngsters outdistanced him in classes. Only in spelling and in grammar he outshone all his classmates. This adeptness and his insuperable determination to have a college education helped him to struggle on and complete his grade school education, he says.

Finishing the eighth grade at the age of 21, Bradley immediately enlisted in the United States army and went to France. One asks if he took his guitar to France with him. Strange to say, the answer is that the guitar had not even gone with him to Berea, for the Kincaid family wouldn't part with it. Naturally, he had no money to buy another. Too, Bradley wouldn't think of singing the mountain songs. Instead he sang in church choirs, and went about the community in the summer as soloist with a circuit rider in revival services. In the army, he sang lead tenor with an impromptu quartet. Even then, it didn't occur to him that outsiders might like his Kentucky songs.

After the war, he went back to Berea and entered high school. He was 23 years old. During his three years there, he fell in love with Irma Foreman, a graduate of Oberlin Conservatory, who was teaching music in the high school. Bradley graduated from high school in June of his twenty-sixth year. In August he and Irma were married. In September he went to work for the Kentucky state Y. M. C. A.

"Bradley, if you still want to go to college, I can take care of myself," Irma told him at the end of their second year of marriage. The idea of the college education for him was still paramount in the minds of both of them. Accordingly, they took the $400 they had saved and moved to Chicago so that he could enter the Y. M. C. A college there. Irma went

(*Continued on page 95*)

They Called Ted Lewis Circleville's

Bad Boy

By Phil Stong

TED LEWIS. The name will inspire a dozen associations for vaudeville, movie, Radio, revue and night club audiences — "The High-Hatted Tragedian of Song," "Is Everybody Happy?" "When My Baby Smiles At Me," "St. Louis Blues," a battered but perfectly-trained silk topper tumbling down a straight arm to a deft toe which whirls it back with impossible precision to a dark curly head.

In Circleville, Ohio, where Ted's mother listened to his first chain broadcast, over WEAF and 42 other stations on a Saturday evening of last March the occasion must have aroused somewhat different associations. Mrs. Friedman—for Ted was born Theodore Friedman — must have thought at once of that noisy, busy little instrument the telegraph. It played a large part in the beginning of Ted's career. At least four times it saved him from starving to death and returned him from theatrical ventures to his father's clothing store, the largest ladies' ready-to-wear shop in Circleville.

There are still enough of Ted's old playmates left about Circleville to recall that twenty-five years ago this month Ted fell through the ice on the old Ohio Canal, and that except for good-luck and some fast rescue work he would not now be troubled by the St. Louis Blues. There are others who remember the circumstances of his departure from the Circleville Boys' Band. Ted's entire musical education had come from "Cricket" Smith, the town's colored barber and banjo player. When the Boys' Band gave Ted a clarinet cadenza in "The Holy City" he applied some of the then revolutionary theories of syncopation he had learned from Smith, thus terminating his connection with one of Circleville's most respected musical organizations.



Ted Lewis and his famous hat

Ted's escapades and his frequent runaways made him an undesirable character to the mothers of Circleville. His first flight was with a band which played for the "hoochie-koochie" girls at county fairs through central Ohio. He also got up at five in the morning to blow up the balloon vendors' supply of toy balloons. These occupations, though they seemed romantic to Ted, seemed unsuitable to his parents. He was brought home and under painful persuasion promised not to run away again.

Almost immediately afterward he joined a burlesque troupe—Gus Sun time—at $20 a week, but the $20 turned out to be stage money. For the second time he was rescued by telegraph. His third flight was to the big city of Columbus. He passed out circulars for a clothing company for $7 a week, at first, then worked in his uncle's music store. He lasted three weeks, but learned to blow "Taps" on a cornet. This was a useful acquirement, for the next two runaways were to shows which died either shortly before or shortly after he joined them, to the enrichment of the telegraph companies and the dismay of Circleville's best families.

Continued on page 88

Carveth Wells

Twists the Lion's "Tale"

Celebrated Explorer Debunks the Terrors of Darkest Africa -- Says Lions Are Lazy Cats and Had to Feed Them Red Pepper to Make 'em Roar

By Don A. Higgins

EVER since Carveth Wells was frost-bitten on the equator he has been a skeptic. This skepticism was increased when he discovered he had to feed red pepper to wild African lions to make them roar. It warped his life to such an extent that any day now he may broadcast to the world that Little Red Riding Hood ate the wolf instead of vice versa.

Most likely Wells would discover that grandmother ate both of them. He has a habit of establishing unusual facts. Some of his stories are so amazing that they provoke mild expressions of disbelief, such as "Liar!"

That appellation has hounded him from Hoboken to the home of the Hottentots, or wherever his work as adventurer and author has taken him. "For instance," he recalled, "when I was telling some natives in Malay about America, I said I had seen some ice coming out of the sky in lumps big enough to break windows. 'Bohong' exclaimed my native audience, meaning 'liar.'"

Wells recently has dared to reveal his natural facts in a series of talks over a network of the National Broadcasting Company. It was a success. Not one listener wired in questioning his accuracy, although he told how he braved a snowstorm in equatorial Africa, perspired in the heat of Arctic Lapland, discovered fish bouncing on the Malay beach and viewed a flock of telegraph poles dashing along the African horizon.



Carveth Wells

The latter turned out to be giraffes.

A day fled by, and NBC failed to receive a single protest against this prevaricator. Then the letters rolled in. "They are the most surprising and intelligent lot," said Wells as he fingered one asking him to mail back an elephant. None maligned him. A lady wrote, "I am one of those people who never applaud—not even when a trapeze performer breaks a leg." She sent regards.

"You are the only Britisher who speaks clearly enough for we Connecticut Yankees to understand," advised another. Hundreds wrote that his Sunday talks kept them from church. Wells beamed boyishly. At last, truth was being understood for the first time since he wrote, "In Coldest Africa," and compiled his film, "Hell Below Zero."

HE became apprehensive however, on receipt of a letter from a California listener, suggesting "A horseback ride on a gentle, unbridled rhinoceros sounds novel—we are taking Africa into consideration for this summer's vacation." Wells had suggested no such thing.

On the other hand, he has hunted lions armed with hardly more than a pair of binoculars and a feather duster —Wells, not the lions. He had to bump them with the fender of his car to get action for his pictures. The adventurer says lions are lazy. They would rather sleep than eat. So he always went out to look at them while they were sleeping.

He rescued one



Milwaukee Public Museum Photo

Enjoying a friendly romp with a pet bottle-fed lion



A group of Masai . . . These people live entirely on blood and milk

scorched cub from an African bush fire, raised it on a bottle and a nanny goat, shipped it by stateroom and pullman car to the Milwaukee zoo. There, the lion, now full grown, gets playful moods and pulls Wells' hair by its teeth.

The wildest sight he saw in the African jungle—which isn't a jungle at all—was a group of high school boys and girls making whoopee as they rode 40 miles an hour through the African veldt. They sang Rudy Vallee's latest tune.

WELLS' penchant for the peculiar things in nature started when he went to the Malay Peninsula as a railroad engineer. He began an adventurous six years when, on the first night in his hotel, insects as big as lobsters dived from the ceiling into his soup.

"What is carrying on here?" he inquired of the waiter. "What is this horrible creature?" The waiter assured him it was harmless. Wells looked again and saw the monster turn at the edge of the table, place its forelegs in a meditative position and beg forgiveness. It was a praying mantis.

So the author wasn't startled when he saw fish bounce up on the beaches or wink at him from tree tops, not to mention monkeys that picked their teeth after eating, or deer that grew only seven inches tall.

Life in the midst of this sort of thing plus malaria fever brought Wells to America in search of health. He was told he would die, but he lived to head an expedition to the Mountains of the Moon—a mysterious range lost in the mists of central Africa.

"The climate of equatorial Africa is as delightful as that of Bermuda," Wells said, "It is temperate the year round. The greatest discomfort we had was from snow and hailstorms. But when our feet were being chilled by the snow, we were compelled to wear sun helmets and spine pads to avoid sunstroke."

Wells also has traveled in search of queer truths in northern Lapland, the Caribbean, Morocco, Syria, Palestine and Egypt. He saw the inexplicable migration of millions of rodents, called the lemming, in their mad dash from Lapland to death by drowning in the sea. It happens every 21 years.

Wells today is a good-natured adventurer of forty-four years, sweltering over a new book in his musty workshop fronting Madison Avenue, New York. There he was found, handsome and pink-cheeked, dictating his latest work in his best Cornish accent.

"You have said a lot about the freaks of nature," he was reminded, "now tell us a bit about yourself."

"I'm an 1887 Jubilee baby," he began, "I weighed eight and one half pounds when born, and my mother was fifty-one years of age. My father was a Bermudian and my mother a Cornish woman. I am a combination of pirate and Celt. I believe that St. Patrick came over from Ireland to Cornwall on a millstone.

"At four, I went to the village school, and by six I could knit, sew, crochet, make baskets and play the piano, but my hobbies were the breeding of silk worms and white mice. At the age of thirteen, I was at the bottom of St. Paul's School, London.

"Love entered my life when I was fourteen, but ultimately I eloped with my fiancee's younger sister and married her with $30 in my pocket. For two years we lived in the wilds of Saskatchewan on the survey of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway. We then drifted home to London where I built flip-flaps, wiggle-woggles and scenic railways for White City, London's Coney Island.

"My railway experience stood me in good stead when I next secured a teaching job in the Central Technical College, London's 'Boston Tech.'

"I was now the father of a beautiful boy, but as my responsibility increased, my salary seemed to diminish. I began to quarrel with my wife. Finally, I decided to seek a job in as dangerous a place as I could in order to get more money and at the same time, make my wife miserable and conscious of my martyrdom for her sake.



Milwaukee Public Museum Photo

Watchful waiting

I SAILED for the Malay Peninsula and as soon as I arrived began imploring my wife to join me. Eventually she did, and we lived in the jungle until, broken in health, I came to America to die. A diet of liver and strawberries, combined with work as a laborer in a shipyard, restored my good health, and I discovered that it was far more practical to lecture about engineering than to practice it."

Wells is a fellow of the Royal Geographic Society and member of similar groups. He is not a newcomer to Radio. Ten years ago he talked over WEAF before the days of networks. He also participated in the early day fun of the Hoot Owl club of KGW at Portland, Ore.

One of Wells' unusual Radio stunts was the broadcasting of his travel talks to school children while, in different schools, they viewed his films perfectly synchronized to his studio remarks. That was before the days of the sound film. Radio editors viewing these films by Mr. Wells were convinced he had performed a great public service. In fact he had untwisted a badly twisted tale of the African lion's ferocity and proved him a gentle but lazy beast.



The hoofing Howards

By Leonard

Above: Trouping in the old days. Willie and Eugene Howard toured the vaudeville circuits with one act which was so good it held out for three long years.



Right: Willie Howard, Mrs. Willie, Eugene and Mrs. Eugene. Taken in San Francisco when they made the Orpheum theatre electric lights.

IT IS the early winter of 1900. The Harlem Museum, at 115th Street and Third Avenue, New York City, is packed to the doors. Amateur night, a weekly feature at this popular music hall, is in full swing. On the stage a boy, just past sixteen, is singing in smooth, though untrained, tenor voice, one of the popular ballads of the day. A boy, much younger, in the audience joins in, his rich soprano voice blending perfectly with the tenor on the stage.

The song is finished. The audience shouts, stamps its feet, whistles for more. (Mere applauding with the hands would have been considered too effeminate in that audience.) The tenor and his boy partner sing their song four more times before the audience will let the remainder of the show go on.

The evening is over. Two boys go to their homes, enriched by $10. They have won first prize in the amateur contest. They are more determined than ever upon having a theatrical career. The larger boy has his heart set on success in the opera. The smaller boy knows he must wait several years yet, because he is too young to be permitted upon the stage. That's why he sang tonight from the audience. The law bars child performers.

Thirty years have passed since that particular amateur night in the Harlem Museum. (The Harlem Museum itself has passed into memory.) The same two boys, one a trifle bald, both much fatter, have just finished working ten minutes in front of a microphone in the WABC studio of the Columbia Broadcasting System.* They will receive approximately $1,500 for their work from the A. S. Beck Shoe Company, sponsors of the program.

The Harlem Museum was the first and the Columbia Studio broadcast was one of the most recent of many thrills in the careers of Willie and Eugene Howard, who for almost thirty years have been favorite entertainers of America's vaudeville, burlesque, musical comedy and talking picture patrons, and who have now established themselves as great favorites in the hearts of the Radio audience.

It would not be fair to Willie and Eugene to say that the Radio has brought them a new audience. It would be more truthful to say that the Radio has given to them a new way to reach their millions of admirers, for there is hardly a member of their Radio audience that has not seen them in person. Since the Harlem Museum days the Howard Brothers have appeared in every city and town in the country that boasted a theater. And it is a safe gamble that if that theater was fortunate enough to have an electric sign, the lights at one time or another spelled their names. In the vernacular of the theater, the names of Willie and Eugene Howard have had a longer, sustained place in lights than those of any other American comedy team. And they are still going strong!

THE older folks, who flocked to Proctor's in New York to hear and see Anna Held, Louise Dressler, now the movie commedienne, Jack Norworth and other stars of that day, will probably remember Willie as the handsome curly-haired boy, who sang popular ballads as he carried water up and down the aisles during intermission. Let him tell you about that:

"I was too young to go on the stage," he said, "The children's society was far too strict. So Harry Witmark, the music publisher, devised a way to get by these restrictions. He put me to work as a water boy and it was my job to sing the songs he published as I passed out the water to the audience. Anna Held liked my singing very much, and it sure gave me a thrill when she told Mr. Witmark that she wanted me to sing at every theater she played in. So for more than a year I traveled from one New York theater to another with Anna Held. I was too young to go on the road, so I was limited to New York."

It was Eugene who had his heart set on an operatic career. The closest he ever got to this ideal was a hearing at

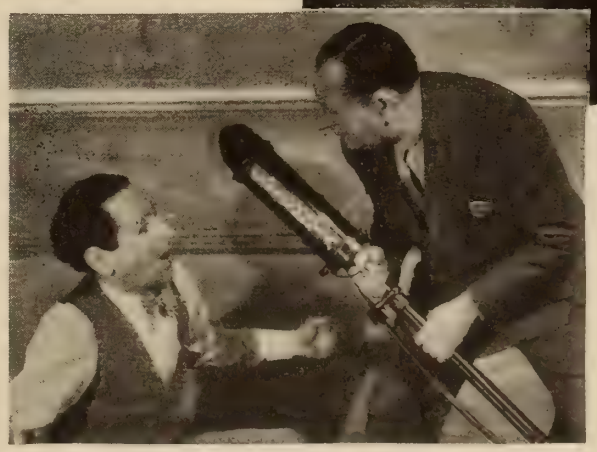
* This article was written at the time the Howard Brothers were broadcasting from CBS, New York.

They're Thousand-Dollar-A-Throw Radio and Stage Headliners Now, but It Was a Long Climb and a Hard One from the Music Halls of Thirty Years Ago to Stardom for Willie and Eugene

Stewart Smith



A rare pose (because it's serious and not clowning) of the two Howard brothers, who are inseparable.



Left: Willie impersonates Al Jolson in the kneeling throes of *Mammy*, while Gene obligingly holds the mike in a convenient position.

the American Opera House, shortly after the first amateur night victory.

"I wrote about a dozen letters to the late Henry W. Savage, manager of the American Opera," Gene told me. "One of the biggest thrills I ever got was when I received a letter from him asking me to come in for a voice test. He told me I had possibilities but that my voice needed training. Of course that was out of the question. Money was very scarce in our family. So I got a job in the chorus of *A Million Dollars,* which was to be a super-operetta, starring Cora Tanner, Joseph M. Sparks, Natio Martinetti and Phil Ott.

"THAT gave me a big thrill. At last I was in a show. We rehearsed for twelve weeks. There was no Actors' Equity Association in those days and managers could rehearse shows without pay as long as they wanted to. Well we opened, and within two weeks I was out of a job. The show closed. My father at that time wanted me to give up the idea of being a singer and stick to stenography, at which I was very adept. But it only increased my determination to go on. By the way, Pat Rooney, the much-imitated dancer and singer was in that show, too. He also was far from being a star at that time. His job in the show was to play the hind legs of an elephant.

"I wasn't long out of a job, however. The manager of *A Million Dollars* liked my work and gave me my first part on the stage, a small role in *Quo Vadis,* which ran for more than a year. Wilton Lackaye, Ledo Otis Procter and Carlotta Neilson were the stars in that show. I had to speak about four lines in the show, but it was enough to get my name in the program, and that too was a thrill. I believe I took more programs than they gave out to audiences. I kept hundreds of copies of the programs for years."

"Programs were all over the house," Willie added. "Gene's name was next to the last one. But you would have thought he was the star in the show the way he showed programs around."

Willie's first appearance on the stage was with a burlesque company—Lizzie Evans in *Cozy Corners.* He was a member of the *Cozy Corners Quartet*—all shows in those days, particularly burlesque shows, had to have a quartet—and he stayed with that show during almost an entire season in New York. When it came time for the show to go on the road, Willie, still too young to travel, had to quit.

Gene had returned from a road tour with *The Belle of New York,* and he and Willie decided to work together. They got a job in Williams' Cabaret at 112th Street and St. Nicholas Avenue, a favorite rendezvous of the New York sporting class. Here's what Willie said:

"We were hired for $18 a week, but the first night our tips exceeded $200. That crowd made money very easily. Gamblers and their sweethearts were, for the most part, the majority of the patrons of the place. These people loved to hear the sentimental songs and Gene could sure sing them. Why, one night a woman gave Gene a hundred-dollar bill to sing *The Palms.* It was the first time we had ever seen a bill of that size and for weeks we were afraid to try and change it for fear it was a counterfeit. But finally we got up enough nerve to give it to our father, who took it to the bank and found it was authentic. We sure were thrilled with that. After that you just couldn't get Gene to stop singing *The Palms.* Other songs in his repertoire at that time were *The Rosary,* and *Every Morn I Bring Thee Violets.* My favorites were *When You Were Sweet Sixteen,* and *Absence Makes The Heart Grow Fonder.* The folks liked those songs."

What does it take to make a Radio star? Well, here you have the background, the early beginnings of the Howards. When the Big Moment came to do Big things before the mike it stood them in good stead. They are now ready for Radio or television. They believe that a laugh is always better than a cry.

Maria Georgievskaia *fled from* REVOLUTION *to Fame*

By
Maybelle Austin



Maria Georgievskaia, WLWL's Russian Gypsy Contralto

IF you can visualize the peaceful village of Koorsk in central Russia during the early Twentieth Century in "before-the-war" days, surrounded by jutting snow-capped Ural Mountains, nestling in a fertile green valley; if you can imagine eerie, white, moonlit nights, glistening church spires, deep-toned bells calling to vespers, the pounding hoofs of cavalry horses carrying arrogant soldiers of the Tsar clad in brilliant uniforms, and laughing, happy, people who spent their days hunting, fishing, and sleigh-riding—then you have a vivid picture of Maria Georgievskaia's early environment. Had this pre-war mode of existence continued in Russia, Miss Georgievskaia would have had no reason to leave her native soil, and then there would have been no story. Thus does life make playthings of us mortals.

Although her early childhood was spent in this idyllic atmosphere, she was still in her early 'teens when her father entered her in a university. He, himself, was leaving for the United States on an extended business trip and desired to see his daughter settled before his departure. This turned out to be rather fortunate for the young lady, as the Great War broke out shortly after her father left Russia. According to Miss Georgievskaia, in almost breath-taking time, came clamour, confusion, bloodshed, and the red riot of the revolution. All communication with her father had long since ceased; she was practically bereft and alone and almost penniless. So she decided that the only thing to do was to escape from Russia—almost an impossibility under the new regime which had sprung up after the close of the war. Dauntless and unafraid, she packed a few belongings one night, and along with a few other courageous souls, escaped on horseback to the Russian border where she was promptly arrested by Bolshevist authorities. Here was a predicament! According to Miss Georgievskaia, she "made eyes" at the soldiers, cried a little bit, sang a few of the haunting gypsy songs she had learned as a child, won their sympathy, and charmed them completely. After seeing her in person, it is not difficult to understand their lenient attitude—she is an extremely fascinating and beautiful young woman. They helped her to a train which took her to the German border, where she again encountered trouble in the form of the Teutonic officials. While holding her under suspicion, they examined her baggage and were surprised to discover a volume of philosophy by Nietsche written in their own native tongue. To find such profound literature in the possession of such a young girl aroused the curiosity of the German lieutenant in charge, and he questioned her.

JUST as her beauty and vivid personality won for her the help of her countrymen, here in Germany her intelligence and brilliant mind helped to gain her purpose, and she was permitted to proceed to Berlin. Here she got her first position, that of an entertainer in a cafe. From Berlin, she went to Paris, where for many months she sang in various cabarets and night-clubs in the Latin Quarter. The timbre and vibrance of her contralto voice, the beauty of her native songs, and her own appealing personality, won a considerable measure of fame, and so it was that she received an offer of an engagement from the internationally-famous Cafe Pti-Cant in Constantinople. In this city, she appealed to the American

(Continued on page 96)



DOROTHY (Miss America) Knapp is the first television artist signed up by the National Broadcasting Company. Her charm score is 100 per cent but this is about all you can see of her as she comes through the air from the NBC television studios atop the Empire State, world's tallest building in New York.

HAROLD STEIN, Photo

Dorothy Knapp



Lil Dagovar

(Left)

HOLLYWOOD Radio Newsreel scored some kind of a scoop when its representatives boarded the Ile de France in New York harbor and interviewed Miss Dagovar, European movie queen. The interview was recorded like a talkie and broadcast by electrical transcription.

Natalie Towers

(Right)

AFTER television has scurried around all the corners and someone suddenly pipes up, "Who was the first television star?" Columbia will point to Natalie. You may have heard and seen her on the opening night of the CBS television station W2XAB. Ted Husing introduced her.



Gamby

ON another page you will see another picture of this great Radio star. At last she is to come into her own, for she has already been introduced to the television audience over W2XCR, New York. Remember way back when Gamby, primere deseuse, was called tremblingly to the microphone for her Radio debut? She was aghast but Roxy teased and so she made her debut—and now at last she can broadcast her real art.



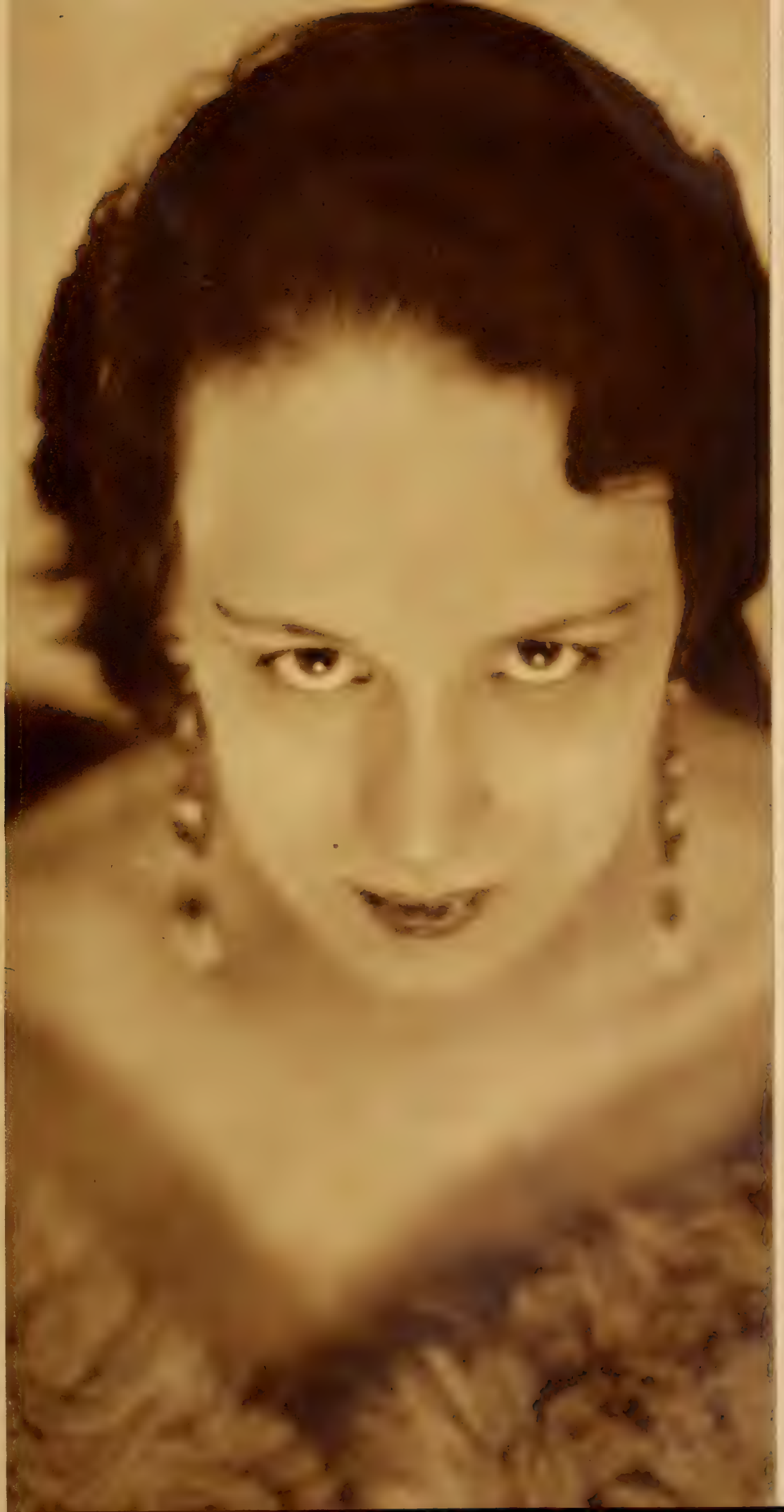
Bernardine Flynn

NOW that the Big Chains have taken up television in a more or less big way the lads and lassies who appear in Radio drama are looking forward to the big chance. And that's where you will find Miss Flynn who is in just about everything that's dramatic that comes over the NBC networks from the Chicago studios. She's all set for the flying spot when they begin shooting scenes from the big Century of Progress fair in 1933.



Ellen Jane Frohman

KING PAUL, the great maestro Paintman, tuned WLW in at Cincinnati one night and got a thrill. She turned out to be Miss Ellen Jane—and what a heavenly voice! Sweet and low with a soul! King Paul commands, and now Miss Frohman is heard regularly over the NBC network. She was born in St. Louis, 24 years ago and graduated with two degrees from the University of Missouri. You'll be seein' her!



Georgia Backus

WHEN they begin staging dramatic productions over W2-XAB Miss Backus doubtless will be the person appointed to supervise and direct. She has been promoted from one responsibility to another. Probably no other woman is better fitted by experience to present a Radio play. This photo of Miss Backus was taken by Harold Stein especially for Radio Digest readers. Those Television Eyes!

Of course now that radiovision is really here Flo Ziegfeld's Follies will not be overlooked for talent. Miss Brodsley of the 1931 edition recently appeared over the CBS New York station.

Bobbie Brodsley





Virginia Gardiner

MISS Gardiner is a famous star of the NBC dramatic productions in New York. She does all kinds of funny things with the little China dog. And the photo-electric cells pick up every expression.



William Brenton

ALERT, keen and a very lookable young man is Mr. Brenton who recently became a member of the Columbia announcing staff. It is rumored that both of the big chains are paying close attention to personal appearance of new members who are added to the staff these days.

Bill Schudt



FAMOUS as the creator of Bill Schudt's Going to Press program. He recently was appointed director of all television programs for the Columbia station W2XAB in New York. He has brought many notable personages to the mike; now he will probably be bringing them to the Radio camera.



Amos 'n' Andy

FREEMAN F. GOSDEN (left) and Charles J. Correll look like this when they put on their great Amos 'n' Andy broadcast. When they face the electric ray there'll be a job of make-up first, no doubt.



Mary Jo Matthews

THRICE she won the beauty contest while a student at the University of West Virginia. Then she was chosen Queen of the Apple Blossom Festival. Now she sings for CBS listeners.

Helene Carlin

MISS Carlin is versatile in her singing and dramatic talents; she comes to the NBC from Pictureland and the stage. Harry Reser discovered her—looks and talent qualify her for future programs.



Boswell Sisters

SUPERFLUOUS information—you'd know they were the Boswell Sisters whom you hear singing over the CBS system. Connie is at left, then Martha and Vet. Give 'em the Flying Spot, boys, we'll have a look!





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Ted White

TED is a Tennessee tenor and has been setting feminine hearts a-flutter with that Southern quality of, tone and accent. He comes from the Pacific studios over the National network. You'll be hearing more about him before long—and you may see him.

Transcription

DON'T laugh at the new term "electrical transcription" and say it is "just a phonograph record". On the opposite page you see an electrical transcription in the making. It is a Radio broadcast disc for the Hollywood Radio Newsreel, sponsored by one of the big motor oil and gas concerns. You can read more about it on another page in this issue of Radio Digest.





Captain Dobbsie

ONE of the outstanding programs from the Pacific Coast is that on which Captain Dobbsie serves as the skipper of the Ship of Joy. And here he is in the garden of his Burlingame home. Look sharp in the crystal ball and you'll see the photographer "shooting" himself. (Story on opposite page.)

Hugh Barrett Dobbs

A Radio Sharpshooter Who Finds His Mark

By Fred H. Fidler

WESTERN RADIO, denied the stimulation of the huge expenditures by means of which numerous Eastern and Middle Western personalities have been brought to the attention of listeners, has a record of many successes and has produced one Radio showman who is outstanding in popularity. He is Hugh Barrett Dobbs of San Francisco.

Hundreds of thousands of enthusiastic fans have acclaimed his work with approximately two million letters during his six years on the air. And all this has been accomplished by sheer force of personality and showmanship, through the medium of a program essentially simple and unsupported by the glamour and ballyhoo which has served to build acceptance for many elaborate broadcasts.

Morning's fretfulness—that momentary rebellion occasioned by a review of the day's duties and obligations—was his target. And he has succeeded in shattering it for a vast army of regular listeners. But Hugh Barrett Dobbs is more than a good marksman. He has not only dispelled morning aggravation, he has substituted an hour of neighborly entertainment and inspiring fun.

This man Dobbs, affectionately known to his followers as "Dobbsie," was one of the West's outstanding Radio personalities two years ago. Instead of "backsliding" in the public's esteem, he is more popular than ever today. Reviewing his record or listening to a recitation of the mutual loyalty of artist and audience, it is almost certain that a good percentage of the uninformed will underestimate his appeal, deciding that his audience is limited to emotional idealists. Not so.

Dobbs describes his broadcast as the "Happytime" program, representing it to be a "Ship of Joy." He and his artists dispense concentrated good cheer and it is natural—because it is unrehearsed. Many of the broadcasts are sentimental. But they touch man, woman and child alike—with a common appeal. The atmosphere of the program is clean, joyous fun. And the audience is quick to respond when a note of pathos is introduced, perhaps by the relation of the troubles of an unfortunate. On more than one occasion an invalid, orphan or other shut-in has received hundreds of cheering messages and gifts as a result of Dobbsie's interest, transmitted to fellow fans over the air.

"Happy Day" is always Dobbsie's closing wish for his audience. "Happy Day" for the majority of his audience, whose morning fretfulness was but momentary, and a happier day for those less fortunate listeners whose very real burdens he attempts to lighten.

THAT the program is more than a promise and a wish, that it is effective and is appreciated, is attested by thousands of replies to almost every undertaking or offer made over the air; by packed houses in San Francisco, Los Angeles, Salt Lake City and elsewhere whenever Dobbsie and his artists make a personal appearance.

Good music, cheerful patter inspired by fan mail, good humored stories about members of the program's crew, anecdotes and a touching poem or letter inspired by the joy some listener gets out of the broadcast are typical ingredients for an average "Happytime" program.

We said that "Happytime" program was a simple one. It is sincere—there is no gaudiness about it, but it makes use of one of the largest "casts" on the air today. In fact, it is doubtful that any other program makes use of as large a group of artists. But because of its popularity, it has become a much sought after "spot" and many artists consider it a privilege and pleasure to appear on the "Happytime" bill.

More than fifty singers, musicians and entertainers are regularly made use of on the program, in addition to the larger orchestra and singing groups. Internationally famous concert artists and nationally known composers and musicians are included in the cast. Obviously, this group of distinguished artists are not affected by the program's "training school" appeal. Residing in San Francisco, most of them keep alive fond memories of the days when they were building their success through their occasional "Happytime" engagements. Many of the program's stars were discovered or developed for Radio by Dobbs. Others whom Dobbs introduced on the air have become highly paid Radio personalities in their own right and several have used the talent developed in "Happytime" Radio appearances to further distinguish themselves on the stage. Briefly, the "Happytime" group includes:

"Sambo and Ed," two of the most popular Happytimers. The team offers novelty entertainment—songs, anecdotes and improvised instrument numbers. "Sambo" is Sam Moore, former vaudeville headliner and the man who introduced "saw playing" and played a saw in several Ziegfeld shows. "Ed" is Ed Evans, also a former vaudeville star. Evans has also made quite a name for himself as a continuity writer and his versatility has established a brisk demand for his services in extra parts. Mrs. Moore as "Mandy" sometimes joins the team and Dixie Marsh plays the piano accompaniment.

MAX DOLIN, violinist and a nationally known record artist, plays for the program weekly and appears elsewhere only under Dobbs' management; the Lindens, comprising Antonio, first flutist of the San Francisco Philharmonic, Emily, composer, and Caesar, violinist—all members of the New York and Chicago Philharmonic Societies, play regularly, and are usually joined by John Faivre, blind cellist; Theodore Strong, musical director; Clarence Tollman, tenor, once a principal in Maritza, is an exclusive artist and, with Curly David forms the popular team known as "The Whispering Cowboys"; Kathryn Thompson, harpist, a pupil of Attl, is one of the most popular Happytimers; Edward Randall, Jr., baritone, was discovered and in-

"Happytimers All"

The Singing Shells—a chorus of fine voices





Captain "Dobbsie," the "skipper" of the Ship of Joy

The Fox Theatre—Happytime ensemble



Richard Jose, "Silver Voiced" tenor





"The Lindens" and John Faivre, blind celloist

William "Wee Willie" Hancock, accompanist





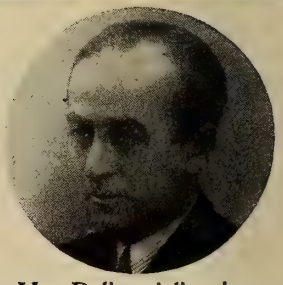
Daniel O'Brien, tenor



Helen Lowe, soprano



Dixie Marsh, soprano crooner



Max Dolin, violin virtuoso and composer

troduced to Radio fans by Dobbs; Dan O'Brien, Irish tenor, was brought to San Francisco from Seattle by Dobbs and is known as a successful teacher in addition to his Radio work; Helen Lowe, soprano concert artist is known as "The Happytime Girl."

Others include Charles Kellogg, internationally known "bird man" whose extra set of vocal cords enables him to produce perfectly almost all bird songs and calls; Richard Jose, contra-tenor, whose extremely high-pitched voice is internationally known; Annabelle Lee, former vaudeville star, who sings, plays and composes for Dobbs; Emily Hardy, coloratura soprano, who was picked from the chorus of "Blue Moon," and developed by Dobbs; Eleanor Barnard, formerly featured accompanist for all of Sid Grauman's productions.

Lee S. Roberts, composer of "Smiles," "A Little Birch Canoe and You" and many other famous songs, also appears on the program. Tom Mitchell, former musical comedy star, sang and played for Dobbs and became a featured Radio artist; Louise Forham, whom Dobbs found employed as a cabaret entertainer and introduced over the air, is now one of Broadway's most popular sopranos.

Dobbsie manages to drive home his morning barrages of optimism. By the many inflections of his voice and intimate interpretation of his program material, Dobbs "reaches" his listeners and convinces them of his sincerity and understanding. His is the ideal personality for the type of program he directs.

Outside the studio Dobbs is a hearty business man. Short and husky, with sparkling eyes and thinning hair, his very unpretentiousness is impressive. That's why his personal appearances "go over with a bang."

Watching other men in a largely feminine audience at one of his personal appearances the other day, I could almost read their thoughts because I was sure mine was the average reaction.

the "Ship of Joy's" CREW

Charles Kellogg, internationally known as "The Bird Man"





"Sambo and Ed",—Sam P. Moore, left and Ed. Evans

Lee S. Roberts, composer of "Smiles" and numerous other hits

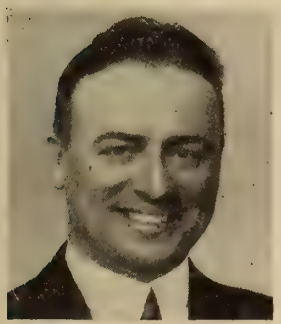




Cy Trobbe (at right of group) and his orchestra



Walt Roesner's 30 piece Fox Theatre orchestra



Theodore Strong, organist, pianist and Happy-time musical director



Eileen Elman, contralto



Walt Roesner



Eleanor Barnard, concert pianist



William Powers, negro tenor

"This Dobbs is a real guy," they were saying. "He's no Radio sob sister or the sentimental pretender I had thought him to be. His reactions and emotions are typical—only he feels them more deeply and has the ability to prod the rest of us into a deeper appreciation and understanding."

Dobbsie has had a varied career. Born in Kentucky, he laid the foundation for his excellent judgment of music listening to negro plantation melodies. There was nothing unusual in his boyhood. His cousin, Richard Pearson Hobson, had been the hero of the Merrimac sinking in Santiago harbor. So it was not strange that he entered the Naval Academy at Annapolis. A keen appetite for fun led him into a hazing scrape that resulted in his dismissal. An understanding father sent the chagrined and despairing boy on a world cruise. He formulated new plans for a career and, upon his return, entered Baltimore's Johns Hopkins Medical school to fit himself to be a physical instructor.

After completing a four year course, he taught physical training in several sections of the country. He became interested in outdoor playgrounds for children and soon "sold" the idea to officials of New York City, where he built many such playgrounds. His work was outstanding and Judge Ben Lindsey called him to Denver for similar work. He was still supervising playground construction and maintenance in 1905 when, while in Seattle, he was intrigued by the adventure and outdoor features of life in Alaska. He spent four years there, most of the time with the United States Government Boundary Survey.

Returning to Seattle, he became a salesman in the commercial branch of the motion picture industry, married and settled down. But not for long. He soon moved again, this time to San Francisco, where he sold musical instruments until he financed a small gymnasium for business men.

(Continued on page 90)

Riding the Crest *with* Morton Downey

(Continued from page 17)

to my rather surprised and perhaps not altogether happy look. "That is the way I catch songs I want to hear. You'd be surprised at the amount of stuff I pick up that way."

It developed later in the evening, for the Radio was used on and off, that this was not altogether true. Downey skipped over the music, both vocal and orchestral, save when he caught a tune he wanted, passed up the drama with equal indifference, but when we caught a really good speaker—Morton was all attention and listened closely to the end.

But to get back to our evening, it was only a few blocks from the Tavern when he shot over to the curb and parked.

"Come on fellows—let's have a drink," was the invitation.

Looked around expectantly for steps leading down to a basement entrance, but nothing met the eye—it being Fifth avenue—save shop windows, some of them lighted, some of them not.

In past one of the latter Morton led us—for a strawberry (fresh) ice cream soda that was nobody's business. (He ought to know where the best sodas are kept for right here and now would state that never in the recollection has there been a man who could consume in the space of a day so many and varied sodas and sandwiches as this fellow Downey. He would save a lot of money if he rigged up a freezer alongside the Radio in his car.)

The next stop was to see a friend in from Connecticut at an uptown hotel. The friend could not come down to see us, so we went up to see him.

It was a good party at that. They had a French renaissance fireplace with a brass guard rail around the bottom and a gas-log inside. You could pull the thing out from the mantle and the fireplace became a bar and the brass a foot-rail. They didn't have it closed up much. Five minutes after we arrived and were introduced they were calling me "Morton" and Morton was "Dick." As for Jim, they couldn't seem to figure by that time what the heck he was doing there at all.

There were two objects of interest there for Morton. One was his old friend, with whom he swapped reminiscent yarns, and a perfect peach of a German shepherd dog. Finally, to prevent mayhem, Morton obliged with a couple of songs and we made our farewells and were off to the studios for the second broadcast—stopping on the way for another soda.

Well—that is one side of Morton—another and equally intimate one is that offered by the man at home—really at home I mean when he does not feel that there is any particular reason for not feeling fully at ease.

Once I asked Downey when and where and how he got his exercise, outside of driving that pet car of his.

"Oh I do all my exercising at home," said he.

Just a picture folks, of Downey exercising. When Downey gets home first thing off comes coat and vest, and then his tie and collar too, if that will come off that day. Next the shoes are shed and a really disgraceful pair of house slippers adopted. About three shirt buttons undone, his hand run through his hair the wrong way, and Morton is ready for exercise.

He subsides into a nice roomy and comfortable chair in his den with all sorts of magazines and books handy at his elbow, props up his feet on a low stool—and—exercises.

His eye roams over the room—he pulls those inevitable and confounded coins from his pocket and starts running them from hand to hand—puts them back—gets up and smoothes a wrinkle out of the couch cover—looks over at the forsaken chair—looks at the couch—lies down and gets it more wrinkled than ever — hums absently while examining the ceiling for a possible crack—spies a picture one one-thousandth of an inch crooked—gets up and makes it more crooked the other way—sits down in the chair again—picks up a book not to read but just to be holding something—then:

"Lover (and no matter what anyone else may tell you that is his real pet name for Mrs. Downey), do you think Charlotte can fix me up a nice meat sandwich—some of that lamb or beef —with mustard?"

He has got a rowing machine or some such contrivance stowed away under the den couch in its case, bought in some moment of weakness or of New Year's resolutions, but to the best of this lad's knowledge and belief that is where it has been since the day he made the purchase—right in its case.

He has a sacred medal of his patron on the dashboard of his car. He has a good luck ring, and if ever the time comes when Morton feels that he has to knock on wood and there is no wood available he is going to pass out right then and there from heart failure. When his manager visited him in the hospital during his recent illness and threw his hat on the bed Morton nearly had a relapse. If they had not been mighty good friends outside of their business associations there might very likely have been one darned good manager looking for new connections.

And speaking of illnesses, during the more recent and very serious illness of Mrs. Downey an incident occurred which is typical of the sort of thing a chap as much in public favor as he has to contend with. Mrs. Downey came very near to death, and anyone who appreciates the depth of love there is in that family can well realize the state Morton was in at that time.

A priest was called in to administer last rites, and three days later when she had rallied and was out of danger a New York tabloid printed a story of her being then at death's door and used their entire front page for a picture of her asleep in the hospital bed. It is safe to say that had Morton met a certain editor at that time a messy looking editor it would soon have been.

The entire hospital went on the carpet to determine responsibility for that picture—and no one knew anything. Morton heard later that the editor had told a friend he had a camera-man, ready with a concealed camera, who sneaked into the room via a fire escape when the nurse went out. But says Morton:

"There wasn't any fire escape off that d—— room!"

The worst of it was that some nitwit let Mrs. Downey see the article, and she promptly staged a perfect relapse. Constance Bennett, her sister, was all for leaving a talkie in the making and flying East from the Coast. Richard Bennett, her father, with fresh and highly combustible fuel added to the permanently smouldering flame within him against newspapermen, strode around tearing his hair, and a nice time was had by all.

But that is all over now. The skies are clear. Mrs. Downey, out in the country, is fast blooming back to health. That alone is enough to make Morton a mighty happy lad, but as if that were not enough he continues, and the prediction of this writer is that he will continue, to defy all his severest critics and the laws of gravity—and go on slipping—up-hill.

He has practically a year ahead of him on his Camel contract, as an exclusive radio artist, and the offering is meeting with great and widespread popularity. The producers of three legitimate stage presentations, scheduled for fall openings are after him as well. Morton will probably close with one of them.

The chart of his course ahead records no menace to navigation, the sky is clear, the wind blowing strong and free, and Love and Confidence stand side by side at the helm. And why should it not be thus? For, as a yachting friend of mine said the other day when Downey came up for discussion:

"He's one mighty swell chap!"

Ambrose J. Weems Wants to Know

Is radio in its infancy? --- Hot debate leads nowhere when the Papa Cuckoo and Mr. and Mrs. Pennyfeather seek answer to vital question

By Raymond Knight

I WAS entertaining Mr. and Mrs. George T. Pennyfeather at tiffin recently and we got to chatting about Radio over a bottle of rare old gingerale. Some one had left the bottle under the table at which we were sitting which is how we happened to be chatting over it.

I think it was Mrs. Pennyfeather who brought the subject up. (She brought it up on the service elevator, as all deliveries have to be made that way.) Soon we were deep in an excited discussion of short waves vs. long waves, what color network a soprano should use who wears a plaid dress, etc., etc. Many a merry laugh was had as we all gave imitations of static and for some time we debated pro and con, (e. g. when does an amateur broadcaster become a "pro," and is "con" better on the cob or distilled). However we seemed to get nowhere and so we dropped the subject, which unfortunately landed on the bottle of gingerale and for several minutes we were all busy mopping up the floor, Mrs. Pennyfeather, in her whimsical way, contributing her dress for that purpose—(It was very amusing to see her bustle around.)

It was at that moment that some one said, "Radio is in its infancy." I do not know who said it and history shall probably never have the true facts. Suffice it to say that the remark was made. Instantly a hush fell over the room. The women paled and the men looked at each other apprehensively. Sensing the tenseness of the situation, I remarked lightly—"Yes, but remember that the infantry won the war."

In a moment the place was a shambles. Commercial announcements flew wildly about the room and blood ran freely in the gutters in gutter abandon. It was fully six months before order was restored and by that time the building had been torn down and a new one erected in its place. There were no traces left as the tracing paper had been destroyed.

I escaped by holding a blanket over my head and being led out as one of the horses.

But let us forget that horrible scene and get down to the bare facts. (Note to Editor: In this article the question is —"Is Radio in Its Infancy?") To this question I reply—yes and no. The affirmative is held by some pedants. (A pedant is a *scholar*, and not as some people believe the word for a flag or banner spoken with a cold in the nose.) They think that Radio is in its infancy because it is constantly changing. Others believe this, because Station KUKU broadcasts on the baby blue network. Both groups are correct and incorrect at the same time. It is all a question of the angle as any sports announcer will testify.

RAYMOND KNIGHT, radiocally known as Ambrose J. Weems, is the Big Papa Cuckoo of Station KUKU on the NBC net. He is also known as Bill Borealis on the Cliquot Club program and is on the Raising Junior program as Tony Pendennis, the poet, and Jasper Blitz. Having attended both Harvard and Yale as a student, he maintains a seat in both sections when the football teams meet. He changes and roots for the side that needs his encouragement least. He deserted the law practice to become a writer, which led to his present predicament as the Ed Wynn of Radio.

I think at this time it is apropos ("apropos" as used here must not be confused with Edgar Allen Poe) to mention the name of Archibald Finch as an example of what Radio can and will do to the people, for the people and by the people.

Archibald Finch was the father of Condensed Milk. You will not find this in your history books. You will not find it in your telephone books—No. It was left to the power of Radio to bring this to the attention of the American public, and I cite this case as an answer to—"Is Infancy In Its Radio?"

A few weeks ago, Station KUKU, of which I am managing director and first to twenty-sixth vice-president inclusive, celebrated Condensed Milk Week and during the preparation of a jubilee program our research experts discovered the following facts.

As you go to the kitchen larder—(with apologies to Ring Larder after whom it was named), take out a can opener and a can of condensed milk, rip the can open and drain the contents at one exhilarating gulp, little do you realize the romance which is behind condensed milk. Behind that can of milk is the story of a poor farmer lad. Behind that farmer lad is a soft-eyed cow, and behind that cow is a barn—no the *cow* is behind the *barn*—well, anyway, behind all this is a background.

ONE quiet summer's day back in 1888, a farmer lad named Archibald Finch, who was known to the country folk as Archibald Finch, sat milking a cow. As he leaned back on the sofa, which he had brought out into the barn to make the milking easier, he thoughtfully regarded the cow, a brown and white one named Henery XIV, and he

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Broadcasting from
The Editor's Chair

Radio Amplifies Happiness

SINCE the early fall of 1929 we have all been watching our whole economic fabric writhe itself through a post-war deflation of major magnitude. For some of us the transition has been personally painful. We have lost stocks. We have lost real estate. We have seen market values of one kind or another literally "shot to pieces."

For others the deflation has been even worse. They have lost jobs and in consequence the means to supply loved ones and themselves with even the bare necessities of life. Willingness to work, hard, long and honestly has not brought a quick and satisfactory answer to their woes. Some of our fellowmen have been denied the right to earn a living and as a result have been torn between alternatives of imposing on friends and relations, of accepting public charity, of turning to racketeer methods or of just plain starving.

For deserving men who are willing to work this is indeed a tragic and threatening period. It is the most significant challenge to the so-called capitalistic system. It must be and will be intelligently and equitably solved or even here in the United States political evolution may give way to political revolution.

Meanwhile there is nothing which can mean more to the American people—or any other people—than contentment of mind and soul. Just plain ordinary happiness can do more to bridge and overcome obstacles and hardships than anything else. It is the accelerator in the victory of mind over matter.

What a marvelous opportunity is therefore presented to Radio! There is no human medium in existence today which can do so much to build happiness among people and at such unbelievably low cost. Think of the places Radio can take you, first hand, in a single month. Think of the famous people and the great events it can bring before you. And add to all this the endless round of music from "low brow" jazz to the very finest symphonic and operatic performances. But why go on? The parade is too imposing and too extensive to begin to enumerate.

Just thinking about it, however, leads to the thought that the manufacturers of the Radio industry are "making no speed rapidly" in arising to the opportunity which is theirs. The Radio industry ought to be advertising and otherwise promoting to the public the bounteous blessings of Radio. Industrial sponsors ought to sell *programs* and what they mean to human happiness. They ought to sell the great economy of Radio as a producer of happiness of many kinds and in many directions for there is no way to spend so little in dollars for so much in pleasure.

If those in the Radio industry were doing the kind of cooperative merchandising job they should be doing, the sale of Radio sets would be rapidly mounting. No matter how much is done by individual manufacturers to sell their individual sets, there should be a master campaign financed by manufacturers, dealers, jobbers and broadcasting stations to merchandise Radio programs as a common prerequisite for selling their individual wares.

The time for such a campaign is *right now,* when many newspapers are shying off (mostly as a matter of necessary economy) from giving the public adequate Radio news and feature service. The public wants to know more about what to look for and where to get it. Supplying this information properly is bound to increase Radio sales, but what of it? The people have never objected, good times or bad, to buying what they want and know can do the most good for them.

Kill the Fess Bill

IT SEEMS incredible that so many of our great army of teachers should permit themselves to fall into the hands of schemers. Capable, earnest, sincere in their noble task of preparing the minds of the generation which will carry the destiny of the nation tomorrow they sometimes follow political leaders who must be either pitifully incompetent or brutally unscrupulous.

They are swayed by the demagogues who picture the "American Radio lost in a growth of commercial weeds." They are told that the money powers have taken away their Radio rights, and they believe it. Knowing this weakness and seizing an extremely potent strategical situation nominal leaders have turned to competitive "advertising media" and are boldly trying to get them to lead the assault, and take all the blame, for as unjustified an attack as ever has been attempted on a great American institution.

Like the young lion, still unaware of its strength, broadcasters are permitting themselves to be cowed and restrained. They should stand erect and look facts squarely in the face.

We believe that American listeners—and that includes the majority of school teachers—who are familiar with the various kinds of broadcasting in other countries would resent bitterly any attempt to break up the American Plan of Broadcasting where twenty times more money is spent for programs than in any other country in the world, and where there is a greater variety by a hundred times to supply all the varied wants in Radio entertainment.

Yet the passage of the Fess bill to set aside 15 per cent of all the wave channels for educational institutions would be one of the most telling blows imaginable to the American Plan. It would be an opening wedge to the complete dissolution of the system. Later other blocks of channels would be trimmed out until nothing worth while would be left.

The passage of the Fess bill would be about as heavy a smash as could be managed at one time without bringing down the entire wrath of the listening public.

RADIOGRAPHS

Intimate Personality Notes Gleaned from the Radio Family of America's Great Key Stations

Bernardine Flynn

By Marie K. Neff

THE grape arbor in the back yard was the big "white top;" a clothes line stretched from side to side, about three and a half feet high, was the tight rope; and a little girl of ten years, with long black hair that had been braided to make it frizzy, was the tight rope performer. Her skill three and a half feet above the ground was heralded throughout the neighborhood, consequently, she and the rest of the troupers were above the "two pins" admission stage. They charged five cents and took their circus feats seriously.

Even though the kids from one end of Madison, Wisconsin, to the other all turned out, there were no more enthusiastic members of the audience than mother and father Flynn. They had reserved seats at the kitchen window and through that glass pane John Flynn saw the day when his four little girls and two little boys would swing to and from a trapeze under a real white top billed as the "Six Flynns." Natalie Flynn could see her husband's chest swell and a gleam of pride shone in his eyes.

But today tells a different story. While Bernardine Flynn, the little mistress of the tight rope, is not performing under a real white top, she is, nevertheless, in the Radio spotlight, the rays of which are not confined to canvas walls. Her audience stretches from coast to coast.

It was during her sophomore year at the University of Wisconsin that she "took stock" and decided it wasn't so easy for her father to keep five youngsters in school at the same time, so she decided to leave. She went to Chicago where she secured a position in the art sections of one of the department stores. During this time her mother died and it was a toss-up between her sister and herself as to who would keep house for the family. Her sister was well established in Chicago and had an excellent position as secretary. This was too much to lose so Bernardine returned to Madison for the time being.



Bernardine Flynn

(See Roto Section for another picture of Miss Flynn)

After being "homemaker" for a year her father decided she should return to school and finish her work. She enrolled in the School of Speech at the University. The value of her experience in Chicago cropped out at this time. Short as her stay had been, her association with art had left an imprint—she had the desire to know more about it—hence she became a student in sculpture and portrait painting. Due to the fact that her interests were so varied she was permitted to graduate and receive her degree without having to take a course in general education along with her art work, which, up to that time, had been one of the requisites established by the university.

While a pupil of M. C. Trautman, one of the country's best known tutors, she became a leader in student dramatics, playing parts which attracted the favorable comments of many critics. At this time her work was brought to the attention of Zona Gale, author, in whose play, "Miss Lulu Betts," Bernardine was taking part at school. Miss Gale became quite interested and following her graduation gave her a letter of introduction to Brock Pemberton, theatrical producer, in New York City. Contrary to expectations, the young graduate did not wish to go on the stage. However, after much urging from her father, who decided he would be just as well satisfied with the footlights, she went. It was a most peculiar journey—she was going to a city where she was unknown and in search of something in which she wasn't interested.

MR. PEMBERTON was well satisfied with her ability as an actress and secured for her the part of understudy to Miss Muriel Kirkland, the heroine of "Strictly Dishonorable." At the close of this show, he suggested she give up understudying leads and try for a part herself. He was just in the midst of producing another show at the time and remarked that he needed a French maid. She suggested he give her a try at it. He just shook his head. He needed a real French maid, couldn't she understand? She volunteered the information that her French was

"pretty good" so he gave her the trial. Her French was excellent, but "Good Heavens, I can't list the name Flynn across from 'French Maid.'" It was then that "Natalie Boisclair" was made to live again in her daughter.

As all things go, Wall Street crashed and so did the show—in Washington. Miss Flynn returned to New York and, still under the guidance of Mr. Pemberton, she secured a part in George Jessel's play "Joseph." The only difference in the fate of "Joseph" was that it went on the rocks in another city.

BY this time the young ingenue was fairly disgusted with plays on wobbly legs and not desiring to go on the stage in the first place, it was an easy matter for her to take a trial balance and close the books so far as the "boards" were concerned.

A relative mentioned Radio. It was food for thought but not so far as New York was concerned. Radio artists had "already arrived" there so she decided Chicago was the place.

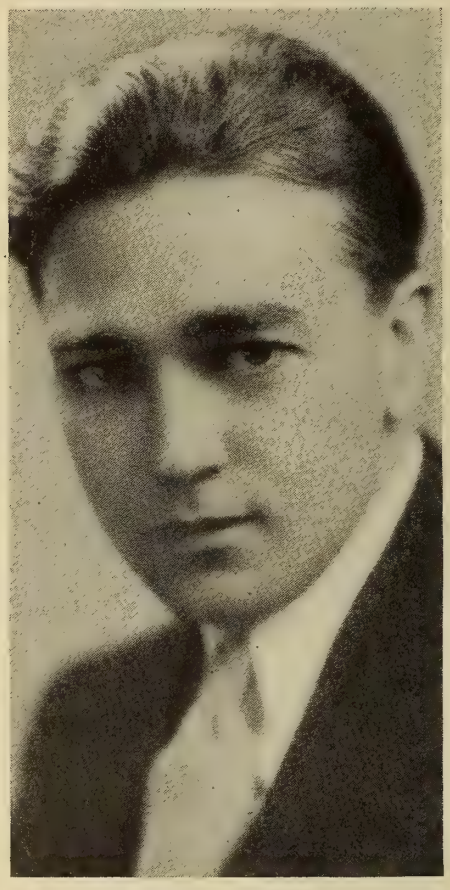
Bernardine Flynn came to Chicago with only a letter of recommendation "to whom it may concern" regarding her ability, and made application for an audition at the NBC studios.

And now there comes a coincidence. Frederick G. Ibbett, director of dramatics for the Chicago studios, mentioned the fact that he needed a French girl—not a maid this time, however. He also heard the story about her French being "Pretty good"—it proved to be a good story. In this instance there were no printed programs so "Natalie Boisclair" again became Bernardine Flynn.

She is no longer troubled about deciding upon her career—she's satisfied that it's Radio—and always has been. Since her Radio debut, about a year and a half ago, she has established herself as one of the few outstanding dramatic actresses on the air and is heard in "The Girl Reporter," "Rin Tin Tin Thriller," "The Play's the Thing," and others. She thoroughly enjoys her work and members of the Chicago staff are never surprised to see her come hurrying in anytime from 7:00 o'clock in the morning until 10:00 in the evening. An actress who leads in four or five productions a week has to be on the job but one can see that it's more a pleasure than a job. She always takes time for a smile and a pleasant "good morning," regardless of her hurry.

Even though rushed from morning till night, week in and week out, this pert little "maid" manages to squeeze in time for a few "at homes" to her friends. And those fortunate enough to call at these times are always treated to some sort of rare foreign concoction. Miss Flynn still plays at keeping house and one of her homemaking hobbies is collecting foreign recipes. Another is furnishing her little apartment on the shore of Lake Michigan. She is keenly interested in antiques—real ones, however. The want ad columns hold a fascination for her. She scans them eagerly to see if some old aristocratic home is parting with a few rare pieces.

Regarding romance, she just looks askance—and really did a "pretty good" job of bluffing. But, she had forgotten that in telling about collecting her furniture she had said she wanted only the best so that someday she could use it in her own home.



John L. Fogarty
The latest crush in NBC tenors

Her art work is also quite prominent in the apartment, but she has laid aside her brushes for charcoal. She explained that she doesn't have room for an easel and the many other things one needs. And charcoals are so simple. She still models in clay. "A lump of soft clay, a board on which to work it, a few tools and your own fingers are all that's needed," she said, "and that doesn't take much room."

And her last hobby is public auctions.

So far as father Flynn is concerned —all he says, beaming, is "Well we didn't know anything about Radio in those days."

JOHN L. FOGARTY

JUST when it seems a poor girl is already sold heart and soul on one invisible but delightfully audible serenader, along comes another even more appealing than the last. Now comes John L. Fogarty who is nothing less than divine with that devastating tenor voice no fair lady with the slightest touch for the romantic could possibly resist.

If you love those big out door men from the open spaces then Mr. Fogarty —Oh, heck, let's call him John and be done with it—then John is your man. He began singing to the mountain peaks in Montana, with his pony and his dog for companions. The mountains loved him and gave back that indefinable something that becomes fibre and soul of a human being so favored.

He is more fair than dark, broad shoulders, lean limbs and blue eyes that seek points above the horizon. He laughs but never gushes and when he's in a crowd he listens more than he talks. There are no petty artist mannerisms with which so many who have gained the spot of public favor seem to become afflicted. Broadway has not softened him. If you do get him to talking his conversation will go back to Montana, and his mother and dad. That's where his heart is.

Don't you ever think that Montana has forgotten him either. His success as a Radio singer, and an acknowledged favorite from coast to coast over the NBC network, has lessened the claim of his home state to him as one of its beloved sons. During the last session of the legislature when John was unable to get home for a visit they rigged up a Radio receiver at the state capitol. The House formally called a halt in its legislative deliberations and listened for one hour while their wandering boy sang to them from New York.

WHEN it come right down to plain biography John L. Fogarty first saw the light of day at Sioux Falls, South Dakota. But from early boyhood he lived the rancher's life in Montana. He has always been a great lover of horses and when a very little fellow it was not uncommon for him to play hookey just to follow the strings of horses that were exhibited at state and county fairs.

He grew out of his childhood younger than most boys and when the World War boomed along in 1917 John had reached the glamorous age of 16. Just how he managed to get by is known to but a very few people. At any rate he was presently seen swinging a rifle and marching along with other and older boys on the way to France. He en-

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MARCELLA

Little Bird Knows All—Tells All—Ask Her about the Stars You Admire

TODDLES is home still autographing copies of our photograph which appeared in last month's column—and as usual the task—pardon me—I mean the pleasure—of writing about things and affairs and whatnots—is mine.

First of all, my dears, there was the NBC picnic a few weeks ago—and everyone in Enbeesee's Pub. Dept. was on the boat. I wish you could have seen Gene Mulholland's pretty blue-eyed wife. She looks like sixteen but I understand that she answers to "Ma" for two little tots at home. Then there was Edythe Jeanne Meserand who arranges interviews between NBC artists and those tireless, patient, worn-out specimens of mankind—called reporters. Bill Thomas salvaged Marcella from the talons of three great big successive waves—and Harold Stein, Prince of Photographers snapped Indi's substantial visage in his magic camera. Everyone is still getting the sand out of their ears—and if you've ever tried to separate spinach from its native soil, you know what a job we're having.

* * *

MR. AND Mrs. Toscha Seidel were driving something like—sixty on their way to the Columbia Broadcasting System when a—motorcop stopped to make their acquaintance. "Say, where the H?xy***l d'ye think ye're goin'," asked the blue-robe, brass-buttoned city official in the King's English. "I'm going to work," replied the famous virtuoso. "What'd'ye do fer a livin'"? questioned this persistent pursuer of Cadillacs, as he eyed Mr. and Mrs. Seidel's evening togs. "Oh, I play the violin," this from CBS' Music Director. "Yeh? I guess ye play this high class music, don'tcha? Well, I like jazz—and ye're goin' te get a ticket, get me!" Standing in a corner of the car was the dear li'l $60,000 Stradivarius just about shivering in its timbers. Came the sweet voice from charming Mrs. Seidel, "Well, of course, you know how it is—Mr. Seidel prefers to play jazz but he has to do the other for a living." "Well, I guess ye're regular folks—go ahead." and the ticket disappeared into a deep cavernous pocket. That's Mrs. Seidel—the right word and always at the right time.

* * *

LOUISE BENNER, I'm surprised at you. John L. Fogarty is not married, thank goodness. It's almost refreshing to find a dashing young person in Radio circles who has escaped from the ravages of wedlock. You'll find his picture and a short history about him a door or so away from this page.

* * *

JIMMIE MERRELL who recently accused Marcella of having a soft heart for down-trodden announcers, writes that he's landed the job as Studio Manager of WNOX, Knoxville,Tenn. May its tribe of listeners increase and flourish under your efficient management, James. "Most of last year," Manager Merrell writes, "I was just another city boy that made good in the country," in parenthesis he adds, WSFA, Montgomery. "Before that I was the hired help at WKBC, in Birmingham." Awfully glad to have heard from you and shall be glad to get anything you have about WNOX. Hope your next stop is New York not New Jersey.

* * *

POOR Lew Conrad! Or I should say poor Mrs. Conrad! Well, probably I should not have let the cat out of the bag so suddenly—but there is a Mrs. Conrad — his wife. Again, I say, poor Mrs. Conrad! Can you imagine, my dears, how difficult it must be for any woman whose husband's voice so beguiles his Radio listeners that they all —blondes, brunettes, married and single—send *him billets doux* weighted with *affaires de coeur*—or to use a more expressive term—mash notes. Now, what would you do—those of you who have a husband under the yoke—if he received letters numbering into the hundreds like this: "I am faithful to you, Lew my beloved. You have the voice of a thrilled soul. I weep to think that others must be writing you the same loving lines as I am writing." If that's the effect his *voice* has on 'em, what would happen if they saw him—simply irresistible—brown eyes—you know with a merry twinkle—wavy black hair—and five foot six. You're welcome, Mrs. Kidwell, come again some time.



Lew Conrad

* * *

SARAH ROBERTS of Wilmington and Mrs. W. N. Crosby of Amesbury are interested in John Mayo, CBS' popular announcer. He's 32 years, my dears, was born in Providence, went to a military school and to Brown University. As an armament officer in the World War he spent fourteen months in the air—and as a Radio announcer he's spent longer than that on it. Don't know which he likes better but he doesn't seem to consider his job a bit tedious even though he has announced over 3,500 programs over WABC—this last year.



John Mayo

* * *

MOST of the stars in whom—you are interested, Mrs. Jenkins, have had pictures and articles in Radio Digest. Jean Paul King was in the May issue and there was a fine article about Horace Heidt in the April number. But here's Curt Peterson for you. He's married, has two children, Stephanie, eight, and Janet, five. Is 33, graduate of the University of Oregon and has a B.S. degree. And talk about getting jobs. I don't think there's another story like it. Way back in the good old days of 1927 when WJZ had its studios on 42nd Street, Curt ambled by that way. There was that mystifying something about the Radio station that "got" him, so in he went, and came out just as quickly with instructions to write the station director. Miss Brainard, and she certainly could have no name that would be more significant of her mental capacity, wrote back this very encouraging note. "Dear Miss Peterson: I gather by intuition, not your letter, that you want a job. I regret to inform you that we have no place for



Curt Peterson

feminine voices on the air." For a moment Curt staggered, but a thought quickly flashed across his mind. He picked up the receiver, and called Miss Brainard on the telephone. "Miss Brainard," said Curt—in his deep baritone voice, "this is Miss Peterson." "I beg your pardon," came from the other end. "This is Miss Peterson," this in a resonant bass. "Well?" was the not-by-any-means-long-drawn-out-reply. "Only it ain't Miss—it's Mister. Does that make a difference?" "Tut, tut, young man, announcers never say ain't. You're going to be announcer, judging by your voice on the telephone, soon as you come in here and let us see that you're not a bearded lady." And that Curt Peterson did not turn out to be a side show at the circus is proved by the fact that he is now supervisor of announcers at NBC and has been "doing" some of the most important programs on that chain.

* * *

IT WAS an awfully blue Monday — the ceiling had come down and settled on our jade vase—our Radio lost its voice during a favorite program, the dog had puppies and the cat had kittens — so you can imagine what a joy, it was, Edna, to receive your charming note. I want to share it with the rest of the Marcellians. Here it is:

"Tweet, tweet, Marcella!

"What under the sun *is* the matter with the office inmates of our fair Radio Digest? First Indi-Gest, whose smiling effigy has haunted my nightmares since it first sprang at us from the pages of an otherwise domesticated magazine. And now Marcella and Toddles. I had few doubts about Toddles — but Marcella was something of a shock! However, I was gradually adjusting myself to a painfully sudden optical illusion, and in a frantic effort to fit the new Marcella into the empty corner of my heart so recently bereft, I am forcing myself to appreciate her manifestly good points.

"Hummmmm . . . yes, you have good reason to be proud of your legs, Marcella. (You're a darlin' Edna.) Never since legs wuz legs have I seen such legs!! I can't see why you let Toddles out-do you in the matter of fancy headdress, but I can see that you beat her to the dressing table and carried off the family heirloom—real pearls, too, aren't they? And that ducky parasol with the hand-made lace—not to mention the paisley opera wrap . . . would you mind telling me how much Radio Digest pays you and Toddles for knowing everything? Not that I care . . . but you are both SO extravagant! (Well, the next time you come to New York, Edna, drop in and I'll tell you all about it over an ice-cream sody.)

"Please don't forget to send me that autographed copy, will you? Thank you so much.

"No, I don't seem to have any 'burning questions' on my mind. Other people get them first, and your soothing, Unguentine (that word really should be censored—sounds like advertising) responses answer all queries before they have time to disturb me.



Mr. and Mrs. Percy Grainger

"But can't I think of something . . . just to be sociable . . . Oh, yes, I'm so glad Nellie Revell made the statement that Lucille Wall is not married . . . What a relief to her host of male admirers!! Her name has been confused with that of her sister Mildred, who is married to Frank Knight. By the way, these sisters' voices are so identical that the keenest ear would have difficulty in distinguishing one from the other. However, the confusion of the two in the minds of "fans" as regards the marriage of Mildred is partly due to the secrecy with which the Knights chose to surround their marriage. Why do people do it? Why keep the fact of a marriage hidden, as—as though it were something to be ashamed of! Intelligent persons who take their Radio in the right spirit won't have their enthusiasm dulled by the knowledge that their favorites are married, and, like the old woman in the shoe, "have so many children they don't know what to do"! A Don Juan of Radio, whose name is familiar to everyone having a receiving set, married and kept the fact a secret for many months—in the meantime receiving letters and invitations from lady-friends on whom he had bestowed attention before his marriage, and who thought him still single — ungallantly placing them in the unflattering light of trespassers upon another woman's claims. Rather unsporting of the gentleman. There are certain things that the Dear Public has a right to know—and a marriage is as much everybody's business, for obvious reasons, as birth and death. Don't you agree? (Ah does, quoth I.)

"We have taken Radio Digest ever since its advent into the magazine world and have such affection for it that we can overlook its peculiarities as easily as we appreciate its perfections. "Peculiarities," however, should be singular (and don't shoot me for this unintentional pun!) and not plural—for under this heading is listed but one item, namely, that, under your present publishing schedule, and reversing the usual system, a year's subscription to Radio Digest costs more than the yearly sum of a single copy purchased each month at the newsstand! Ain't that the awfullest! Just ask Toddles! (Now, Edna, your 'rithmetic must be suffering from the humidity—now I ask you—how much is 25 times 12—if the product isn't three dollars, you can have my paisley shawl and bonnet.) But if it cost fifty cents a copy and twelve dollars per year, I'd still subscribe to it, rather than be met with the usual response at the newsstand—'All sold out!!!'

"And now I've had the grandest gab, but I see Toddles is dozing on your

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GABALOGUE



Nellie Revell, "The Voice of RADIO DIGEST"

By Nellie Revell

The Voice of RADIO DIGEST

EVERY Wednesday night at 11 o'clock Miss Revell takes her WEAF mike in hand and rattles off a good old fashioned chinfest about the great and near-great of Radio and stage circles. On this page you will read some of the things she broadcast in case you did not hear her on the NBC network.

HOWDY, friends. I'm going to try and square myself with a lot of people whom I've shamefully neglected by not answering their inquiries about their radio favorites. So if you'll please forgive me this time, (I'll probably do much worse in the future). * * *

Since, we're talking about cooking, I guess I might as well begin with the Sisters of the Skillett. * * * No, they're not related to each other. They were both born in Indiana and both are married. Their real names are Eddie East and Ralph Dumke. Eddie has a daughter 15 years old who was just given an audition playing the ukelele. Eddie East was a lawyer, and his first client is still in the penitentiary. Ralph was a designer of plows. That's how he learned how to play the banjo. * * *

Gene and Glenn were both born in Illinois. Both are married and both now reside in Cleveland. Gene Carroll married Mary Stuart, of the Stuart Sisters, vaudeville entertainers. They have three children. Glenn Rowell married a girl who looks enough like him to be his twin sister. They have two children. Gene and Glenn are noted for their fishing ability. Not so good at catching—but awfully good at fishing. * * *

The Tastyeast Jesters were all raised in Connecticut, and are all married. The three couples now live in Jackson Heights, Long Island. Dwight Latham is Pep; Wamp Carleson is Vim; and Guy Bonham is Vigor. * * *

Vincent Lopez is small and dark—specializes in neck-ties. He owns about 100 but uses only about four—and wears them until his valet takes them away from him. He was born in Brooklyn, and was educated for the priest-hood. * * *

Those Goldberg sketches about the Rise of the Goldberg family are written by Mrs. Berg, who plays Molly in them. Mrs. Berg is the wife of a sugar merchant—and had no previous radio or stage experience before she wrote these sketches. She is the mother of two children. The part of Sammy, the son in that sketch, is played by Alfred Corn. * * *

CLARA, Lou and Em are graduates of Northwestern College in Chicago, and their radio sketch is a result of their fun frolics in the dorms. * * * Their names are Louise Starky, Isabelle Carothers and Helen King. The characters of Clara, Lou and Em were conceived by the girls in their efforts to make college life less humdrum. * * *

Paul Whiteman was born in Denver and has been playing the violin since he was six years old. His mother told me a rather amusing incident about Paul's childhood days. One day she was on her way to a luncheon, and driving past a corner fruit-stand, she noticed a crowd gathered there. She heard a violin playing—and driving closer she saw that it was little Paul, then about 7. It seems that the fruit vender had promised Paul all the fruit he could eat if he would play the violin and draw crowds for him. And she learned later that her angel child was known at the corner fruit store as "da kid wid de fid." Well, did she yank him home quick! It's a good thing it wasn't piano lessons Paul was taking. Well, Paul has grown to be quite a big boy since then and quite famous too. But no matter how much fame, how many chins, or how many wives he may acquire, when he goes back to Denver, and passes that corner fruit stand, he is still known as "da kid wid de fid." * * *

PHIL. COOK left school because he flunked. He flunked because he spent more time drawing pictures than he did studying. Then he got a job tying up bundles in an advertising agency—where he also got some experience in drawing. Soon he became an expert cartoonist. He has also drawn some very fine pictures, some of which have appeared on the front page of the Saturday Evening Post. He married the only sweetheart he ever had. They have a baby girl named Phyllis,

(Continued on page 92)

Voice of the

TRUE LOYALTY

I AM enjoying your new magazine very much. Glad I am back in the fold again—you see I am an old-timer and I didn't like Radio Digest going to New York, but I'm for you from any town from now on. Don't see how I got along all these years. In mentioning favorite stations I must put WLS at the top of the list with WMAQ a close second. The latter, I think, is the least obtrusive station on the air and even though I have never met the gentleman in person I think much credit should go to that pioneer announcer manager, Bill Hay. Give him a little space some time. (See page 61 of May issue.)—Mrs. J. F. Foster, 4824 Elm Ave., Hammond, Ind.

WHERE ARE YOU EDDY?

I SHOULD like to get some information concerning Eddy Utt, "The Vagabond Poet" of St. Louis. I was fortunate enough to hear one of his programs and I liked it very much indeed. I should like to learn where I can tune in on him, too.—Judy

THUMBS DOWN ON RADIO DIGEST AS STAR-GAZER, EH? SEE P. 57

IN the Radio world there is a star, slowly but surely rising to a prominent position in the hearts of the listeners. The Digest's part in bringing him closer to the people's hearts has not been in keeping with his meteoric rise to fame. When I say that I mean Lew Conrad, how many of your readers can say that they know him? Not many, for on the air he is usually a haunting, unidentified voice, while in your columns he is hardly ever mentioned. Won't you do your part and give us some articles and more pictures about Lew?—Musketeer No. 1—Chicago, Ill.

A COINCIDENCE!

ALL Lew Conrad fans who are interested in joining a club in his honor are cordially invited to write to me. The club has just been organized but we're sure it will be a great success—so c'mon fans! Congratulate you on your thoroughly enjoyable magazine.—Kathryn L. Ellis, 7133 Harvard Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

THESE LOVE R. D. AS IS

MERCY ME! Please let me say a word about an article in "Coming and Going." Please, please don't besmear your lovely magazine with "scandals, divorces, and domestic tribulations" of Radio-ites. I'm sure the Radio-ites get plenty of "dirty publicity" without Radio Digest ruining a perfectly good reputation in order to air Radio scandals. What's more, I don't hesitate to reassure you that the feelings of the artists will no doubt be in keeping with the above quotation. If enlargement of your magazine is necessary let it be for the better instead of the deterioration of it. More columns of the type of Radiographs, Marcella, Tuneful Topics, Gabalogue and Broadcaster-Oil would be more suitable to advance. Of course it is entirely up to yourselves whether or not you run with the goats or the sheep, but I've had my word.—Miss Betty Jamieson, 635 Stibbs St., Wooster, Ohio.

* * *

SORRY there was no August issue. No, don't write any scandal about Radio stars in your magazine. Keep it sweet and clean, and if any morbid-minded readers want a scandal feast let them get their meal from the newspapers. Please put in more pictures of the men stars in the rotogravure section. Doesn't that sound "feminine"—but it should be half and half anyway.—Mrs. Arthur Lueck, Mancelona, Mich.

WOULD FIGHT FESS BILL

JUST read the new issue of your magazine and before I take up the main subject may I say it seemed like a very long wait this month. Your magazine is so interesting I hated to miss the August issue. Now for my real reason for this letter. Read very carefully the article by Mr. Hobart and think I understand the situation as he puts it. What can we do to prevent Senator Fess' bill S5589 from becoming effective? Some programs on the air are not so interesting but I tune out and get another station. But these instances are rare. On a whole the entertainment and educational features provided are good. Only a few days ago I was forced to be without my Radio for forty-eight hours and I realized then just what it meant to me. As far as the advertising talks are concerned I'm sure fair-minded persons do not object to the few minutes devoted to them. And as you pointed out, the advertisers pay for this entertainment so why not be appreciative and generous. PRESERVE US FROM GOVERNMENT CONTROL OF THE RADIO!!! I never cease marveling at the magic of Radio. It's cheering and comforting and instructive. I believe I have at least average good sense and intelligence. I can enjoy the music of the masters and I can also get great pleasure from the popular music played by various orchestras. Heading this wonderful list of programs is Rudy Vallee. Don't tell me he's no extraordinary singer. I know Rudy hasn't a voice for the Metropolitan, but I can honestly say I've listened to all the noted singers starting with Caruso but never felt the tugging at my heart as when Rudy's voice reaches my ears. If the Fess bill means taking Rudy off the air I'm starting for Washington with a bomb in my pocket at once. Let us know as soon as you can just what we can do. We do not want government control.—G. M., Margate City, N. J.

TWO NEW VOL-IANS—WELCOME!

HAVE enjoyed reading your magazine always but more so since devoted exclusively to Radio. We enjoy reading your well-written, interesting articles, and looking at your descriptive and entertaining pictures. We enjoy reading V. O. L. especially, and would like to join. Would appreciate having pictures and articles especially of the following Radio stars: Bob and Jimmy Palmer, the Utah Trail Boys of KFI and KECA, Los Angeles, Cal., of the Beverly Hill Billies of KMPC, the artists of the Happy Go Lucky Hour, KFRC, Shell Happy Time artists of KPO as well as any others particularly in Southern California. Wish the best of luck to Radio Digest and hope for a still bigger magazine.—S. and A. Kovacevich.

WE MERELY ASKED YOU

READING page 4 of the Summer Edition of Radio Digest and can't go any farther without stopping to tell you that the day you start gathering the scandal, is the day I quit reading Radio Digest—and I think there are many others of the same mind as I. If you find it necessary to print that kind of "stuff" then quit publishing, because that's the beginning of the end. There's plenty of interesting material to be had concerning "our friends of the air" without dragging in their shortcomings.—Jess Jackson, Apollo, Pa. [We distinctly stated we didn't like scandals for Radio Digest. Editor.]

* * *

HERE'S three emphatic answers to the query, "Should Radio Digest go in for scandals?"—NO! NO! NO!—one for each member of our family—and the pussycat—who looks forward to chewing up each copy of Radio Digest after we have finished with it and considers herself entitled to a vote upon the quality of her food! Radio Digest is unique in the fact that it has so far steered clear of everything unclean. Its gossip is of the light, harmless sort which entertains without leaving an unpleasant taste in the mouth and I, for one, should be very sorry to see it go Walter Winchell. For those who get a vicarious delight in learning of the infidelities of the great and near-great of the stage, screen or Radio, there are the movie magazines and metropolitan tabloids to the rescue. Although I have been a regular reader of your magazine since almost its first issue, this is my first letter to V. O. L., and is written in appreciation of the editor's efforts to give us what we really want in the form of a Radio magazine. I sincerely hope that other interested readers will respond to this important question, and if Bigger and Better Scandals is the order of the day as a result of the poll, then I make the motion that those in the minority, who may feel like canceling their subscriptions to Radio Digest, instead turn their energies into organizing a Skipper of Pages Association to see who can skip the fastest!—Edna H. Stanbrough, R. F. D. No. 3, Newburgh, N. Y.

WANTED: DISTANT STATIONS

JUST a line to tell you that I certainly enjoy reading your fine magazine. I should like to hear from listeners about the distant stations they can get or about their locals—or anything about Radio.—Floyd Smith, R. R. No. 6, Box 52, Greenville, Ill.

RUDY'S CORNER

IT IS rumored in Canadian as well as American circles that Rudy Vallee, the idol of America, is about to sign a contract for an enormous sum, and departing for Elstree, the Hollywood of England in several British films. This will surely be a loss for America.—L. Fahey, Toronto, Ont. ..... May we soon have an article devoted to Rudy Vallee's famous Connecticut Yankees? And a little picture of each

Listener

of the boys? This particular orchestra possesses so much individual personality, that such an article would be more than appreciated. Wish you would also publish an article about John S. Young and Lew Conrad. (Lew is in Marcella's column this issue—and John Young in May).

* * *

I HAVE always said I would never miss such an interesting magazine as Radio Digest. I can't wait each month for it to come out. Since Rudy Vallee is so happily married, here's hoping it doesn't hurt his popularity and that Radio listeners will always have Rudy's interesting programs to listen to. As Rudy Vallee is my favorite, here's hoping he will always be on the air and in Radio Digest.—Mrs. Maria Jones, Washington, D. C. .....After reading Rudy Vallee's *Tuneful Topics* one cannot doubt that he has a magnetic personality. Instead of all or the majority of the men being jealous of his charming voice, good looks, lovely orchestra, wonderful athletic figure and pleasing personality, I should think they would admire him like most of the women do. I'd stay up all night to listen to him. Another young man whose voice bubbles with boyish enthusiasm, namely Ozzie Neslon. Please print a picture of him. Three cheers for Smith Ballew and Julian Woodworth and needless to mention for the one and only Rudy Vallee. —Peggy Wood, 219 Pine Street, Peekskill, N. Y.

TRY R. D. BINDERS

I THINK every "listener-in" was delighted to see the picture of "This is Douglas Gilbert Speaking" in the last edition of your magazine, and write to ask you if there is not some way you can secure an intimate interview of Gilbert's life. Such a wonderful voice and we hope he receives a fine salary! Can you not print some more of his broadcasts on men of note? Buy your magazine and file in a folder.—A "Listener-In."

SEE APRIL R. D.

HAS Radio Digest forgotten that the charming Jessica Dragonette is one of the finest and one of the most popular singers on the air? Do let us have some more pictures and articles about this fascinating star. She certainly has no equal —on or off the air.—Marjorie Goetschins, 228 Ray Street, Manchester, N. H.

A FLOYD FAN

YOU asked for suggestions from readers about what they'd like to read and what pictures they'd like to see. Well—I read the Digest and enjoy it very much—and here goes for what I personally would like—I'd like more nice full page pictures of Floyd Gibbons and interviews and articles about him—in fact you can fill the book about him and I'm satisfied—but not where he travelled with Pershing or about Pancho Villa or the Laconia sinking, etc. I've read that fifty times in every paper, book and magazine. What I want to know is—does he really like lemon pie and ice cream—is he grouchy or jolly—serious or silly—as talkative off the air as on—and does he like riding, golf or flying—or just plain hiking—does he ever smoke a pipe—does he ever listen to the Radio himself—does he like music and jazz or the classics, etc.—that's the kind of interview I like. Maybe he doesn't—anyhow—that's what I'd like to hear about him. And about another hero of mine—of course he's really not a Radio star but he was master of ceremonies on the Chevrolet program for a long time —Col. Eddie Rickenbacker. These are my two heroes and it's sure hard to get a squint at a picture of or a word about either. Once again may I say how very much I enjoy this magazine and hope to find what I'm looking for in it one of these months.—Betty of Boston.

DX'S OWN DEPARTMENT

IN YOUR recent issue the most interesting article was the write-up by Charles J. Gilchrist on DX-ing, in my estimation. Undoubtedly, all DX'ers and Radio bugs will be your constant boosters if you succeed in getting Mr. Gilchrist to continue his articles through the coming winter months. I'm also glad to see more letters in V. O. L. from the "ether hunters," the "rubber ears," etc. The article in your May issue on a new station in Algiers using native entertainers was very, very interesting. You might give us a few more similar stories. While writing, I want to urge you to give us soon, in your dandy magazine, a good write-up on "Billy Sunshine," (Jack Owens), the boy who pulls in such a load of fan mail at KFH. Although he's but 18 years old, his voice is exceptional among crooners and his impersonations range from Henry Burbig to Morton Downey.—Paul K. C. McAfee, R. 4, Salina, Kans.

* * *

I WOULD like to say a few words in regard to DX. I have been DX-ing for nearly four years. While I have not set the woods on fire and made any records I have had lots of fun. My log runs between 425 and 450 stations. The best catches are as follows: (I am only giving those that are verified) 2LO London, England; JOGK, Kuamoto, Japan; KGMB, Honolulu, Hawaii; KGBU, Ketchikan, Alaska; WKAQ, Porto Rico; CKMO, Vancouver, B. C.; CFCY, Charlottetown, P. E. I.; VAS, Glace Bay, N. S.; Dudeleutscher Rundfunk at Stuttgart, Germany. I have 21 stations in California verified, 3 in Oregon, 5 in Washington. I also have several Mexican, Cuban and Canadian. I have every state in the Union with the exception of N. H., N. D. and Vermont. I have several more good catches that are not verified as yet. Will be glad to give any information that I can on any of my stations listed above. Also have numerous verifications from low-powered stations all over the country ranging from 7½ watts to 100 watts.—Clyde Ham, 1002 S. Lafayette St., Shelby, N. C.

TCK! TCK! JOHN!

I DISLIKE your magazine more and more every month, as you gradually fill it with fashion notes, what the bride will wear and all that sort of junk. Who cares what people think about the women of America being happy? I like the way you logged the stations in your April or May issues, but your idea in the June issue was all wet, considering the many mistakes you made. Now what about something in your magazine that pertains a little at least to Radio, also some pictures of some of the good orchestras.—John Drake, 1920 Athol Street, Regina, Sask.

SOME SOFT ANSWERS

THE Radio Digest gets better and better every month. I really can't tell you what I like the best. I think Marcella is first and then the V. O. L.—when I read the letters from listeners who are always knocking the Radio Digest or some artist, I boil. I do not see how anyone can find a single fault with the Radio Digest. When they say the Radio Digest is "punk" and nothing but "junk" I fear they do not get very much out of life—they are too quick to criticize and not quick enough to give the Radio Digest or the artists some appreciation. As for orchestras I think I like them all—Vincent Lopez, Ben Bernie, Bernie Cummins, Henry Theis, Guy Lombardo, Rudy Vallee and heaps of others. Please forgive me if I have seemed a bit pointed in my accusations to some of your readers. But life is too short to always be criticizing and when anyone says a single word against Radio Digest, I'm ready to fight right back. More power to the Radio Digest.—Virginia "Jinny" Peters, 3021 Fairfield Avenue No. 14, Cincinnati, Ohio.

* * *

MAY I express my appreciation of a magazine so well-rounded as Radio Digest. I read it with great avidity each month. There are some of us—and our name is legion—who appreciate the simplicity, lack of affectation, and charming presentation of the incomparable Vallee's particular line. It seems to me the facts prove what the majority of listeners think of him. Success is not granted to mediocrity. More power to your publication.—R. M. Walker, Sunnycrest, Seymour, Ind.

* * *

I WANT to express my appreciation for your magazine. To me it is the answer to a Radio fan's prayer. You can't please everyone but you're doing a mighty good job. Keep up *Broadcaster Oil* by Ray Perkins. He has the most spontaneous humor I have read in a long time. Also enjoyed Jean Paul King's article on the *Sisters of the Skillet*. I like your pictures. Here's luck.—Maurine Sanderman, Marion, Ind.

TRUE WISDOM

I'D LIKE to say a few words to the men who seem to resent the ladies' adoration of Rudy Vallee. I'd buy my wife a gold statue of Rudy if she would be content to stay home and adore him. You are mighty lucky if your wife is content to worship at the shrine of the Radio. Suppose she *stepped out* with any Tom, Dick or Harry who happened along.—Just Another Listener Who Thinks Rudy is Not So Bad, Norwich, N. Y.

* * *

I JUST bought my first Radio Digest today, and I had to write to tell you how I enjoyed reading the magazine. I have heard a lot about it but I haven't bought it before. Why? I don't know. I would like to hear from more Lombardo fans. I think that Guy Lombardo and the Royal Canadians have the cream of the slow tempo music. Jack Denny and his Orchestra from Montreal is also a headliner on the CBS and his type of music is also inimitable. Hope to hear from Lombardo fans.—L. C. Braddock, 14 West New York Avenue, Somers Point, N. J.

Out of the AIR

HITS—QUIPS—SLIPS

By INDI-GEST

Cash for Humor!

IT WILL pay you to keep your ears open and your funny bone oiled for action. Radio Digest will pay $5.00 for the first selected humorous incident heard on a broadcast program, $3.00 for second preferred amusing incident and $1.00 for each amusing incident accepted and printed.

It may be something planned as part of the Radio entertainment, or it may be one of those little accidents that pop up in the best regulated stations. Write on one side of the paper only, put name and address on each sheet, and send your contribution to Indi-Gest, Radio Digest.

TOLD you about the Little Black Book last month. Well sir, (please 'scuse for stealin' your stuff, Floyd) one of my ver' best friends writes to know if the Little Black Book isn't a Indi-rubber Book—don't we stretch things sometimes? You're wrong, Sylvia, it's a book of concrete facts. Not sayin' that the concrete might not be a bit cracked in places.

You'd be surprised at the Limericksters. Here are a couple of fresh ones which Robert G. Wyatt of Bakersville, Tenn., got 'em off his own limerick tree.

WHATCHA MEAN "RAW"?

There was a young couple from Arkansaw
Who were not aware of the parking law,
And with their bathing suits on
They were told to be gone
By an old cop who thought they were sparking raw.

PRESSING ENGAGEMENT

There was a nice girlie from Butte
Who turned down a neighbor galoot
Because he was dumber
Than the smart city drummer
Who found joy in pressing his suit.

Stop that! Don't you throw that tomato! Maybe you'd like this one from Nellie Foster Seibert, 3451 W. 30th ave., Denver, Colo., who swears she found it in her own cellar.

Oh, Lady Moon, so frail and slim,
At first I hardly knew you;
Last week you were so round and fat—
Now, I look right through you.

Pray tell me, did you exercise,
Or follow some strict diet?
If I but knew your recipe,
I certainly would try it.



CUTE THING

Oh Edna O'Keefe, of KFRC
I love the little dimple
In each little knee
Please think me not simple
And wink at me so
For loving each wrinkle
In each little toe.

IS THAT NICE?

Imagine the scandalized housewives who dote on Col. Goodbody's food talks! John Myatt Napier, 2627 Texas Street, Vernon, Tex., sends this indiscreed clipped, as he says, from the Dallas Morning News. It's from the Radio program listing:

Colonel Goodbody, fool talk (NBC network), WFAA.

Song titles connected with announcements are an invariable source of amusement. Rolf George, 6153 Catina st., New Orleans, La., writes:

While listening to the dance program from the Trianon ball room, 62nd and Cottage Grove Ave., Chicago, Ill., and broadcast thru WGN, at ten P. M., (Cent. Time) to-night, I heard the announcer say that the next number would be "I'm dancing in the Dark, by Special permission of the copyright owners."

Hubert Colombe, 44 Albion st., Houghton, Mich., writes:

"I heard this over WHDF; 'You are again reminded that at the Calumet theatre tonight "Strangers may Kiss" with Norma Shearer'."

O. M. Crosby, 272 Elm st., Amesbury, Mass., heard the announcer at WNAC, Boston, say, "Ninety-nine out of a Hundred Want to be Kissed by Ben Selvin and his orchestra."

Sue Dickerson, 329 Clifton ave., Lexington, Ky., reports Phil Cook's funny: "Well he will have to buy a new license for his dog." "Nope, not this dog," replies Crackles. "Why not?" "Because he is just covered with 'em already."

Don't know whether you heard this one. Vincent Sorey, Columbia orchestra leader, gives this as an experience he once had with a dictatorial sponsor who rushed up to him mad and all out of breath:

"You're playing too loud. . . TOO LOUD, I say!"

"The score says forte," Sorey replied.

"Then, for heaven's sake, play THIRTY!" snorted the sponsor.

The Tastyeast Gloom Chasers have aroused a great deal of curiosity about the mysterious Schultz for whom they frequently weep. A fan sent Colonel Stoopnagle a handkerchief for his

tears. Various legends were inscribed on the linen. This was one:

The Colonel stood at the microphone,
Whence all but him had fled;
He laughed and then broke down and cried,
Because our Schultz was dead.

FAR-FLUNG is the fame of this whirlwind of Radioscapes or what-chamacallums. Two letters come to Indi, on the same day from the opposite side of the world. First we have this bit from O. B. Ward, P. O. Box 2181, Honolulu, Hawaii.

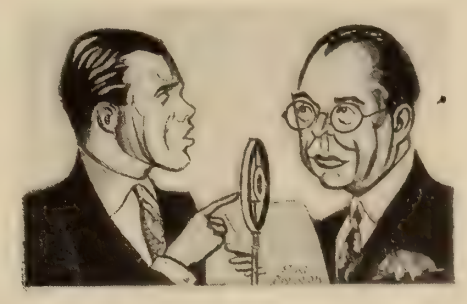
SCULPTOR?

Listening to the police news
Our interest was intense
Until the radionouncer said,
"A *statuary* offense—"

I would like to print the letter and verses sent in by G. C. Tollenton of Auckland, New Zealand. It's all good, but gotta snap off too quick. We want MORE space! (We WANT more space! We want more SPACE!) You can reach Mr. Tollenton at Box 83. And sezze, sez he—

"Only came across Radio Digest just a few weeks ago and am delighted with its contents. Have just sent subscription for 12 months and am keenly looking forward to their arrival. Your own particular department is most diverting and I get a lot of laughs out of it." He tells about an Orange Trick performed by a broadcasting magician. This is his Indi-script:

"An artist over IYA, Auckland, New Zealand, caught all his listeners very nicely a few weeks ago. They were requested to take out their pocket handkerchiefs and follow the moves as they were given through the air. He got them to fold the hankys first one way and then another until the hanky was in a shapeless mass about the size of an egg. Then he asked them to close their fingers around it and hold it above their heads for one moment. 'Don't forget,' he said, 'this is the Orange trick so just for effect I want you to hold the handkerchief in the air and gently squeeze it. That's right, all squeeze the hanky, now. That's right, squeeze a little harder; harder still. That's right keep on squeezing, squeezing until you get the pip.' Then he went off the air. The mail which poured in immediately showed very effectively how many people had fallen for the hoax." Very funny, what?



GENEROUS RIVAL

Who said the gals would all drift away from Rudy now that he has got himself a bride? Miss Mapel of Denver perhaps voices the sentiment of many others who are seventeen. She writes her *bon voyage:*

The echo of his wedding bells—
And seventeen am I;
Deep, black despair has filled my heart—
My knight has passed me by!

And then upon a newsreel film
Their pictures flashed one day;
I saw my lovely rival there—
And now I hope and pray
That this romance down through the years,
Sincere and true will stay.

A Vallee fan I've always been,
A Vallee fan I stay.
Not his alone, but also her's.
May joy be theirs always.



Frank Watanabe (Eddie Holden) at KNX, Hollywood

FAN SONG

A Vallee Fan I've always been,
Since first he took my eye,
I heard the beat of courser's feet
My knight was riding by!

ROSIN DID IT

Now we know what put the kibosh on Firpo when Jack Dempsey quit laughing, climbed back up in the ring and got down to serious work. It came out during a Radio interview between Ed. Sullivan and Jack (Doc) Kearns over WOR, New York.

Sullivan: "I've often wondered, Doc, what Dempsey whispered to you after the first round in the Firpo fight? Can it be told now?"

Kearns: "Dempsey said, 'Doc, I can't get started. I'm slipping all over the ring.' And I said, 'No wonder you're slipping, you chump; put some rosin on your feet."

So Dempsey squshed his dogs in a rosin box and that was the end of Firpo. (Fred Morgan shows how Ed and Doc looked during the mike bout at WOR in the drawing here.)

Aunt and Uncle Mike

By Evans E. Plummer

NOW let's travel down to A t-l a n-tahh G e o r g i a, where, I've been told, we'll find a couple who are going to run Gus Edwards out of business if they continue with their present success of finding and starting off young theatrical protegees.

Technically speaking, t h e y don't call themselves "aunt" and "uncle," and they purposely avoid the gushiness t h a t o f t e n is found present in the R a d i o feature supposed to attract the juvenile. But — they already h a v e more than 30,000 children tuning in their daily b r o a d c a s t s, a n d they've only been on WSB since last September.

"T h e y," of t h e above paragraph, are Janet and Lou Zoeller, directors of the A t l a n t a Journal's "S u n s e t Club f o r Girls and Boys." Up to Radio the Zoellers w e r e in vaudeville, p l a y i n g the RKO, L o e w and Pantages circuits. They were b i l l e d as "Souls o' Sunshine," a n d t h e n a m e has remained with them on the air.

Since joining WSB last Fall, the Zoellers have been appearing over the station every weekday afternoon except Saturdays at 4:30 (CST) p. m. with their young protegees selected from among aspiring tiny listeners. On Saturdays they carry the youngsters down to one of the larger motion picture houses on Peachtree street where they present their coming stars in the fastest-moving juvenile revues Atlanta has ever known. Do the listeners like the idea? Well, an average of 3,000 boys and girls jam the theater for each of these special matinees.

The Zoeller broadcasts are adult in every detail—except the talent. Bedtime stories, recitations and the like are forgotten as the youngsters, hundreds of them, face the microphone to mimic the songs and dances they've heard on their Radios and at the movie and vaudeville houses.



Just see what Uncle Television is bringing to the Little Listeners and Lookers around New York! Here you see Big Brother Mortimer Stewart, director of television for W2XCR, the eyes of WGBS, presenting Gamby, the dancing fairy; Little Billy, the midget, and Felix the Clown

O NE outstanding s t a r is 12-year-old Frances Marie Bess, a crooner who, it is whispered about the studios, is slated for the talking movies and may be in Hollywood when this appears in print. Another is William B l u e McKay, three-year-old m a s t e r of ceremonies, w h o s e c l a i m to being the youngest announcer in America regularly on the air, is apt to go unchallenged.

Another S u n s e t Club protege, Maurice Wager, was signed by RKO several months ago and is now touring the country with "Scooter" Kelly, one-time Our Gang screen comedy star.

Chicago has three more children's hours b e s i d e s Uncle Bob Wilson's over KYW. At WMAQ there's t h e "Topsy Turvy T i m e M a n"; at WENR, Everett and Irma's Air Juniors, and at WGN you'll hear Uncle Quin.

Russell Pratt, known more widely to the adult audience as one of WMAQ's "Three Doctors," is the originator of the Topsy T u r v y Time Club. Daily except Sunday for the past five and a half years, the program has been heard w i t h o u t fail over WMAQ, a n d t h e membership of t h e club is now well over the 400,000 mark.

With the aid of his r a t h e r mysterious helpers, Tommy and Harry, Pratt has built an informal, leisurely and conversational situation, where, but for the distances separating, the listening child might put in his word. Songs, stories, recitations and little talks find a place on each program. Puzzling and beguiling actions are the contributions of Tommy, alias Dr. T. Thomas Toofins, "plain and fancy reciter of T.T.T." and Harry H. Hoozis, the singer of T.T.T. and the official mail man. Strange to say that Tommy and Harry, while ever crowding the mike on the air, are always bashfully absent whenever there are visitors at the studio.

The three T's on the red and gold

microphone pin which is given free to each member signify two things—Topsy Turvy Time and The Club Secret. The latter, I'm told, is so sacred that I must not divulge what it is, but I may say, at least, that the secret is a motto expressing an ideal of behaviour. The club has other ideals, civic services, and activities, too, and is always busy on some seasonal enterprise.

Well, Russell Pratt should make a good director of a children's hour. He has five of his own of assorted ages at home. Another boast of his is that he has never, in all of the five and a half years, used the word "kiddies." This news, I trust, will reach the ears of the Carnegie Foundation, or some other live-wire medal-awarding group, and be taken into immediate consideration.

The five-year-old Air Juniors Club of WENR, Chicago, started by Everett Mitchell, announcer, and Irma Glenn, staff organist, still waves under the banner of NBC, and at present its enrollment is near the 150,000 mark.

Don't tell the children, as they'd probably be off of it for life, but the Air Juniors programs are ninety per cent educational with heavy sugar-coating to insure listening young ears. But there are no long talks or lectures. The education is purveyed by means of stories that bring out educational points. One broadcast, for instance, will deal with health, another with nature stories, another with safety, the next with pets and birds. This year a garden contest is being staged. The Air Juniors have been told how to plant their gardens and take pictures of them as they grow. Next Fall the boy and girl with the best garden will be awarded a prize. Other civic enterprises of various kinds are conducted.

One night each week children selected by regular auditions take their places before the WENR microphone and supply the talent for the program. The queer part of these amateur talent nights is that they draw as many adults to the loud speaker as children.

THE slogan of the Air Juniors Club is: "The Air Juniors Club—A Club for Happy Boys and Happy Girls." And every night the program is closed by a child's prayer sent in by one of the members.

Quin Ryan, manager of WGN and "Uncle Quin" to the tots of that station's audience, is responsible for the "Punch and Judy Show" heard nightly from WGN.

"I have never tried to be edifying," Ryan replied when asked of the program's activities. "Neither was Tom, the piper's son, nor the unconventional cow that jumped over the moon. I never preach, nor moralize, nor goo-goo, nor strive to ingratiate myself. Clowning is enough."

Radio has brought a new interval into the public's everyday, he points out—the period of the bedtime story. It is time to confuse images, images to sweeten dreams. Peter Pan hops into the window and Tinker Bell whisks through the room. The magic quality of the Radio enhances its imaginative appeal to the children. Turn a dial and from the set darts music, and voices, and stories, and animals. Such is Ryan's vision.

Uncle Quin started his menagerie oddly. One evening he was inadvertently toying with a kit of whistles and bells that a trap-drummer had left behind in the studio. He proceeded to name each one of them for some animal or bird, and his tiny audience believed him! Out of his bewildered hat they had pulled a cuckoo bird, a wabbly calf, an Airedale, a lumbering baby elephant, a kindly lion, a frisky frog, and a garrulous duck who never goes without her galoshes.

"I never allow any children in the studio," Uncle Quin concluded, "because for them the show would be ruined by disillusionment and for me by self-consciousness. In their presence I am just a wooden Indian, but miles away from them—they almost engulf me with their letters, their love and

(Continued on page 70)

Three Beautiful Jay-birds of the Air



Joan Colburn



Jane Houston



Joan Danton

Joan Colburn, called "The Girl of a Thousand Personalities" will appear under the direction of Sterling Program Corp. in a new series to be announced soon. She is well known for her excellent work in "Dracula," Horace Liveright's stage success in which she played the leading feminine role.

Jane Houston, well known to all radio listeners for her long, long portrayal of the character "Vi" in Graybar's "Mr. and Mrs." sketches over Columbia, is seen here creating a new character in which it is planned to present her under the banner of a prominent national broadcaster, shortly.

Stage audiences know the remarkable versatility of this beautiful actress. Besides playing the part of "Azuri" in the Desert Song, dancing her way into the heart of drama and music lovers over the U. S. she has played highly emotional and sweetly demure ingenue parts, as well. Her character delineations are making her a favorite.

Station Parade

Pageant of Personalities and Programs as they Appear Across the Continent for the Biggest Show on Earth

FALL programs are leaning more toward dramatic presentations this year. But vocalists who can both sing and act will doubtless find themselves to a better than usual advantage.

Television is sweeping the country like wildfire. Stations in every community are making preparation for television equipment. This new phase will prove a special boon to the community broadcaster because it is not possible to hook television through a series of stations with the present wire equipment of the telephone and telegraph companies.

* * *

And now let's see what they are thinking about in the various studios scattered across the continent.

* * *

NINE YEARS OLD

OLD WNAC, Boston, is celebrating its ninth anniversary. That puts it in the same anniversary class as Radio Digest.

The celebration held at WNAC came to its climax the night of July 31st. To make an extraordinary occasion of the event Linus Travers, production manager, arranged to bring from various parts of the country some of their former entertainers. It was a particularly happy event for John Shepard, 3rd, who founded the station and who since that time has been actively identified with almost every phase of Radio development.

Station WEAN is now one of the two key stations for the Yankee Network. New studios and transmitting equipment have recently been installed so that it is possible to send out six programs over the system at one time.

* * *

GONDOLERIOUS

WILL television interfere with some of those fine delusions we now enjoy? What about those jolly Gondoliers at WGY, Schenectady? As you hear them now you fancy a moonlight scene in Venice. It is so easy when you can't see to imagine a barrel stave swishing around in a tub to be a long, slim paddle dripping and rippling through a glancing moonbeam.

But here are the real Gondoliers in this tower of masculinity just below. Not a Venetian in a boatload! Just read the names in the list below the picture!



The Gondoliers of WGY, Schenectady. Top, down: John Danduarnd, Clyde Kittel and A. O. Coggeshall (Tenors) and John Finke (accompanist)

PASKMAN'S PROGRESS

SPEAKING of television of course you know that WGBS has it in New York. Dailey Paskman, the guiding genius, of this independent station in the heart of Manhattan simply took the bull by the horns and set his station right down at 655 Fifth avenue, about a stone's throw from the formidable NBC where it has been rather stoutly maintained that television, after all, is more "tell" than vision.

Recent announcements state that Mme. Mariska Aldrich, formerly of the Metropolitan opera, is now one of Paskman's regular television artists. She is presenting a series of programs with associate artists, all made up in costume for the characters they represent. They portray different nationalities. Some of the programs already presented which have been notably successful were Hungarian, Russian and Spanish in theme.

On the Golden Hour you hear organ selections from the studios of Miss Marcia Stewart. Of course Miss Stewart also may be seen through W2XCR, the WGBS television station.

* * *

THE CYNIC SPEAKS

By Muriel Allen

IT WAS after one of his peppiest evening broadcasts that I interviewed WPCH'S incognito misanthrope (yes, they're both in the dictionary). He calls himself "The Old Cynic," and he's a member of the tribe of scribes.

But no newspaper man, present or ex, can be comfortable enough to answer personal questions about himself in the formal atmosphere of an open-to-the-public reception room. It requires a swivel chair and a desk for the victim's feet to rest on. We found it in the press office, and then the fun began.

"How did you come to do it—this cynical sort of a program? (I guess that's the best way to start, isn't it?)"

"H-m-m-m," grunted the Old Cynic. "Good as any. I don't really see what difference it makes to anybody, but here's the answer. Experience! My

forbears couldn't boast of a single divorce in their entire history. I had to break that jinx, so to do a really good job I had two before I was 26. That's how I learned about women. And when you figure a *pair* of alimony checks on the first of every month, you can judge the expense of *that* lesson!"

"Do the women like your program?"

The answer to this one came with a chuckle. "Be yourself, lady, would you? But they get so infuriated that they have to let off steam, and so they write to me and tell me what *they* think of *me!* And here's another funny thing about the one—or I should really say—two-track mindedness of the 'dear ladies' in my audience. My feminine 'fans' either assail me for overlooking all the romantic elements of marriage, or else they pounce on me for not revering my mother. Now as far as I am concerned, neither one of these accusations shows any indication of common sense reasoning. In the first place, a man who doesn't revere his mother is no man at all. And in the second place, it is romance that is the matter with marriage. When romance wears thin for a man, he's disillusioned. When it wears thin for a woman, the old shopping instinct comes to the surface, and she goes out into the matrimonial market again looking for a better bargain, or buy, than the one she has. And Reno is the exchange desk!"

"And what about the men? What do they say about your program? Anything?"

There was a twinkle in the Old Cynic's eyes and a smile turned up the corners of his straight mouth (cynics always have straight mouths, you know). He almost laughed.



Anita Cheney, dramatic soprano with the Stamford Players at WCHI, the "Voice of Chicago"

"If I should tell you women about some of the letters I get from the men, the male population of this great and glorious country would have to unite in self defense. To a man, they give me a verbal 'pat on the back,' and tell me I'm telling you 'dear ladies' exactly what they've wanted to tell you for years, and haven't had the—well, nerve—to do it!"



Fred Hoey who scores highest batting average for baseball announcers

A long pull on the glowing pipe as the Old Cynic pondered a while in silence. I asked him if he didn't feel a little ashamed—or, was it fun?

"Fun? You bet it's fun. But you needn't tell them that!" And he wandered out into the jungles of Broadway, leaving me wondering if I didn't see him shift his tongue into his cheek as he turned his back on the inquisition.

* * *

THAT MAN HOEY

BEFORE the baseball season of 1931 becomes one of those things that have already come and entirely gone let's have a look at that Boston man, Fred Hoey. It is the sports announcer who has the chance to make a name for himself these days. Fred Hoey, of the WNAC staff, acclaimed by his great army of admirers "King of Baseball Announcers." His whole career has been curved around a baseball, it seems, and began back when Frank Selee's Boston Nationals played Ned Hanlon's Baltimore Orioles in the 1897 Temple Cup series. From years of baseball writing on Boston newspapers he turned to baseball Radio reporting five years ago. People who had hitherto been indifferent to baseball became ardent fans by listening to his dramatic and accurate word portrayal of the games as they were being played. He knows everybody in every team, knows them so well he can just about foretell what they are going to do before they do it from what he has seen them do in the past.

The fans thought so well of Hoey's batting at the microphone last spring that they took a day off and made quite an ado for him. They called it Fred Hoey Day and gave him a lot of presents including a certificate of deposit for $3,000; a purse of gold from the Boston Braves and a whole truck full of gifts from other players and admirers.

Being a baseball specialist does not prevent Hoey from being good at other sports as the Wnacians will readily testify.

* * *

ETHIOPIA HEARS KDKA

WESTINGHOUSE stations have always gone after the distant listener—to the Arctic or the Antipodes. Letters from delighted fans from these far points are their reward. Not long ago a special program was broadcast to the United Presbyterian Missionary colony, 8,000 miles away at Gorei, Ethiopia. Many letters have been received from the colonists stating they were able to hear their friends at home clearly and distinctly. "It was like Christmas all over again," wrote Mrs. Ruth L. Walker.

* * *

DOT AND DICK AT WMAZ

LET'S tune in Dot and Dick who do that intriguing drawl from stations Georgiaward. They're at WMAZ, Macon, for the present although they are very well known to the WBZ listeners at Atlanta. There's a quaint naturalness to their skit which savors of the same dramatic quality that has put Amos 'n' Andy over so successfully. Just a couple of young American Newlyweds being themselves.

It's no secret that the skits are written and presented by Mr. and Mrs. Malcom Jones, Jr., of Macon. It was a matter of tradition that this family of Jones should follow the legal profession. But nobody before had anticipated the advent of Radio. Mal simply did not like law. He went to war and eventually became a Radio dealer. Mrs. Jones was formerly a newspaper woman. She teaches speech and dramatic art at Wesleyan Conservatory. They have been married five years and have a little daughter in kindergarten.

ENGLISHMAN SHOWS US

IT TAKES the perspective of an Englishman to get the real slant at Americans, some folks say. That may account for Norman MacDonald, English born and graduate of Cambridge, being able to come to this country and portray American historic characters over WGN, Chicago. He is doing a series of famous men there. The skits are written by Miss Jean Conover. Among the impersonations already broadcast are those of Gen. Gage, Nathan Hale, George Washington, Gen. Custer and Alexander Hamilton.

* * *

McCORMICK FIDDLERS

SOME of these so-called "old time fiddlers," "mountaineers," and "hill-billies" are only Big City tuba players filling in time. They live in hall bedrooms in the tenement districts and never saw the mountains this side of the ocean.

But you can't say that about the McCormick Fiddlers at WLW, Cincinnatti. Pa and Ma McCormick come from Owenton; Frank Mills was "bawn 'n' brung up in Mt. Zion; Ohmar Castleman, who tweaks the five-string banjo, came up from Folson and Jerry Foy, guitarist, calls Harrodsburg his native town. They have all just rounded out three years at WLW.

* * *

MAY MAKE KMA PAY

CONSIDERING investment and returns you probably wont find a town anywhere in the world that has earned more money by Radio than Shenandoah, Ia. Last year 250,000 people visited the town which has a population of only 6,500. There are two broadcasting stations.

EARL MAY, owner of KMA, Shenandoah, is entertaining at two stations these days since he became owner of KFOR at Lincoln, Nebr. He is a busy commuter between Shenandoah and Lincoln and depends on his big Buick de luxe sedan to speed him back and forth.

Last year he spent $120,000 for talent on KMA alone. And he gave away $40,000 in premiums. He sells everything over his station. In one sales drive he sold $82,000 in dress goods last year.

The Burlington railroad just put in a new $50,000 stockyard to handle the livestock business developed by KMA.

* * *

NEWSBOY ON KFNF

IT WAS Henry Field who launched the first Radio station in Shenandoah. He is said to have cleared as much as one million dollars net in one year through sales made over his station, KFNF.

Mr. Field opens each day with religious service for the farmer listeners. About six years ago James Pearson, an employee of the Field Seed House, began broadcasting news from the papers. This proved a very popular feature and he now enjoys a national reputation as the KFNF Newsboy. He is also known as the Newsboy-Pastor because of Radio church services he conducts.

* * *

Full Length Plays

EVEN though she now has four jobs to perform instead of one, Patricia O'Hearn, former Broadway leading lady, finds Radio much less tiring and much more interesting than stage work.

Returning to Chicago, her home town, after playing a prominent part in the New York cast of Frank Craven's "Salt Water," which followed her engagement playing opposite Glen Hunter in "Behold This Dreamer," Miss O'Hearn joined the Goodman Theatre Repertory company. At the close of the Goodman season, during which she played several important roles, she turned to Radio drama.

It was Miss O'Hearn's idea to apply the Goodman laboratory of the theatre methods to broadcast drama and with this in mind she became associated with John Stamford, director of WCHI and a member of the faculty of the Chicago Conservatory.

The Stamford Players, one of the first groups to regularly present full length plays on the air, under the combined direction of Mr. Stamford and Miss O'Hearn is now broadcasting high class dramatic productions over WCHI each week.

* * *

ART MAKES WILians CRY

SALT water showers and blubber-weather are predicted for St. Louis and vicinity. The handkerchief business is picking up. Art Gillham, whispering pianist, and arch apostle of "Syncopated Pessimism," is now wringing tears from the WILians. In presenting his lugubrious hoakum at WIL Art is a successful comedian. He has made the circuit of practically all the broadcasting stations in Uncle Sam's domain. Recently he was heard over the Columbia System. In returning to St. Louis Art has meandered back to settle down in his home town. But, ah there you California—.

(Continued on page 70)

Victor Rodman Entertains KPO Artists



KPO entertainers were entertained a few nights ago when Victor Rodman gathered the boys around the grand for a little fun. Left to right: Raymond Marlowe, Victor Rodman, Marsden Argall, Cy Trobbe, Baldwin McGaw. Rear: Hans Neiderhofer and Henry Thompson.

Watanabe Kids a Cop



Hon. Archibald Chissellberry (right) and Frank Watanabe

IT WAS such a pleasant evening. The borrowed automobile spun along the wide and cheerfully lighted boulevards of Los Angeles and Hollywood, with a hardly perceptible purr while the tall, slim young man at the steering wheel called attention to the various and sundry sights.



For Frank Watanabe (Eddie Holden) of the team of "Frank Watanabe and the Honorable Archie," popular nightly broadcasters from the Paramount Pictures-Los Angeles Evening Express station KNX, Hollywood, was showing his visiting aunt and uncle about the purlieus of the allegedly "wicked film capitol."

"Now over there are the famous La Brea pits from which they have taken so many dinasaurs and pterodactyls and . . . er . . . all those things that lived so many thousand years ago," Watanabe explained. "And not far from here we come to Beverly Hills where I'll show you the homes of the famous movie stars."

However, just then a long-drawn shriek of a siren caused Frank to waggle an apprehensive ear. A shiny, radio-equipped automobile pulled up alongside the sight-see-ers. "Pull over, buddy, pull over," came the command. One look at the red lights and Watanabe hastened to obey, wondering what was wrong.

"Where's the fire? Are ya in a hurry?" the officer queried as he got out of the scout car and began to pull a packet of "tickets" from his pocket.

"No," meekly replied Watanabe. He quivered a bit and cast a side-long glance at his visiting aunt and uncle. They were apprehensive but brave.

"Well, how come you rode through the red light at the last crossing?" the cop wanted to know.

"Oh, did I?" whimpered Frank.

"Saaaaaay! Tryin' to kid me? Where's your driver's license?"

A sinking feeling came over Watanabe. He remembered that in his hurry he had not taken his license, or, in fact, any of his papers from his "other" suit.

"Well, let's see your 'Pink Slip'," continued the glowering officer.

Be it explained that the "Pink Slip" is the certificate of ownership California drivers are expected to carry with them all the time—that is, when the last payment has been made and the car belongs to them.

"Th-th—this is a b-b-b-orrowed car," Watanabe tried to explain.

"Oh, it is, is it?" and gruff is no name for the growing suspicion in the policeman's voice.

"Well, why aren't your lights on, buddy, trying to make a sneak?"

Aghast, Frank saw that he had forgotten to turn on the headlights.

"Well, I guess I'm in wrong, officer," he explained. "But I'm Frank Watanabe of the 'Watanabe and Honorable Archie' skits over KNX," he added.

"Yeah," said the cop, reflectively, eyeing Frank as if about to measure him for a shroud. "Well, I'm George Washington. Anything to identify yourself?"

Watanabe suddenly saw a bright light. In his hip pocket reposed the script for that evening's broadcast.

"Look," he said brightly, "here's our continuity for tonight." He pulled out the typewritten pages.

"Gimme," said the cops. Together they read them over. "Sounds all right but does it belong to you? You don't look like a Japanese."

"No, please. I not looking too Japanese. But I feeling just like five, sicks Chinamen. Ah, yes mam."

Hopefully, Frank looked up at the cops. "Gowan!" they commanded.

"But we coulda give you five tickets, young feller, me lad," said the m. c. as the car put-putted away.

Station Parade

(Continued from page 68)

MODEL HOME

DON'T talk, do something! Give the unemployed jobs! And in answer to that demand Radio Station KSTP started doing something by building a model home, costing $20,000. It has just been completed. Some 40 building firms sponsored the undertaking. Daily progress was reported in a special program. The project proved successful.

* * *

REGINALD MARTIN, smart young announcer at WGN, Chicago is off the list, girls. Married Miss Jane Neilson of Evanston on July 11th. He was only twenty but he won a nice girl.

* * *

VISITORS are always welcome at KHJ, Los Angeles. To keep faith with that policy the studios recently were enlarged to accommodate audiences of about 500. The studios occupy the entire second floor of the Don Lee building. Permission has been obtained for the installation of television, and Hollywood beauties soon will be seen from here through this medium.

* * *

PRUDY AND ANN are making singing history over WJR, Detroit.

* * *

HAROLD TURNER is being announced as poet of the organ at Lincoln, Nebr. Don't let Jesse Crawford hear about this.

* * *

FREDERICK O'BRIEN, author, lecturer and traveler has been taking KPO listeners for some long jaunts into wild places lately.

* * *

WALTER BUNKER, JR., KFRC chief announcer, is getting ambitious to do a little warbling himself. He has been taking vocal lessons several months and may be expected to burst forth into song almost any time now. It sounds baritone.

* * *

MEREDITH WILLSON will have no salt on his eggs but makes up by sprinkling it liberally on his grapefruit and so the KFRC, San Francisco, musical features are normally savoured.

* * *

FREDERICK BITTKE, KFRC baritone, resigned as a swimming and diving champion after he had an argument with a springboard that wouldn't get out of the way of his head when he was making a "Flying Dutchman." He was unconscious for 36 hours. He finds singing for KFRC less dangerous.

* * *

HAPPY GO LUCKY GANG COMES TO KFRC FROM SEATTLE SEPTEMBER 12.

KENNETH NILES and bride doubtless have heard by this time of the sad state of affairs at their rabbitery. After leaving KHJ in Los Angeles for a trip to Seattle the rabbits were supposed to be in the care of Paul Rickenbacker, announcer-actor. Rabbit dinners have been thrown right and left. The well known rabbit fecundity has been unable to keep up.

* * *

ELVA ALLMANN at KHJ hasn't hasn't had a wreck for several weeks. Our correspondent says that traffic has learned to move over on the nearest sidewalk and leave her alone. Ken Allen went away and left his new Chevvy on top of the Bixel street hill. When he came back it was a hunk of junk at the bottom.



Hits, Quips and Slips

(Continued from page 63)

Talk about being embarrassed—and what would you do about that? Imagine those know-all Sisters of Skillet thinking up things to sound funny over a mike and then discovering that all the time they had been carrying on Mike had his face turned the other way and they were talking into the back of his neck. Engineers and officials were running around frantic trying to locate the cause of their voices sounding so distant! Now what would you do crawl under it or get a ladder and go over the top?

A lot of Indi-scribes sent in this one from WGY, Schenectady:

Announcer: "I Left My Girl in the Mountains, with Otto Gray and his Oklahoma cowboys."

One fair listener comments at the end of her letter, "Oh! Oh!"

Mrs. Eugene B. Tinker of Creswell, Ore., writes:

"Little three year old Jane had listened to the new Radio all day. That evening she ended her prayer, 'And tomorrow evening at this same time there will be another prayer.'"

Jasper B. Sinclair, 318 20th ave., San Francisco, quotes Monroe Upton over KFRC where he sometimes works under the alias of Lord Bilgewater. Quoth His Ludship: "Why does an Indian wear a hat?" (And you dern well know he doesn't.) Hearing no answer from the Radio audience and thinking they are totally flabbergasted the lord replies, "To keep his wigwam, of course."

SETTING UP, ETC.

B. V. Bloom, 945 Delaware ave., Toledo, O., writes: "My wife has her breakfast by remote control. Every morning at 7 she takes her coffee and rolls in front of the Radio."

W-INDI is now signing off by special permission of the right copy owner on 2,943,852.211149 icicles.

Aunt and Uncle Mike

(Continued from page 65)

their kisses, till I think of the Bishop of Bingen in his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine.

"What would you give," he asked, "to be the confidant of an army of children? What would you give to hold the pop-eyed attention of an exacting audience between the ages of one and ten? Well, I wouldn't trade it for whatever you would give!"

In St. Louis at KMOX these days it is the "Once Upon a Time" lady. Georgia McAdams Clifford occupies a unique position among story tellers. Her stories for children are the accumulation of twenty-five years and include folk tales, fairy tales, stories with morals, and story cycles. "Aunt" Georgia has developed her own system of technique and story pattern, and is frank to say that her recent (less than a year old) connection with KMOX is her first attempt at the microphone.

That she is watching the results there and of other stations' children's features, goes without saying. She has her theories—and why not? For isn't she the president of the American Association of Story Tellers, which has its headquarters in St. Louis?

She says that it seems that she has been telling stories all of her life. She began her career at Chautauqua, New York, a quarter of a century ago. During the war her thrift stories were immensely popular and helped Uncle Sam a great deal. Mrs. Clifford is a St. Louis woman and a member of the faculty of Washington University there.

Incidentally, one of her astonishing discoveries is that fairy tales are universally popular! Even the adults go for them.

KDKA, Pittsburgh, has "Uncle Ralph" (R. P.) Griffith on the job, assisted by Purves Pullen, animal mimic, and George Preach, pianist. Based on the juvenile love for animals and out-



The real Raymond Knight and his family. Mrs. Knight is the girl in the center. The other girl is Betty Lou. That man on the left is John.

of-door life, Uncle Ralph keeps his programs educational in effect but never so that his young listeners can detect it.

Pullen's imitations of various animals are so realistic that they even bring delight to fathers and mothers as well as to the younger members of the radio audience. And Uncle Ralph's stories likewise draw mail from the grownups.

As I conclude this review of the air's aunts and uncles, who by the way, number entirely too many to be covered in so short a space, my eye is attracted to a chapter, "Programs for Children," in Peter Dixon's new book entitled "Radio Writing." Dixon, a continuity and script author of some years' experience, and who creates and enacts, with his wife's help, NBC's "Raising Junior," writes:

"The worst mistake any writer can make is to attempt to write 'down' to children. They not only resent it but they develop a positive dislike for the writer. Children like simple stories, but they will not tolerate slush. . . They are mainly interested in what it is all about. . . A good way to antagonize ninety per cent of your child listeners is to make it clear to them that you are going to tell them in very simple words and phrases, calculated to appeal to their childish understandings, just what you are going to tell them. They will promptly desert your program and tune in on the weather reports."

Does this help you to understand little Annie and Willie a bit better? If not, just sit down and write a letter to your favorite radio uncle or aunt. He or she will tell you more things, probably, about your own offspring than you yourself had even suspected!

THIS is the second and concluding installment of the Aunt and Uncle Mike story by Uncle Ev Plummer. It was impossible to tell the story of all of these splendid Radio entertainers, but Radio Digest will keep telling you something about some of them from month to month.

—EDITOR.

Ambrose J. Weems

(Continued from page 53)

also regarded a nearby milk can, whose name escapes me at the moment.

Now Archibald Finch was cross-eyed and as he regarded Henery XIV and the milk can, whose name still escapes me, they blended into one and the same thing. As they crossed his vision Archibald leaped up and shouted, "Eureka." At this, his sister, who was named Eureka, came running out of the house, fell into the well and was never heard from again.

But Archibald Finch was not a man easily daunted. "If only I could get that cow into the can," he exclaimed, and forthwith he set to work on the problem.

For days he labored trying to get the cow into the can. At first the cow, whose name had meanwhile been changed to Edith, protested but after a while she entered into the spirit of the thing better, and also into the can, and after a week she was into the can up to her neck. You see the difficulty lay in her ears. The rent was in arrears, but that's neither here nor there.

However, Archibald Finch came of sturdy stock and when two more weeks had passed, the cow whose name had again been changed, this time to Smith, was entirely inside the can all except her tail—but that's another tale.

The world was quick to see the practical value of combining the cow with the can and in a few years Finch became wealthy, was elected to Congress and disappeared from the sight of man.

If it had not been for Radio these facts would never have been known. (Incidentally this above account can be used in later programs as the story of the invention of canned corn beef hash. It will probably appear the week after the broadcast of how Eustace Winterbottom, the flypaper king, invented blueberry pie.) (Advt.)

AND so in conclusion, in answer to those who ask me whether or not Radio is in its infancy, I reply—"You can fool some of the people some of the time, and you can fool some of the people some of the time, but you can't fool some of the people some of the time."

Tuneful Topics

By RUDY VALLEE

AS I begin the dictation for this issue of "Tuneful Topics," Evelyn, my stenographer, and I are sitting back-stage of the "Scandals," with the opening less than two weeks away. Rehearsals are still conducted with a nonchalance and a laissez-faire attitude, indicating that we are still far from the scenes of feverish activity that next week will bring to us.

So far there has been no complete rehearsal from start to finish; in fact, the chorus girls are rehearsing next door in the Apollo Theatre, while we, the principals, rehearse afternoons and nights back-stage of the Selwyn Theatre which the Selwyns seem kind enough to permit Mr. White to use.

Little by little we are polishing up the various odds and ends of our songs and sketches. But it is of the songs I intend to speak in this month's issue.

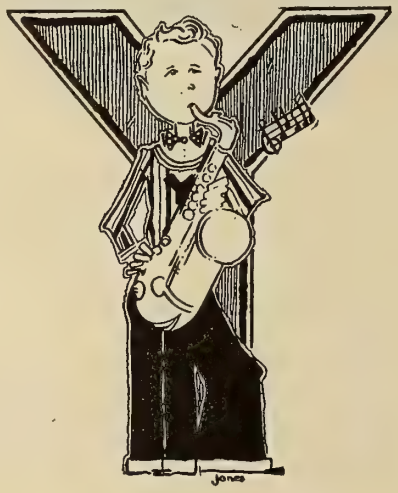
The triumvirate of DeSylva, Brown and Henderson is no more. Following the making of that stellar production, "Indiscreet," starring Gloria Swanson, in which were featured the two songs "Come to Me," and "If You Haven't Got Love," Ray Henderson and Lew Brown returned to New York while, as Lew Brown puts it, DeSylva "treads among the gold" of Hollywood.

IT IS such genuine, spontaneous and truly remarkable witticisms as these that have established Lew Brown in the foremost ranks of writers. One of his sly witticisms, which he dropped before leaving the Coast, has been used all over the Hollywood lots—"There's gold in them heels!" Brown is one of the fastest and most brilliant thinkers of lyrics, situations, and ideas; while Ray Henderson, a thorough student of harmony, counter-point, and a most prolific originator of musical ideas, is an ideal mate for Brown.

Ray plays piano beautifully, and from his nimble fingers have sprung many of the beautiful melodies that have come from the DeSylva, Brown & Henderson firm ever since it began its million dollar career several years ago—January 1st, 1927, to be exact.

I can early remember Ray Henderson's "Just a Memory," before the trio was formed, which he wrote for Harms, Inc., and which was one of the most lovely compositions ever written.

Under the direction of Bobby Crawford the boys wrote the music for "Good News," "Hold Everything," "Follow Thru," and the "Scandals of 1926," from which came "Birth of the Blues," "Lucky Day," and "Black Bottom." For Jolson they wrote, in a hurry, at his special order, while they were writing a show in Atlantic City, a simple little tune which, three or four months later, filled all their pockets with gold. That was "Sonny Boy." They wrote it more as a gag than anything else, and no one was more surprised than they when they found it turned out to be a hit.



When I learned that Brown and Henderson were going to write the book and music for the "Scandals," I knew that I was in the best of hands, and that I would have some fine songs to sing. And as song after song was played to me by the two boys long before rehearsals began, I felt that my belief was justified. Certainly few shows have had as unusual a score, and there is little doubt in my mind but that within several months nearly everyone will be humming and whistling at least two or three of the hits from the show. When it comes to picking tunes one person's guess is about as good as another's, and I would say, in my humble opinion, that the most popular song in the show, from a standpoint of country-wide popularity, urchins whistling in the street, hurdy-gurdies, phonographs, and radio, will be "This Is the Mrs."

This Is the Mrs.

THE reasons for my belief in its popularity are simply that it is the type of song that may be played exceedingly fast with no damage to its lyric or melody. It is a lilting type of song, with a new thought. The melody is of a novel twist, and will make great "dansapation." I believe I am going to sing this song to a young lady whom I pull away from a group of admiring boys, and the song simply bespeaks the fact that she is mine—her lips, her eyes, every bit of her—in fact, she belongs to me.

Urban has devised a beautiful little church background from which issue a train of girls in bridal costumes, and so forth, which will be extremely colorful and lovely. The song itself, from a melodic and lyrical standpoint, should be extremely popular.

We will play it at about 40 seconds to the chorus. It will be published, of course, by DeSylva, Brown and Henderson.

Life Is Just a Bowl of Cherries

THIS is one of the comedy songs—a rather odd, humorous and daring thought from the brain of Lew Brown, and if treated in schottische tempo it carries one along in an extremely delightful fashion.

It is introduced in the show by the Loomis Twins, who sing it with vim and vigor, and much exaggeration of facial expression, but whose delivery of it will certainly plant it and put it well over before the rest of the characters each sing a chorus specially fitted to their own character.

The idea of the song is that nothing is worth worrying about—that life after all is "just a bowl of cherries." Ray Bolger does a chorus about a cop shot up by gangsters, who, after several months in bed, gets the $10 "News" award.

Barbara Blair, the delightful comedienne does a chorus of a beautiful but dumb girl who gets nothing else but the beauty cup after being man-handled and kicked around the place.

Willie Howard, whose comedy is al-

ways so refreshing and laugh-provoking, does a chorus at the end of which he makes me the butt of his joke, his job being a daily plunge off the Empire State Bldg., for which he receives little, whereas, as he says, "there's a guy in the show who gets thousands for singing like this!"

Eugene Howard is discovered in the pit as a musician who, after studying the fiddle for years finds himself nothing but a pit violinist.

I predict that everyone will leave the theatre humming LIFE IS JUST A BOWL OF CHERRIES—it's that type of song. We will play it in the schottische tempo, taking about one minute for the chorus, in order to give it the right swing.

My Song

THIS is the pet song of Ray Henderson and Lew Brown. Both of them feel it should be the hit song of the show, but I am not so optimistic as to its hit possibilities. Again it is my good fortune to introduce it. I sing it to Ethel Barrymore Colt, daughter of the first lady of the stage, Ethel Barrymore, the idea being that after finding everything else a failure in my effort to win her, the best I can do is a simple song, which I call MY SONG.

It is a lovely musical thought, mentioning Franz Schubert and Berlin, whose touch I cannot seem to acquire. It provides the opportunity for Franz Schubert later, with lovely glimpses of scenes from the days of Schubert, and the Berlin likewise exemplified. The song will probably be very popular.

We will play it, taking one minute and ten seconds for the chorus.

The Thrill Is Gone

THIS is the type of song I do best —a song that I will get a great deal of pleasure out of singing in the "Scandals," because of its unusually poignant and rich melodic qualities, which offers me an opportunity to really get a kick out of singing something. There is really nothing specifically or intrinsically unusual about this except that it will be presented in the usual George White fashion, with a real reason for its rendition.

I believe it will be first sung by Everett Marshall, the delightful tenor of the Atwater Kent Hour, and later by two or three other voices, before the final rendition is mine.

That's Why Darkies Were Born

THE mention of Everett Marshall brings me to the description of perhaps the most unusual song in the show, from a standpoint of grandeur of presentation—THAT'S WHY DARKIES WERE BORN. Ever since the success of "Birth of the Blues," Brown and Henderson have been seeking its prototype. I imagine it will be presented in somewhat the same style, with a cavalcade of negro folk, as "Yaller" was presented in "Three's A Crowd." Everett Marshall will certainly be in his glory in the rendition of this stirring composition. He has a big chorus made up of the best voices in the cast to answer him with "Hallelujahs" and "ayes" and "noes," but he will really be in his prime when he sings the phrase "Someone had to pick the cotton." The song builds toward the end, and there are terrific passages in triple F, as loud as Everett can sing them. The audience should certainly rise to its feet at this place, if they don't previously.

Henderson has conceived some of the most beautiful descending harmony against the melody of the composition, and since the scoring of the music is in the hands of the finest of arrangers, there is every reason to believe that this song, which depends on the orchestral arrangement, the chorus and the full rich quality of a voice like Everett Marshall's, will be sensational.

In October Radio Digest

YOU enthusiastic radio listeners who have urged Radio Digest to publish a new picture of Rudy Vallee will have your wishes gratified. There will be a new picture of this popular radio star and it will come to you in the next issue. So, Rudy Vallee rooters, make sure of that October Radio Digest. Visit your newsstand early.

I'd Die

WRITTEN along the idea of the songs sung in the synagogue by the Jewish cantors, Brown and Henderson have evolved a song which four girls will sing, and the fifth rendition of which may possibly be mine. It has the very odd title of I'D DIE. The idea of the song is that the fellow or the girl goes on to express the many things that he or she might do, but would not do were he or she to lose the one they love.

Paradoxically, most of the lines are like this: "If I thought I could laugh over losing you, I'd cry," but it is such subtle paradoxical touches that make Lew Brown the lyricist he is.

While the orchestra sustains the beautiful low chords, the singer utters a phrase as rapidly as possible. It is in a minor vein, and should be an exceedingly captivating number in the show.

I believe that the four girls are going to be spotted in four different spots of a large curtain, each being lit up as they sing their spot, while yours truly is to be in the middle, in a sort of microphone setting, not being lit up until the fifth chorus.

You Don't Live to Love

MARSHALL has another song in the show which he does with Ethel Barrymore Colt—a very dramatic type of song again, one which only his strong type of voice would carry through, a song in which he utters his contempt and loathing for a gold-digging girl who, finally shown how little she really cares for him, and the final blackout ends as he shoots her with a pistol which he has pointed at her through his coat pocket all through the song.

Like all musical comedies there are several other songs of the incidental character, songs that will probably never reach the public ear to any extent, but the above are the outstanding songs of this year's "Scandals."

Begging for Love

NOT since "Reaching for the Moon" has Irving Berlin written anything really worth while. Now he seems to be in a writing streak again; two songs have followed one another in quick succession. The first, BEGGING FOR LOVE, is one which I recorded last Saturday, and which I think is a very lovely song. It may not assume hit proportions, but for those of us who enjoy the pathetic, really beautiful type of song, just a little bit different and unusual, BEGGING FOR LOVE is this.

It is unusual in the number of measures in its chorus, of which there are 22; the verse is one of the loveliest I have ever heard. Our record of it, incidentally, is the first on which I have ever sung a song in ad lib style, (that is, singing both the verse and chorus ad lib, and not in any strict dance tempo; I am very curious to hear the master, which should come back from Camden tomorrow.)

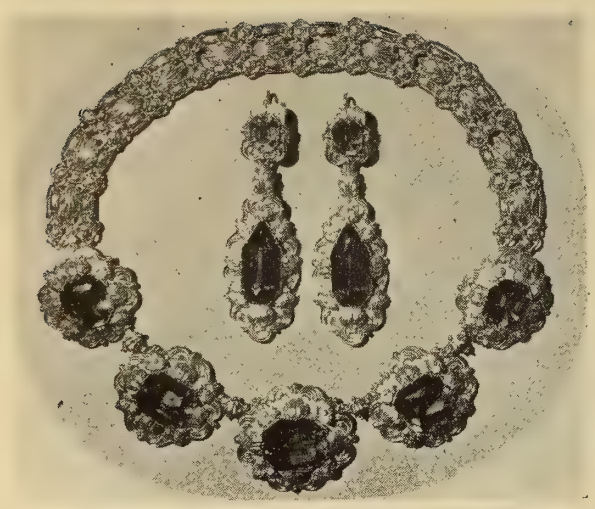
BEGGING FOR LOVE is published by Irving Berlin, and we play it at about 50 seconds to the chorus.

It's the Girl

I FIND it always a pleasure to discuss songs that are really unusual in one way or another, because it is an unusual type of song that attracts attention. This one is certainly unusual because of the number of measures, having 51, though I sometimes wonder if it is improved by its extra length.

It is written by two of Tin Pan Alley's best liked boys, one of them, Dave

(Continued on Page 96)



Siberian Amethysts Set in Gold, 18th Century

Romance of Jewels

Olga Tritt, famous Expert on Precious Stones, Says Her Happiest Moment Comes when She Brings Together Right Person and Right Jewel

•

By Ida Bailey Allen

SINCE the beginning of time man has made things with which to adorn himself—and his wife. And we of the twentieth century have no less an appreciation of these things. In fact, there is only one danger accompanying the jewelry of this age—and that is that people often come to value it merely because it spells riches and success to own a jeweled bracelet or a cameo rather than because of any really artistic value. To many the enormity of a diamond is more important than the way it is set, or its appropriateness for the wearer. The semi-precious stones, which are often infinitely beautiful, if worked into designs by the appreciative hands of a real artist in the craft, are often disregarded by women because they are not educated to their beauty.

To many people gems mean no more than glitter. If a setting of a stone does not bring out the maximum illumination, it is considered a loss. But how pathetic that is—and in what poor taste!

Because I feel so strongly that this art of jewelry making is not half understood, I asked Miss Olga Tritt, who is one of the most distinguished women in this field—and has pulled herself up to her present authoritative position by her own bootstraps, as the saying goes, to broadcast for the National Radio Home-Makers Club.

Miss Tritt was born in Russia and comes from a family of goldsmiths. But in her youth, there was no opportunity as a goldsmith or jewelry maker for a woman in Russia—and so, when she was still quite young, she came to our country. Here she started quite at the bottom of the ladder. A good artist, she was also a fine craftsman, with a great respect for acquiring a definite working knowledge in her chosen field. And so no detail was too small or too hard to be fascinating to her. To gain knowledge, she worked on the bench in a factory, but as soon as she felt sure that she had learned all she could, she stepped out, with little or no capital—but with that enormous courage that some people have—and started in business for herself.

Because she knew her field, and because she had something real to offer the world—original work and authoritative advice and appraisal on antique jewelry—she has been a success. She has become, as well, one of those rare figures—a person who makes few gestures to attract people to her, but to whom connoisseurs, as well as every sort of person who loves beauty, nevertheless find their way. She not only makes lovely jewelry herself, but she has been responsible for bringing into being the famous jewelry collections of several wealthy people.

Miss Tritt has a theory which seems very right—even very important to me—and that is, that jewelry is entirely individual. In most cases it should be made especially for the one who is to wear it. Some people, for instance, cannot wear rubies well; for others they become a part of their natural color scheme and personality.

ALTHOUGH Miss Tritt is one of the leading authorities on pearls and diamonds, she nevertheless honestly feels that there are quite inexpensive jewels that are just as beautiful. She has told me that she enjoys making a little ring that almost any woman can afford just as much as she does making the most costly.

When Miss Tritt spoke on the National Radio Home-Makers Club period she said: "Women in this generation have to make or help make a living in so very many cases. Many of them have real talents for various kinds of work, but they are often too shy, too fearful to attempt to follow out their careers in these things independently.

"But you can accomplish almost anything—there are only two requisites. First, you must *know* the work you want to engage in—from every point, and in every detail. And then you must *not be afraid* to venture to compete with those who are already established.

(*Continued on page 95*)



Miss Tritt and two pearl divers ready for a day's work

Chain Calendar Features

See Index to Network Kilocycles on page 80

Throughout Week

JOLLY BILL AND JANE—(daily except Sunday)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:45 a. m.	6:45	5:45	4:45
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
KDKA	WJR	WLW	

GENE AND GLENN—Quaker Early Birds. (Daily except Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:00 a. m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WEAF	WJAR	WEEI	WTAG
WCSH	WFI	WRC	WGY
WCAE	WTAM	WWJ	WSAI
WRVA	WPTF	CKGW	WJAX
WIOD	WFLA	WSUN	CFCF
WBEN			

CHEERIO—(daily ex. Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:30 a. m.	7:30	6:30	5:30
WEAF	WEEI	WCKY	WRC
WCSH	WWJ	WHO	WOC
WDAF	WAPI	KPRC	WFI
WSB	WSM	WJAX	WPTF
WTAG	WOAI	WBEN	WRVA
CKGW	WIOD	WHAS	WFLA
WSUN	WTAM	WJDX	WJAR
WGY	WOW	WCAE	WGN
WKY			

THE COMMUTERS—Emery Deutsch. (Daily ex. Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:00 a. m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WDRC
WPG	WIP	WFAN	WHP
WMAL	WWNC	WXYZ	WSPD
WDOD	WBBM	WMT	KMOX
KOIL	KFH	CFRB	WOKO

TONY'S SCRAP BOOK—Conducted by Anthony Wons. (Daily ex. Sun. & Fri.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:30 a. m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WHEC
WKBW	WDRC	WORC	WPG
WCAU	W3XAU	WHP	WMAL
WCAO	WKBN	WSPD	WREC
WTAQ	WBBM	KMOX	KOIL
KFH	KFJF	KTRH	KTSA
KLZ	CFRB		

THE OLD DUTCH GIRL—(Mon., Wed., Fri.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:45 a. m.	8:45	7:45	6:45
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WKBW
WEAN	WNAC	WCAU	W3XAU
WJAS	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WBT
WGST	WXYZ	WSPD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WDSU	WISN
WOWO	WMAQ	WCCO	KMOX
KMBC	KOIL	KFH	KFJF
KRLD	KTSA	KLZ	KDYL
CFRB			

IDA BAILEY ALLEN—Radio Home Makers. (Mon., Wed. & Thurs.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:00 a.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WKBW
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WADC	WWNC	WSPD	WDOD
WLAC	WISN	WBBM	WXYZ
WTAQ	KMOX	KFH	

RAY PERKINS—Libby, McNeil and Libby Program. (Thurs. and Friday)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:00 a.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
WIBO	WLW	KDKA	WSB
WREN	KWK	WHAS	WSM
WMC	WAPI	WJDX	WSMB
WJR	WGAR		

RADIO HOUSEHOLD INSTITUTE—(except Friday and Sunday)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
11:15 a.m.	10:15	9:15	8:15
WEAF	WJAR	WTAG	WCSH
WLIT	WRC	WCAE	WWJ
WTAM	KSD	WTMJ	KSTP
WEBC	WEEI	WGY	WMC
WBEN	WSAI	KYW	WOC
WHO	CFCF	CKGW	

UNEEDABAKERS—(Mon. and Thurs.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
11:30 a.m.	10:30	9:30	8:30
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WKBW
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WCAU
W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WADC	WKRC	WWNC
WBT	WGST	WXYZ	WSPD
WDOD	WREC	WLAC	WBRC
WDSU	WOWO	KSCJ	WMT
KOIL	KFH	KRLD	CFRB
KDYL			

PAUL TREMAINE—(daily ex. Sunday)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
12:00 noon	11:00	10:00	9:00
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WHEC
WKBW	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WORC	WPG	WCAU	W3XAU
WHP	WJAS	WLBW	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ	WADC
WKBN	WLAC	WBRC	WISN
KSCJ	WMT	KMBC	KLRA
WDAY	KOIL	KFJF	KLZ
KOL	WTAQ		

COLUMBIA REVIEW — (daily except Sat. and Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
12:30p.m.	11:30	10:30	9:30
WABC	W2XE	WLBZ	WDRC
WOR C	WPG	WCAU	W3XAU
WHP	WJAS	WLBW	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WADC	WBT
WBCM	WSPD	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WISN	WOWO
WBBM	KSCJ	WMT	KMBC
KLRA	WDAY	KOIL	WIBW
KFJF	WGR		

HARRY TUCKER AND HIS BARCLAY ORCHESTRA—(Mon., Wed., Fri.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
1:30 p.m.	12:30	11:30 a.m.	10:30
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WHEC
WGR	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WORC	WPG	WIP-WFAN	WJAS
WLBW	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WREC	WBRC	WDSU	WISN
WTAQ	WCCO	WMT	KMOX
KMBC	KFJF		

PABST-ETT VARIETIES—(Tues. & Fri.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
2:00 p.m.	1:00	12:00	11:00
WABC	W2XE	WKBW	WNAC
WCAU	W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL
WCAO	WHK	WKRC	WXYZ
WISN	WBBM	WCCO	KMOX
KMBC	KOIL	WRR	KDYL
KVI	KOL	KFPY	KOIN
KHJ	KFRC	KLZ	

THE THREE DOCTORS—(Tues., Wed. & Thurs.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
3:30 p.m.	2:30	1:30	12:30
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WORC	WPG
WCAU	W3XAU	WHP	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WADC	WHK
WWNC	WXYZ	WSPD	WDOD
WISN	WTAQ	WFBM	WCCO
WMT	KMOX	KFH	KVI
KOL	KFRC	CFRB	WOKO

COLUMBIA SALON ORCHESTRA—(Daily ex. Sat. & Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
3:00 p.m.	2:00	1:00	12:00
WABC	W2XE	WGR	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WORC	WPG
WHP	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WDBJ	WADC	WHK	WKRC
WKBN	WWNC	WBT	WBCM
WSPD	WDOD	WREC	WLAC
WISN	WFBN	WGL	WBBM
KSCJ	WMT	KLRA	WDAY
KOIL	KFJF	KRLD	KTRH
KLZ	KVI	KOL	KFPY

TONY'S SCRAP BOOK — Anthony Wons. (Wed., Fri., Sat.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
5:45 p.m.	4:45	3:45	2:45
WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WGR
WJAS	WLBW	WCAO	WWNC
WXYZ	WSPD	WDOD	WLAC
WDSU	WTAQ	KMBC	KFH
KRLD	WACO	KLZ	KOH

ROY ATWELL'S TIDE WATER INN—(Mon., Wed. & Fri.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
6:30 p. m.	5:30	4:30	3:30
WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WKBW
WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WORC	WCAU	W3XAU	WHP
WJAS	WMAL	WTAR	WOKO

BIRD AND VASH. Comedy Sketch. (Daily except Sunday)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
6:45 p.m.	5:45	4:45	3:45
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WKBW	WDRC	WOAB	WHP
WJAS	WLBW	WTAR	WWVA
WBT	WTOC	WDBO	WBCM
WDOD	WREC	WLAC	WBRC
WDSU	WOWO	KSCJ	WMT
KOIL	KFH	KFJF	KRLD
KTRH	KTSA	KOH	KFPY
KDYL	KLZ	CFRB	KVOR

LITERARY DIGEST TOPICS IN BRIEF—Lowell Thomas. (Daily except Sunday)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
6:45 p. m.	5:45	4:45	3:45
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
WBAL	KDKA	WRVA	WPTF
WJAX	WIOD	WLW	WFLA
WSUN			

KATE SMITH AND HER SWANEE MUSIC—(Tues. to Sat.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:00 p. m.	6:00	5:00	4:00
(Mon. at 7:15)		(Sun. at 8:15)	
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WDRC
WNAC	WORC	WHP	WJAS
WLBW	WMAL	WTAR	WWNC
WDOD	WTAQ	WCCO	WMT
KOIL	KFH	KRLD	CFRB

AMOS 'N' ANDY—Pepsodent. (Daily except Sunday)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:00 p. m.	6:00	5:00	4:00
WJZ	WHAM	KDKA	WBZ
WBZA	WRC	CKGW	WRVA
WPTF	WJAX	WIOD	WCKY
WFLA	WSUN	WLW	WJR
WGAR	CFCF		

11:00 p.m. on following stations

WMAQ	KWK	WREN	WDAF
WTMJ	KECA	KSL	WHAS
WSM	WSB	WKY	WFNR
WSTP	WSMB	WJDX	KTHS
KPRC	WEBC	KGO	KHQ
KOMO	KGW	WFSD	WOAI
WMC	KAO	KFAB	WBAP

TASTYEAST JESTERS — (Monday, Thurs., Sat.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:15 p. m.	6:15	5:15	4:15
WJZ	WCKY	WHAM	WBZ
WBZA	WREN	KDKA	WRC
WGAR	WRVA	WPTF	WJAX
WIOD			

PHIL COOK — The Quaker Man. (Daily except Sat. and Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:30 p. m.	6:30	5:30	4:30
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WOAI
KPRC	WJDX	KTHS	WPTF
WJAX	WIOD	WFLA	WSUN
WHAS	WSM	WMC	WSB
WSMB	WHAM	KDKA	WREN
KWK	WTMJ	WEBC	KOA
KSL	WRC	WGAR	CFCF

THE CAMEL QUARTER HOUR—(Mon. to Sat.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:45 p. m.	6:45	5:45	4:45
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WHEC
WGR	WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC
WORC	WCAU	W3XAU	WHP
WJAS	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WDBJ	WADC	WHK	WKRC
WCAH	WWNC	WBT	WTOC
WQAM	WDBO	WDAE	WXYZ
WOKO	WSJS	WSPD	WMAQ

11:30 p. m. on following

KOIL	WGST	WBRC	WDOD
KTRH	WFBM	KLRA	WCCO
WISN	WREC	WNOX	WLAC
WDSU	KFJF	KSCJ	KTSA
WIBW	KHJ	KOIN	KFRC
KOL	KFPY	KVI	KLZ
KDYL			

DADDY AND ROLLO—Congress Cigar Co. (Sun., Tues. & Thurs.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:30 p.m.	6:30	5:30	4:30
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WKBW
WCAU	W3XAU	WJAS	WLBW
WGL	WCAO	WADC	WKRC
WXYZ	WSPD	WREC	WISN
WMAQ	WCCO	KMOX	KMBC
KOIL			

JULIA SANDERSON AND FRANK CRUMIT — Blackstone Plantation. (Tues.) (Thurs. at 9:00 on WJZ)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:00 p.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WTAG
WCSH	WFI	WRC	WIBO
KSD	WOC	WGY	WBEN
WCAE	WTAM	WWJ	WSAI
WHO	WDAF	WOW	WEBC
KSTP	Thurs. network:		WJZ
WBZA	WBZ	WBAL	WHAM
KDKA	WCKY		

ARTHUR PRYOR'S CREMO MILITARY BAND—(Daily except Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:00 p.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WABC	W2XE	WNAC	WCAU
W3XAU	WEAN	WDRC	WPG
WWNC	WLBZ	WBT	WTAR
WDBJ	WORC	WQAM	WDBO
WTOC	WDAE		

11:00 p.m. on following stations:

WFBL	WKBW	WJAS	WLBW
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WCAH
WKBN	WGST	WXYZ	WBCM
WSPD	WLAP	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WDSU	WISN
WTAQ	WOWO	WFBM	WMAQ
WCCO	KSCJ	WMT	KMOX
KMBC	KLRA	WNAX	KOIL
KFH	WIBW	KFJF	WRR
KTRH	KTSA	WACO	KLZ
KDYL	KOH	KOL	KFPY
KOIN	KFBK-WOKO		

RUDY VALLEE—Fleischmann Hour. (Thursday)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:00 p.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WEAF	WEEI	WTAG	WJAX
WJDX	WJAR	WCSH	WFI
WRC	WGY	WHO	WOW
WDAF	WWJ	WHAS	WTAR
WMC	WSAI	WSB	WSMB
WEBC	KOA	WRVA	KSL
KOMO	WOAI	WSM	WOC
WAPI	KGO	KHQ	KECA
KSD	CKGW	WTAM	KGW
KSTP	KPRC	CFCF	WFLA
WSUN	WCAE	(WTMJ	KTHS
WIOD	WBAP	WKY, Okla.	8:30)

Sunday 7:00 p.m. on following stations:

WJZ	WREN	WSB	WSM
KFAB	WJR	KWK	

BARBASOL PROGRAM- (Mon., Wed. and Friday.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:15	7:15	6:15	5:15
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WKBW
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WCAU
W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL	WCAO
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WXYZ
WSPD	WISN	WFBM	WMAQ
WCCO	KMOX	KMBC	KOIL

KALTENBORN EDITS THE NEWS — (Sun., Tues. and Thurs.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:30 p.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WGR
WEAN	WNAC	WORC	WCAU
W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL	WCAO
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WXYZ
WSPD	WOWO	WFBM	WCCO
KMOX	KMBC	KOIL	

TASTYEAST GLOOM CHASERS — (Mon., Wed. and Fri.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:45 p.m.	7:45	6:45	5:45
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WGR
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WORO
WCAU	W3XAU	WJAS	WCAZ
WADC	WAIU	WGST	WXYM
WSPD	WDSU	WOWO	WFBC
WBBM	WCCO	KMOX	KMBC

B. A. ROLFE AND HIS LUCKY STRIKE DANCE ORCHESTRA — (Tues., Thurs.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WTAG
WCSH	WFI	WRC	WCAE
WWJ	WSAI	KSD	WOC
WHO	WTMG	WEBC	WRV A
WJAX	WIOD	WFLA	WSU N
WHAS	WSM	WMC	WSB
WSMB	WJDX	WOAI	KOA
KGO	WKY	KECA	KGW
KHQ	KOMO	KTAR	KSFD
WIBO	WDAF	WTAM	WAPI
WBEN	WOW		

Thurs. same as Tues. except following are off:

WAPI	KECA	WIBO

Thurs. add WGY

Saturday stations as follows:

WEAF	WJAR	WTAG	WCSH
WCAE	WFI	WRC	WGY
WRVA	WWJ	WSAI	KSTP
WHO	WTAM	WBEN	WOC
KGO	KFKX	WIOD	KFI
KGW	KOMO	WSM	WEBC

CLARA, LU AND EM (daily except Sun. and Mon.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:30 p.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30
WJZ	WBAL	WHAM	KDKA
WJR	WLW	KWK	WREN
WGAR	WBZ	WBZA	WGN

NOCTURNE—Ann Leaf at Organ—(daily).

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
12:30 a.m.	11:30	10:30	9:30
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WKBW
WEAN	WNAC	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WKBN	WREC	WBRC
WDSU	WISN	WFBM	WCCO
WMT	KMBC	KOIL	KFH
KFJF	KTRH	KLZ	

Sunday

MORNING MUSICALE—Emery Deutsch Conducting.

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:00 a. m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WGR
WLBZ	WORC	WPG	WCAU
W3XAU	WHP	WCAO	WTAR
WWNC	WBT	WSPD	WDOD
WREC	WLAC	WISN	WFBM
KFH	KMOX	WNAX	WIBW
WMT	KFJF	KRLD	KTRH
KDYL			

NEAPOLITAN DAYS—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
11:00 a.m.	10:00	9:00	8:00
WEAF	WJAR	WTAG	WDAF
WOC	WHO	KGO	KECA
WEBC	WMC	WAPI	KOA
KOMO	KFSD	WENR	

INTERNATIONAL BROADCAST—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
12:30 p.m.	11:30	10:30	9:30
WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WGR
WLBZ	WDRC	WORC	WPG
WHP	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WDBJ	WADC	WHK	WWNC
WBT	WBCM	WSPD	WDOD
WISN	WOWO	WCCO	KSCJ
WMT	KMBC	KLRA	WDAY
KFJF	KLZ	KDYL	KVI
KFPY			

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN GEMS -

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
5:00 p. m.	4:00	3:00	2:00
WEAF	WTIC	WCAE	KGW
KOA	WFFI	WJAR	WTAG
11:15 p.m.	10:15	9:15	8:15
WCSH	WRC	WGY	WTAM
WWJ	WSAI	KYW	WOC-
WHO	WFLA	WSUN	WHAS-
WSM	WAPI	WSMB	KVOO-
WGAR	KGO	KSL	

GYPSY TRAIL Emery Deutsch, Conductor, with Karle Thome, Soloist

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
2:30 p. m.	1:30	12:30	11:30
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WHEC
WGR	WDRC	WORC	WPG
WHP	WJAS	WMAL	WTAR
WISN	WTAQ	WCCO	WMT
KMBC	WKJF	KLZ	CFRB

YEAST FOAMERS—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
2:30 p. m.	1:30	12:30	11:30 a.m.
WJZ	WHAL	WBZ	WBZA
WGAR	WJR	WLW	KDKA
KYW	KWK	WREN	KFAB
WTMJ	KSTP	WEBC	WRVA
WPTF	WIOD	WFLA	WSUN
WSM	WSB	WJAX	WHAS
WAPI	WJDX	WSMB	KTHS
KVOO	KOMO	WFAA	WKY
WOAI	KOA	KSL	KPO
KECA	KGW	KHQ	KTAR
KFSD			

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

NATIONAL YOUTH CONFERENCE—Dr. Daniel A. Poling.

3:00 p. m.	2:00	1:00	12:00
WJZ	WBAL	KDKA	KWK
WREN	KFAB	WRVA	WJAX
WIOD	WFAA	KVOO	WOAI
WFLA	WSUN	KGW	WPTF
KGO	KOA	KSTP	WEBC
WMC	WSMB	KPRC	WKY
KOMO	KHQ	WSB	WAPI
WGAR	WTMJ	KSL	WJDX
WSAI	WSM	WDAY	

DR. S. PARKES CADMAN—

4:00 p.m.	3:00	2:00	1:00
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WCSH
WTAG	KOA	WOW	WKY
WOAI	WSAI	WJAX	WHAS
WJDX	KVOO	KPRC	WEBC
WDAF	WWJ	WFLA	WSUN
KHQ	WHO	WOC	KGO
KOMO	WCAE	WFJC	WRC
KGW	WPTF	WMC	WGY
WSM	WSB	WAPI	WBEN
WRVA	WIOD	WGN	KPO
KHQ	WCAE	WPTF	WTIC
WDAY	KFYR		

POP CONCERTS — Cleveland Symphony Orchestra.

5:00 p.m.	4:00	3:00	2:00
WEAF	WTIC	WJAR	WTAG
WRC	WCSH	WGY	WWJ
WFI	WBEN	WTAM	WSAI
WOC	WHO	WDAF	CKGW
CFCF	WCAE	WOW	WEEI
KYW			

PASTORALE—Andre Kostelanetz, Conductor.

5:30 p.m.	4:30	3:30	2:30
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WKBW	WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC
WNAC	WORC	WPG	WCAU
W3XAU	WHP	WJAS	WLBW
WCAO	WDBJ	WWVA	WADC
WHK	WKBN	WBT	WTOC
WQAM	WDBO	WXYZ	WBCM
WSPD	WDOD	WREC	WLAC
WBRC	WDSU	WISN	WOWO
WFBM	WBBM	KSCJ	WMT
KMBC	KOIL	WIBW	KFJF
KRLD	KOH	KFPY	KDYL
KLZ	CFRB	KVOR	

GRACE HAYES—Songs.

6:45 p.m.	5:45	4:45	3:45
WJZ	WBAL	CFCF	WREN
WBZ	WBZA	KFAB	WGAR

IODENT CLUB OF THE AIR—

7:30 p.m.	6:30	5:30	4:30
WEAF	WDAF	WTIC	WJAR
WTAG	WCSH	WLIT	WRC
WGY	WBEN	WCAE	WWJ
WSAI	WLS	KSD	

THE BOSWELL SISTERS.

7:45 p.m.	6:45	5:45	4:45
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WGR	WLBZ	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WORC	WIP-
WFAN	WHP	WJAS	WLBW
WMAL	WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ
WWVA	WAAC	WHK	WKBN
WBT	WTOC	WQAM	WDBO
WBCM	WSPD	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WDSU	WISN
WOWO	WFBM	WCCO	KSCJ
WMT	KMOX	KMBC	KOIL
WIBW	KFH	KFJF	KTRH
KTSA	WACO	KOH	KOL
KVI	KFPY	KFRC	KHJ
KDYL	KLZ	CFRB	KVOR

ENNA JETTICK MELODIES—

8:00 p.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
KWK	KYW	WKY	WJR
WREN	WFAA	KPRC	WOAI
WHAS	WSM	WTMJ	KSTP
KDKA	WMC	KOA	WENR
WIOD	KTHS	WSMB	KOMO
KFI	KGW	KSL	KHQ
WLW	WCKY	WSB	WPFT
WRVA	WFLA	WSUN	KFAB
KFSD	KTAR	WJDX	KPO
KVOO	WBAL	WGAR	WEBC
CFCF			

CHASE AND SANBORN—

8:00 p.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WEAF	WJAR	WTAG	WCSH
WGY	WCAE	WWJ	WSAI
KSD	WOW	WIOD	WIBO
KSTP	WHO	WOC	WHAS
WEBC	WMC	WSB	WSMB
WKY	KTHS	KPRC	WOAI
WTMJ	WTAM	WJDX	WFLA
WSUN	WDAF	WTIC	KVOO
WBEN	WLIT	WRC	

THE DUTCH MASTERS—Old Time Popular Songs and Script Act.

9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WGR	WEAN	WDRC
WNAC	WCAU	W3XAU	WMAL
WCAO	WADC	WHK	WKRC
WCAH	WXYZ	WSPD	WOWO
WFBM	WBBM	WCCO	KMOX
KMBC	KOIL		

ATWATER KENT HOUR—

9:15 p.m.	8:15	7:15	6:15
WEAF	WEEI	WRC	WFI
WGY	WCAE	WTAM	WWJ
WSAI	KSD	WOW	KOA
KFI	KGW	KOMO	KPO
WOC	WHO	WDAF	KSL
WBEN			

"WORLD ADVENTURES WITH FLOYD GIBBONS"—Libby-Owens-Ford Glass Co.

10:15 p.m.	9:15	8:15	7:15
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
KDKA	WJR	KWK	WREN
KYW	WCKY	WGAR	WBAL

Blue Ribbon Chain

Throughout the Week

8:00 a.m.—WEAF—Gene and Glenn. Quaker Early Birds. (Daily ex. Sun.)

9:30 a.m.—WABC—Tony's Scrapbook. His poems and philosophy cheer millions of hearts. (Daily ex. Fri. & Sun.)

9:45 a.m.—WABC—The Old Dutch Girl. Who is this mysterious appealing personality? Just stop, watch and listen. (Mon., Wed. & Fri.)

10:00 a.m.—WJZ—Ray Perkins whose topper and pineapple inspire this Radio savant's even flow of foolish filosophy. (Thurs. & Fri.)

3:30 p.m.—WABC—The Three Doctors and the operations they perform put you in stitches. (Tues., Wed. & Thurs.)

6:30 p.m.—WABC—Roy Atwell's Tide Water Inn whose infectious spoonerisms are beginning to worry lexicographers. (Mon., Wed. & Fri.)

6:30 p.m.—WJZ—Lowell Thomas gives thimble notes of important day's news. (Daily ex. Sun.)

7:00 p.m.—WJZ—Amos 'n Andy—the indefatigable, affable, lovable pair of Negro dialectitians. (Daily ex. Sun.)

7:00 p.m.—WABC—Kate Smith and Her Swanee Music. Popular vaudevillienne here to stay on ether. (Tues. & Sat.)

7:30 p.m.—WJZ—Phil Cook—The Quaker Man with the versatile voice. (Daily ex. Sat. & Sun.)

7:45 p.m.—WABC—Camel Quarter Hour—worth turning the dial a mile. (Mon. to Sat.)

8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Sanderson & Crumit. Delightful program of comedy and songs. (Tues.) (Thurs. at 9:00 on WJZ)

8:00 p.m.—WABC—Arthur Pryor's Cremo Military Band.

8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Rudy Valee—Fleischman Hour—The royal crooner of Radio. (7:00 p.m. Sun. on WJZ)

8:45 p.m.—WABC—Tastyeast Gloom Chasers. F. Chase Taylor, the rollicking Col. Lemuel Q. Stoopnagle and Wilbur Hulick (Bud for short) in person. (Mon., Wed. & Fri.)

10:00 p.m.—WEAF—B. A. Rolfe and his Lucky Strike Orchestra. (Tues. & Thurs.)

10:30 p.m.—WJZ—Clara, Lu and Em, among whose popular indoor sport is dissecting political speeches and puttering in international problems. (Daily ex. Sun. and Mon.)

Sunday

12:30 p.m.—WABC—International Broadcast. For those who are weary of jazz and are anxious for a bit of culture.

1:00 p.m.—WEAF—Pop Concerts—Cleveland Symphony Orchestra. And always interesting program notes.

5:00 p.m.—WEAF—Gilbert and Sullivan Gems from those charming, colorful operettas.

7:45 p.m.—WABC—The Boswell Sisters—They are—Connie, Martha and Vet.

8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Chase and Sanborn—Orchestra under masterful direction of Dave Rubinoff.

9:00 p.m.—WABC—The Dutch Masters—so that's where Jack Smart—the Mr. of Joe and Vi—has been hiding—is it?

9:15 p.m.—WEAF—Atwater Kent Hour.

9:45 p.m.—WJZ—Westinghouse Salute.

10:15 p.m.—WJZ—World Adventures with Floyd Gibbons—If the stocks are down and your bank has closed and your neighbor has ruined your lawn-mower—you can at least spend an interesting period listening to Floyd.

Monday

9:30 p.m.—WEAF—General Motors Program. A program of high class entertainment.

9:30 p.m.—WJZ—Death Valley Days. Stirring tales of western life.

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

WESTINGHOUSE SALUTE—

9:45 p. m.	8:45	7:45	6:45
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WBAL
WHAM	KDKA	WGAR	WJR
WCKY	KYW	KWK	WREN
WIOD	WHAS	WMC	WSM
WSMB	WJDX	KVOO	WOAI
WKY			

KAFFEE HAG SLUMBER MUSIC—

10:30 p.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	KDKA
WHAM	WJR	WLW	KWK
WREN	WENR		

SUNDAY AT SETH PARKER'S—

10:45 p.m.	9:45	8:45	7:45
WEAF	WEEI	WCHS	WRC
WGY	WOW	WDAF	CKGW
KSTP	WCAE	WTAM	WWJ
KYW	WHO	WEBC	WJAX
WIOD	WHAS	WSM	WJDX
KPRC	WKY	KOA	KGO
KGW	WSB	KTAR	KFSD
WRVA	WBEN	WFI	WOC
WFLA	WSUN	KECA	

RUSSIAN CATHEDRAL CHOIR—

11:30 p.m.	10:30	9:30	8:30
WEAF	WRC	WWJ	WOW
WGY	WTAM	KSTP	WEBC
WOC	WHO	WENR	WAPI
WIOD	WHAS		

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

Monday

THE MADISON SINGERS—Musical Program by Mixed Quartet.

11:15 a.m.	10:15	9:15	8:15
WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WKBW
WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WPG	WCAU	W3XAU	WJAS
WLBW	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WDBJ	WKBN	WWNC	WBCM
WSPD	WDOD	WREC	WLAC
WBRC	WISN	WOWO	KSCJ
KMBC	KLRA	KOIL	KFJF
KTSA			

NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR

12:30 p.m.	11:30	10:30	9:30
WJZ	WHAM	WJR	WRVA
WHAS	WEBC	WAPI	WOW
WMC	WSB	WGAR	KVOO
WKY	WOAI	WRC	WHO
WDAF	WJDX	WBAL	WSMB
KWK	KOA	WBZ	WBZA
WOO	KTHS	WFLA	WSUN
WJAX	KFAB	KPRC	KDKA
WLW	WPTF	WSM	WDAY
KFYR	KTW	WREN	

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

U. S. ARMY BAND—

4:00 p. m.	3:00	2:00	1:00
WABC	W2XE	WGR	WNAC
WCAU	W3XAU	WCAO	WADC
WSPD	WDOD	WLAC	WISN
WBBM	WCCO	WLBW	WMAL
WTAR	WXYZ	WDSU	WTAQ
WACO	KOH	KFRC	CFRB

MORMON TABERNACLE CHOIR AND ORGAN—

6:15 p. m.	5:15	4:15	3:15
WJZ	WBAL	WSM	KOA
KOMO	KFAB	KGW	CKGW
KSTP	KTAR	KPO	KFSD
WSMB	WHAM	WIBO	KFYR
KGO	KWK	WREN	WDAY
WJDX	KECA	WRC	WLW
KSL			

CURRENT EVENTS—H. V. Kaltenborn.

7:00 p. m.	6:00	5:00	4:00
WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WGR
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WWNC	WSPD	WDOD
WTAQ	KFH	WACO	KOH
KFRC	CFRB		

Features

9:30 p.m. — WJZ — Chesebrough Real Folks—good old-fashioned small town life pricks up ears of sophisticated city listeners.

10:00 p.m.—WEAF—True Story—Didn't you know that Mary and Bob moved over NBC's way?

10:30 p.m.—WJZ—Mr. Bones and Company. Paul Dumont in a minstrel show.

10:30 p.m.—WABC — Arabesque — gripping dramas of love and intrigue.

12:00 p.m.—WEAF—Paul Whiteman.

Tuesday

5:15 p.m.—WABC—Adventures in Words. If you don't know your P's and Q's Dr. Vizetelly will take you for a grand ride.

6:00 p.m.—WJZ—Raising Junior—and it sure takes the Dixon's to do it.

7:00 p.m.—WEAF—Mid-Week Federation Hymn Sing via Mixed Quartet including Richard Maxwell and Arthur Billings Hunt.

7:45 p.m.—WEAF—The Goldbergs reveal the Jewish heart in comedy.

9:00 p.m.—WABC—Henry George in an uproarious comedy skit.

10:00 p.m.—WABC—Ben Bernie—the Old Maestro and his Blue Ribbon Orchestra.

Wednesday

6:00 p.m.—WABC—Bill Schudt's Going to Press—Editors and Publishers are not the ogres you think they are. Just listen in.

7:30 p.m.—WEAF—Boscul Moments with Mme. Alda—Frank LaForge at the piano.

9:00 p.m.—WEAF—Halsey, Stuart Program.

9:30 p.m.—WEAF—Palmolive Hour with Olive Palmer, Paul Oliver and Revelers' Quartet.

11:00 p.m.—WEAF—The Voice of Radio Digest—Nellie Revell, the woman of a million friends. Tune in and hear what she has to tell you about your favorite Radio stars.

Selected by the Editors

To provide you with the outstanding features for each day of the week the RADIO DIGEST *program editor has selected the programs indicated as Blue Ribbon. Do you agree with her selections? (For stations taking the programs, see adjoining list.)*

Thursday

9:00 p.m.—WEAF—Arco Birthday Party. Everything there except the cake and the candles.

9:00 p.m.—WABC—Premier Salad Dressers. Brad Browne and Al Llewelyn, inseparable Radio comedians have sure cure for wrinkles.

9:30 p.m.—WJZ—Maxwell House Ensemble.

Friday

11:00 a.m.—WABC—Rhythm Kings under direction of Nat Brusiloff, Clown King Conductor.

4:00 p.m.—WABC—Light Opera Gems—under direction of Channon Collinge, modest baton wielder.

8:00 p.m.—WJZ—Armstrong's Quakers—with Mary Hopple and Lois Bennett.

8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Cities Service Concert Orchestra—with Jessica Dragonette.

9:00 p.m.—WJZ—Interwoven Pair—with Billy Jones and Ernie Hare.

10:30 p.m.—WEAF—RKO Theatre of the Air. Everything from soup to nuts.

9:00 p.m. — WEAF — General Electric Hour—with Floyd Gibbons.

9:30 p.m.—WEAF—Valspar Saturday Night Club.

10:00 p.m. — WABC — Hank Simmons' Show Boat—Hello Folks. How d'ye do everybody is familiar greeting of Harry C. Browne who has been Hank Simmonsing for well-nigh three and a half years.

11:45 p.m.—WABC—Will Osborne and his Bossert Orchestra.

SOCONYLAND SKETCHES—

Eastern 8:00 p. m.	Central 7:00	Mountain 6:00	Pacific 5:00
WEAF	WJAR	WTAG	WGY
WBEN	WTIC	WCSH	WEEI

"HOW'S BUSINESS?"—

Eastern 8:00 p. m.	Central 7:00	Mountain 6:00	Pacific 5:00
WEAF	WJAR	WRC	KSD
KOMO	WSAI	WDAF	WJDX
KGO	KECA	KHQ	WFLA
WSUN	WHAS	WEBC	WSMB
KGW	KTAR	KFSD	KSL
WMC	WPTF	WIOD	WOC
WHO	WLIT	WCSH	KFYR
KOA			

DEATH VALLEY DAYS—

Eastern 9:30 p. m.	Central 8:30	Mountain 7:30	Pacific 6:30
WJZ	WBAL	WCKY	WREN
KWK	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
KDKA	WENR	WGAR	WLS
WREN	KFAB	KOA	KSL
KOMO	WEBC	KSTP	WTMS
KFYR	KHQ	WIBA	KGO
KFI	KGW	KTAR	KFSD

GOLD MEDAL EXPRESS—

Eastern 10:00 p.m.	Central 9:00	Mountain 8:00	Pacific 7:00
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	KDKA
WJAX	WIOD	WFLA	WSUN
WGAR	WJR	WLW	WOAI
WKY	KYW	KWK	WREN
KOA	KSL	KFAB	WRVA
WTPF	KGW	KTAR	KFI
KHQ	WBAL	KOMO	KFSD
KGO	KTHS		

A. & P. GYPSIES—

Eastern 8:30 p. m.	Central 7:30	Mountain 6:30	Pacific 5:30
WEAF	WEEI	WTAG	WJAR
WTIC	WCSH	WLIT	WRC
WGY	WCAE	WWJ	WSAI
WGN	KSD	WOC	WDAF
WTAM	WOW	WHO	WBEN

MAYTAG ORCHESTRA—

Eastern 9:00 p. m.	Central 8:00	Mountain 7:00	Pacific 6:00
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
KDKA	WJR	KWK	WREN
KSTP	WEBC	KTHS	WKY
WOAI	KOA	KSL	KGO
KECA	KGW	KSO	KOMO
KVOO	WLW	WFAA	KPRC
WGAR	KFYR	WSM	WMC
WBAL	KYW	WDAY	WTMJ

GENERAL MOTORS PROGRAM—

Eastern 9:30 p. m.	Central 8:30	Mountain 7:30	Pacific 6:30
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WCSH
WTAG	WLIT	WRC	WGY
WCAE	WTAM	WWJ	WGN
KSD	WOC	WOW	WSAI
WDAF	WHAS	WSM	WMC
WSB	KPRC	WJAX	WFAA
WOAI	WKY	KOA	KSL
KGO	KGW	KFI	KOMO
KHQ	WTIC	WHO	WBEN
WTMJ			

CHESEBROUGH REAL FOLKS—

Eastern 9:30 p. m.	Central 8:30	Mountain 7:30	Pacific 6:30
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
KDKA	WLW	KWK	KYW
WREN	CKGW	WJR	WGAR
WBAL			

TRUE STORY—Cecil Secrest and Nora Sterling.

Eastern 10:00 p. m.	Central	Mountain	Pacific
WEAF	WCSH	WREN	WSAI
WJAR	WLIT	WCAE	WENR
WEEI	WRC	WTAM	WOC
WTAG	WGY	WWJ	KSD
WHO	WOW	WDAF	

GUY LOMBARDO'S ORCHESTRA—

Eastern Robert Burns Panatela Program. 10:00 p. m.	Central 9:00	Mountain 8:00	Pacific 7:00
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WKBW
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WCAU
W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL	WCAO
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WXYZ
WSPD	WOWO	WFBM	WMAQ
WCCO	KMOX	KMBC	KOIL
KFJF	KRLD	KTRH	KTSA
KLZ	KDYL	KOL	KFPY
KOIN	KHJ	KFRC	

MR. BONES AND COMPANY—

Eastern 10:30 p. m.	Central	Mountain	Pacific
WJDX	WJR	WFLA	WFAA
WJZ	WGAR	WSUN	KPRC
WBZA	WREN	WSM	KOA
WBAL	WEBC	WMC	KSL
WHAM	KFYR	WSMB	WSB
KDKA	WJAX		

ARABESQUE. Desert Play.

Eastern 10:30 p. m.	Central 9:30	Mountain 8:30	Pacific 7:30
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WKBW	WLBZ	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WORC	WCAU
W3XAU	WHP	WJAS	WLBW
WMAL	WDBJ	WADC	WBT
WTOC	WQAM	WDBO	WXYZ
WBCM	WSPD	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WDSU	WISN
WOWO	WFBM	WMT	WNAX
KOIL	WIBW	KFH.	KFJF
KRLD	KTRH	KTSA	KOH
KOL	KVI	KFPY	KFRC
KDYL	CFRB	KVOR	

THE SIMONIZ GUARDSMEN—

Eastern 10:45 p. m.	Central 9:45	Mountain 8:45	Pacific 7:45
WEAF	WTIC	WEEI	WJAR
WCSH	WLIT	WWJ	WRC
WGY	WBEN	WSAI	WCAE
KSD	WTAM	WENR	WOC
WHO	WOW	WDAF	CFCF
WTAG			

BERT LOWN AND HIS BILTMORE ORCHESTRA—

Eastern 11:45 p. m.	Central 10:45	Mountain 9:45	Pacific 8:45
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WKBW	WLBZ	WDRC
WAAB	WORC	WCAU	W3XAU
WHP	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WDBJ	WWVA	WADC
WKBN	WBT	WTOC	WDBO
WXYZ	WBCM	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WDSU	WISN
WGL	WFBM	WCCO	KSCJ
WMT	KMBC	WNAX	WIBW
KRLD	KTRH	KTSA	WACO
KOH	KOL	KDYL	KLZ
KVOR			

PAUL WHITEMAN—

Eastern 12 mid.	Central 11:00	Mountain 10:00	Pacific 9:00
WEAF	WRC	WTMJ	KYW
WSB	WENR	KSD	WDAF
WSM	WOW		

Tuesday

JOSEPHINE B. GIBSON—

Eastern 10:45 a.m.	Central 9:45	Mountain 8:45	Pacific 7:45
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
KDKA	WCKY	KWK	WSM
WMC	WSB	WAPI	WSMB
WKY	WTMJ	WPTF	WJDX
WJAX	WIBO	WREN	KSTP
WEBC	WRVA	WIOD	KTHS
KVOO	WBAP	KPRC	WOAI
WHAS	WJR	WFLA	WSUN

WHISPERING JACK SMITH—

Eastern 3:45 p. m.	Central 2:45	Mountain 1:45	Pacific 12:45
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WGR	WEAN	WDRC	WAAB
WPG	WCAU	W3XAU	WHP
WMAL	WCAO	WDBJ	WWVA
WADC	WHK	WKRN	WBT
WQAM	WDBO	WXYZ	WBCM
WSPD	WDOD	WREC	WLAC
WBRC	WDSU	WISN	WGL
WFBM	KSCJ	WMT	KMBC
WIBW	KFH	KFJF	KTRH
KTSA	KOH	KVI	KFPY
KFRC	KHJ	KDYL	KLZ
CFRB	KVOR		

ADVENTURES IN WORDS—Dr. Frank H. Vizetelly.

Eastern 5:15 p.m.	Central 4:15	Mountain 3:15	Pacific 2:15
WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WGR
WDRC	WJAS	WHP	WLBW
WMAL	WCAO	WFAR	WKBN
WWNC	WBCM	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WISN	WGL
WCCO	KSCJ	WMT	KLRA
WDAY	KFJF	KRLD	KTRH
KTSA	KLZ		

NATIONAL SECURITY LEAGUE BROADCAST SERIES—

Eastern 6:00 p. m.	Central 5:00	Mountain 4:00	Pacific 3:00
WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WDRC
WHP	WLBW	WFAR	WDBJ
WWNC	WBT	WBCM	WDOD
WREC	WLAC	WBRC	WGL
WRBM	KSCJ	WMT	KLRA
WDAY	KFJF	KTSA	KLZ
KDYL	KVI	KOL	KFPY

RAISING JUNIOR

Eastern 6:00 p. m.	Central 5:00	Mountain 4:00	Pacific 3:00
WJZ			

MID-WEEK FEDERATION HYMN SING—

Eastern 7:00 p. m.	Central 6:00	Mountain 5:00	Pacific 4:00
WEAF	WTIC	WTAG	WEI
KSD	WJDX	KOA	WGO
KECA	KGW	WEEI	WREN
WCAE	WSAI	WIBO	WPTF
WIOD	WFLA	WSUN	WSB
WAPI	WKY		

THE GOLDBERGS—
7:45 p. m.

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
WEAF	WTIC	WGY	WBEN
WCAE	WWJ	WSAI	WENR

ARMSTRONG QUAKERS—

8:00 p. m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	KDKA
KYW	KWK	WHAM	KPRC
WJR	WTMJ	WEBC	WHAS
WSM	WSB	WOAI	KOA
WSMB	KSL	KGW	KOMO
KHQ	WMC	WBAP	KFI
WCKY	KTHS	KSTP	KVOO
WKY	WREN	KGO	WBAL

ROUND TOWNERS—

8:15 p. m.	7:15	6:15	5:15
WOKO	WFBL	WHEC	WGR
WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WORC	WIP-WFAN		WHP
WJAS	WLBW	WCAO	WTAR
KVOR	WDBJ	WWVA	WADC
WKBN	WQAM	WDBO	WBCM
WSPD	WDOD	WLAC	WBRC
WDSU	WISN	WOWO	KSCJ
WMT	KMBC	WNAX	KOIL
WIBW	KFH	KFJF	KTRH
WACO	KOH	KVI	KFPY
KFRC	KLZ	CFRB	

NATIONAL DAIRY VIRTUOSO—

8:30 p. m.	7:30	6:30	5:30
WEAF	WTAG	WFI	WRC
WGY	WWJ	WSAI	WGN
KSD	WDAF	WEBC	WRVA
WJAX	WIOD	WSUN	WFLA
WSM	WMC	WSB	WSMB
WJDX	KPRC	WJAR	WHAS
WCSH	WBEN	WOW	WTIC
WEEI			

HENRY GEORGE—

9:00 p. m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WGR
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WCAU
W3XAU	WHP	WJAS	WMAL
WCAO	WADC	WHK	WKRC
WXYZ	WSPD	WISN	WOWO
WFBM	WBBM	WCCO	KMOX
KMBC	KOIL	KFH	

FULLER MAN—

9:30 p. m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WTAG
WCSH	WFI	WRC	WGY
WBEN	KVOO	WBAP	KSTP
WTMJ	WTAM	WWJ	WSAI
WOC	WHO	WOW	WDAF
WKY	KOA	KSL	KGO
KECA	KGW	KOMO	KHQ
WTIC			

BEN BERNIE AND HIS BLUE RIBBON ORCHESTRA—

10:00 p. m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WEAN
WCAU	W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL
WHK	WKBN	WBT	WXYZ
WLAC	WBRC	WDSU	WOWO
KMBC	KOIL	KFH	KFJF
KOL	KVI	KFPY	KOIN
WDRC	WNAC	WCAO	WADC
WKRC	WSPD	WBBM	WCCO
KRLD	KTSA	KNJ	KFRC
KHJ	KDYL	KLZ	

FLETCHER HENDERSON AND HIS ORCHESTRA—

11:00 p. m.	10:00	9:00	8:00
WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WKBW
WDRC	WORC	WCAU	W3XAU
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WKBN	WSPD	WREC
WBRC	WDSU	WISN	WTAQ
WFBM	WCCO	WMT	KMOX
KMBC	KFJF	KTRH	KTSA
KLZ	CFRB		

Wednesday

MARY HALE MARTIN'S HOUSEHOLD PERIOD—

10:00 a. m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WJZ	WBAL	WIBO	KDKA
KWK	WREN	WJDX	WSMB
KFAB	WHAS	WSM	WMC
WSB	WBZ	WBZA	WLW
WGAR	WHAM	WAPI	KSTP
WJR	WEBC		

THREE MEN IN A TUB—Musical Program by Male Trio.

11:15 a. m.	10:15	9:15	8:15
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WADC	WHK	WBT	WTOC
WXYZ	WBCM	WDOD	WREC
WISN	WBBM	KSCJ	WMT
KFH	KFJF	KTRH	KDYL
WHEC	WKBW	WORC	WPG
WDBJ	WWVA	WQAM	WDBO
WLAC	WBRC	KMOX	KMBC
KOIL	CFRB		

"BILL SCHUDT'S GOING TO PRESS"—

6:00 p. m.	5:00	4:00	3:00
WABC	W2XE	WDRC	WFAN
WHP	WLBW	WMAL	WTAR
WDBJ	WADC	WWNC	WBT
WBCM	WDOD	WREC	WLAC
WBRC	WGL	WCCO	KSCJ
KLRA	WDAY	KFJF	KRLD
KTSA	KLZ	KDYL	KVI
KOL	KFPY		

BOSCUL MOMENTS WITH MME. ALDA—Frank LaForge, pianist.

7:30 p. m.	6:30	5:30	4:30
WEAF	WLIT	WBEN	WCAE
WSAI	WRC	WTAM	WGY
WENR	WCAE	WEEI	WJAR
WCSH			

CONNIE BOSWELL, with Freddie Rich's Orchestra.

8:30 p. m.	7:30	6:30	5:30
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WGR	WLBZ	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WORC	WMAL
WHP	WJAS	WLBW	WTAR
WDBJ	WADC	WBT	WQAM
WXYZ	WBCM	WSPD	WDOD
WREC	WLAC	WBRC	WDSU
WISN	WFBM	WMAQ	WCCO
KSCJ	WMT	KMBC	WNAX
KOIL	KFJF	KRLD	KTRH
WACO	KOH	KVI	KFPY
KFRC	KDYL	CFRB	WIP-WFAN

MOBILOIL CONCERT—

8:30 p. m.	7:30	6:30	5:30
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WCSH
KYW	WTAG	WLIT	WRC
WSAI	WIBA	KSD	WOW
WTAM	KOA	KVOO	WFAA
WOAI	WKY	WTIC	KPRC
KSL	WGY	WEBC	WDAF
WCAE	WHO	WOC	WWJ
WBEN	KSTP	WTMJ	WDAT
KFYR			

GOLD MEDAL FAST FREIGHT—

9:00 p. m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WKBW
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WCAU
W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL	WCAO
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WXYZ
WSPD	WOWO	WFBM	WMAQ
WCCO	KSCJ	WMT	KMOX
KMBC	KOIL	KFH	

HALSEY, STUART PROGRAM—

9:00 p. m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WTAG
WCSH	WLIT	WRC	WGY
WCAE	CKGW	WRVA	WJAX
KOA	KSL	KGO	KGW
KOMO	KHQ	WSAI	KSD
WOC	WHO	WOW	WWJ
WSMB	KVOO	KPRC	WOAI
KSTP	WTMJ	KYW	WHAS
WSM	WMC	WSB	KFI
WBEN	WTAM	KFI	

DUTCH MASTERS PROGRAM—

9:30 p. m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	KDKA	WLW	WGAR
WJR			

PALMOLIVE HOUR—

9:30 p. m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WEAF	WEEI	WTIC	WJAR
WTAG	WCSH	WLIT	WRC
WGY	WCAE	WSAI	WGN
KSD	WOC	WOW	WSMB
WTMJ	CKGW	KSTP	WHAS
WSM	WMC	WDAF	WHO
WSB	WOAI	KOA	KSL
KGO	KGW	KOMO	KHQ
WFAA	KPRC	WWJ	WTAM
WBEN	KFI	KVO	WIBA

VITALITY PERSONALITIES—

10:00 p. m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WKBW
WDRC	WNAC	WCAU	W3XAU
WJAS	WCAO	WADC	WHK
WKRC	WCAH	WBT	WGST
WXYZ	WLAP	WREC	WLAC
WBRC	WDSU	WISN	WOWO
WFBM	WBBM	WCCO	KMBC
KOIL	KFH	KFJF	KTRH
KTSA	KDYL	KLZ	KRLD

HOWARD BARLOW, with Augmented Symphonic Orchestra.

10:15 p. m.	9:15	8:15	7:15
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WKBW	WEAN	WNAC
WORC	WIP-WFAN		WHP
WJAS	WLBW	WTAR	WDBJ
WADC	WBT	WTOC	WQAM
WBCM	WDOD	WREC	WLAC
WBRC	WDSU	WISN	WFBM
WMAQ	WCCO	KSCJ	KMBC
WNAX	KOIL	KFH	KFJF
KRLD	KTRH	KTSA	KOH
KOL	KVI	KFRC	KHJ
KDYL	KLZ	CFRB	

COCA COLA PROGRAM—

10:30 p. m.	9:30	8:30	7:30
WEAF	WEEI	WTIC	KTAR
WTAG	WCSH	WLIT	WRC
WCAE	WSAI	WOC	WEBC
WKY	KYW	KSD	WRVA
KSTP	WJAX	WIOD	WSM
WSMB	WSUN	KPRC	WOAI
KOA	KSL	KGO	KGW
KHQ	KOMO	KFSD	WJDX
WDAF	WHAS	WTAM	WHO
WOW	WMC	WSB	WWJ
WAPI	WBEN	KFI	WGY
WTMJ	WBAP	WFLA	

"THE VOICE OF RADIO DIGEST"—Nellie Revell.

11:00 p. m.	10:00	9:00	8:00
WEAF	WOC	WHO	WRC
WIBO	WJAR	WCSH	WIOD

Thursday

ENRIC MADRIGUERA'S CUBAN BILTMORE ORCHESTRA.

1:00 p.m.	12:00 a.m.	11:00	10:00
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WHEC
WGR	WLBZ	WDRC	WAAB
WORC	WPG	WIP-WFAN	
WHP	WJAS	WLBW	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ	WWVA
WADC	WHK	WKBN	WQAM
WDBO	WXYZ	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WDSU	WISN
WBBM	WCCO	KSCJ	WMT
KMBC	KOIL	WIBW	KFH
KFJF	WACO	KOH	KVI
KFPY	KFRC	KHJ	KLZ

PICKARD FAMILY—

8:30 p. m.	7:30	6:30	5:30
WJZ	WHAM	WLS	WJR
KWK			

SISTERS OF THE SKILLET—

8:45 p. m.	7:45	6:45	5:45
WJZ	WREN	KFAB	WBAL
WBZ	WBZA	WHAM	KDKA
WGAR	WJR	WLW	WLS
KWK			

THE BOSWELL SISTERS—Connie, Martha and Vet.

8:45 p. m.	7:45	6:45	5:45
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
W3XAU	WHP	WJAS	WLBW
WADC	WHK	WKBN	WTOC
WBCM	WSPD	WDOD	WREC
WDSU	WISN	WFBM	WCCO
WNAX	KOIL	WIBW	KFH
WACO	KOH	KVI	KFRC
WHEC	WGR	WORC	WCAU
WCAO	WDBJ	WDBO	WXYZ
WLAC	WBRC	KSCJ	KMBC
KFJF	KTRH	KHJ	KDYL
CFRB			

ARCO BIRTHDAY PARTY—

9:00 p. m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WTAG
WCSH	WFI	CKGW	WRC
WGY	WTIC	WSM	WIOD
WJAX	WOAI	KOA	KSL
KSD	WBAP	WRVA	WSAI
WEBC	WDAF	KYW	WCAE
WOC	WOW	WHO	WJDX
KECA	WMC	KHQ	KGO
WAPI	KOMO	WBEN	KGW
KFSD	WTAM		KTAR
	WWJ		

PREMIER SALAD DRESSERS—Brad Browne and Al Llewelyn.

9:00 p. m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WKBW
WNAC	WCAU	W3XAU	WJAS
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WXYZ
WBBM	KMBC	KOIL	KTRH
WEAN	WDRC	WMAL	WCAO
WSPD	WOWO		

THE COTY MELODY GIRL—Welcome Lewis.

9:15 p. m.	8:15	7:15	6:15
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WKBW
WNAC	WJAS	WMAL	WCAO
WKRC	WXYZ	WSPD	WOWO
WEAN	WDRC	WADC	WHK
WBBM	KMOX	KMBC	KOIL

MAXWELL HOUSE ENSEMBLE—

9:30 p. m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WBAL
WLW	WKY	WTMJ	WEBC
WHAS	WSM	WJAX	KPRC
KOA	WRVA	WSB	WBAP
KYW	KWK	WREN	WIOD
WJR	WSMB	WOAI	KECA
KGW	KOMO	KHQ	WAPI
WMC	WHAM	KDKA	KSL
KGO	WJDX	WSUN	WFLA
KTAR	KFSD	WRC	KSTP

PETERS PARADE—

10:45 p.m.	9:45	8:45	7:45
WKBW	WPG	WHP	WJAS
WLBW	WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WKBN
WWNC	WBT	WGST	WTOC
WQAM	WDBO	WDAE	WXYZ
WBCM	WSPD	WLAP	WDOD
WREC	WLAC	WBRC	WISN
WTAQ	WOWO	WBBM	WCCO
KSCJ	WMT	KMOX	KMBC
KLRA	WNAX	KOIL	WIBW
KFH	KFJF	WRR	KTRH
KTSA	KLZ	KDYL	KOH
KVI	KOL	KFPY	KOIN
KHJ	KFRC	WNOX	

GUY LOMBARDO AND HIS ROYAL CANADIANS—

12:00 m.	11:00 p. m.	10:00	9:00
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WHEC
WEAN	WNAC	WPG	WCAU
WLBW	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WADC	WHK	WKBN	WBT
WXYZ	WBCM	WSPD	WDOD
WBRC	WDSU	WISN	WFBM
KMOX	KMBC	WNAX	KOIL
KRLD	KTRH	KTSA	KOH
WKBW	WLBZ	W3XAU	WHP
WDBJ	WWVA	WTOC	WDBO
WREC	WLAC	WCCO	WMT
WIBW	KFH	KFJF	KFPY
KDYL	KLZ		

Friday

BOND BREAD PROGRAM—

10:15 a. m.	9:15	8:15	7:15
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WHEC
WKBW	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WORC	WCAU	W3XAU	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WADC	WHK
WAIU	WXYZ	WSPD	WDSU
WFBM	KMOX	KMBC	KOIL
KFH	KFJF		

RHYTHM KINGS—Nat Brusiloff, Conductor.

11:00 a. m.	10:00	9:00	8:00
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WADC	WHK	WBT	WTOC
WXYZ	WBCM	WSPD	WDOD
WBRC	WDSU	WISN	WCCO
KMOX	KMBC	KOIL	KFH
WHEC	WKBW	WCAU	W3XAU
WDBJ	WWVA	WQAM	WDBO
WREC	WLAC	KSCJ	WMT
KFJF	KRLD	KTRH	KDYL
CFRB			

COLUMBIA EDUCATIONAL FEATURES—

3:45 p. m.	2:45	1:45	12:45
WABC	W2XE	WGR	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WORC	WPG
WCAU	W3XAU	WHP	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WHK	WKBN
WSPD	WBRC	WISN	WTAQ
WFBM	WBBM	WMT	KMBC
KOIL	KFH	KFJF	KTRH
KTSA	KLZ	CFRB	

LIGHT OPERA GEMS—

4:00 p. m.	3:00	2:00	1:00
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WDRC	WAAB	WPG	WCAU
WMAL	WCAO	WDBJ	WWVA
WKBN	WBT	WTOC	WQAM
WBCM	WSPD	WDOD	WREC
WDSU	WISN	WFBM	KSCJ
WIBW	KFJF	KRLD	KTRH
KOH	KOL	KVI	KFPY
WGR	WEAN	W3XAU	WHP
WADC	WHK	WDBO	WXYZ
WLAC	WBRC	KMBC	KOIL
KTSA	WACO	KDYL	KLZ
CFRB	KHJ		

MAJOR BOWES' FAMILY—

7:00 p. m.	6:00	5:00	4:00
WEAF	WJAR	WWJ	WOW
WOC	WCAE		WENR
	WHO		KOA
KSD	WDAF	WCSH	WWJ
WSNB	KFYR		

CITIES SERVICE CONCERT ORCHESTRA—Jessica Dragonette

8:00 p. m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WEAF	WEEI	WTIC	WLIT
WRC	WCAE	WJAR	WCSH
WOW	KYW	KSD	WDAF
KSTP	WTMJ	WKY	WOC
WEBC	KOA	WOAI	KOMO
KGO	KHQ	WTAG	KSL
CKGW	KECA	WHO	WSAI
WTAM	WBEN	WWJ	KSD

NESTLE'S PROGRAM—

8:00 p. m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
WBAL	KWK	WREN	KFAB
WLW	KDKA	WGAR	
WLS	WCKY		

INTERWOVEN PAIR—

9:00 p. m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WJZ	WHAM	WMC	KDKA
WJAX	WKY	WREN	KPRC
KWK	WBZ	WBZA	KGW
WSMB	WIOD	WFAA	WJR
KSTP	WHAS	KYW	WEBC
WCKY	WSM	WRVA	WSB
WAPI	WOAI	KOA	KSL
KGO	KGW	KOMO	KHQ
KFSD	KTAR	WGAR	KFI
WBAL	WSUN	KSTP	

THE CLICQUOT CLUB—

9:00 p. m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WEAF	WEEI	WTIC	WJAR
WTAG	WCSH	WLIT	WRC
WOW	WCAE	WSAI	WIBO
KSD	WWJ	WDAF	WOC
WHO	WGY	WBEN	

ARMOUR PROGRAM—

9:30 p. m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WJR
KYW	WREN	KSTP	WEEI
WRVA	WMC	WSB	WOAI
KOA	KSL	KGO	WKY
WHAS	KGW	KHQ	KOMO
WGAR	KDKA	WTMU	WSI
WBAL	WJAX	WAPI	WLW
WFTF	WJDX	WHAM	WSMB
KPRC	WIOD	KWK	KFI
WTMJ	WFAA		

THE BOSWELL SISTERS—

9:45 p. m.	8:45	7:45	6:45
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WKBW	WLBZ	WEAN	WNAC
WORC	WIP-WFAN		WHP
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WDBJ	WADC	WBT
WTOC	WQAM	WXYZ	WBCM
WSPD	WDOD	WREC	WLAC
WDSU	WISN	WFBM	WMAQ
WCCO	KSCJ	WMT	KMOX
KMBC	WNAX	KOIL	WIBW
KFJF	KRLD	KTSA	KOH
KVI	KFPY	KFRC	KLZ
CFRB	WDRC		

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Name.....

Address.....

Occupation..... Age.....

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
PAUL WHITEMAN'S PAINT MEN—			
10:00 p. m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
KDKA	WTMJ	WJR	WLW
KYW	KWK	WREN	WRVA
WJAX	KGW	KOMO	KHQ
KFSD	KTAR	WGAR	KOA
WIOD	WHAS	WSM	WMC
WSB	WJD X	WSMB	WOAI
KFAB	KGO	KECA	WSUN
WBAL	WPTF		

EASTMAN PROGRAM—			
10:00 p. m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WEAF	WJAR	WCSH	WCAE
WWJ	KSD	WSAI	WRC
WBEN	WLIT	WTAG	WGY
WTAM	WOW	WENR	WEEI
WOC	WHO		

RKO THEATRE OF THE AIR—			
10:30 p. m.	9:30	8:30	7:30
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WTAG
WLIT	WGY	WCAE	WWJ
WSAI	WIBO	KSD	WDAF
WRVA	WJAX	WIOD	WMC
WSB	WSMB	WOC	WJDX
KGO	KTHS	WOAI	WKY
WRC	WCSH	KOA	KGW
KFI	KHQ	KOMO	KTAR
KFSD	WHO	WOW	WTAM
KSL	WFLA	WSUN	WBEN
WTIC	WPTF	WTMJ	WDAY
KFYB	WAPI		

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
WOC	WHO	WTIC	WOW
WWS	WTAG	WFI	

GENERAL ELECTRIC HOUR—Floyd Gibbons.			
9:00 p. m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WEAF	WFI	WJAR	WTAG
WCSH	WCAE	WRC	WGY
WBEN	KSD	WTAM	WWJ
WSAI	WTMJ	WOC	WOW
WDAF	WJAX	KSTP	WEBC
WRVA	WAPI	WHAS	WMC
WSB	KOA	WSMB	KPRC
WOAI	KGW	KSL	KGO
KFI	KTAR	KOMO	KHQ
KFSD	WFLA	WHO	WIOD
WDAY	WIBO	KFYR	WSUN
WTIC			

HERNANDEZ BROTHERS—Instrumental Trio.			
9:00 p. m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WORC
W3XAU	WHP	WJAS	WLBW
WTAR	WDBJ	WHK	WKBN
WQAM	WDBO	WXYZ	WBCM
WLAC	WBRC	WDSU	WISN
WCCO	KSCJ	WMT	KMOX
KOIL	WIBW	KFH	KFJF
KVI	KFPY	KFRC	KHJ
WEHC	WKBW	WPG	WCAU
WMAL	WCAO	WBT	WTOC
WSPD	WDOD	WFBM	WMAQ
KMBC	WNAX	KTRH	KTSA
KOH	KDYL	CFRB	

INDEX TO NETWORK KILOCYCLES

National Broadcasting Company

	Kc.		Kc.
CFCF	1030	WENR	870
CKGW	960	WFAA	800
KDKA	980	WFI	560
KECA	1340	WFLA	620
KFAB	770	WGAR	1450
KFI	640	WGN	720
KFKX	1020	WGY	790
KFSD	600	WHAM	1150
KFYR	550	WHAS	820
KGB	1330	WHO	1000
KGO	790	WIBO	560
KGW	620	WIOD	1300
KHQ	590	WJAR	890
KOA	830	WJAX	900
KOMO	920	WJDX	1270
KPO	680	WJR	750
KPRC	920	WJZ	760
KSD	550	WKY	900
KSL	1130	WLIT	560
KSTP	1460	WLS	870
KTAR	620	WLW	700
KTHS	1040	WMC	780
KVOO	1140	WOAI	1190
KWK	1350	WOC	1000
KYW	1020	WOW	590
WAPI	1140	WPTF	680
WBAL	1060	WRC	950
WBAP	800	WREN	1220
WBEN	900	WRVA	1110
WBZ	990	WSAI	1330
WBZA	990	WSB	740
WCAE	1220	WSM	650
WCFL	970	WSMB	1320
WCKY	1480	WSUN	620
WCSH	940	WTAG	580
WDAF	610	WTAM	1070
WDAY	940	WTIC	1060
WEAF	660	WTMJ	620
WEBC	1290	WWJ	920
WEEI	590		

Columbia Broadcasting System

	Kc.		Kc.
CFRB	960	WFBL	1360
CKAC	730	WFBM	1230
KDYL	1290	WGL	1370
KFH	1300	WGR	550
KFJF	1480	WGST	890
KFPY	1340	WHEC	1440
KFRC	610	WHK	1390
KHJ	900	WHP	1430
KLRA	1390	WIBW	580
KLZ	560	WIP	610
KMBC	950	WIS	1010
KMOX	1090	WISN	1120
KOH	1380	WJAS	1290
KOIL	1260	WJJD	1130
KOIN	940	WKBN	570
KOL	1270	WKBW	1480
KRLD	1040	WKRC	550
KSCJ	1330	WLAC	1470
KTRH	1120	WLAP	1200
KTSA	1290	WLBW	1260
KVI	760	WLBZ	620
WAAB	1410	WMAK	900
WABC	860	WMAL	630
WACO	1240	WMAQ	670
WADC	1320	WMT	600
WAIU	640	WNAC	1230
WBBM	770	WNOX	560
WBCM	1410	WOKO	1440
WBRC	930	WORC	1200
WBT	1080	WOWO	1160
WCAH	1430	WPG	1100
WCAO	600	WQAM	560
WCAU	1170	WREC	600
WCCO	810	WRR	1280
WDAE	1220	WSPD	1340
WDBJ	930	WTAQ	1330
WDBO	1120	WTAR	780
WDOD	1280	WTOC	1260
WDRC	1330	WWNC	570
WDSU	1250	WWVA	1160
WEAN	780	WXYZ	1240
WFAN	610	W2XE	6120
W3XAU	6060—9590		

Saturday

ANN LEAF AT THE ORGAN—			
4:00 p. m.	3:00	2:00	1:00
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WEAN
WDRC	WPG	WCAU	W3XAU
WMAL	WCAO	WTAR	WHK
WWNC	WXYZ	WSPD	WDOD
WISN	WTAQ	WFMB	KOIL
KRLD	KVI	CFRB	WOKO

VALSPAR SATURDAY NIGHT CLUB			
9:30 p. m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WEAF	WTIC	WJAR	WTAG
WLIT	WRC	WGY	WBEN
WCAE	WTAM	CFCF	WSAI
WENR	KSD	WOC	WHO
WOW	WDAF	CKGW	WEBC
WRVA	WPTF	WJAX	WIOB
WFLA	WSUN	WMC	WSB
WSMB	WJDX	KTHS	KPRC
KOA	WKY	WCSH	

THE SILVER FLUTE—			
8:30 p. m.	7:30	6:30	5:30
WEAF	WCSH	WGY	WCAE
WSAI	KSD	WDAF	WJAR

HANK SIMMONS' SHOW BOAT—			
10:00 p. m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WKBW
WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WORC	WPG	WFAN	WHP
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WDBJ	WADC	WKRC
WKBN	WWNC	WBT	WBCM
WSPD	WDOD	WLAC	WBRC
WISN	WFBM	WGL	WMAQ
WCCO	KSCJ	WMT	KMOX
KMBC	KLRA	WDAY	WNAX
KOIL	WIBW	KFH	KFJF
KRLD	KTRH	KTSA	KLZ
KDYL	KOL	KFPY	KHJ

WILL OSBORNE AND HIS BOSSERT ORCHESTRA—			
11:45 p. m.	10:45	9:45	8:45
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WDRC
WORC	WPG	WCAU	W3XAU
WHP	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WADC	WHK	WWNC
WXYZ	WSPD	WDOD	WISN
WTAQ	WFBM	WCCO	WMT
KOIL	KFH	KRLD	KVI
KFRC	CFRB		

The October issue will contain a more comprehensive list of Chain Calendar Features.

HER MASTER'S EYES

Faithful Shepherd Sees Way to Studios and About City for Blinded Veteran



Reginald D. White and Wickee

WICKEE is a lady. Her best boy friend is her master, Mr. Reginald D. White, a war-blinded veteran, who is heard regularly on the Pacific coast from the NBC studios in San Francisco.

"She freed me forever from the prison of blindness," he explained recently to the Radio audience. They met about a year ago, became pals immediately, and have been inseparable ever since. Wickee leads him safely through traffic, finds chairs, door-knobs, stairs, and even elevator buttons for him. Sailor White says she has human intelligence and, watching her tender and watchful care over him, you are forced to admit he's right.

She even laughs, cries and speaks in his act at the microphone where he tells dog stories for a dog food program—you know, she has a voice as well as eyes. Wickee is a Belgian shepherd. White was an engineer and blinded in an accident aboard a vessel during the war.

Stations Alphabetically Listed

The following list of stations has been corrected from the latest authentic sources. However, station managers are invited to report any inaccuracies.—EDITOR

K

KBTM.....Paragould, Ark.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
KCRC.....Enid, Okla.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
250 w. until local sunset.
KCRJ.....Jerome, Ariz.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KDB.....Santa Barbara, Calif.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
KDFN.....Casper, Wyo.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
KDKA.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
50,000 w.—980 kc.—305.9 m.
KDLR.....Devils Lake, N. D.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
KDYL....Salt Lake City, Utah
1000 w.—1290 kc.—232.4 m.
KECA.....Los Angeles, Calif.
1000 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.
KELW.....Burbank, Calif.
500 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.
KEX.....Portland, Ore.
5000 w.—1180 kc.—254.1 m.
KFAB.....Lincoln, Nebr.
5000 w.—770 kc.—389.4 m.
KFAC.....Los Angeles
1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
KFBB.....Great Falls, Mont.
500 w.—1360 kc.—234.2 m.
2500 w. until local sunset.
KFBK.....Sacramento, Calif.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KFBL.....Everett, Wash.
50 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
KFDM.....Beaumont, Texas
500 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
1000 w. until local sunset.
KFDY.....Brookings, S. D.
500 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
KFEL.....Edgewater, Colo.
500 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.
KFEQ.....St. Joseph, Mo.
2500 w.—680 kc.—535.4 m.
KFGQ.....Boone, Iowa
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.7 m.
KFH.....Wichita, Kans.
1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
KFI.....Los Angeles, Calif.
5000 w.—640 kc.—468.5 m.
KFIO.....Spokane, Wash.
100 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
KFIU.....Juneau, Alaska
10 w.—1310 kc.—328.9 m.
KFJB.....Marshalltown, Iowa
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset.
KFJF.....Oklahoma City, Okla.
5000 w.—1480 kc.—202.6 m.
KFJI.....Astoria, Ore.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
KFJM.....Grand Forks, N. D.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
KFJR.....Portland, Ore.
500 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
KFJY.....Fort Dodge, Iowa
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KFJZ.....Fort Worth, Texas
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
KFKA.....Greeley, Colo.
500 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.
1000 w. until local sunset.
KFKB.....Milford, Kans.
5000 w.—1050 kc.—285.5 m.
KFKU.....Lawrence, Kans.
500 w.—1220 kc.—245.8 m.
KFKX.....Chicago, Ill.
10,000 w.—1020 kc.—293.9 m.
KFLV.....Rockford, Ill.
500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
KFLX.....Galveston, Texas
100 w.—1370kc.—218.7 m.
KFMX.....Northfield, Minn.
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
KFNF.....Shenandoah, Iowa
500 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
1000 w. until local sunset.
KFOR.....Lincoln, Nebr.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
250 w. until local sunset.
KFOX.....Long Beach, Calif.
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
KFPL.....Dublin, Texas
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KFPM.....Greenville, Texas
15 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KFPW.....Fort Smith, Ark.
50 w.—1340 kc.—223.7 m.
KFPY.....Spokane, Wash.
1000 w.—1340 kc.—223.7 m.
KFQD.....Anchorage, Alaska
100 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
KFQU.....Holy City, Calif.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KFQW.....Seattle, Wash.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KFRC.....San Francisco, Calif.
1000 w.—610 kc.—419.5 m.
KFRU.....Columbia, Mo.
500 w.—630 kc.—475.9 m.
KFSD.....San Diego, Calif.
500 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.
1000 w. until local sunset.
KFSG.....Los Angeles, Calif.
500 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
KFUL.....Galveston, Texas
500 w.—1290 kc.—232.4 m.
KFUM..Colorado Springs, Colo.
1000 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
KFUO.....Clayton, Mo.
500 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.
1000 w.—KFUO until L. S.
KFUP.....Denver, Colo.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KFVD.....Culver City, Calif.
250 w.—1000 kc.—299.8 m.
KFVS.....Cape Girardeau, Mo.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
KFWB.....Hollywood, Calif.
1000 w.—950 kc.—315.6 m.
KFWF.....St. Louis, Mo.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
KFWI.....San Francisco, Calif.
500 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.
KFXD.....Nanysa, Idaho
50 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KFXF.....Denver, Colo.
500 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.
KFXJ....Grand Junction, Colo.
50 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KFXM.San Bernardino, Calif.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
KFXR....Oklahoma City, Okla.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
250 w.—KFXR until L. S.
KFXY.....Flagstaff, Ariz.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KFYO.....Abilene, Texas
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
250 w. until local sunset.
KFYR.....Bismarck, N. D.
1000 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.
2500 until local sunset.
KGA.....Spokane, Wash.
5000 w.—1470 kc.—204 m.
KGAR.....Tucson, Ariz.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
250 w.—KGAR until L. S.
KGB.....San Diego, Calif.
500 w.—1330 kc.—225.4 m.
KGBU.....Ketchikan, Alaska
500 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
KGBX.....St. Joseph, Mo.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KGBZ.....York, Nebr.
500 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.
1000 w. until local sunset.
KGCA.....Decorah, Iowa
50 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
KGCR.....Watertown, S. D.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
KGCU.....Mandan, N. D.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
KGCX.....Wolf Point, Mont.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset.
KGDA.....Mitchell, S. D.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
KGDE.....Fergus Falls, Minn.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset.
KGDM.....Stockton, Calif.
250 w.—1100 kc.—272.6 m.
KGDX.....Huron, S. C.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
KGEF.....Los Angeles, Calif.
1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
KGEK.....Yuma, Colo.
50 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
KGER.....Long Beach, Calif.
1000 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
KGEW.....Fort Morgan, Colo.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
KGEZ.....Kalispell, Mont.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KGFF.....Shawnee, Okla.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KGFG....Oklahoma City, Okla.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
KGFI.....Corpus Christi, Texas
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset.
KGFJ.....Los Angeles, Calif.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
KGFK.....Moorehead, Minn.
50 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
KGFL.....Raton, N. M.
50 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
KGFW.....Ravenna, Nebr.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KGFX.....Pierre, S. D.
200 w.—580 kc.—516.9 m.
KGGC....San Francisco, Calif.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KGGF..South Coffeyville, Okla.
500 w.—1010 kc.—296.8 m.
KGGM.....Albuquerque, N. M.
250 S.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
500 w. until local sunset.
KGHF.....Pueblo, Colo.
250 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.
500 w. until local sunset.
KGHI.....Little Rock, Ark.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
KGHL.....Billings, Mont.
1000 w.—950 kc.—315.6 m.
KGIR.....Butte, Mont.
250 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
KGIW.....Trinidad, Colo.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KGIX.....Las Vegas, Nev.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KGIZ.....Grant City, Mo.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
KGJF.....Little Rock, Ark.
250 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
KGKB.....Brownwood, Texas
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
KGKL.....San Angelo, Texas
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
KGKO.....Wichita Falls, Texas
250 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
500 w. until local sunset.
KGKX.....Sandpoint, Idaho
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KGKY.....Scottsbluff, Nebr.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
KGMB.....Honolulu, Hawaii
500 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.
KGMP.....Elk City, Okla.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
KGNF.....North Platte, Nebr.
500 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.
KGNO.....Dodge City, Kans.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
KGO.....San Francisco, Calif.
7500 w.—790 kc.—379.5 m.
KGRS.....Amarillo, Texas
1000 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
KGU.....Honolulu, Hawaii
1000 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
KGVO.....Missoula, Mont.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KGW.....Portland, Ore.
1000 w.—620 kc.—483.6 m.
KGY.....Lacey, Wash.
10 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
KHJ.....Los Angeles, Calif.
1000 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
KHQ.....Spokane, Wash.
1000 w.—590 kc.—508.2 m.
2000 w. until local sunset.
KICK.....Red Oak, Iowa
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KID.....Idaho Falls, Idaho
250 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.
500 w. until local sunset.
KIDO.....Boise, Idaho
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
KIT.....Yakima, Wash.
50 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KJBS.....San Francisco, Calif.
100 w.—1070 kc.—280.2 m.
KJR.....Seattle, Wash.
5000 w.—970 kc.—309.1 m.
KLCN.....Blytheville, Ark.
50 w.—1290 kc.—232.4 m.
KLO.....Ogden, Utah
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
KLPM.....Minot, N. D.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KLRA.....Little Rock, Ark.
1000 w.—1390 kc.—215.7 m.
KLS.....Oakland, Calif
250 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m
KLX.....Oakland, Calif.
500 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.
KLZ.....Denver, Colo.
1000 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
KMA.....Shenandoah, Iowa
500 w.—930 kc.—315.6 m.
1000 w. until local sunset.
KMAC.....San Antonio, Texas
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
KMBC.....Kansas City, Mo.
1000 w.—950 kc.—315.6 m.
KMCS.....Inglewood, Calif.
500 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
KMED.....Medford, Oregon
50 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KMJ.....Fresno, Calif.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
KMLB.....Monroe, La.
50 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
KMMJ.....Clay Center, Nebr.
1000 w.—740 kc.—405.2 m.
KMO.....Tacoma, Wash.
500 w.—860 kc.—348.6 m.
KMOX.....St. Louis, Mo.
50,000 w.—1090 kc.—275.1 m.
KMPC.....Beverly Hills, Calif.
500 w.—710 kc.—422.3 m.
KMTR.....Los Angeles, Calif.
500 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
KNX.....Hollywood, Calif.
50,000 w.—1050 kc.—285.5 m.
KOA.....Denver, Colo.
12,500 w.—830 kc.—361.2 m.
KOAC.....Corvallis, Ore.
1000 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.
KOB.....State College, N. M.
20,000 w.—1180 kc.—254.1 m.
KOCW.....Chickasha, Okla.
250 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
500 w. until local sunset.
KOH.....Reno, Nev.
500 w.—1380 kc.—217.3 m.
KOIL.....Council Bluffs, Iowa
1000 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.
KOIN.....Portland, Ore.
1000 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
KOL.....Seattle, Wash.
1000 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
KOMO.....Seattle, Wash.
1000 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.
KONO.....San Antonio, Texas
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
KOOS.....Marshfield, Ore.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
KORE.....Eugene, Ore.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KOY.....Phoenix, Ariz.
500 w.—1390 kc.—215.7 m.
KPCB.....Seattle, Wash.
100 w.—650 kc.—461.3 m.
KPJM.....Prescott, Ariz.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
KPO.....San Francisco, Calif.
5000 w.—680 kc.—440.9 m.
KPOF.....Denver, Colo.
500 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.
KPPC.....Pasadena, Calif.
50 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
KPQ.....Wenatchee, Wash.
50 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
KPRC.....Houston, Texas
1000 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.
2500 w. until local sunset.
KPSN.....Pasadena, Calif.
1000 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
KQV.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
500 w.—1380 kc.—217.3 m.
KQW.....San Jose, Calif.
500 w.—1010 kc.—296.8 m.
KRE.....Berkeley, Calif.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
KREG.....Santa Ana, Calif.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
KRGV.....Harlingen, Texas
500 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.
KRLD.....Dallas, Texas
10,000 w.—1040 kc.—288.3 m.
KRMD.....Shreveport, La.
50 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KROW.....Oakland, Calif.
500 w.—930 kc.—288.3 m.
1000 w.—KROW until L. S.
KRSC.....Seattle, Wash.
50 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
KSAC.....Manhattan, Kans
500 w.—580 kc.—516.9 m
1000 w. until local sunset.
KSCJ.....Sioux City, Iowa
1000 w.—1330 kc.—225.4 m.
2500 w.—KSCJ until L. S.
KSD.....St. Louis, Mo.
500 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m
KSEI.....Pocatello, Idaho
250 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m
KSL.....Salt Lake City, Utah
5000 w.—1130 kc.—265.3 m
KSMR.....Santa Maria, Calif
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m
KSO.....Clarinda, Iowa
500 w.—1380 kc.—217.3 m
KSOO.....Sioux Falls, S. D
2000 w.—1110 kc.—270.1 m
KSTP.....St. Paul, Minn.
10,000 w.—1460 kc.—205.4 m
KTAB.....Oakland, Calif.
1000 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m
KTAP.....San Antonio, Texas
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KTAR.....Phoenix, Ariz.
500 w.—620 kc.—483.6 m.
1000 w.—KTAR until L. S.
KTAT.....Fort Worth, Texas
1000 w.—1240 kc.—241.8 m.
KTBR.....Portland, Ore.
500 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
KTBS.....Shreveport, La.
1000 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
KTFI.....Twin Falls, Idaho
500 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.
KTHS....Hot Springs National Park, Ark.
10,000 w.—1040 kc.—288.3 m.
KTLC.....Houston, Texas
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KTM.....Los Angeles, Calif.
500 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.
1000 w.—KTM until L. S.
KTNT.....Muscatine, Iowa
5000 w.—1170 kc.—256.3 m.
KTRH.....Houston, Texas
500 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
KTSA.....San Antonio, Texas
1000 w.—1290 kc.—232.4 m.
2000 w.—KTSA until L. S.
KTSL.....Shreveport, La.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KTSM.....El Paso, Texas
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KTW.....Seattle, Wash.
1000 w.—1220 kc. 236.1 m.
KUJ.....Walla Walla, Wash.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
KUOA.....Fayetteville, Ark.
1000 w.—1390 kc.—215.7 m.
KUSD.....Vermillion, S. D.
500 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
750 w. until local sunset.
KUT.....Austin, Texas
500 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
KVI.....Tacoma, Wash.
1000 w.—760 kc.—394.5 m.
KVL.....Seattle, Wash.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
KVOA.....Tucson, Ariz.
500 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.
KVOO.....Tulsa, Okla.
5000 w.—1140 kc.—263 m.
KVOS.....Bellingham, Wash.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
KWCR.....Cedar Rapids, Iowa
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KWEA.....Shreveport, La.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
KWG.....Stockton, Calif.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
KWJJ.....Portland, Ore.
500 w.—1060 kc.—282.8 m.
KWK.....St. Louis, Mo.
1000 w.—1350 kc.—222.1 m.
KWKC.....Kansas City, Mo.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
KWKH.....Shreveport, La.
10,000 w.—850 kc.—342.7 m.
KWLC.....Decorah, Iowa
100 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
KWSC.....Pullman, Wash.
1000 w.—1220 kc.—245.8 m.
2000 w. until local sunset.
KWWG.....Brownsville, Texas
500 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.
KXA.....Seattle Wash
500 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
KXL.....Portland, Ore.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KXO.....El Centro, Calif
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
KXRO.....Aberdeen Wash
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KXYZ.....Houston, Texas
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KYA.....San Francisco, Calif.
1000 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
KYW.....Chicago Ill.
10,000 w.—1020 kc.—293.9 m.
KZM.....Hayward Calif.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.

W

WAAB.....Boston Mass.
500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
WAAF.....Chicago Ill.
500 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.
WAAM.....Newark N. J.
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
2500 w. until local sunset.
WAAT.....Jersey City N. J.
500 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
WAAW.....Omaha Nebr
500 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.
WABC.....New York City
50,000 w.—860 kc.—348.6 m.

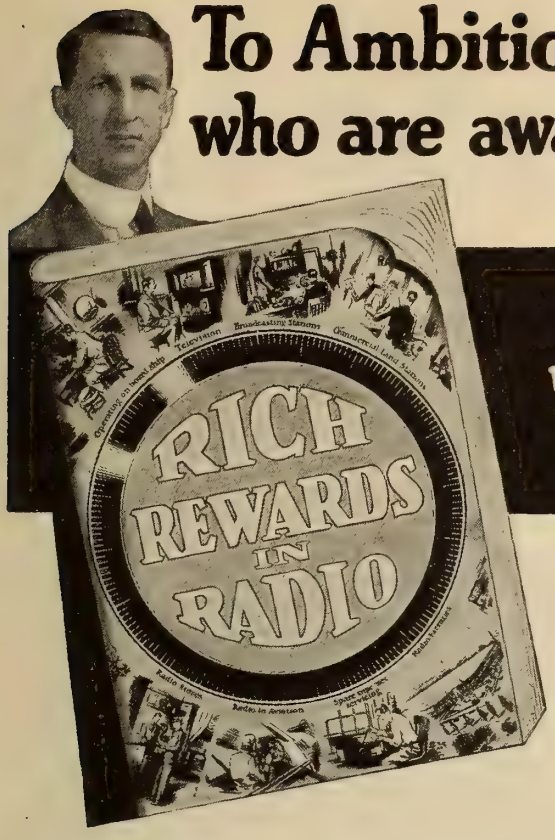
WABI.....Bangor, Me.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WABZ.....New Orleans, La.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WACO.....Waco, Texas
1000 w.—1240 kc.—241.8 m.
WADC.....Tallmadge, Ohio
1000 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.
WAIU.....Columbus, Ohio
500 w.—640 kc.—468.5 m.
WALR.....Zanesville, Ohio
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WAPI.....Birmingham, Ala.
5000 w.—1140 kc.—263 m.
WASH....Grand Rapids, Mich.
500 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
WAWZ.....Zarepath, N. J.
250 w.—1350 kc.—222.1 m.
WBAA.....W. Lafayette, Ind.
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
1000 w. until local sunset.
WBAK.....Harrisburg, Pa.
500 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.
1000 w. until local sunset.
WBAL.....Baltimore, Md.
10,000 w.—1060 kc.—282.8 m.
WBAP.....Fort Worth, Texas
50,000 w.—800 kc.—374.8 m.
WBAX.....Wilkes Barre, Pa.
100 w.—1210 kc.—237.8 m.
WBBC.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
WBBL.....Richmond, Va.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WBBM.....Chicago, Ill.
25,000 w.—770 kc.—389.4 m.
WBBR.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
WBBZ.....Ponca City, Okla.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WBCM.....Bay City, Mich.
500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
WBEN.....Buffalo, N. Y.
1000 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
WBEO.....Marquette, Mich.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WBGF.....Glens Falls, N. Y.
50 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
WBIG.....Greensboro, N. C.
1000 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
WBIS.....Quincy, Mass.
1000 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
WBMS.....Hackensack, N. J.
250 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
WBNX.....New York, N. Y.
250 w.—1350 kc.—222.1 m.
WBOQ.....New York, N. Y.
5000 w.—860 kc.—348.6 m.
WBOW.....Terre Haute, Ind.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WBRC.....Birmingham, Ala.
500 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.
1000 w. until local sunset.
WBRE.....Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WBSO.....Needham, Mass.
500 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.
WBT.....Charlotte, N. C.
5000 w.—1080 kc.—277.6 m.
WBTM.....Danville, Va.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
WBZ.....Springfield, Mass.
15,000 w.—990 kc.—302.8 m.
WBZA.....Boston, Mass.
1000 w.—990 kc.—302.8 m.
WCAC.....Storrs, Conn.
250 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.
WCAD.....Canton, N. Y.
500 w.—1220 kc.—245.8 m.
WCAE.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
1000 w.—1220 kc.—245.8 m.
WCAH.....Columbus, Ohio
500 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.
WCAJ.....Lincoln, Nebr.
250 w.—590 kc.—508.2 m.
WCAL.....Northfield, Minn.
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
WCAM.....Camden, N. J.
500 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.
WCAO.....Baltimore, Md.
250 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.
WCAP.....Asbury Park, N. J.
500 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.
WCAT.....Rapid City, S. D.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WCAU.....Philadelphia, Pa.
10,000 w.—1170 kc.—256.3 m.
WCAX.....Burlington, Vt.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WCAZ.....Carthage, Ill.
50 w.—1070 kc.—280.2 m.
WCBA.....Allentown, Pa.
250 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
WCBD.....Zion, Ill.
5000 w.—1080 kc.—277.6 m.
WCBM.....Baltimore, Md.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
250 w. until local sunset.
WCBS.....Springfield, Ill.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WCCO.....Minneapolis, Minn.
7500 w.—810 kc.—370.2 m.
WCDA.....New York City
250 w.—1350 kc.—222.1 m.
WCFL.....Chicago, Ill.
1500 w.—970 kc.—309.1 m.
WCGU.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
WCHI.....Chicago, Ill.
5000 w.—1490 kc.—201.2 m.

WCKY.....Covington, Ky.
5000 w.—1490 kc.—201.2 m.
WCLB.....Long Beach, N. Y.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WCLO.....Janesville, Wis.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WCLS.....Joliet, Ill.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WCMA.....Culver, Ind.
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
WCOA.....Pensacola, Fla.
500 w.—1340 kc.—223.7 m.
WCOC.....Meridian, Miss.
500 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.
1000 w. until local sunset.
WCOD.....Harrisburg, Pa.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WCOH.....Yonkers, N. Y.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WCRW.....Chicago, Ill.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WCSC.....Charlestown, S. C.
250 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
WCSH.....Portland, Me.
1000 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
WDAE.....Tampa, Fla.
1000 w.—1220 kc.—245.8 m.
WDAF.....Kansas City, Mo.
1000 w.—610 kc.—491.5 m.
WDAG.....Amarillo, Texas
1000 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
WDAH.....El Paso, Texas
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WDAY.....Fargo, N. D.
1000 w.—914 kc.—319 m.
WDBJ.....Roanoke, Va.
250 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.
500 w. until local sunset.
WDBO.....Orlando, Fla.
500 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
100 w. until local sunset.
WDEL.....Wilmington, Dela.
250 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
500 w. until local sunset.
WDGY.....Minneapolis, Minn.
1000 w.—1180 kc.—254.1 m.
WDIX.....Tupelo, Miss.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WDOD.....Chattanooga, Tenn.
1000 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.
2500 w. until local sunset.
WDRC.....Hartford, Conn.
500 w.—1330 kc.—225.4 m.
WDSU.....New Orleans, La.
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
WDWF.....Providence, R. I.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WDZ.....Tuscola, Ill.
100 w.—1070 kc.—280.2 m.
WEAF.....New York, N. Y.
50,000 w.—660 kc.—454.3 m.
WEAI.....Ithaca, N. Y.
1000 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
WEAN.....Providence, R. I.
250 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.
500 w. until local sunset.
WEAO.....Columbus, Ohio
750 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
WEBC.....Superior, Wis.
1000 w.—1290 kc.—232.4 m.
2500 w. until local sunset.
WEBQ.....Harrisburg, Ill.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WEBR.....Buffalo, N. Y.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
200 w. until local sunset.
WEDC.....Chicago, Ill.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WEDH.....Erie, Pa.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WEEI.....Boston, Mass.
1000 w.—590 kc.—508.2 m.
WEHC.....Emory, Va.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset.
WEHS.....Evanston, Ill.
100 w.—1400 kc.—211.1 m.
WELK.....Philadelphia, Pa.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
250 w. until local sunset.
WELL.....Battle Creek, Mich.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WENR.....Chicago, Ill.
50,000 w.—870 kc.—344.6 m.
WEPS.....Auburn, Mass.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WEVD.....New York City
500 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
WEW.....St. Louis, Mo.
1000 w.—760 kc.—394.5 m.
WEXL.....Royal Oak, Mich.
50 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WFAA.....Dallas, Texas
50,000 w.—800 kc.—374.8 m.
WFAN.....Philadelphia, Pa.
500 w.—610 kc.—491.5 m.
WFBC.....Knoxville, Tenn.
50 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WFBE.....Cincinnati, Ohio
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset.
WFGB.....Altoona, Pa.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset.
WFBL.....Syracuse, N. Y.
1000 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
2500 w. until local sunset.
WFBM.....Indianapolis, Ind.
1000 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
WFBR.....Baltimore, Md.
500 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.

WFDF.....Flint, Mich.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WFDV.....Rome, Ga.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
WFDW.....Anniston, Ala.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WFI.....Philadelphia, Pa.
500 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
WFIW.....Hopkinsville, Ky.
1000 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
WFLA.....Clearwater, Fla.
1000 w.—620 kc.—483.6 m.
2500 w. until local sunset.
WFOX.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
WGAL.....Lancaster, Pa.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WGAR.....Cleveland, Ohio
500 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
WGBB.....Freeport, N. Y.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WGBC.....Memphis, Tenn.
500 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.
WGBF.....Evansville, Ind.
500 w.—630 kc.—475.9 m.
WGBI.....Scranton, Pa.
250 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.
WGBS.....New York City
250 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.
500 w. until local sunset.
WGCM.....Gulfport, Miss.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WGCP.....Newark, N. J.
250 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
WGES.....Chicago, Ill.
500 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
1000 w. until local sunset.
WGH.....Newport News, Va.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WGL.....Fort Wayne, Ind.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
WGMS.....St. Paul, Minn.
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
WGN.....Chicago, Ill.
25,000 w.—720 kc.—416.4 m.
WGR.....Buffalo, N. Y.
1000 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.
WGST.....Atlanta, Ga.
250 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
500 w. until local sunset.
WGY.....Schenectady, N. Y.
50,000 w.—790 kc.—379.5 m.
WHA.....Madison, Wis.
750 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
WHAD.....Milwaukee, Wis.
250 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
WHAM.....Rochester, N. Y.
5000 w.—1150 kc.—260.7 m.
WHAP.....New York City
1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
WHAS.....Louisville, Ky.
10,000 w.—820 kc.—365.6 m.
WHAT.....Philadelphia, Pa.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WHAZ.....Troy, N. Y.
500 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
WHB.....Kansas City, Mo.
500 w.—860 kc.—348.6 m.
WHBC.....Canton, Ohio
10 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WHBD.....Mt. Orab, Ohio
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
WHBF.....Rock Island, Ill.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WHBL.....Sheboygan, Wis.
500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
WHBQ.....Memphis, Tenn.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
WHBU.....Anderson, Ind.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WHBY.....Green Bay, Wis.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WHDF.....Calumet, Mich.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
250 w. until local sunset.
WHDH.....Boston, Mass.
1000 w.—830 kc.—361.2 m.
WHDI.....Minneapolis, Minn.
500 w.—1180 kc.—254.1 m.
WHDL.....Tupper Lake, N. Y.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WHEC.....Rochester, N. Y.
500 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
WHFC.....Cicero, Ill.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WHIS.....Bluefield, W. Va.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WHK.....Cleveland, Ohio
1000 w.—1390 kc.—215.7 m.
WHN.....New York, N. Y.
250 w.—1010 kc.—296.8 m.
WHO.....Des Moines, Ia.
5000 w.—1000 kc.—299.8 m.
WHOM.....Jersey City, N. J.
250 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
WHP.....Harrisburg, Pa.
500 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.
1000 w. until local sunset.
WIAS.....Ottumwa, Iowa
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WIBA.....Madison, Wis.
500 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.
WIBG.....Elkins Park, Pa.
50 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.
WIBM.....Jackson, Mich.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
WIBO.....Chicago, Ill.
1000 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
1500 w. until local sunset.
WIBR.....Steubenville, Ohio
50 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.

WIBU.....Poynette, Wis.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WIBW.....Topeka, Kansas
1000 w.—580 kc.—516.9 m.
WIBX.....Utica, N. Y.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
300 w. until local sunset.
WICC.....Bridgeport, Conn.
250 w.—1190 kc.—252 m.
500 w. until local sunset.
WIL.....St. Louis, Mo.
100 w.l.s.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset.
WILL.....Urbana, Ill.
250 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
500 w. until local sunset.
WILM.....Wilmington, Del.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WIOD.....Miami Beach, Fla.
1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
WIP.....Philadelphia, Pa.
500 w.—610 kc.—491.5 m.
WIS.....Columbia, S. C.
500 w.—1010 kc.—296.8 m.
1000 w. until local sunset.
WISJ.....Madison, Wis.
250 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.
500 w. until local sunset.
WISN..... Milwaukee, Wis.
250 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
WJAC.....Johnstown, Pa.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WJAG.....Norfolk, Nebr.
1000 w.—1060 kc.—282.8 m.
WJAK.....Marion, Ind.
50 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WJAR.....Providence, R. I.
250 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
400 w. until local sunset.
WJAS.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
1000 w.—1290 kc.—232.4 m.
2500 w. until local sunset.
WJAX.....Jacksonville, Fla.
1000 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
WJAY.....Cleveland, Ohio
500 w.—610 kc.—491.5 m.
WJAZ.....Mt. Prospect, Ill.
5000 w.—1490 kc.—201.2 m.
WJBC.....La Salle, Ill.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WJBI.....Red Bank, N. J.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WJBK....Highland Park, Mich.
50 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
WJBL.....Decatur, Ill.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WJBO.....New Orleans, La.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WJBT-WBBM....Glenview, Ill.
25,000 w.—770 kc.—389.4 m.
WJBU.....Lewisburg, Pa.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WJBW.....New Orleans, La.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WJBY.....Gadsden, Ala.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WJDX.....Jackson, Miss.
1000 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
WJJD.....Mooseheart, Ill.
20,000 w.—1130 kc.—265.3 m.
WJKS.....Gary, Ind.
1000 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
1250 w. until local sunset.
WJR.....Detroit, Mich.
5000 w.—750 kc.—399.8 m.
WJSV...Mt. Vernon Hills, Va.
10,000 w.—1460 kc.—205.4 m.
WJW.....Mansfield, Ohio
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WJZ.....New York City
30,000 w.—760 kc.—394.5 m.
WKAQ.....San Juan, P. R.
500 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
WKAR.....E. Lansing, Mich.
1000 w.—1040 kc.—288.3 m.
WKAV.....Laconia, N. H.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WKBB.....Joliet, Ill.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WKBC.....Birmingham, Ala.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WKBF.....Indianapolis, Ind.
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
WKBH.....La Crosse, Wis.
1000 w.—1380 kc.—217.3 m.
WKBI.....Chicago, Ill.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WKBN.....Youngstown, Ohio
500 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
WKBO.....Jersey City, N. J.
250 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
WKBS.....Galesburg, Ill.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WKBV.....Connersville, Ind.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
150 w. until local sunset.
WKBW.....Buffalo, N. Y.
5000 w.—1480 kc.—202.6 m.
WKBZ.....Ludington, Mich.
50 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WKJC.....Lancaster, Pa.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WKRC.....Cincinnati, Ohio
1000 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.
WKY.....Oklahoma City, Okla.
1000 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
WKZO..Berrien Springs, Mich.
1000 w.—590 kc.—508.2 m.
WLAC.....Nashville, Tenn.
5000 w.—1470 kc.—204 m.

WLAP.....Louisville, Ky.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset.
WLB.....Minneapolis, Minn.
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
WLBC.....Muncie, Ind.
50 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WLBF.....Kansas City, Kans.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WLBG.....Petersburg, Va.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset.
WLBL....Stevens Point, Wis.
2000 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
WLBW.....Oil City, Pa.
500 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.
1000 w. until local sunset.
WLBX.....L. I. City, N. Y.
1000 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WLCI.....Ithaca, N. Y.
50 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WLEY..... Lexington, Mass.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
WLIB.....Elgin, Ill
25,000 w.—720 kc.—416.4 m.
WLIT.....Philadelphia, Pa.
500 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
WLOE.....Boston, Mass.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset.
WLS.....Chicago, Ill.
50,000 w.—870 kc.—344.6 m.
WLSI.....Cranston, R. I.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WLTH.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
WLVA.....Lynchburg, Va.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
WLW.....Cincinnati, O.
50,000 w.—700 kc.—428.3 m.
WLWL.....New York City
5000 w.—1100 kc.—272.6 m.
WMAC.....Cazenovia, N. Y.
250 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
WMAF....S. Dartmouth, Mass.
500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
WMAK.....Buffalo, N. Y.
1000 w.—1040 kc.—288.3 m.
WMAL.....Washington, D. C.
250 w.—630 kc.—475.9 m.
500 w. until local sunset.
WMAQ.....Chicago, Ill.
5000 w.—670 kc.—447.5 m.
WMAZ.....Macon, Ga.
500 w.—1180 kc.—254.1 m.
WMBA.....Newport, R. I.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WMBC.....Detroit, Mich.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
250 w. until local sunset.
WMBD.....Peoria Hts., Ill.
500 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
1000 w. until local sunset.
WMBF.....Miami Beach, Fla.
1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
WMBG.....Richmond, Va.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WMBH.....Joplin, Mo.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
250 w. until local sunset.
WMBI.....Chicago, Ill.
5000 w.—1080 kc.—277.6 m.
WMBO.....Auburn, N. Y.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WMBQ.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WMBR.....Tampa, Fla.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
WMC.....Memphis, Tenn.
500 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.
1000 w. until local sunset.
WMCA.....New York City
500 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
WMMN.....Fairmont, W. Va.
250 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
500 w. until local sunset.
WMPC.....Lapeer, Mich.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WMRJ.....Jamaica, N. Y.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WMSG.....New York, N. Y.
250 w.—1350 kc.—222.1 m.
WMT.....Waterloo, Iowa
500 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.
WNAC.....Boston, Mass.
1000 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
WNAD.....Norman, Okla.
500 w.—1010 kc.—296.8 m.
WNAX.....Yankton, S. Dak.
1000 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
WNBF.....Binghamton, N. Y.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WNBH.....New Bedford, Mass.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WNBO.....Silver Haven, Pa.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WNBR.....Memphis, Tenn.
500 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.
WNBW.....Carbondale, Pa.
10 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WNBX.....Springfield, Vt.
10 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WNBZ....Saranac Lake, N. Y.
50 w.—1290 kc.—232.4 m.
WNJ.....Newark, N. J.
250 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
WNOX.....Knoxville, Tenn.
1000 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
2000 w. until local sunset.
WNYC.....New York, N. Y.
500 w.—570 kc.—526 m.



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I am doubling and tripling the salaries of men and young men by training them for Radio's good jobs. My training fits you for Radio factories, broadcasting stations, a spare time or full time business of your own, operating on board ship—which gives you world-wide travel without expense, commercial land stations, research laboratories and many other branches. Talking Movies, Public Address Systems, Radio in Aviation, Television, Advanced Servicing and Merchandising and other valuable subjects are covered in my course.

Opportunities so great that many make $10 to $25 a week extra almost at once

The day you enroll I will show you how to do 28 Radio jobs common in almost every neighborhood. Throughout your course I'll show you how to do many other jobs for extra money. G. W. Page, 2210 Eighth Ave., S., Nashville, Tenn., made $935 in his spare time while taking his course. Joseph Skrivanek, 20 Telegram Ave., Elmont, L. I., N. Y., says: "My total earnings since my enrollment amount to $2,892 for spare time work in evenings."

I will train you at home in your spare time

Hold your present job. My 50-50 method of training, half from lesson books and half from practical experiments using eight Big Outfits of Radio Parts given without extra charge, makes learning at home easy, fascinating. It is unequalled. It gives you practical Radio experience while learning. You don't have to be a high school or college graduate. Many of my most successful graduates didn't finish the grades.



Broadcasting Stations need trained men continually for jobs paying $1,200 to $5,000 a year.



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Spare time set servicing is paying N. R. I. men $200 to $1,000 a year. Full time men are making as much as $65, $75, $100 a week.



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Your money back if not satisfied

That is the agreement I make with you. I am so sure that I can satisfy you that I will agree to return every penny of your money if, after completion, you are not satisfied with the Lesson and Instruction Service I give you. Could anything be fairer?

ACT NOW—

Find out what Radio offers you for success and bigger pay

My book gives you the facts, what your prospects are for a job and quick promotions, how you can get in without delay, what you can make. It explains my practical method of training with my home experimental laboratory, what my Employment Department does to help you find a job upon graduation and many other features that have made N. R. I. training unequalled. There is no obligation. Simply fill out the coupon below and mail it. Do it today.

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Washington, D. C.

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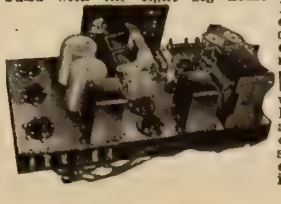
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Shown here is one of the many circuits you can build with the eight big home experimental outfits I give you. These outfits are real Radio parts and the 100 experiments you make with them, explain clearly the basic principles of whatever branch of Radio you choose—and give you practical experience in servicing practically every type of receiving set made.



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"My income now is about $400 per month, which is 400% increase over my income at the beginning of my enrollment with N. R. I."—J. W. Sessums, 5239 Richards Ave., Dallas, Texas.

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"Dear Mr. Smith: I did not know a single thing about Radio before I enrolled, but I have made $800 in my spare time."—Milton I. Leiby, Jr., Topton, Pa.

WOAI.....San Antonio, Tex.
50,000 w.—1190 kc.—252 m.
WOAN.....Whitehaven, Tenn.
500 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.
1000 w. until local sunset.
WOAX.....Trenton, N. J.
500 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.
WOBT.....Union City, Tenn.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset.
WOBU....Charleston, W. Va.
250 w.—580 kc.—516.9 m.
WOC.....Davenport, Iowa
5000 w.—1000 kc.—299.8 m.
WOCL.....Jamestown, N. Y.
25 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WODA.....Paterson, N. J.
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
WODX.....Mobile, Ala.
500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
WOI.....Ames, Iowa
5000 w.—640 kc.—468.5 m.
WOKO....Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
500 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
WOL.....Washington, D. C.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WOMT.....Manitowoc, Wis.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WOOD.....Grand Rapids, Mich.
500 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
WOPI.....Bristol, Tenn.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WOQ.....Kansas City, Mo.
1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
WOR.....Newark, N. J.
5000 w.—710 kc.—422.3 m.
WORC.....Worcester, Mass.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WOS.....Jefferson City, Mo.
500 w.—630 kc.—475.9 m.
WOV.....New York City
1000 w.—1130 kc.—265.3 m.
WOW.....Omaha, Nebr.
1000 w.—590 kc.—508.2 m.
WOWO.....Ft. Wayne, Ind.
10,000 w.—1160 kc.—258.5 m.
WPAD.....Paducah, Ky.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WPAP.....Cliffside, N. J.
250 w.—1010 kc.—296.8 m.
WPAW.....Pawtucket, R. I.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WPCC.....Chicago, Ill.
500 w.—570 kc.—535.4 m.
WPCH.....New York City
500 w.—810 kc.—370.2 m.
WPEN.....Philadelphia, Pa.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset.
WPG.....Atlantic City, N. J.
5000 w.—1100 kc.—272.6 m.
WPOE.....Patchogue, N. Y.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
WPOR.....Norfolk, Va.
500 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.
WPSC.....State College, Pa.
500 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
WPTF.....Raleigh, N. C.
1000 w.—680 kc.—440.9 m.
WQAM.....Miami, Fla.
1000 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
WQAN.....Scranton, Pa.
250 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.
WQAO.....Palisade, N. J.
250 w.—1010 kc.—296.8 m.
WQBC.....Vicksburg, Miss.
300 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
WQDM.....St. Albans, Vt.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
WQDX.....Thomasville, Ga.
50 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WRAF.....South Bend, Ind.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WRAK.....Williamsport, Pa.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
WRAM.....Wilmington, N. C.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
WRBI.....Tifton, Ga.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WRBJ.....Hattiesburg, Miss.
10 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
WRBL.....Columbus, Ga.
50 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WRBQ.....Greenville, Miss.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
250 w. until local sunset.
WRBX.....Roanoke, Va.
250 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
WRC.....Washington, D. C.
500 w.—950 kc.—315.6 m.
WRDO.....Augusta, Maine
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
WRDW.....Augusta, Ga.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WREC.....Memphis, Tenn.
100 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.
1000 w. until local sunset.
WREN.....Lawrence, Kans.
1000 w. —1220 kc.—245.8 m.
WRHM.....Minneapolis, Minn.
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
WRJN.....Racine, Wis.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
WRNY.....New York City
250 w.—1010 kc.—296.9 m.
WROL.....Knoxville, Tenn.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WRR.....Dallas, Texas
500 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.
WRUF.....Gainesville, Fla.
5000 w.—830 kc.—361.2 m.
WRVA.....Richmond, Va.
5000 w.—1110 kc.—270.1 m.
WSAI.....Cincinnati, Ohio
500 w.—1330 kc.—225.4 m.
WSAJ.....Grove City, Pa.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WSAN.....Allentown, Pa.
250 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
WSAR.....Fall River, Mass.
250 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
WSAZ.....Huntington, W. Va.
250 w.—580 kc.—516.9 m.
WSB.....Atlanta, Ga.
5000 w.—740 kc.—405.2 m.
WSBC.....Chicago, Ill.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WSBT.....South Bend, Ind.
500 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
WSDA.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
WSEN.....Columbus, Ohio
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WSFA.....Montgomery, Ala.
500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
WSIX.....Springfield, Tenn.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WSJS...Winston-Salem, N. C.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WSM.....Nashville, Tenn.
5000 w.—650 kc.—461.3 m.
WSMB.....New Orleans, La.
500 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.
WSMK.....Dayton, Ohio
200 w.—1380 kc.—217.3 m.
WSOC.....Gastonia, N. C.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WSPA.....Spartanburg, S. C.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
250 w. until local sunset.
WSPD.....Toledo, Ohio
500 w.—1340 kc.—223.7 m.
1000 w. until local sunset.
WSSH.....Boston, Mass.
500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
WSUI.....Iowa City, Iowa
500 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.
WSUN.....Clearwater, Fla.
1000 w.—620 kc.—483.6 m.
2500 w. until local sunset.
WSVS.....Buffalo, N. Y.
50 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
WSYB.....Rutland, Vt.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WSYR.....Syracuse, N. Y.
250 w.—570 kc.—576 m.
WTAD.....Quincy, Ill.
500 w.—1440 kc.—209.2 m.
WTAG.....Worcester, Mass.
250 w.—580 kc.—516.9 m.
WTAM.....Cleveland, Ohio
50,000 w.—1070 kc.—280.2 m.
WTAQ.....Eau Claire, Wis.
1000 w.—1330 kc.—225.4 m.
WTAR.....Norfolk, Va.
500 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.
WTAW...College Station, Tex.
500 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
WTAX.....Springfield, Ill.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WTBO.....Cumberland, Md.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
250 w. until local sunset.
WTEL.....Philadelphia, Pa.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WTFI.....Toccoa, Ga.
500 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
WTIC.....Hartford, Conn.
50,000 w.—1060 kc.—282.8 m.
WTMM.....Huntsville, Ala.
50 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WTMJ.....Milwaukee, Wis.
1000 w.—620 kc.—483.6 m.
2500 w. until local sunset.
WTOC.....Savannah, Ga.
500 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.
WWAE.....Hammond, Ind.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WWJ.....Detroit, Mich.
1000 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.
WWL.....New Orleans, La.
5000 w.—850 kc.—352.7 m.
WWNC.....Asheville, N. C.
1000 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
WWRL.....Woodside, N. Y.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WWSW.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WWVA.....Wheeling, W. Va.
5000 w.—1160 kc.—285.5 m.
WXYZ.....Detroit, Mich.
1000 w.—1240 kc.—241.8 m.

Canada

CFAC-CNRC.....Calgary, Alta.
500 w.—690 kc.—435 m.
CFBO.....St. John, N. B.
500 w.—890 kc.—337 m.
CFCA-CNRT.....Toronto, Ont.
500 w.—840 kc.—357 m.
CFCF.....Montreal, P. Q.
500 w.—1030 kc.—291 m.
CFCL-CKCL-CKNC
Toronto, Ont.
500 w.—580 kc.—517 m.
CFCN.....Calgary, Alta.
10,000 w.—985 kc.—435 m.
CFCO.....Chatham, Ont.
100 w.—1210 kc.—248 m.
CKCR.....Waterloo, Ont.
50 w.—1010 kc.—297 m.
CFCT.....Victoria, B. C.
500 w.—630 kc.—476 m.
CFCY...Charlottetown, P. E. I.
500 w.—580 kc.—516.9 m.
CFJC.....Kamloops, B. C.
15 w.—1120 kc.—268 m.
CFLC.....Prescott, Ont.
50 w.—1010 kc.—297 m.
CFNB.....Fredericton, N. B.
500 w.—1210 kc.—248 m.
CFQC-CNRS...Saskatoon, Sask.
500 w.—910 kc.—330 m.
CFRB-CJBC..King York Co., Ont.
4000 w.—960 kc.—313 m.
CFRC.....Kingston, Ont.
500 w.—930 kc.—323 m.
CHCH.Charlottetown, P. E. I.
100 w.—960 kc.—313 m.
CHCS.....Hamilton, Ont.
10 w.—880 kc.—341 m.
CHGS....Summerside, P. E. I.
100 w.—1120 kc.—268 m.
CHMA.....Edmonton, Alta.
250 w.—580 kc.—517 m.
CHML.....Hamilton, Ont.
50 w.—880 kc.—341 m.
CHNS-CNRH....Halifax, N. S.
500 w.—910 kc.—330 m.
CHRC.....Quebec, P. Q.
100 w.—880 kc.—341 m.
CHWC.....Pilot, Butte, Sask.
500 w.—960 kc.—312 m.
CHWK.....Chilliwack, B. C.
100 w.—665 kc.—100 m.
CJCA.....Edmonton, Alta.
500 w.—930 kc.—323 m.
CJCB.....Sydney, N. S.
50 w.—880 kc.—341 m.
CJCJ-CHCA.....Calgary, Alta.
500 w.—690 kc.—435 m.
CJGC-CNRL.....London, Ont.
5000 w.—910 kc.—330 m.
CJGX.....Yorkton, Sask.
500 w.—630 kc.—476 m.
CJOC..... Lethbridge, Alta.
50 w.—1120 kc.—268 m.
CJRM.....Moose Jaw, Sask.
500 w.—600 kc.—500 m.
CJRW.....Fleming, Sask.
500 w.—600 kc.—500 m.
CKAC-CHYC-CNRM
St. Hyacinth, Quebec
5000 w.—730 kc.—411 m.
CKCD-CHLS..Vancouver, B. C.
50 w.—730 kc.—411 m.
CKCI.....Quebec, P. Q.
22½ w.—880 kc.—341 m.
CKCK-CJBR-CNRR
Regina, Sask.
500 w.—960 kc.—313 m.
CKCO.....Ottawa, Ont.
100 w.—890 kc.—337 m.
CKCR.....Waterloo, Ont.
50 w.—1010 kc.—297 m.
CNRV-CNRQ....Quebec, P. Q.
50 w.—880 kc.—341 m.
CKFC.....Vancouver, B. C.
50 w.—730 kc.—411 m.
CKIC.....Wolfville, N. S.
50 w.—1010 kc.—297 m.
CKGW-CJBC-CJSC-CPRY
Ontario, Ont.
5000 w.—690 kc.—435 m.
CKLC-CHCT-CNRD
Red Deer, Alberta
1000 w.—840 kc.—357 m.
CKMO.....Vancouver, B. C.
50 w.—730 kc.—411 m.
CKNC.....Toronto, Ont.
500 w.—580 kc.—517 m.
CKOC.....Hamilton, Ont.
50 w.—880 kc.—341 m.
CKPC.....Preston, Ont.
25 w.—1210 kc.—247.9 m.
CKPR.....Midland, Ont.
50 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
CKUA.....Edmonton, Alta.
500 w.—580 kc.—517 m.
CKWX.....Vancouver, B. C.
100 w.—730 kc.—411 m.
CKY-CNRW....Winnipeg, Man.
5000 w.—780 kc.—385 m.
CNRA.....Moncton, N. B.
500 w.—630 kc.—476 m.
CNRV.....Vancouver, B. C.
500 w.—1030 kc.—291 m.

Cuba

CMBC..... Havana
150 w.—955 kc.—314 m.
CMCD..... Havana
14 w.—1345 kc.—223 m.
CMCF..... Havana
250 w.—900 kc.—333 m.
CMCG..... Guanabacoa
30 w.—1286 kc.—233 m.
CMCM..... Havana
100 w.—1500 kc.—200 m.
CMCO..... Marianao
225 w.—660 kc.—455 m.
CMCQ..... Havana
600 w.—1150 kc.—261 m.
CMCR..... Havana
20 w.—1286 kc.—233 m.
CMCU..... Havana
50 w.—1345 kc.—223 m.
CMGA..... Colon
100 w.—834 kc.—360 m.
CMGC..... Matanzas
30 w.—1375 kc.—218 m.
CMGE..... Cardenas
30 w.—1375 kc.—218 m.
CMHA..... Cienfuegos
200 w.—1154 kc.—260 m.
CMHB.....Sagna la Grande
10 w.—1500 kc.—200 m.
CMHC..... Tuinucu
500 w.—791 kc.—379 m.
CMHD..... Caibarien
250 w.—920 kc.—325 m.
CMHE.....Santa Clara
20 w.—1429 kc.—210 m.
CMHI.....Santa Clara
15 w.—1110 kc.—270 m.
CMJB.....Ciego de Avila
20 w.—1276 kc.—275 m.
CMK..... Habana
3000 w.—730 kc.—411 m.
CMKA.....Santiago de Cuba
20 w.—1450 kc.—207 m.
CMKB.....Santiago de Cuba
15 w.—1200 kc.—250 m.
CMKD.....Santiago de Cuba
40 w.—1100 kc.—272 m.
CMAA..... Guanajay
30 w.—1090 kc.—275 m.
CMAB.....Pinar del Rio
20 w.—1249 kc.—240 m.
CMBA..... Habana
50 w.—1345 kc.—223 m.
CMBC .....Habana
150 w.—955 kc.—314 m.
CMBD .....Habana
150 w.—955 kc.—314 m.
CMBF .....Habana
7½ w.—1345 kc.—223 m.
CMBG....Santiago de la Vegas
150 w.—1070 kc.—280 m.
CMBI .....Habana
30 w.—1405 kc.—213 m.
CMBJ .....Habana
15 w.—1285 kc.—233 m.
CMBK .....Marianao
15 w.—1405 kc.—213 m.
CMBL .....Habana
15 w.—1500 kc.—200 m.
CMBM .....Marianao
15 w.—1285 kc.—233 m.
CMBN .....Habana
30 w.—1405 kc.—213 m.
CMBP .....Habana
15 w.—1500 kc.—200 m.
CMBQ..... Habana
50 w.—1405 kc.—213 m.
CMBR .....Habana
15 w.—1500 kc.—200 m.
CMBS .....Habana
150 w.—790 kc.—380 m.
CMBT .....Habana
150 w.—1070 kc.—280 m.
CMBW .....Marianao
150 w.—1010 kc.—297 m.
CMBX .....Habana
30 w.—1405 kc.—213 m.
CMBY .....Habana
100 w.—1405 kc.—213 m.
CMBZ .....Habana
150 w.—1010 kc.—297 m.
CMC..... Habana
500 w.—840 kc...357 m.
CMCA..... Habana
150 w.—1225 kc.—245 m.
CMKC.....Santiago de Cuba
150 w.—1034 kc.—290 m.
CMJC..... Camaguey
15 w.—1321 kc.—227 m.
CMQ..... Habana
250 w.—1150 kc.—261 m.
CMW..... Habana
700 w.—588 kc.—510 m.
CMX..... Habana
500 w.—900 kc.—333 m.

Mexico

XEA.....Guadalajara, Jal.
100 w.—1000 kc.—300 m.
XEB.....Mexico City
1000 w.—1000 kc.—300 m.
XEC..... Toluca
50 w.—1000 kc.—300 m.
XED.....Reynosa, Tamps
10,000 w.—977 kc.—307 m.
XEE.....Linares, N. L.
10 w.—1000 kc.—300 m.
XEF.....Oaxaca, Oax.
100 w.—1000 kc.—300 m.
XEFA.....Mexico City
250 w.—1250 kc.—240 m.
XEFE....Nuevo Laredo, Tamps
1000 w.—1000 kc.—300 m.
XEI.....Morelia, Mich.
100 w.—1000 kc.—300 m.
XEJ.....C. Juarez, Chih.
100 w.—1000 kc.—300 m.
XEK.....Mexico City
100 w.—1000 kc.—300 m.
XEL.....Satillo, Coah.
10 w.—1000 kc.—300 m.
XEM.....Tampico, Tamps
500 w —730 kc.—411 m.
XEN.....Mexico City
1000 w.—711 kc.—422 m.
XEO.....Mexico City
5000 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
XEP..... Tamaulipas
200 w.—1500 kc.—200 m.
XEQ.....Ciudad Juarez, Chih.
1000 w.—1000 kc.—300 m.
XER.....Mexico City
100 w.—650 kc.—461 m.
XES.....Tampico, Tamps
550 w.—890 kc.—337 m.
XET.....Monterey, N. L.
1500 w.—630 kc.—476 m.
XETA.....Mexico City
500 w.—1140 kc.—263 m.
XETF.....Vera Cruz
500 w.—680 kc.—441 m.
XEU.....Vera Cruz, Ver.
100 w.—1000 kc.—300 m.
XEV.....Puebla, Pue.
100 w.—1000 kc.—300 m.
XEW.....Mexico City
5000 w.—780 kc.—385 m.
XEX.....Mexico City
500 w.—1210 kc.—248 m.
XEY.....Merida, Yucatan
100 w.—1000 kc.—300 m.
XEZ.....Mexico City
500 w.—588 kc.—510 m.
XETA.....Mexico City
500 w.—1140 kc.—263 m.
XFA.....Mexico City
50 w.—7143 kc.—42 m.
XFC..... Aguascalientes
350 w.—805 kc.—373 m.
XFD.....Mexico City
50 w.—11,111 kc.—27 m.
XFF.....Chihuahua, Chih.
250 w.—915 kc.—328 m.
XFG.....Villahermosa, Tabasco
2000 w.—638 kc.—470 m.
XFI.....Mexico City
1000 w.—818 kc.—367 m.
XFX.....Mexico City
500 w.—860 kc.—349 m.

Television

2000-2100 kc. band

W2XCR.....New York, N. Y.
Jenkins Television Corp.
48 lines per picture—5000 w.
W3XK.....Wheaton, Md.
Jenkins Laboratories
48 lines per picture—5000 w.
W2XCD.....Passaic, N. J.
DeForest Radio Corp.
48 lines per picture—5000 w.
W2XBU.....Beacon, N. Y.
Harold E. Smith
48 lines per picture—100 w.
W9XAO.....Chicago, Ill.
Western Television Corp.
45 lines per picture—500 w.
W2XAP..... Portable
Jenkins Television Corp.
48 lines per picture—250 w.

2100-2200 kc. band

W3XAD.....Camden, N. J.
RCA Victor Co.
60 lines per picture—500 w.
W2XBS.....New York, N. Y.
National Broadcasting Co.
60 lines per picture—5000 w.
W2XCW....Schenectady, N. Y.
General Electric Co.
— lines per picture—20,000 w.
W8XAV.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
Westinghouse Electric Co.
60 lines per picture—20,000 w.
W2XR..Long Island City, N. Y.
Radio Pictures, Inc.
48 lines per picture—500 w.
W9XAP.....Chicago, Ill.
Chicago Daily News
45 lines per picture—1000 w.
W3XAK....Bound Brook, N. J.
National Broadcasting Co.
60 lines per picture—5000 w.

2750-2850 kc. band

W2XAB.....New York, N. Y.
Columbia Broadcasting System.
60 lines per picture—500 w.
W9XAA.....Chicago, Ill.
Chicago Federation of Labor
48 lines per picture—1000 w.
W9XG....West Lafayette, Ind.
Purdue University—1500 w.
W2XBO Long Island City, N. Y.
United Research Corp.—500 w.

2850-2950 kc. band

W1XAV.....Boston, Mass.
Shortwave & Television Lab.
48 lines per picture—500 w.
W9XR.....Downer's Grove, Ill.
Great Lakes Broadcasting Co.
24 lines per picture—5000 w.
W2XR..Long Island City, N. Y
Radio Pictures, Inc.
48 lines per picture—500 w.
W6XK.....Los Angeles, Cal.
Don Lee, Inc.
— lines per picture—500 w.

43,000-44,000 keys

W9XD (CP-5).Milwaukee, Wis.
The Milwaukee Journal—500 w.

43,000-46,000; 48,500-50,300; 60,000-80,000 keys

W3XAD.....Camden, N. J.
RCA Victor Co.—50 w.
W2XB2..New York City, N. Y.
National Broadcast'g Co.—750 w.
W1XAV (CP)....Boston, Mass.
Short Wave & Television
Laboratories—30 w.

On thousands of cellar shelves you can find the results of

BALL BROS.' CANNING TIME

on

WLS THE PRAIRIE FARMER STATION
CHICAGO

For the information Martha Crane has been giving twice every week at 1 o'clock standard time, is practical and her talks smell of the preserving kettle and the savory chili sauce. Starting with strawberries, Ball Brothers' Canning Time has followed the garden and orchard season straight through, with an occasional glimpse away from fruit and vegetables to the fascinating subject of meat canning. The reason Martha Crane has such a large audience for this program is simple enough. She is talking facts and experience, telling things that the women of the WLS audience want to hear.



Martha Crane

Here at WLS we like to build programs like that—programs that serve—and we find that our vast audience on farms, in small towns, and in the city of Chicago, like them too. In building a program we study to make it truly serve its purpose.

Probably you have been listening to Ball Brothers' Canning Time, on WLS, and you understand why it makes the housewife want to reach for the stew-kettle and the paring knife and start filling up the cellar shelves with good things for winter.

WLS, The PRAIRIE FARMER Station

Operated by the Agricultural Broadcasting Company

Burridge D. Butler, President,

50,000 Watts **1230 West Washington Blvd., Chicago** **870 Kilocycles**

Chicago asks License

(Continued from page 15)

Eleanor Holm, all under the guidance of Jack Norman, television sports announcer; marionette shows by Remo Bufano; songs of the 'Gay Nineties' by Dr. Sigmund Spaeth in fearful and wondrous costume; Little Billy the midget, and Felix the Clown; international song periods in typical costume by Suzanne Kenyon; piano lessons showing technique of fingering and so forth by Professor G. Aldo Randegger; elaborate theatrical presentations by Chamberlain Brown and his guest stars; Samuel's 'Protegées' period, the Fanchon and Marco 'Radio Idea' and others.

"Noted operatic virtuosos such as Vladimir Radeef, Mme. Mariska Aldrich, Mme. Herma Menthe and Dorothy Edwards have also enjoyed the advantages of television as well as sound representation.

"We have had magicians, jugglers, tap dancers, character analysts, cartoonists, and we have even tried the stunt of putting on a man who plays tunes on ordinary tree leaves, which is one jump ahead of the old tissue paper and comb instrumentation!

"And we are only beginning. In the near future, as we are able to extend our facilities for television broadcasting, we plan to do regularly complete Broadway plays, both musical and dramatic; remote control pick-ups of baseball games, prize-fights and the like; and to stage presentations in our Fifth Avenue studio which will be designed and produced by Mr. Stewart especially for television. The technique of television program production, according to him, is already different from that of radio, screen, or the stage; and we are developing as rapidly as possible the particular style of acting, script, make-up, costume and lighting peculiar to the needs of visual broadcasting. But that, as Kipling, says, is another story."

National Broadcasting Co.'s Television Plans

TELEVISION remains the great mystery of Radio broadcasting. Despite research and experimental work conducted for years by engineers in all parts of the world, image transmission has not progressed beyond the laboratory stage. Engineers of the National Broadcasting Company hope, however, that television will be available to the public in the near future.

As the most significant step taken in this direction for some time, M. H. Aylesworth, president of NBC, announced recently that space had been leased on the eighty-fifth floor of the Empire State Building, the world's tallest structure, for an experimental television broadcasting studio. The antenna will be placed atop the dirigible mooring mast, twelve hundred and fifty feet above Fifth Avenue. In the studios will be installed the most advanced and complete image broadcasting equipment, combining all latest developments. The studios will suggest elaborately equipped experimental laboratories rather than points of origin for actual broadcasts, sight or sound.

NBC experimental television broadcasting has been carried on in co-operation with RCA Victor Company and dates back to April 14, 1928, when the RCA technical and test department received a permit to construct station W2XBS, the first of the present group of stations in the metropolitan area. The station began experimental operation a few days later. W2XBS was turned over to NBC in July, 1930, and moved from 411 Fifth Avenue to the NBC Times Square Studio over the New Amsterdam Theatre. NBC engineers continued experimental broadcasting on a regular schedule.

NBC has not attempted to broadcast actual programs, projecting only small images, a man's face, for example, or the now famous "Felix," a black toy cat. A person could pose before the camera at full length but the image received at the other end would lack detail, so that only "close ups" are used at present.

In further cooperation with RCA Victor, NBC installed an experimental shortwave transmitter at the top of the RCA Building tower at Fiftieth Street and Lexington Avenue, and conducted extensive experiments, studying the influences steel buildings have on the propagation of waves within the television band. Engineers have known for some time that large buildings reflect shortwaves in much the same way as light is affected. The waves bounce about like light rays after striking a group of mirrors.

As a result of these and other tests, C. W. Horn, NBC general engineer, and other scientists, reached the conclusion that television waves cannot be projected successfully through buildings but might travel over them. For this reason NBC is building the Empire State transmitter and will attempt to thrust waves down into New York from that elevated point.

NBC's program and engineering departments are cooperating in the study of program technique with the view to anticipating the requirements of television program broadcasting by devising methods of program presentation suitable for the camera as well as the microphone. A great deal of work is ahead of them in this respect, for many problems still require solution. As an example—it is known that photo-electric cells, the television eyes, are selective as to color—some cells will not transmit red and others will not handle blue, and so on through the spectrum.

STERLING ARTISTS SERVICE

AN ORGANIZATION OF RADIO TALENT SPECIALISTS SERVING THE INTERESTS OF ARTISTS, BROADCASTERS AND ADVERTISING AGENCIES

Artists are invited to apply for Registration and *Certified* Audition—Free

Each Artist or Feature is Auditioned Free.

A Record-O-Graph Instantaneous Transcription of each Artist or Feature is made available to Artist Bureaus of Advertising Agencies and Radio Stations without charge —together with *Certified* Audition Report.

Sterling Artists Service

The Sterling Program Corp.

220 West Forty-Second Street
NEW YORK, N. Y.

AMERICA'S PREMIERE REGIONAL STATION

WMCA

NEW YORK CITY

570 K.C. 100% Modulation 500 Watts

13,000 square feet of modern broadcasting facilities . . . . . 7 perfect studios . . . . . the WMCA THEATRE, first Radio Theatre of the Air with auditorium comfortably seating two hundred . . . . . studios overlooking the Great White Way . . . . . a staff of more than one hundred experts to prepare and present your programs . . . . . a truly modern broadcasting plant.





THE AIRLINE TO THE NEW YORK MARKET

Twelve million people live within the trading area of New York. Nowhere else in the world is there a greater concentration of buying power. The yearly consumption of luxuries and necessities of these New Yorkers reaches a staggering total.

New York is the world's richest, most compact market for every kind of product and service that human ingenuity can devise. The New York market *alone* has made millionaires of men. Because of its size—the many-sided angles of its life—the cosmopolitan character of its population—some advertisers believe that the New York market is difficult to sell successfully.

But radio broadcasting through WMCA has shattered this prejudice; has proven through actual *results* for a varied clientele of advertisers, that New York is *now* one of the *easiest* markets in the world in which to gain a firm foothold.

NEW YORK'S OWN STATION

WMCA covers practically *every* event—*every* happening that is of *interest to New Yorkers.* If there is an important New York news story WMCA broadcasts it. Banquets of local importance and significance, outstanding ring and sport events, theatrical performances, the smarter night clubs—these are a few of the things that New Yorkers expect WMCA to cover.

We believe that no station has more friendly and personal relations with its army of listeners than WMCA. Because they are always sure of finding something of immediate and local interest on its program, New Yorkers have an exceptionally warm regard for WMCA.





Knickerbocker Broadcasting Co. Inc.
1697 Broadway at 53rd Street
New York City

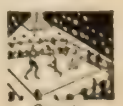
Thorough coverage at rates that are commensurate with service . . . . transmission that is thorough perfect and clear . . . a pioneer station that has achieved a unique record of success for itself as well as for its clients . . . . . literature and rate cards will be forwarded to interested prospective clients.


Bowery Mission


Night Clubs


Banquets


Theatres


Sports

BROADCASTING · IN · THE · NEW YORK · MANNER



He *didn't* count sheep jumping a fence

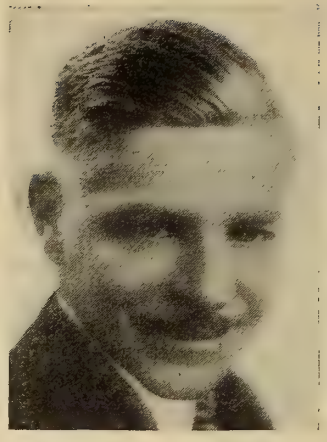
NO SIR! The guest we have in mind had his own cure for insomnia! He asked us to furnish a thermos bottle full of hot milk, so that he could have it by his bed, in case he woke up at night, take a drink ...and then get to sleep again! Thermos bottles and hot milk aren't part of the standard equipment of United Hotels... but we do have large, airy high-ceiling rooms, with a feeling of pleasant freedom... and the beds... well, if you've ever slept in one of our hotels you know how good they are! So there's very rarely occasion for insomnia at any of the 25 United Hotels listed below.

Extra service at these 25

UNITED HOTELS

NEW YORK CITY'S *only United*.... The Roosevelt
PHILADELPHIA, PA. ..... The Benjamin Franklin
SEATTLE, WASH. ..... The Olympic
WORCESTER, MASS. ..... The Bancroft
NEWARK, N. J. ..... The Robert Treat
PATERSON, N. J. ..... The Alexander Hamilton
TRENTON, N. J. ..... The Stacy-Trent
HARRISBURG, PA. ..... The Penn-Harris
ALBANY, N. Y. ..... The Ten Eyck
SYRACUSE, N. Y. ..... The Onondaga
ROCHESTER, N. Y. ..... The Seneca
NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y. ..... The Niagara
ERIE, PA. ..... The Lawrence
AKRON, OHIO ..... The Portage
FLINT, MICH. ..... The Durant
KANSAS CITY, MO. ..... The President
TUCSON, ARIZ. ..... El Conquistador
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. ..... The St. Francis
SHREVEPORT, LA. ..... The Washington-Youree
NEW ORLEANS, LA. ..... The Roosevelt
NEW ORLEANS, LA. ..... The Bienville
TORONTO, ONT. ..... The King Edward
NIAGARA FALLS, ONT. ..... The Clifton
WINDSOR, ONT. ..... The Prince Edward
KINGSTON, JAMAICA, B.W.I. .. The Constant Spring

UNITED HOTELS



Paul Dumont, little big NBC-M.C.

Ted Lewis—Bad Boy

(Continued from page 27)

Finally he played at Coney Island and the resort somehow survived. So did the Caprice Club and Rector's, the "Greenwich Village Follies," the Columbia Phonograph Company, the Kit Kat Club in London, "Artists and Models," the talkie company for which Ted made "Is Everybody Happy?" and the great vaudeville circuits which bid for Ted's orchestra and Ted. The money-wire days were over with almost miraculous abruptness.

Several times since 1925 Ted has made special Radio appearances but years ago he set his price for sponsored appearances and he told me, when I interviewed him for Radio Digest, that he had not been particularly anxious to have the price met. Why not?

"It's been a real problem," said Ted. "Radio builds reputations so rapidly and on such a grand scale today that it's perfectly obvious one can't neglect it if he expects to remain a real headliner. Yet here I am—I've spent twenty years developing a style and attack which depends in some measure on my own prancings and gesturings. I've spent fourteen years teaching that hat to sit up and beg—it looks like it, doesn't it?" He pointed to the famous piece of headgear, borrowed from a doorman at Rector's in 1917 and not yet returned, looking every day of its age.

"I don't feel that I'm doing my Radio audience justice unless I substitute something audible for the tricks vaudeville audiences have applauded all these years. So I've worked harder on the monologue and orchestra effects in my first series of chain broadcasts than I've ever worked on script in my life.

"I feel completely easy with a stage audience. If something unexpected happens it's easy to ad lib or to fill up with a minute of juggling my hat or clarinet, or with a step or two. In fact, in my first broadcast, when it became apparent that we hadn't made our program long enough by almost a minute, I reached

(Continued on page 90)

SAVE $1.00

by

Subscribing

to

Radio Digest

now!

Make sure of receiving each issue of Radio Digest at your home « «

Fill in the Coupon and Save Time and Money

Radio Digest Pub. Co.,
420 Lexington Ave.,
New York, N. Y.

Please enter my subscription for Radio Digest for one year. Remittance for $2.00 is enclosed.

Name.....

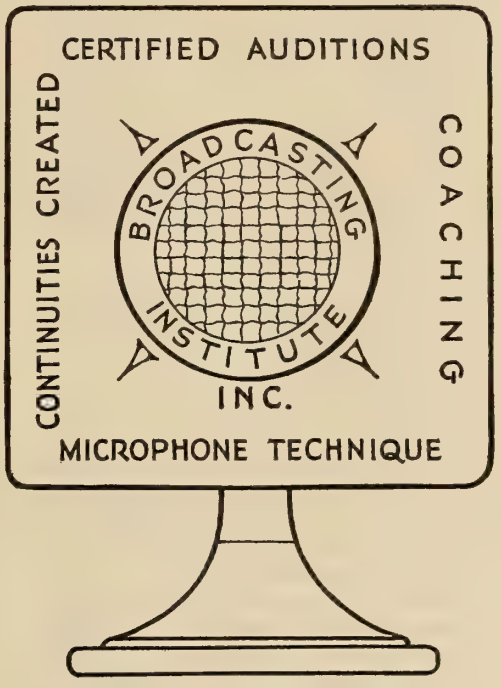
Street.....

City and State.....

YOU MAY POSSESS THE TALENT TO BE
A GREAT RADIO STAR

Fortunes are being made in Broadcasting The demand by Radio Stations for new talent is increasing daily

Knowledge and Ability are the Twin Keys to Success



NOW—Through Broadcasting Institute, Inc., you have the opportunity to select the branch of broadcasting for which you are best fitted.

Get into this new field NOW and in the Right way

This Advertisement May Open the Door to FAME and FORTUNE to YOU

Auditions and Broadcasting Courses

CERTIFIED AUDITIONS

An audition, preparatory coaching, including Test Recording, *Certification of your talent qualifications and ratings, Registration in Audition-Report Service Available to Artists Bureaus of Radio Stations and Advertising Agencies, DURING SEPTEMBER SPECIAL THRIFT RATE $3.00.

INDIVIDUAL COURSES

Broadcasting Institute, Inc., will teach you to express your personality —your individual talent—under actual broadcasting conditions.

SPECIAL COURSES

Training in script reading, personality projection, character portrayals, dialects, dramatic delineation, orchestral balance, radio writing and merchandising courses are given by recognized broadcasting authorities.

COACHING COURSES

Dramatic artists, groups and speakers will find the courses in dramatic projection, enunciation, diction, dialects and character delineation invaluable. Courses in Broadcasting Technique, radio showmanship, etc., have been designed especially for vocal artists and ensembles. For instrumentalists and musical organizations there is instruction in radio development, novelty technique, tone valuation, etc.

EXPERIENCED DIRECTORS

Directors of the various courses are experienced in every phase of radio production, dramatic or musical—assuring expert advice and help.

***Record-O-graph *Instantaneous* Transcriptions are used to test the talents of each artist applicant without extra charge.**

THRIFT RATE--THIS MONTH

Single periods, each, $5.00—Ten periods, complete, $45.00—Twenty periods, complete, $85.00—Fifty periods, complete, $200.00.

TERMS: Tuition payable in advance of each period. Deposit of first and last periods required with application. 5% discount for FULL Payment in Advance.

ACT NOW!

Use the Coupon—Your Future May Be at Stake

Broadcasting Institute, Inc.,
220 West Forty-second St.,
New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen: I am interested in a course on..... Please send me further information regarding this course.

Name .....

Street .....

City .....

State .....

Or, telephone Wisconsin 7-2788

Broadcast Beauties on Parade

See the galaxy of America's most beautiful Radio Girls entered as station candidates for the Most Beautiful Radio Girl in America at the Radio World's Fair in New York this month. Exquisite Art Rotogravure studies of these marvelous y o u n g women will appear in the

October Radio Digest

Make sure that you get your copy of this outstanding issue by ordering it now.

Only $2

Send your subscription to

The Radio Digest

420 Lexington Ave.

New York, N. Y.

for my hat. It wasn't until I'd had time for a second thought that I got really worried; then I signalled the boys and we filled out by repeating our last chorus.

"In some ways Radio work demands more of you than any other form of entertainment. Appearing in person, applause and laughter give you time to catch your breath. On the air you have to be clicking every minute."

For years Ted has opened his appearances with the question he forced into popular slang, "Is Everybody Happy?" In Pittsburgh, while Ted was traveling with the "Greenwich Village Follies" in 1922 his father came to see him. Two minutes before Ted's appearance on the stage at one performance his father had a heart attack and died. Ted walked out on the stage and asked. "Is Everybody Happy?"

Hugh Barrett Dobbs

(Continued from page 51)

He first went on the air in 1925, giving a series of morning exercises over KGO, San Francisco. Later he tried KFI, Los Angeles, for a time, but finally returned to San Francisco and joined KPO in September, 1926. He has been there ever since.

Dobbs' success with his exercise programs and the possibilities of his idea for mythical "Ship of Joy" Radio cruises appealed to E. H. Sanders, advertising and sales promotion manager for the Shell Oil Company. Sanders retained him and gave him a free hand to develop a program for the company.

By January, 1929, Sanders was so impressed by the success of the program and its promise for the future that he "signed" Dobbs for a period of three years at a salary calculated to net him almost a quarter of a million dollars during that period.

More than a year has passed and Dobbs is even more firmly entrenched as a Western radio success. There have been many impressive evidences of his strong position—proof that his popularity is not waning. Surveys among listeners place the "Happytime" program next to Amos 'n' Andy in point of popularity in the San Francisco Bay area. In Salt Lake City and vicinity, listeners rated Dobbs above the famous Radio taxicab team.

More than 16,000 listeners entered an air mail slogan contest which Dobbs mentioned over the air; Dobbs received 6,000 Christmas and birthday greetings, and 3,000 sympathetic fans wrote him when his father died recently. "Wee Willie" Hancock, the "Ship of Joy's First Mate," received 2,800 letters of condolence following the death of his wife. And there have been innumerable similar evidences of listener interest, loyalty and appreciation. Fan mail received includes more than 1,000,000 letters, postcards, telegrams and other messages.

Dobbsie has demonstrated the therapeutics of a chuckle and good fun, and I'll match his "crew" against any comparable radio audience in America for whole-hearted appreciation and support.

Radiographs

(Continued from page 56)

listed with the Second Montana, 163rd infantry and later got to use his rifle at Chateau Thierry, St. Mihiel and Argonne. In spite of his youth he was quickly recognized as more than ordinarily able and promoted to the rank of sergeant. After three months in the trenches he was again promoted and at the time of the armistice he had become a second lieutenant in an officer's training camp. Having been through three major engagements part of his job during the latter part of the war was in training commissioned officers how to take platoons over the top.

In the summer of 1919, before returning to the United States, John wore the colors of the United States in the Olympics, running the mile against seasoned stars. In the semi-finals at the Colombe Stadium, Paris, he was accidentally spiked in the heel when coming down the final stretch in the lead. Larry Shields, University of Pennsylvania star, won the race.

John earned his first reputation as a singer at the age of nine. He began his

TELEVISION CALLING FOR MEN

Television is here. Sight programs are now being received. Learn quickly to operate the "Eyes of Radio." Trained operators, salesmen, service and repair men are needed now. No one can hope to compete for big-pay jobs without proper training. Under my *personal supervision* you master the essentials of Television in a few short weeks, right here in my shops and practical laboratories. Get into the real money—quick. Thousands of fortunes were made in Radio 10 years ago—*now* is your opportunity to cash in on the world's greatest future industry.

FREE. Send name and address for fascinating new book, "Practical Television;" profusely illustrated; contains a vast fund of vital information. Don't miss it. It's free. Write for it today.

"SID" NOEL, Pres.
FIRST NATIONAL TELEVISION, INC.
(School Division)
209 Fairfax Airport, Kansas City, Kansas

SONG WRITERS



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first musical training in New York in 1920. In 1925 he made his bow in vaudeville and toured the United States and Canada. He began broadcasting over the NBC networks in 1930. By the time you read this he will probably be on the air with a new sketch called, "Danny of the Finest," which will be written and produced by Edd Russell, formerly of Hollywood, and Jack Shannon, author of the Radio feature, "The Gossipers."

DADDY AND ROLLO

NICK DAWSON, the Daddy of "Daddy and Rollo". . . Christened after his birth in Vineland, N. J., as George C. . . . never has been called by his right name since his third grade teacher told him he was worse than Old Nick . . . Until he became head of the Ideas Department at Columbia, never stayed in one place more than a year . . . Has been almost every place in the world but the North and South Poles, southern end of South America, Russia and Scandinavia . . . Was a Second Lieutenant in the United States Infantry because malaria kept him out of the Foreign Legion . . . Never eats carrots or curry; ate the latter every meal for three weeks once while crossing from Australia to North Africa . . . Punched cows in California for one winter and boasts he never won more than $300,000 at the gaming tables . . . Rode advance cars three seasons for Barnum and Bailey's and Ringling's circuses . . . Studied portrait painting at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts . . . Then got a job painting scenery for a theatrical stock company . . . Graduated from scene painter to leading man in one night . . . Was in the advertising business, but never wrote a slogan . . . Chased out of Mexico in 1909 on suspicion of running guns . . . Loves to cook, particularly steaks and pies, but never washed a dish in his life . . . Owns a flock of neckties, but keeps wearing one until it is threadbare . . . His conservative taste in clothes does not affect the splendor of his ties, suspenders, or bathrobes . . . Never eats breakfast . . . Reads any book he can borrow . . . Collects first editions . . . Loves animals and has owned, from time to time, horses, dogs, cats and two monkeys . . . Says that he's been to Seattle many times, but never met Addison Sims . . .

DONALD HUGHES, 11 years old . . . "Rollo" to Nick Dawson's "Daddy" . . . One of the youngest radio performers to have been put under exclusive contract with a broadcasting company . . . Makes a hobby of having new hobbies . . . To date, stamp collecting, swimming, fishing and reading hair-raising scientific fiction . . . Played the part of Kurt in Channing Pollock's "The Enemy" . . . Thereafter, named a succession of assorted dogs, Kurt I, Kurt II, etc. Attends Professional Children's School . . . Was spotted for a part in "The Enemy" while appearing in a school play . . . Played with stock companies around New York when only eight years old . . . Drinks a quart of milk a day, but is not otherwise interested in food . . . Never eats candy . . . Hates to write letters, but when he does always uses a typewriter . . . Has never travelled further west than Chicago, and only went there to appear in "Street Scene" for two weeks . . . Likes the movies and baseball . . . Never uses broadcasting as a theme for a school composition . . . Always wears soft, open-neck pongee shirts . . . His most prized possession is a Wimbrola presented him by Dale Wimbrow, the designer of the intrument . . . His most prized toys are an electric questioner he received from Channing Pollock and a complete electric train from Fay Bainter . . . Is not superstitious, but never tires of having his horoscope charted, his palm read, or his fortune told by cards . . . Does it just to see if they all come out the same . . . Is an instinctive actor, but prefers radio work to the legitimate theatre . . . Says that when he starts to travel he wants to go as far away as possible and take a long time getting there . . .

Marcella

(Continued from page 58)

shoulder (that's nothing new, Edna), so I'll take my departure and give the floor to the next comer. But from a corner of the waste-paper basket, I'm just gonna take a peek around, I *yam* an' see for myself whether I'm in a menagerie or just a pet shop!! Your devoted admirer, regardless, (signed) Edna H. Stanbrough, Newburgh, N. Y."

* * *

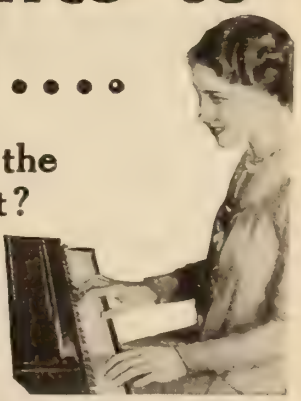
MRS. GRAINGER recently made her Radio debut over WGBS and delivered an inspiring talk on the form of art in which she is so interested—painting portraits on tiles. Mrs. Grainger and her famous husband are spending the summer in Europe and are expected to return some time in September. In the meantime the concert-going public in America are whetting their appetites for Mr. Grainger's masterful programs which he will give in the fall.

* * *

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Gabalogue

(Continued from page 59)

and live in Jersey. * * * Phil plays all the characters on his program and can imitate 15 voices. He has a brother, Burr Cook, who is a radio author and who writes the "Harbor Lights" sketches. * * *

Vaughn de Leath, the first lady of radio-land because she was the first American woman to broadcast, was born in Mt. Pulaski, Ill. She is six foot tall and weighs 200 pounds. And is married to Livingston Geer, the painter. * * * They reside in Westport, Conn. * * *

A gentleman from Jersey asks if Olive Palmer speaks any language other than English. I don't know her linguistic attainments, but she certainly knows how to speak music—and that, according to the poets, is the language of the soul. Olive Palmer's real name is Virginia Rea, and she was born in Louisville, Kentucky. She sang in a church choir when she was 12 years old. She took the name of Olive Palmer, just as Frank Munn, took the name of Paul Oliver, when they went on the Palmolive hour, and I understand she has taken steps to legalize the name. Mr. Munn may do the same thing. * * *

I hate to be the bearer of sad news, Evelyn, but—Ray Perkins is married and lives in Scarsdale. His sister is Grace Perkins, the authoress of several best-sellers including: "Night Nurse," "Ex-Mistress," and "Personal Maid." His other sister was on the stage and retired last year. * * *

Yes, Montreal, Jessica Dragonette has appeared on the stage. She was for a short time with Earl Carroll's "Vanities," and also appeared in "The Student Prince." She is unmarried. * * *

Ooh-la-la—smell that! Isn't that nice perfume? It's a letter from a lady who wants to know about John Fogarty, the NBC tenor, and says he is her favorite artist. * * * All right, Theresa, here goes. Mr. Fogarty is a product of Montana. He was 16 when the United States entered the World War—and he ran away from home to enlist in the army. Young Fogarty saw two years of active service in France. His singing career began while there with minstrel shows staged by the men behind the lines. * * *

Hits and bits is played by Helen Board and Edward Lewis Dunham. Mr. Dunham was born in Medford, Mass., has two children, and has been broadcasting since 1920. Miss Board, the other half of Hits and Bits, is also to be heard on other NBC programs such as "Gems of Melody," "Twilight Hour," "Classic Gems," and the "Recitalists." Miss Board was born in Louisville, Ky., and went to the public schools there. * * *

Gladys Rice is no relation to Grantland Rice. Gladys is the daughter of John Rice and Sally Cohen, a well-known vaudeville team of yesteryear. Gladys has been on Radio six years, and is not married. Grantland Rice's daughter is Florence, and has never to my knowledge been before the microphone. * * *

Ford Bond is about five foot eleven, weights 200 pounds, wears white flannels, (weather permitting), is always immaculately groomed and much better looking than any announcer needs to be—since his public can't see him anyway. And he should be very popular in television. * * *

Peter Dixon, who writes and plays Ken Lee in "Raising Junior," is the son of a minister. He had planned to follow in his father's footsteps, when the newspaper game beckoned. He went from there to Radio. He is married to the Joan of the sketch, and they have a little Junior and (whisper—don't tell a soul I told you)—Junior is going to have a little playmate real soon. * * *

Hear Nellie tell it every Wednesday night at 11 over WEAF and net.

Get Acquainted!

Make new friends everywhere! Join our Lonesome Club for Ladies and Gentlemen! Big list (FREE). Send for one. Box 100-B. Detroit, Michigan.

Coon-Sanders

(Continued from page 11)

Sanders, once claimed the second largest bar in the world. Quite a contrast to his singing in the Linwood Methodist Church. In 1915 he came to the Edelweiss Gardens in Chicago, located at 63rd and Cottage Grove.

The war and Camp Funston in Kansas and his visit to the same music store in Kansas City, owned by J. W. Jenkins. Sanders was at the piano playing "I Ain't Got Nobody." Coon must have thought he was singing "I Ain't Got No Buddy" for right then and there they took a liking to each other, and as soon as they were out of service they started a booking agency in K. C. with $100 borrowed from Coon's father. With it they purchased a desk, davenport, and a couple of chairs and opened an office.

They organized under the name of Coon-Sanders Novelty Orchestra, the "Aristocrats of Jazz." To this day if Sanders mentions this apposition be-

(Continued on page 94)

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Coon-Sanders

(Continued from page 92)

fore Coon, who did the christening, Joe takes a hasty exit for he fears an avalanche of a tuba and flock of saxophones.

Coon and Sanders were the first in the world to start a radio club with their Coon-Sanders Nighthawks Club in the Muehlebach Hotel in K. C. They were the most militant enemies of sleep in America. And their first Radio hit over WDAF of the Kansas City Star was "Does the Spearmint On the Bedpost Lose Its Flavor over Night." My! what a number. They were humming it and singing it in every college fraternity house in the United States. Can you remember back that far?

One day they received a letter postmarked Morton Grove, Ill. It never occurred to them that this was a suburb of Chicago. Jack Huff, the proprietor of the Lincoln Tavern at Morton Grove, offered them $1,250 a week to come with their 9-piece band to the tavern. Coon and Sanders caught the next train out of Kansas City. They saw themselves independently wealthy in a few months. From the tavern in the summer time they went into Chicago to the Congress Hotel balloon room which they opened and there started the Insomnia Club, a sister to the K. C. Nighthawks. They were heard from KYW and then in 1926 they moved bag and baggage to the Blackhawk Restaurant and have played there for five winters, taking the Dells, northwest of Chicago, for summer engagements, their hot rhythm going on the air from WGN, The Chicago Tribune station on the Drake Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Coon have four children, namely John Allyn, 18, who is going to the University of Kansas this fall; Nannette, 16; Virginia, 12, and C. A. Jr., 10. Mrs. Sanders formerly was Madeline Baldwin, of Kansas City. They do not have any children and Carleton says he will divide with Joe so that they will both have two.

Both Carleton and Joe are proud of the record made by two of their band members, brothers, John and Harold Thiell, of Joplin, Mo., who have been with the band for seven years. They both play saxophones. Other members are: Floyd Touch Estep, saxophone, of K. C.; Alvin R. Downing, trombone, of Weiner, Ark.; Robert Fritz, trumpet, of Oklahoma City, Okla.; Joe E. Richolson, trumpet, also of Oklahoma City; Clarence Russell Stoub, banjo, of Freemont, O., and Elmer Dinny Krebs, tuba, of Waukesha, Wis. There they are, the two Indians and their whole tribe. And when they get going on their musical warpath—no pale face can stop them. They are "Whoopee" personified, two alive good Indians.

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Bradley Kincaid, Mountaineer

(Continued from page 26)

to La Porte, Indiana, to work for the Y. W. C. A. For four years, she supported herself while Bradley worked at every job he could find to pay his way through college.

One of his jobs was a position in the Y. quartet that sang once a week at station WLS. One day the director of the quartet mentioned to the station officials that Bradley knew some mountaineer ballads. Bradley was asked to sing some. However, summer vacation came along before he had practiced them enough, and he went off to summer camp at Lake Geneva, where he had work for the vacation season. All through the summer, the directors of the Chicago station kept sending word that they wanted to hear his mountain songs. But Bradley didn't like the idea of singing mountain songs on the Radio. He wanted to be a tenor soloist and go on the concert stage. Besides, he was "mike shy." The thought of facing a microphone alone was enough to give him cold chills. At the beginning of his senior year in college, he did get the courage to sing for the program editor. Immediately that dignitary booked him to sing on the WLS National Barn Dance on alternate Saturday nights. Bradley traded his typewriter for a second hand guitar to accompany himself.

After a while, Bradley was put on the air every Saturday night. To him that didn't suggest any possibility of popularity. Radio singing was just another way to earn money to complete his education. In fact, Bradley wasn't aware he was popular until one day, several weeks after he had begun singing mountain songs.

"There's some mail out in the back room for you, Bradley," they told him at the mail desk.

Indeed there was. Clothes baskets full were piled in that back room.

"I was flabbergasted," he said. "I took as many letters home as I could carry that Saturday night. All that week-end Irma and my sister and I read those letters—and believed every word of them. When a letter said, 'We're crazy about your singing,' I really thought they were crazy. And when they said, 'We're dying to hear you sing more songs,' I was afraid they were going to die."

Bradley's popularity continued to increase. Demands for copies of his songs came in such numbers that a printer finally offered to publish a book of them and to wait for his money until enough were sold to pay for them. Bradley announced the book on the air while it was being printed. Before it was off the press he had orders for the first run of 10,000 at 50c each. From that time on, Popularity and Prosperity both have smiled on him and he has been a Radio sensation.

All of his success in Radio he attributes to his wife who, with his three children, is his inspiration. The work of writing down the music for the song books has been her task. In successive summers since he graduated from college, Bradley has gone back to his hill country and has learned new songs from his people. These she has transferred to paper so that they could be published.

Bradley went to station WLW early in 1931 to see how the WLW audience would take to his mountain songs. He "saw" to the extent of 50,000 letters in four weeks, so he returned the first of March to make his permanent Radio home at the Crosley Radio station.

Success has not turned his head in the slightest. He is as unspoiled and as fresh in his viewpoint as he must have been when he was singing ballads as lullabies for Kincaid babies. His ambition beyond Radio entertaining is to be able to retire when he has enough money to support his family.

Jewelry

(Continued from page 74)

"I love the gems themselves. Therefore, I endeavor to bring out their beauty, warmth and color just in the way that nature endowed it. One of my most famous pieces is made from a natural emerald prism, just the way it came from the mine. I combined its dignified splendor with a visualization of the modern skyscraper. I combined pearls, and other precious stones to give the effect of the setbacks of the modern towering building, and in indicating the idea of windows and so on. Finished, it is a pendant to be worn at the end of a jeweled chain. You see, by using the emerald in its untouched condition it has complete individuality—for in nature, of course, no two things are ever exactly alike.

"I think one of the things I love most in my work is when I go to the distant pearl fisheries myself, to find the treasures of my art. I work among the men, watching them as they bring up the shells, and picking out the pearls that look finest to me right there on the spot.

"And I think of all things my favorite is the black pearl. I don't know of any gem with which nature has been so sparing in quantity and so generous in beauty. And because I have given my especial interest to this kind of pearl, I have come to be considered a connoisseur."

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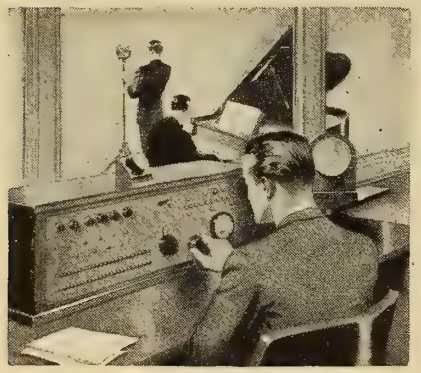
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Flees Revolution

(Continued from page 32)

Consul to help her find her father, whom she knew to be in the United States. It sounds impossible, but within a few months, the Consul had good news for her, and she was aboard an ocean liner, bound for the U. S. A. and her over-joyed parent. That must have been a heart-warming reunion. One can just imagine the surprise of this man, who left a young unformed child in 1915, and now found her to be an experienced young woman, full of life and laughter, warm with the fire of youth and temperament, and glowing with a dark beauty. Miss Georgievskaia speaks beautiful English now, with just enough accent to be enchanting, but she sings in plaintive Russian.

American Radio

(Continued from page 21)

as there are in any two European countries combined.

Moreover, we are a unit in the geographical sense, and for purposes of electrical transmission. That enables us to reach, at very short notice, the great majority of our outstanding personages in statesmanship, politics, business and finance, science, art and education.

By comparison with this, Europe is subdivided into so many separate units, although they are no longer warring among themselves, that each country is obliged to work out its own salvation, with much more limited resources.

We must maintain our present cordial relations with such great musical bodies as the symphony orchestras of New York, Philadelphia, Minneapolis, Detroit, Rochester and so on, which enable us to present, with the minimum of didacticism, the greatest possible quota of musical education to millions of people all over the United States, many of whom never could go to a symphony concert. It is my contention that the prestige of these orchestras greatly enhances their value and power in bringing the great masters of music to the attention of the man on Main Street. Inasmuch as the countries of Europe have not been so successful in persuading their great orchestras to take the air I think there is no doubt that we are more fortunate in this respect.

In the educational field we see probably the clearest example of how each country gets the type of broadcasting best fitted to the character of its people. If one were to transplant the European idea of Radio education to American or vice versa, the result would be incongruous if not chaotic. The foreign practice is to offer education to the people with little or no sugar coating, labelling the package clearly "Medicine."

I have still to be convinced that we in this country are not also on the right track to reach our own people. Nineteen per cent of the programs broadcast by the Columbia network come under the category of education. It would be difficult to reach that conclusion simply by glancing through our schedules. Therein lies the secret of our method—we believe in an indirect approach in many instances. But we also get results, for the competitive nature of American Radio would not permit us to survive unless we could show we are doing a good job.

We shall make countless changes in method before we reach our goal: but just as I am sure of that, so also am I sure we are on the right track, and that with reasonable care we shall attain our objective as quickly as any other nation.

Tuneful Topics

(Continued from page 73)

Oppenheim, a very dear friend of mine, the millionaire owner of a chain of beauty establishments, who writes as a hobby, but who conceives some of the cleverest titles and lyrics found in songs today.

We play the song very brightly, but on account of its unusual length it takes about a minute and five seconds to the chorus. The voice is quite easily tired before the end is reached. It is published by Leo Feist.

Yours Is My Heart Alone

FROM Germany, whence came "Two Hearts in ¾ Time" comes this, from one of their splendid German operas, a very lovely song, DEIN IST MEIN GANZES HERZ, or YOURS IS MY HEART ALONE. Richard Tauber, the greatest voice in all Europe, a man with a wooden leg who stands there, perfectly motionless, a big hulk, rough, and almost ugly in appearance, yet with such a lovely voice that only recently he sang before the King and Queen of England at a command performance. This same Richard Tauber is responsible for the success of most songs in Germany and on the European continent.

The song is much beyond my meager qualifications as a singer, the high G being something I find extremely difficult to reach unless I am in very fine voice, and since I am rarely that I have a very limited speaking acquaintance with high G.

However, the unusual enthusiasm the song has received from our few presentations of it at the Hotel Pennsylvania lead me to believe that it will be one of the best in my repertoire.



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TANGEE



Apply TANGEE to your lips, you Blonde one of great fame . . . you Beauty of the titian hair . . . you sparkling eyed Brunette! At first nothing seems to happen. Then slowly, into your lips comes the rose-blush color that is Nature's own glow of perfect health . . . of lovely youth!

For this is the magic of TANGEE . . . it changes on your lips to blend with your own natural coloring, no matter what your individual complexion! And should you want more color, a second application will give the desired effect.

TANGEE never gives an artificial greasy made-up look. It is natural, non-drying and permanent. And TANGEE has a solidified cream base, one that soothes, softens and protects.

New! *Tangee* Theatrical, *a special dark shade of Tangee Lipstick for professional and evening use.*

TANGEE LIPSTICK, $1. The same marvelous color principle in Rouge Compact, 75c . . . Crême Rouge, $1. TANGEE FACE POWDER, soft and clinging, blended to match your natural skin tones, $1. TANGEE NIGHT CREAM, for both cleansing and nourishing, $1. TANGEE DAY CREAM, to protect the skin and as a powder base, $1. TANGEE COSMETIC, a new "mascara," does not smart the eyes, used also for tinting the hair, $1.



SEND 20¢ FOR TANGEE BEAUTY SET

Containing miniature Lipstick, two Rouges, Powder, two Creams and "The Art of Make-up"

THE GEORGE W. LUFT CO., Dept. RDS* 417 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

Name .....

Address .....

Consider your Adam's Apple!!*



Don't Rasp Your Throat With Harsh Irritants

"Reach for a LUCKY instead"

Eve started it and the daughters of Eve inherited it. Eve gave Adam the apple, and it seems that Adam must have passed it on. For every man and every woman has an Adam's Apple. It is your larynx—your voice box—containing your vocal chords—Don't rasp your throat with harsh irritants—Reach for a LUCKY instead—Be careful in your choice of cigarettes.

Remember, LUCKY STRIKE is the only cigarette in America that through its exclusive "TOASTING" Process expels certain harsh irritants present in all raw tobaccos. These expelled irritants are sold to manufacturers of chemical compounds. They are not present in your LUCKY STRIKE. And so we say "Consider your Adam's Apple."

TUNE IN—*The Lucky Strike Dance Orchestra, every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evening over N. B. C. networks.*

"It's toasted"

Including the use of Ultra Violet Rays

Sunshine Mellows—Heat Purifies

Your Throat Protection—against irritation—against cough

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THE CUNEO PRESS, INC., CHICAGO

Radio Digest

OCTOBER, 1931 25 Cents



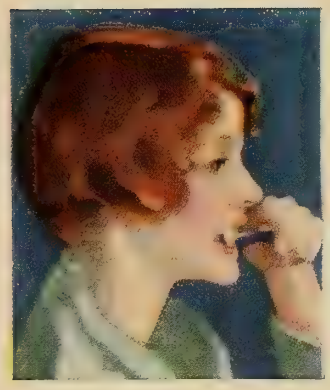
DOROTHY KNAPP, NBC

Broadcast BEAUTIES PARADE

FALSE TEETH ARE A GREAT INVENTION *BUT*
KEEP YOUR OWN AS LONG AS YOU CAN



No one can afford to pay this price of NEGLECT



ALTHOUGH they are still able to chew their food, countless people today find themselves ashamed, even afraid to smile.

It is a grim yet needless price they pay to wear false teeth, because they can usually blame neglect and resulting pyorrhea for the loss of their own.

An insidious disease of the gums, pyorrhea comes to four people out of five past the age of forty. Hence, it's 4 to 1 you'll lose, if you gamble with this infection.

At first, your gums grow tender and bleed easily when brushed. Later, they become soft and spongy until teeth often loosen in their sockets and either come out or must be extracted.

Start, in time, the use of Forhan's

If you would escape the toll pyorrhea takes in teeth and health, see your dentist twice a year; he can do a lot to prevent needless trouble in your mouth. But in your own home, your teeth are your own responsibility. Nothing but the finest dentifrice is good enough for them.

Forhan's is the discovery of a dentist, R. J. Forhan, D.D.S., who for years specialized successfully in the treatment of pyorrhea. It contains Forhan's Pyorrhea Astringent, an ethical preparation widely used by dentists for treating this dread disease.

Don't gamble with pyorrhea

Start today brushing your teeth with Forhan's, morning and night. You can make no finer investment in the health of your mouth and the safety of your teeth.

So fine, so pure, so gentle and mild, Forhan's cannot harm the most delicate tooth enamel of the youngest child. Do not wait for trouble before you start using Forhan's.

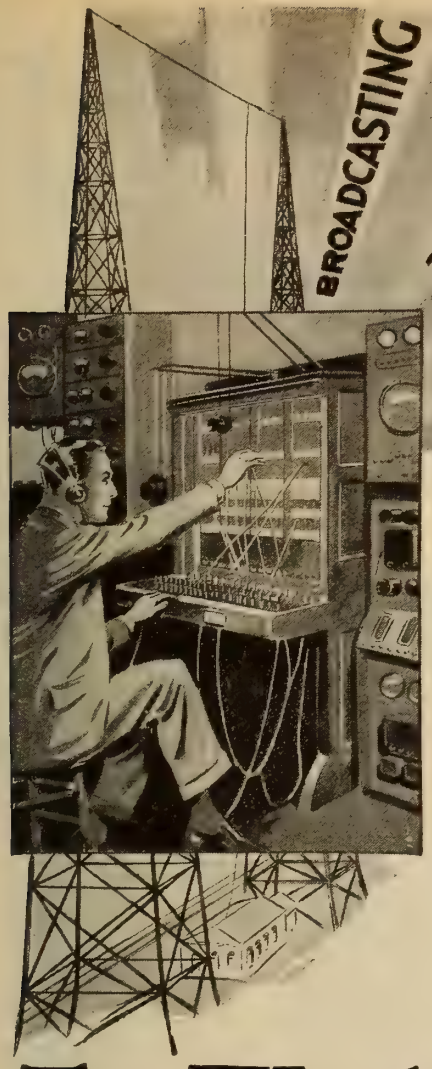
Forhan Company, Inc., New York; Forhan's Ltd., Montreal.



Forhan's

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

False teeth often follow pyorrhea, which comes to four people out of five past the age of 40



WIN FAME and FORTUNE in RADIO!

Scores of jobs are open to the Trained Man—jobs as Designer, Inspector and Tester—as Radio Salesman and in Service and Installation work—as Operator, Mechanic or Manager of a Broadcasting station—as Wireless Operator on a Ship or Airplane—jobs with Talking Picture Theatres and Manufacturers of Sound Equipment—with Television Laboratories and Studios—fascinating jobs, offering unlimited opportunities to the Trained Man.

Ten Weeks of Shop Training

Come to Coyne in Chicago and prepare for these jobs the QUICK and PRACTICAL way—BY ACTUAL SHOP WORK ON ACTUAL RADIO EQUIPMENT. Some students finish the entire course in 8 weeks. **The average time is only 10 weeks.** But you can stay as long as you please, **at no extra cost to you.** No previous experience necessary.

TELEVISION and Talking Pictures

In addition to the most modern Radio equipment, we have installed in our shops a complete model Broadcasting Station, with sound-proof Studio and modern Transmitter with 1,000 watt tubes—the Jenkins Television Transmitter with dozens of home-type Television receiving sets—and a complete Talking Picture installation for both "sound on film" and "sound on disk." We have spared no expense in our effort to make your training as COMPLETE and PRACTICAL as possible.

Free Employment Service to Students

After you have finished the course, we will do all we can to help you find the job you want. We employ three men on a full time basis whose sole job is to help our students in finding positions. And should you be a little short of funds, we'll gladly help you in finding part-time work while at school. Some of our students pay a large part of their living expenses in this way.

Coyne Is 32 Years Old

Coyne has been located right here in Chicago since 1899. Coyne Training is tested—proven by hundreds of successful graduates. You can get all the facts—FREE. JUST MAIL THE COUPON FOR A FREE COPY OF OUR BIG RADIO AND TELEVISION BOOK, telling all about jobs . . . salaries . . . opportunities. This does not obligate you. **Just mail the coupon.**

H. C. Lewis, Pres. **Radio Division** Founded 1899

Coyne Electrical School

500 S. Paulina Street Dept. 71-9H, Chicago, Illinois

H. C. LEWIS, President
Radio Division, Coyne Electrical School
500 S. Paulina St., Dept. 71-9H, Chicago, Ill.

Send me your Big Free Radio, Television and Talking Picture Book. This does not obligate me in any way.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... *State*.....

OCT 15 1931 ©C1B 131062

THE NATIONAL BROADCAST AUTHORITY

Harold P. Brown, Managing Editor

Henry J. Wright, Advisory Editor

Radio Digest

Printed in U. S. A.

Charles R. Tighe, Associate Editor

Nellie Revell, Associate Editor

Including RADIO REVUE and RADIO BROADCAST

Raymond Bill, Editor



RUTH ROLAND made a fortune playing silent movie thrillers (and she still has it). She can't give up being active so she performs and entertains generally. This shows her at CBS studios, N. Y.

October, 1931

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DOROTHY DAUBEL is the sensational new piano player who suddenly popped into fame at the NBC-WEAF network. Dorothy came down to the Big City from Buffalo and made good right away. She's on weekly.



LEE MORSE—not Ree Morse—unless it's because she had to hurry back to New York from her Oklahoma home to broadcast on the WABC-Columbia network. She hated to leave home, she said.



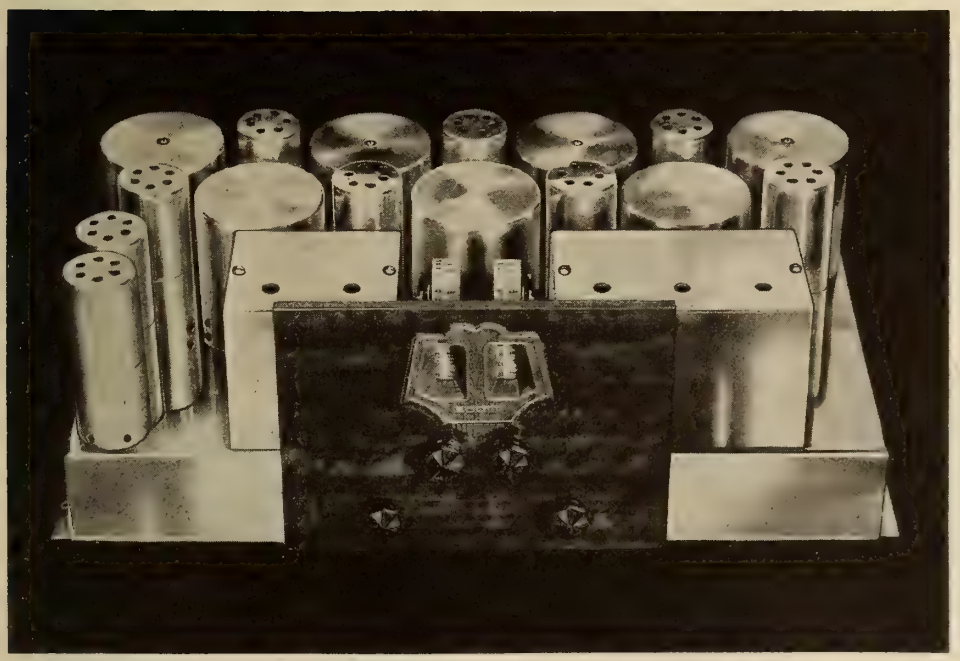
MARY HOPPLE has a radio audience that extends from coast to coast for she has been singing over the NBC network almost from the time of the first net. She was on our June cover in pastel.

Radio Digest, 420 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y. Phone Mohawk 4-1760. Radio Digest will not be held responsible for unsolicited manuscripts received through the mail. All manuscripts submitted should be accompanied by return postage. Business Staff: National Advertising Representatives, R. G. Maxwell & Co., 420 Lexington Ave., New York City, and Mallers Bldg., Chicago. Scott Kingwill, Western Manager, 333 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Telephone: State 1266. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations.

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Why be satisfied with less than

'Round the World Reception?



There is a new thrill in Radio—the thrill of actually tuning in the other side of the world—Japan, Indo-China, France, England, Australia, Germany and South America. Not code, but voice, music and song, loud and clear—often so perfect that its quality matches the finest nearby domestic stations. Such is the daily service being given by Scott All-Wave Receivers located in all parts of the country and operating under all sorts of conditions. And the tone of the Scott All-Wave is *naturalness* itself. Think of it! England and Japan, thousands of miles away from each other, yet only a quarter inch apart on the dial of the Scott All-Wave. A fractional turn of the tuning control and either is yours to listen to with an abundance of loud speaker volume. Unbelievable? Read the letters reproduced below. They are but a few of the hundreds received!

The truly amazing performance of which the Scott All-Wave is capable is the natural result of combining advanced design and precision engineering. The system of amplification employed in this receiver is far in advance of any other—and the Scott All-Wave is built in the laboratory, by laboratory experts to laboratory standards so that its advanced design is taken fullest advantage of. Each receiver is tested, before shipment, on reception from either 12RO, Rome, 5SGW, Chelmsford, England, or VK3ME, Melbourne, Australia

Why be satisfied with less than a Scott All-Wave can give you? The price of this receiver is remarkably low. Mail the coupon for full particulars.

Read What Scott All-Wave Owners Say About This Great Receiver

England on an indoor aerial . . .
"London, England, comes in with great volume on an indoor aerial, which I have to use on account of static. Can get all the volume I want with the volume control turned up most of the time only one-quarter."
—*W. J. McD., Intervale, N. H.*

'Round the world . . .
"Have heard 'Big Ben' strike midnight in London; Grand Opera from Rome; the 'Marseillaise' played in France and at 8:30 a. m. have heard the laughing Jack-ass from VK2ME at Sydney, Australia."
—*C. L. B., Chicago, Illinois*

China, too . . .
"Static conditions have been extremely bad this Summer. However, we have been getting regular reception on G5SW at Chelmsford, England, 12RO at Rome, Italy, F3ICD, Indo-China, and VK3ME at Melbourne, Australia."—*S. F. S., Lock, Utah.*

Paris for 3 hours . . .
"Yesterday I tuned in station FYA at Paris and received them for three hours with considerably more volume than Rome; El Prado, Ecuador, comes in very clear and loud every Thursday evening."
—*S. O. K., Tuskegee, Alabama*

Records Australia . . .
"Last Saturday night I received VK2ME, Sydney, Australia, loud enough to make a recording on my home recorder. It certainly gave me a great thrill to hear the announcer say, 'The time is now 20 minutes to 4, Sunday afternoon' when it was 20 minutes to 12 Saturday night here."
—*J. R. C., Highland, Mass.*

Germany to Australia . . .
"I hear England, France, Italy, daily while Ecuador, Colombia, Honduras and Germany and Manila come in quite often. VK2ME at Sydney, Australia, comes in very well."
—*J. M. B., Wierton, West Virginia*

Austria . . .
"I have tuned in VK3ME at Melbourne with enough volume to be heard across the street. I listened last evening to France, Italy, Austria, as well as G5SW in England and several other European stations. The SCOTT is all you claim and then some."
—*R. N. B., Fullerton, Penna.*

E. H. SCOTT RADIO LABORATORIES, INC., 4450 Ravenswood Ave., Dept. D-10 Chicago
(Formerly Scott Transformer Co.)

The SCOTT
ALL-WAVE
15 - 550 METER SUPERHETERODYNE

Clip----------

E. H. SCOTT RADIO LABORATORIES, INC.
(Formerly Scott Transformer Co.)
4450 Ravenswood Ave., Dept. D-10 Chicago, Ill.

Send me full particulars of the Scott All-Wave.

Name _____

Street _____

Town _____ *State* _____

News, Views *and* Comment

By Robert L. Kent

THE Fall broadcasting season is well under way and listeners as well as lookers have more good things in the way of programs than ever before. . . The opening gun of the March of Time series over the Columbia network was all that anyone could desire. . . This in reality marks a forward step in broadcasting. . . If there is anything better on the air than the March of Time we have not listened to it. Tune in that one on Friday night.

Radio Digest comes close to being the most frequent broadcaster on the air . . . more than seventy stations each week are spreading the Radio Digest message. There are all kinds of programs . . . classical music . . . gossip hours . . . breakfast hour skits and brief announcements. We are doing our part to keep in step with the progress of broadcasting . . . and now Radio Digest is regularly (Thursday nights, W2XAB) staging a television program. . . We intend to study television from the ground up and pledge ourselves to aid in the development of this new art.

The Football season is here and both chains are regularly broadcasting the games. . . Favorite announcers are doing the job in each case . . . thrills galore!

We knew it had to come . . . a course in broadcasting technique. . . There are several available for those who have a desire to find out what it's all about. . . The latest is Floyd Gibbons school of broadcasting. . . Well, Floyd has learned a lot about the microphone during his years on the air. There's another school in New York with instructors and studios, recording facilities, etc. I will be glad to forward inquiries for those interested.

Met a beautiful blond young lady at the television studios operated by Columbia a short time ago. Her name is Harriet Lee . . . she was made up to be televised and she had on deep red rouge, used brown lipstick for lips and eyebrows and she wore a white wrap. She was placed against a dead black background and she came over like a million dollars. Now, I just have been informed that Miss Lee has been named Radio Queen . . . and here's news for you . . . Miss Lee will adorn the November cover of Radio Digest.

Speaking of television, Radio Digest had as guest artist petite Marion Brinn, vaudeville headliner at the age of seven and known to radio fans from Coast to Coast as the soapbox crooner. She's so small that she stands on a box in order to reach the microphone. They put a box under her so she could be televised. We'll tell you more about Miss Brinn next month.

The studios of the National Broadcasting Co. in Chicago are the finest in America. . . They are in the Furniture Mart and they are worth traveling far to see. The lighting arrangements are unusual and the usual studio drapes are conspicuous by their absence. The studios are huge and were designed with an eye to television. If you are in Chicago don't fail to visit these studios.



KALAMAZOO Factory Prices

biggest savings in years

Mail Coupon For

NEW FREE CATALOG



Your name on the coupon below brings you a FREE copy of this new catalog of KALAMAZOO-DIRECT-TO-YOU Stoves, Ranges and Furnaces. It saves you ⅓ to ½ on your new cook stove or heating equipment, because it quotes you factory prices at *sensational reductions.*

Prices Lower Than Ever

Make your selections direct from factory stock at the *Biggest Savings in Years.* Kalamazoo prices are lower—far lower than ever—but Kalamazoo quality, famous for 31 years, is rigidly maintained. This is the year to buy wisely. That means buying direct from the factory—eliminating all unnecessary in-between costs.

Only $5 Down on Anything —Year to Pay

Mail the Coupon Now! You'll see 200 styles and sizes—more bargains than in 20 big stores. *Only $5 Down on any Stove, Range, or Furnace, regardless of price or size.* A Year to Pay. 800,000 Satisfied Customers have saved ⅓ to ½ by mailing this coupon. "We saved $50," says C. T. Harmeyer, Ansonia, O. "I saved from $50 to $75 by sending to Kalamazoo," writes W. B. Taylor, Southbridge, Mass. "No one will ever be sorry they bought a Kalamazoo," says Cora M. Edwards, Berryville, Ark., who has had one 22 years.

Now Ranges in Lovely New Colors

Don't miss the new Coal and Wood Ranges, new Combination Gas and Coal Ranges—new colors and new improvements. *Look for the ranges with the new Utility Shelf—they're lower, much lower in price, and so attractive!* The President is a modern new Coal and Wood Range. Your choice of Pearl Gray, Ivory Tan, Nile Green, Delft Blue or Black Porcelain Enamel in all ranges. Colors to match every decorative scheme. Colors that start you dreaming of a beautiful kitchen. Colors as easy to clean as a china dish. Also Gas Stoves, Oil Stoves, Household Goods.

Ranges as low as $37.50

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If you are interested in a modern furnace-heating system actually planned for your home, mail coupon. It's easy to install your own furnace (pipe or direct heat)—thousands have. We show you how. A Kalamazoo furnace increases your home's value—makes it more livable, more comfortable, more healthful. Only $5 down.

30 Days' Free Trial

Use your Kalamazoo for 30 days, FREE. Every Kalamazoo carries a 5-year Guarantee Bond on materials and workmanship. $100,000 Bank Bond Guarantee of Satisfaction. You are fully protected—you risk nothing.

24 Hour Shipments

All stoves and ranges are shipped from Kalamazoo, Mich., or Utica, N. Y., warehouses, if you live east, within 24 hours. Furnaces, 48 hours. No delay. Safe delivery guaranteed.

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Even with new, low Factory Prices, Kalamazoo's standard of quality is the same as for 31 years. Tremendous buying power enabled us to buy raw materials at the lowest possible prices. Selling direct from the factory—we are able to give you this year as never before, *absolute rock-bottom Factory Prices.* Kalamazoo is a factory. You can't beat factory prices at any time—more especially this year. Mail the coupon now for this sensational new book.

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Kalamazoo Stoves and Ranges approved by Good Housekeeping Institute

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Put an (X) in column at left to indicate articles in which you are interested.

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2403 Rochester Ave., Kalamazoo, Mich.

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(Please print name plainly)
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City..... *State*.....

Coming *and* Going

Observations on Events and Incidents in the World of Broadcasting

INSIDUOUS efforts to split up and manipulate the limited channels used for broadcasting apparently will be renewed with increased energy as the time draws near for Congress to convene. Besides the Fess bill which was sluffed off at the last session—and which it is promised will be reintroduced at the next session—there are any number of other kindred measures in prospect. On October 16th the Federal Radio Commission will entertain a proposal by C. R. Cummings of Williamsport, Pa., to set aside twenty-five channels "for the exclusive use of local or community broadcasting stations." Walter Birkenhead, writing in the New York *Herald Tribune* of September 13 says, "The application (by Cummings) lists 267 cities and towns in which stations would be erected, and considerable support may be given the plan by some members of Congress." While we have no comment to make as to the merit of Mr. Cummings' plan of operation, it does seem as though any project that contemplates the breakinp up of the broadcast spectrum as it now stands for competitive programs will weaken the whole structure for dissolution by its enemies. The field is now open for everybody and it must be kept open.

* * *

ANOTHER radio measure that may have more than casual significance which is expected to be introduced at the next session of Congress will provide for a consolidation of all governmental radio authority in the Federal Radio Commission. This will relieve the Department of Commerce of its radio division. Ultimately, if those who are opposed to the American plan of operation successfully carry through their maneuvers for government operation the commission would have all the lines in its own hands to function as a full fledged bureau. And when the politicians prepare your radio programs, ladies and gentlemen, you'll probably hear things that will irritate more than your Adam's Apple.

One of the interesting exhibits at the Radio World's Fair was the daylight television camera. Instead of putting the subject in a black box and scanning the features with a tiny spot of light the camera works in the open with the sun-lit scene focused on the whirling scanning disk inside the camera like the retina of the eye; it passes thence through the photo-electric cell and the copper "optic nerve" to the "brain" of coils and circuits, off the antenna, through the air, into the "eye" and "brain" of your television receiver and instantaneously to your own eye, which repeats the process thus figuratively described. "Marvelous is the age of radio!"

* * *

WHAT else does the new Radio World's Fair bring to us? The one last year proved a trifle disappointing, not so much for the lack of interesting exhibits as for novelty in the way of entertainment. Perhaps there are no more radio novelties. The sensational surprises of a few seasons ago now have become common place in almost any home. One thing expected sure to attract the crowd is the television exhibit with the promise of images filling a screen ten feet square directly visible to 10,000 visitors.

AT LAST the telephone company has become a subscriber to its best customer—the broadcaster. Programs have been inaugurated over both of the big chain systems. The two networks alone spend $5,000,000 a year with the telephone company and use 40,000 circuit miles of wires. It's fun to buy when you take the money out of your right hand pocket and it comes right back to your left hand pocket.

A gentleman called us up the other day to find out whether it was not a fact that the passion for mysticism as practiced over the radio had not generally subsided. He said there was not one astrologer on the air from any of the New York stations, and he believed the condition was general. So Venus, Neptune, Mars and the other celestial bodies are now feeling the weight of the depression. What do they forecast for themselves? One wonders.

Speaking of Fred Smith of *Time Magazine,* or were we, did you read his new mystery thriller called *The Broadcast Murders?* Mr. Smith and his talented wife live in a remodeled hayloft down in Greenwich Village. George Gershwin said of Mrs. Smith that no other woman had so perfectly translated his Rhapsody in Blue on the piano. Recently the pair returned from Europe where Fred has written a sequel to the enthralling tale of *The Broadcast Murders.* Do your reading of this book in the daytime or you may not sleep when you have finished it.

* * *

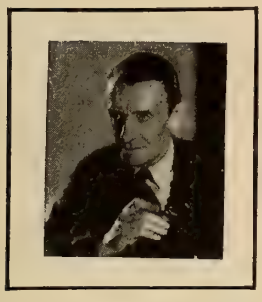
AIMEE SEMPLE McPHERSON has really married a radio man at last. On September 13th she stepped into an airplane with David L. Hutton, former manager of two of the smaller broadcasting stations in Los Angeles, and sailed away over the mountains to Yuma, Arizona. A surprised and somewhat disgruntled clerk was aroused from his bed to supply the necessary papers. A double ring ceremony was performed in the plane as the couple returned to Los Angeles. The groom is 30 and a singer in the Angelus choir. The bride is 38. They immediately started out to Oregon together on an evangelistic campaign.

* * *

OBSERVATIONS at the NBC Press Relations Ball at Hotel New Yorker Sept. 22 . . . Nellie Revell, our Nellie, all primped and crimped chatting with Aileen Berry (Mrs. Peter Dixon) about the great scoop when the Voice of Radio Digest broadcast over a WEAF net the news of arrival of Junior No. 2 at the Dixon home just eight minutes after it occurred . . . Philips Carlin busy as the proverbial one armed paper hanger as he tried to be equally attentive to two fair damosels who sat on either side of him . . . Vaughn de Leath swaying before a microphone and telling everybody how she had thrice that night been forced to deny she was Kate Smith . . . Ray Perkins, with a side-wise glance toward the Aylesworth table, as he explained that his last year's job was being supervisor of the NBC vice-presidents . . . lovely gorgeous Virginia Gardiner nonchalantly appropriating ye scribe's chair at Table No. 9 . . . Jean and Glenn from Cleveland making their debut—before a New York audience.

H. P. B.

... *Hear these* FAVORITE STARS


Ivan Simpson


Loretta Young


Dorothy Mackaill


Walter Huston


Marian Marsh


Frank Fay


Richard Barthelmess


Winnie Lightner


Edward G. Robinson


Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.


Jack Whiting


Don Kelly

A New Celebrity *each week* on the

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WGAL,	Lancaster, Pa.,	8:00 P.M., E.S.T.
KDKA,	Pittsburgh, Pa.,	7:45 P.M., E.S.T.
WTAD,	Quincy, Ill.,	7:00 P.M., C.S.T.
WGBI,	Scranton, Pa.,	7:45 P.M., E.S.T.
WIBX,	Utica, N. Y.,	8:45 P.M., E.S.T.
KFWB,	Los Angeles, Calif.,	7:45 P.M., P.S.T.

TUESDAY

Station	City	Time
WFBG,	Altoona, Pa.,	6:45 P.M., E.S.T.
WBEN,	Buffalo, N. Y.,	7:15 P.M., E.S.T.
WCAU,	Philadelphia, Pa.,	6:45 P.M., E.S.T.
KWK,	St. Louis, Mo.,	9:45 P.M., C.S.T.
WBRE,	Wilkes-Barre, Pa.,	7:15 P.M., E.S.T.

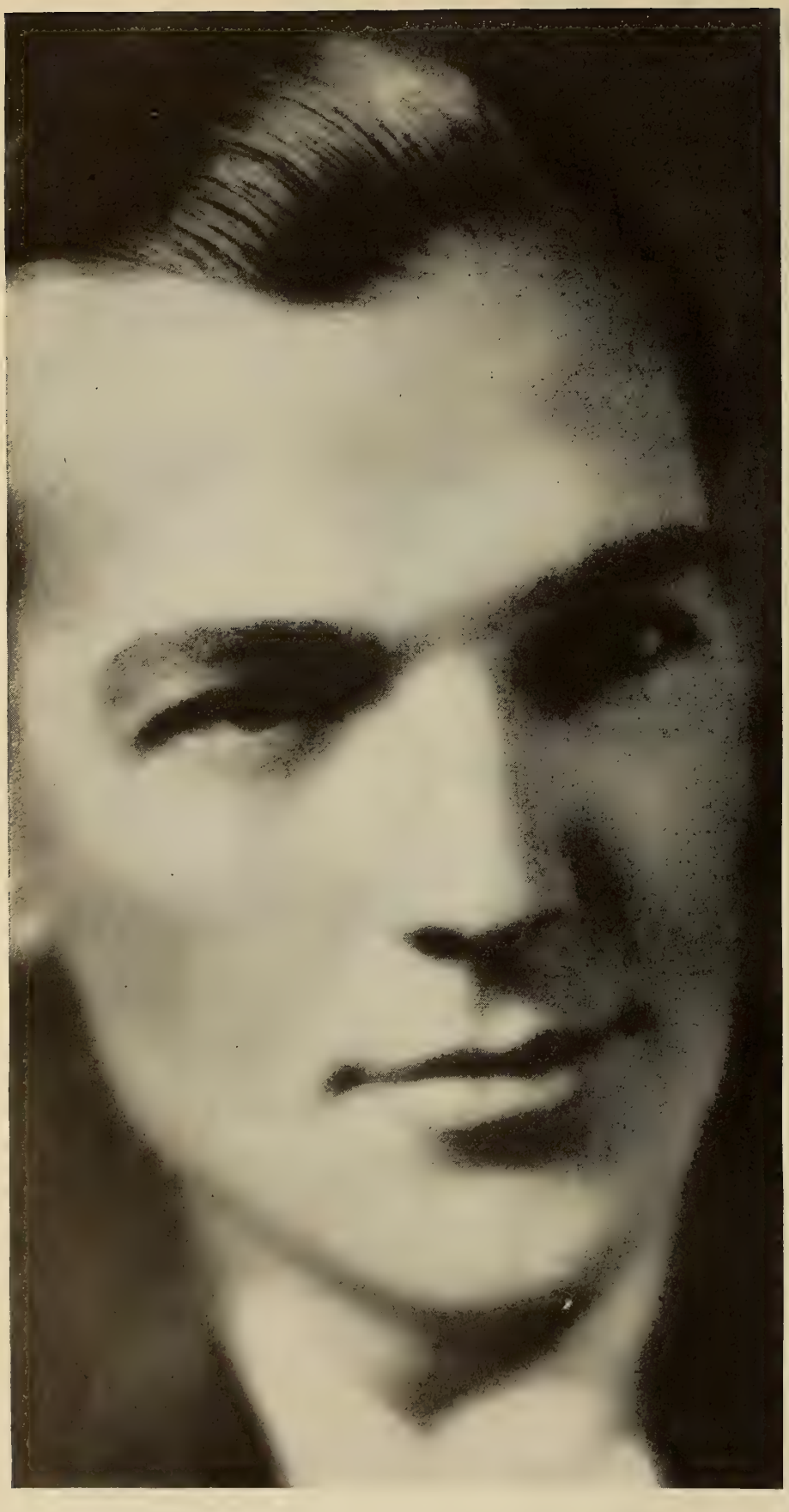
THURSDAY

Station	City	Time
WLW,	Cincinnati, Ohio,	6:30 P.M., E.S.T.
WJBL,	Decatur, Ill.,	7:00 P.M., C.S.T.
WHEC,	Rochester, N. Y.,	8:30 P.M., E.S.T.
WRAK,	Williamsport, Pa.,	8:30 P.M., E.S.T.
WGM,	Jeanette, Pa.,	5:15 P.M., E.S.T.

FRIDAY

Station	City	Time
WHK,	Cleveland, Ohio,	9:30 P.M., E.S.T.
WJAC,	Johnstown, Pa.,	9:45 P.M., E.S.T.
WOCL,	Jamestown, N. Y.,	8:30 P.M., E.S.T.
WCBA,	Allentown, Pa.,	6:30 P.M., E.S.T.
WLBW,	Oil City, Pa.,	7:45 P.M., E.S.T.
WRAW,	Reading, Pa.,	6:30 P.M., E.S.T.

Presented by the Mobilgas *Stations and Dealers of your Neighborhood*



SMITH BALLEW

TYPICAL Texan is this popular idol of the NBC fold. A lean six footer with a smile that wins confidence and friends. He got the idea of becoming a musician from hearing a negro street singer. Started out with a 75 cent banjo but found hard picking at the beginning. They put his voice on records and now he's independent.

Strumming His Way from Texas Came

Smith Ballew

Lone Star Orchestra Leader Plays Course Through University—Meets Adversity—Strikes Gold Note in His Voice—Wins Success from Manhattan to Hollywood—Now a Radio Favorite

By Robert A. Wilkinson

"WHEN you call me that, smile!"

These words from Owen Wister's, "The Virginian," symbolize the character of Smith Ballew, rangy Texas orchestral leader who has been transplanted from the great Southwest to blase restaurants and hilarious night clubs of Manhattan.

His more than six feet, to say nothing of the seriousness of his facial expression, demand respect. Ballew takes life seriously, earnestly, after the manner of old Texas rangers, and ranks loyalty and allegiance as two of the greatest virtues.

Here is an example:

When Ed. Scheuing, NBC orchestral supervisor, asked Ballew in March, 1929, to organize an orchestra and broadcast over NBC networks, at the same time offering him the pick of NBC musicians, Ballew chose to remember a former friend and musician.

"Can your friend play as well as any one of the talent we have at your command?" Scheuing asked.

"He's a musician," Ballew answered, "and a loyal friend. That's enough. I'd sooner have a bunch of good, loyal musicians, willing to cooperate, than a group of fiery geniuses."

But it happens that the man in question, as a musician, is not one to jeer at. He is Dee Orr, now drummer in Ballew's orchestra, who, aside from handling the drumsticks, sings many ballads and popular songs during the orchestra's broadcasts.

The story of Orr's early musical career is an entertaining anecdote but, for the present, this is a story of Ballew.

Ballew was born January 21, 1902, in Palestine, Texas, and when 15 years of age moved to Sherman, Texas, the home of Austin College. In the latter city he first had vague musical aspirations, all of which were to lead him through many troubled and hectic years.

Although Ballew is one of a musical family, his father a violinist and his mother a pianiste, it was an old negro banjo player—known as Ned—who first inspired him to learn to play a musical instrument.

THE colored banjoist used to saunter down a Sherman, Texas, street every night in the year, strumming his banjo and singing quaint Southern songs. His regular route led him by the Ballew home, and there Smith and his playmates often stood in wait.

"'Play for us, Ned,' we used to plead," Ballew now relates.

"Ise can't; Ise gwine to see my gal," was Ned's inevitable excuse. Nevertheless, when the youngsters insisted, Ned often stopped and played and sang several numbers.

Then Ned was killed; shot down by a colored enemy. And Ballew remembers the occurence as one of the tragedies of his youthful days. He stole away from home, against the request of his father, to view Ned's body.

Also there was a negro string band in Sherman which aroused Ballew's musical inclinations. And some of the neighborhood boys used to serenade Ballew's older sisters with their guitars, banjos and mandolins. So Smith finally purchased his first banjo, paying seventy-five cents, and his older brother, Charles Robert Ballew, bought a guitar at the same time from a mail order house for $4.

When seventeen years of age Ballew organized an orchestra in Sherman. His older brother was at the piano and Jimmy Malone, now known as Jimmy Joy, who conducts a nationally known orchestra bearing that name, was another of the original members. They played at Austin College social functions.

The entire personnel of this orchestra, except for one member—Dee Orr, of whom we must tell more later—finally packed their instruments and left Austin College, for Austin, Texas, and the University of Texas. There the band was enlarged from six to nine pieces It was one of those "go-gettem," loud and noisy college bands so popular ten years ago. The boys played everything by ear—orchestrated jazz music had not yet reached the great Southwest—and the blare of trumpets and the roll of drums smothered soft tones of the strings.

In April, 1923, three months before Ballew was due to receive his college degree, he married. Some of his friends tried to dissuade him from matrimony, at that time, arguing that he should wait until he finished school. One of them called him stupid. Ballew's reply embodied the same meaning as Wister's phrase,—more or less:

"When you call me that, smile."

The responsibilities of married life caused Ballew to finish school. And the unfavorable outlook for a musical career in Texas led him to withdraw

(Continued on page 90)



"IN THE radio direction lay much of the credit for the fact that the army flew 672 planes three million miles without a serious crack-up," writes Mr. Lockett. This is a story right out of the cockpit of one of the ships in the twenty-mile long aerial parade.

RADIO

By EDWARD

International News Service Staff

IT is one thing to transport passengers from place to place in one, or several, airplanes. It is a splendid accomplishment to deliver those passengers, day in, day out, safely at their destinations, and in half the time a train would take to cover the same distance.

But compare this, if you will, with the task of moving 672 airplanes—flying nose to tail—in a single formation and loaded with equipment, gasoline and extra parts, hundreds of miles daily for three weeks!

That is the job the army air corps tackled in its spring maneuvers this year. That is the job that piled up three million miles of flying for the corps during the exercises. And that is the job the air corps accomplished without the loss of a single man in a flying accident.



Edward B. Lockett

It was a task begun under clouds of somber predictions and protests at its warlike character. The over-cautious complained dozens of America's youth would die in accidents during the maneuvers. The pacifists protested such an aerial show would stir anxiety in other nations of the world. But the air corps planned the maneuvers, carried them out with half a nation for a stage—and provided space in its big formation for a corps of flying newspaper, press association and photographic correspondents certain to provide full publicity to upwards of thirty million readers.

This latter action marked a new era in the life of the corps whose mission is to portray to the public a written picture of the news of the day. It effected the initiation of the press into the world of flying war correspondence. For nearly three weeks we rode, worked and slept with America's first peacetime army of the skies on the march. We performed to the best of our ability the tasks which would be demanded of us should war come and we be sent to an army airdrome near enemy lines. We lived on an emergency schedule, ate and slept when and where we could, and wrote our stories in all sorts of places and under all conditions.

I wrote one story in pencil on scrap paper sitting in the open cockpit of a jouncing attack plane, enroute from Dayton, Ohio, to Chicago, in the worst weather we had during the trip. We were bucking a forty mile wind which drove a stinging rain in our faces, and bobbing up and down in the worst air I have ever experienced except during storms.

Most of the correspondents assigned to "cover" the maneuvers had done considerable flying, and were writing aviation news regularly for some paper or press association. I don't suppose there was a man in the group of more than a score who had not taken one or more trips in a plane. But none had ever before been given an assignment similar to this. The assignment was like Adam. There hadn't been any before it. There were, therefore, no set rules of coverage to go by. How to handle the story, how to put it before the public, how to move copy from points where the air corps set you down to earth—all were matters which had to be worked out on the march, so to speak.

WHEN I left my home bureau in Washington for Dayton, Ohio, where the big formation was mobilizing, I remember I worked out one of those careful, comprehensive schedules of copy which we like to believe save work in the future. It proved as useful as an Eskimo igloo on this assignment. I would have done much better to have taken a thermos bottle and a sandwich box.

Solution of the various problems came in the end through radio and a



View of the flying army rounding Manhattan with river traffic and the bay below as seen from Lockett's plane. Note at left the S. S. Majestic getting ready to dock—what a target!

AWING

B. LOCKETT
Correspondent.

highly efficient staff of army press relations officers. Without either of these two aids the newspaper corps would have been lost. I was highly impressed by the value of the radio. Not only did it work for the press. It demonstrated thoroughly that it will play a prominent part in any future war, especially insofar as the air corps is concerned.

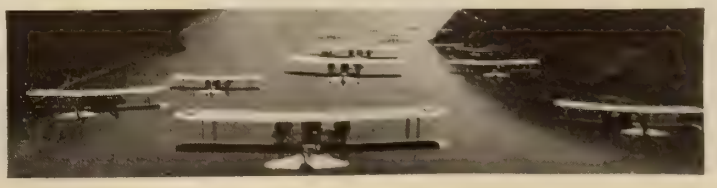
The hardest job of the trip, as I saw it, however, was not getting the news. It was the task of finding time to write, and finally and most important, presenting a picture of the maneuvers to the public which would in some measure give realization of what we believed to be their tremendous importance. It was no task at all for me to be impressed, watching the wheels go round from the inside of the greatest single air formation ever assembled. I could not help but be impressed. The job was to give some idea of the size of the undertaking, and picture the interest it held for us to the readers who could see the exercises only through our eyes.

It was easy to say an aerial formation of 672 planes would start at Dayton and cover the eastern portion of the country in maneuvers. It was another job entirely to show how much the trip meant to the air corps and aviation in general. Every movement and parade of the maneuvers was an accomplishment. The movement of that giant formation northward to Chicago, back to Dayton, eastward to New York, into New England and then southward to Washington, D. C. was an aerial odyssey comprising the air drama of the age. The work which the 1,400 officers and men who staffed this first air division of the American army performed was almost incredible.

AND the responsibility of those 1,400 lives and millions of dollars worth of equipment, resting on the shoulders of Major General James E. Fechet, chief of the air corps, and Brigadier General Benjamin D. Foulois, commandant of the division, was one which could not be borne lightly. They were confident of success, but there must have been many moments freighted with anxiety for these two officers.

To the news writers who were part of the maneuvers, they were the thrill of a life time. We were away up on the watching public. It was our privilege and job to ride most of the time in that twenty mile long cordon of airplanes roaring away at a hundred mile an hour clip. From the ground the parade formation was an inspiring thing. Flying as part of it afforded a never-to-be-forgotten experience. Assigned to attack, observation or bombing planes, we climbed out of bed in the grey of early morning dozens of times to pull into a sky whipped by a cool wind and streaked with the red and amber of a brilliant sun. Hours on end we would fly in the midst of a sea of planes, rippling up and down the air trails like waves, guy wires singing and motors thundering evenly until sunset, when the formations would drone to earth like homing birds.

FLYING was not the only thrill. There was a dramatic something about the directing of this formation that ran it a close second. We used to watch Major Carl Spatz, one of Foulois' staff officers, fascinated as he sat, a hooded figure in a plane on the ground, and moved the sections of the big formation around in the air by radio like so many checkers. It was the job of the figure in the grounded plane to send the various wings of the division to points a hundred miles or more away, and then start them towards a central rendezvous so each section would drop in behind the others in orderly fashion. Here was where the 672 airplanes of the formation were welded into



a single cohesive, yet highly individualized unit. It was this work which brought the parade roaring by reviewing stands, a single twenty mile column. It was work here, through the medium of the radio, which brought these hundreds of planes to earth in unhurried, safe fashion. In the radio direction lay much of the credit for the fact that the army flew 672 planes three million miles without a serious crackup.

IN the radio, too, lay the medium which supplied the press almost instantly with advice as to the minor crackups which occurred. It was this instrument which enabled the press to "cover" a formation of planes which at night might be staked out in half a dozen fields, miles apart.

We were nervous about the job of covering crackups when the maneuvers began. With the first forced landing this anxiety was dissipated. A Kelly Field flier was forced down 60 miles from Dayton. Five minutes after he landed in a corn field the press room at Dayton was advised by radio that lieutenant so and so had been forced down by motor trouble, landed safely, would repair his plane and come in. This performance was repeated throughout the maneuvers. Whenever anything out of the ordinary occurred, the press was notified by radio—and immediately.

Other than the paramount problem of handling the news correctly and interestingly after we got it, the hardest job I struck was the work of getting copy into the office on time. This was not because of lack of filing facilities. They were excellent. The trouble was that the formation was in the air so much it was all but impossible to get time on the ground for writing and filing. Much of the news story of the 1931 army air corps maneuvers was written in open army planes, on division paper and in pencil.

The press flew from Dayton to Chicago, Dayton to New York, and southward to Washington in commercial transports loaned to the army by the Fokker, United and Ford aircraft companies, and in these ships it was possible to get going on a portable typewriter. But the majority of the time the news writers were flying in army planes, doing parade and patrol. That was when the trouble came.

Many times these army planes did not land, or landed long after parade formation, and hours after the story was to appear in print. Often advance coverage was given through comprehensive schedules issued by the army press relations staff, but this was not always possible, and is never as satisfactory, from a spectacular standpoint, as copy written concerning an actual occurrence. Several times, too, I was listening in on a plane radio and heard a crisp announcement come through that a ship was forced down, and there I was, a mile in the air and no chance to file copy. Luckily, none of these crackups proved serious.

We did some tall date line filing on the maneuvers trip. One morning I wrote an early story out of Chicago, a lead in Dayton, and my late afternoon stuff from Columbus, Ohio. The army kept our copy on the jump sometimes, too. In Dayton when the bad weather which followed us all the way through began, we spent two days of fifteen minute periods, any one of which might bring a weather bulletin which would make a preceding story so much wasted time. It was during the Dayton bad weather period that we got a taste of what waiting for the "zero hour" on the front lines might be like.

The first big parade was to be in Chicago, and when the day came for departure of the formation from Dayton northward, rain was drumming the wings of acres of planes staked out in the Fairfield air depot. That was a hectic day. At first the staff officers got together and decided that maybe we wouldn't go to Chicago at all if bad weather blocked the trip planned for the day. They figured it would throw the whole maneuvers' schedule off. We got that story out. The wires were still hot when another staff conference evolved the somewhat different idea that maybe we would go to Chicago, even if held up for a day. All during this time the whole outfit, planes, fliers and all, were "on the line," ready to leave at a minute's notice if the weather improved. Quarter hourly weather bulletins switched from good to bad and back and added less than no certainty to the situation.

Finally, at half an hour after midnight that night, a last staff conference gave the decision we would move to Chicago the next day, thus moving the schedule up. And then the next morning it rained again.

The weather bulletins were a little better then, however, and after considerable indecision we pulled out for Chicago in a driving rain and a stiff headwind, bouncing through a choppy couple of hundred miles of "soup" to settle thankfully in Chicago several hours later.

IT was not much better flying the next day when a parade was held down Chicago's 31 mile lakefront, but the air corps pulled it off and moored in Dayton that night, ready for the long jump to the eastern coast the following day.

Through all the work, the needs of the correspondents were ministered by a press relations staff which left nothing undone that would help in any way. Always, its personnel was ready and anxious to do everything in its power to smooth the way of the group of men whose job was to cover the movements of the first air division of the army.

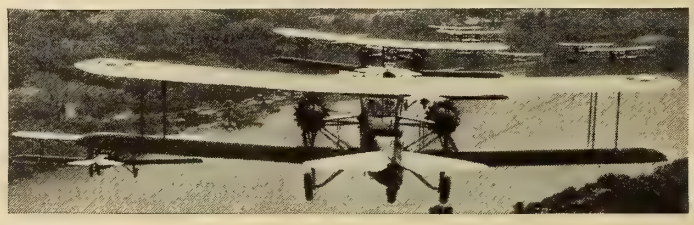
Colonel Ira Longanecker, air corps press relations chief, headed the staff, and was assisted by Major Oscar W. Griswold, regularly in charge of war department press relations work, and Lieutenants Roland Birrn and Arthur Ennis, regulars in Longanecker's office.

They provided food at reasonable prices for the press wherever the corps went; they provided beds when they could, and always they provided excellent service.

Both of the major telegraph companies sent men along with the press on the maneuvers, and these men were equally anxious to afford service to the news writers. One of the telegraph companies sent a man who has worked the air races for a number of years, Ben Thelan, of Chicago, and there were many times when he provided transportation accommodations which could not otherwise have been secured. It was his work which in many cases got the copy into offices in time for dead-lines and which in many ways smoothed paths that otherwise might have been rough-going.

Probably the most anxious moments

(Continued on page 89)



FLOYD GIBBONS wrote comprehensively about "Radio in the Next War" in Radio Digest a year ago. His predictions are confirmed by Mr. Lockett who says here that the use of radio in the air maneuvers, "demonstrated thoroughly that it will play a prominent part in any future war, especially insofar as the air corps is concerned."

Clara, Lu and Em

By JEAN PAUL KING



Jean Paul King, announcer for Clara, Lu and Em

HELLO, radio listeners—

Once upon a time radio advertisers were looking for something different; radio stations were looking for something new; radio listeners were looking for something entertaining.

They all found what they wanted.

It happened this way.

Three college girls entered the Drake Hotel studios of WGN. They were broke. They had just finished an audition at a prominent Chicago station and had been turned down.

"What do you sing?" the audition manager at WGN asked them.

"We don't sing—we talk."

Doubt shadowed the face of the audition manager. Reluctantly — "Well, there's a mike. Go ahead and talk."

And talk they did; talked themselves right into one of the biggest evening acts offered in Chicago; talked themselves into being sponsored by the Palmolive Company, one of radio's largest and oldest advertisers; talked themselves into a five-night-a-week contract with the National Broadcasting Company.

And then it is said that women talk too much—now listen!

All you women who wash dishes know these girls—Clara, Lu and Em, the Super Suds Girls, who go on the air at nine-thirty every night except Sunday and Monday. Their act is simple as is every good thing. Three "girls," getting close to middle age, meet some time each evening and discuss events that happen to themselves, to well known persons, and to the world in general. Those friends have flats in a double house, so you may be sure they miss little that happens in each other's families.

THEIR "chatter" is homely and ungrammatical, but it is intensely human and kindly. That quality of humanness is, probably, the most outstanding characteristic of the act. They are interested in all that goes on, intensely alert, laughably querulous, and—I find I must say it again—human.

Their interest in everything, combined with their lack of knowledge of anything, betrays them into many humorous conclusions. Their humor is unconscious and always wholesome, relished by both banker and baker, peddler and bartender. (Yes, lady, we still have bartenders.)

So we characterize the act as extremely typical of a certain cross section of American life, and entirely natural in its pathos, humor and imagination.

In character, the three friends are Clara Roach, practical, capable and fat. She is married to Charley Roach, who is a plodder and who is steadily employed as a mechanic in a garage. Clara has two sons, Herman, twelve years old and August, six. She is always the sensible one of the trio, and offers a distinct contrast to Lu's giddiness and Em's impractibility.

Lu Casey is a widow with one child, Florabelle, 9. Her love affairs with Ollie Gifford, "C. W." and Gus, the burly truck driver furnish much gossip for the girls as well as Lu's attempts to learn stenography at business school.

Emma Krueger is the most pathetic and the most earnest of the three. She



From left: Louise "Clara" Starkey, Isobel "Lu" Carothers, and Helen "Em" King.

is married to Ernest Krueger, a World War veteran from Peoria's Caterpillar Corps, who chronically is out of a job. Em is the mother of five children—Junior, 11, Esmerelda, 10, Geraldine, 8, Little Em, 6, and Archie the bouncing baby boy. Poor Em—she has her difficulties in trying to manage her housefull of children, her improvident husband and her slippery finances. However, she always remains happy and cheerful.

SINCE the act and its characters are not based upon actual figures in real life, nor upon any personal experiences of the three themselves, the writing of these nightly sketches is difficult. The girls write all their copy and it is interesting to note that to date they have collaborated in turning out over 425,000 words of radio continuity. This is no mean feat, as this number of words, written 1500 at a time as they are for their nightly sketches equals four good length novels. To do their writing they meet each afternoon at two o'clock and work together until they have a sketch that is satisfactory. Sometimes it comes easily but often no ideas materialize (as any writer will agree) and then comes a diligent searching of the newspapers and current periodicals for a topic of conversation. And what with Gandhi in India legislating for free salt; President Hoover going south on a battleship; the Prince of Wales touring South America; and a big league baseball season under way—to mention but a few, there is certainly always a wealth of current news for gossip.

It was in June 1930 that the three girls went to WGN for their audition. For six months they were presented as a feature by that station, then in January, 1931, they joined the network of the National Broadcasting Company. Strange as it may seem the act of Clara, Lu and Em was not evolved as a radio skit; it was not born with any thought of profit or commercialism, but solely as an instrument of amusement.

Let Em tell the story of how the act originated:

"We three were in college several years ago—in fact we were sorority sisters in Zeta Phi Eta in the School of Speech at Northwestern University, and our major interests lay in dramatics and the stage. We had a great deal of fun dramatizing life and characters and from this the individualities of Clara, Lu and Em emerged. We became close friends and began to identify ourselves with these characters to amuse our sorority sisters, and soon we were putting on impromptu skits, much like the chatter of Clara, Lu and Em today. We almost lived the characters."

Lu smiled and continued the story.

"It certainly is interesting to look back and remember how popular Clara, Lu and Em became among our friends. We were being asked constantly to "do the act" and so thru association the personalities of Clara, Lu and Em developed. They were not women that we had ever known—just characters we made up, and characters we tried to make typical and amusing as well as real."

So well acquainted did the girls become with Clara, Lu and Em that when they finally put the three on the air they felt, to quote Clara, "almost as though we were exposing the private lives of real friends to the public. I felt disloyal."

Even as Clara, Lu and Em had become real persons to their authors, so they have become real to thousands of listeners. The girls receive over four thousand letters a week from the radio audience, and these letters tell them how human and how humorous the lives of the three are, and how much their chatter is enjoyed. These letters come from a high class audience, the girls find—a critical but appreciative audience, and are helpful as well as interesting, the girls say, since many of them contain suggestions which may be incorporated into the act. For helpful criticism and suggestions, any entertainer is grateful, especially any radio entertainer whose audience must remain unseen.

NOT since Amos 'n' Andy commenced their curious daily dialogue has there been such an outstanding character production over national networks as that of these three college girls who play Clara, Lu and Em. Jean Paul King their announcer, has come to know them as Radio entertainers better than anyone else. His story about them therefore has an intimate interest that will appeal to every fan who has become one of the Clara-Lu-and-Em addicts.

The act of Clara, Lu and Em has proved of great popularity particularly to women.

Of course every listener interested in Clara, Lu and Em is interested in the girls behind these characters. They are three well-educated, clever and highly capable young women—all attractive. They are graduates of Northwestern University, all three from the School of Speech.

Clara, who except from nine-thirty to nine-forty-five, Chicago Time, is Louise Starkey, lives at present in Evanston, Illinois, as do Lu and Em. She has had many colorful experiences crowded into her short life. Born in Des Moines, Iowa, where she went through high school, at an early age she was left an orphan and was reared by her guardian who has done everything in the world for her. She tells a story that you may believe or not. Clara says that when she was born she was so large that her father made her mother a present of a mammoth grand piano. But she also wanted me to tell you, her audience, that now she herself, really is much smaller than the "Clara" of the air.

Louise came to Northwestern on a scholarship won in high school and through her pronounced scholastic abilities won two more scholarships, one in her junior year and one which enabled her to take a post-graduate course, finishing in the spring of 1928. Her graduate work as well as regular college work was in the speech department and after finishing college she took a position teaching dramatics in Denton, Texas, at the Texas State College for Women. Finding teaching less enjoyable than she had pictured it she returned to Chicago after a year in Texas. When in college, Louise many times had put on a burlesque of old-time vaudeville as a feature of her work in dramatics. Thinking now that she might book this act as a regular vaudeville skit, she took a position in a Chicago book shop while attempting to make the necessary arrangements. Soon she went touring on the road with a show sponsored by the Allied Arts—a sort of Lyceum show resembling the well known Russian Chauve-Souris. When she returned from this engagement she worked for the Goodman Theatre, doing publicity. Louise still had this position when the girls, reunited, had their audition at WGN.

LU IS Isobel Carothers, who was graduated from Northwestern in 1926. She too was born in Des Moines and was the third of four children. When she was born there were already two boys in the family and her mother had been promised a watch if the baby was a girl. Upon Isobel's arrival (on her father's birthday) her mother received the watch and as you may imagine there are many arguments between Louise and Isobel as to the relative merits of a watch and a grand piano. The little girl's early adventures were all in Des Moines and in the fall of 1922 she went away to college in Chicago, where she became friends with

(Continued on page 94)

Line up! Attention!

"SIGNALS!"

Husing, McNamee, Munday, Totten, Hoey, Thompson and All the Other Great Football Announcers are Getting into Action to Give You Those Collegiate Thrills by Air

Mr. Nelson S. Hesse is the first of our Radio Digest reporting scouts to file the story of what is going on in football as it concerns the CBS sports camp. Here 'tis:

WALK around the grounds of any university, college or school these days and you'll hear the thud of cleated shoes against pigskin, the sound of running feet and of harsh, raucous voices bellowing, "Hit 'em low! Hit 'em hard! What do you guys think this is?"

Another football season is under way. To the football players and coaches the new season means two, three or four weeks of training, after which six or seven games are played. To Ted Husing, sports announcer for the Columbia Broadcasting System, it meant nine months of training and preparation for thirteen games.

Most people believe that all Ted Husing has to do is go to a football game, set up his microphone and describe what goes on.

"Gee! What a break you get being a sports announcer," they say. "What a lucky guy being able to see all the big games. Pretty soft."

They do not know that Ted has been training for this football season ever since the last one ended. As soon as the 1930 season came to a close, Husing began eliminating the names of the players who were scheduled to graduate from the leading elevens in all parts of the country. After that he added to the lists of the players on the various teams the names of last year's freshmen stars who would be eligible for varsity football in 1931.

Then came a more difficult job. The names of players on the squads were written down and their records looked up, catalogued and carefully filed away. Later they were read over and over and memorized. Thus, if Halfback Smith, of Whoozis University, breaks away for a 90-yard run during a game this season, Husing will be able to tell you



Ted Husing using the latest type of hand microphone.

without a moment's hesitation that this is the same Smith who scored four touchdowns against Whatzis High School during his senior year in school and has scored 149 points as a freshman halfback.

THIS compilation of facts and figures is but the beginning of Ted's task. He must go over carefully the records made by the leading teams in 1930 and endeavor to predict what their 1931 records will be so that he may select the most important games of the coming season. Finally, after nine months of consideration, Ted and executives of the Columbia Broadcasting System decided that the following thirteen games would be described this season:

Sept. 26—Army vs. Ohio Northern—West Point.
Oct. 10—Northwestern vs. Notre Dame—Chicago.
" 17—Army vs. Harvard—West Point.
" 24—Yale vs. Army—New Haven.
" 31—Illinois vs. Northwestern—Evanston, Ill.
Nov. 7—Navy vs. Ohio State—Columbus, O.
" 14—University of Pittsburgh vs. Army—Pittsburgh.
" 21—Southern California vs. Notre Dame—Chicago.
" 26—University of Pennsylvania vs. Cornell—Philadelphia.
" 28—(Undecided.)
Dec. 8—Penn vs. Navy—Philadelphia.
" 12—Southern California vs. Georgia—Los Angeles.
" 26—Georgia Tech vs. California—Atlanta.

While thirteen dates have been selected for football broadcasts over the Columbia chain, it has not yet been decided definitely what game will be described on one of the dates, November 28, although it is certain that Husing will describe one of three important frays scheduled for that day.

Although the remainder of the schedule appears definitely set, executives of Columbia this season may make some changes if some of the teams fail to live up to expectations or if some other games loom as more important later in the season.



Ted will travel many thousands of miles during the 1931 football season in order to furnish radio listeners with vivid word-pictures of these thirteen gridiron classics. He will journey west to Los Angeles, Chicago, Evanston, Columbus and Pittsburgh; south to Atlanta and north to New Haven.

Another

(Continued on page 92)

TELEVISION

AS Radio Digest goes to press with this October issue all television eyes seem focused on the exhibits to be shown at the Radio World's Fair in New York. The exposition is scheduled to open September 21st. By that time all the apparatus will be installed to show the remarkable developments that have taken place since the last exposition.

Various makes of television receivers will be shown, whereas in the past only one has been sufficiently developed to be displayed to prospective buyers.

Almost every fan has heard of the great image produced by young Sanabria of Chicago. It will correspond favorably, according to reports, to a moving picture production. The image will fill a screen ten feet square. Thus it will be possible for visitors to view what is going on from almost any point in the auditorium where it is shown.

An almost continual television performance is planned by the World's Fair officials. More than 600 performers will appear before the televisior, singly and in groups. Carveth Wells, eminent African debunker, will act as master of ceremonies.

First night of the fair will feature Earl Carroll and some of the "Vanities" beauties; Harry Hershfield, cartoonist and monologist, and Patricia Bowman, well known dancer. Madame Mariska Aldrich, former prima donna of the Metropolitan Opera House, will appear Wednesday night. Doug Brinkley, Thursday night master of ceremonies, will interview Nell Brinkley, prominent newspaper illustrator.



Helen Choat who strolled around to W2XAB from her Broadway show for her first experience before the flying spot.

WHETHER or not the large radio manufacturing companies, Radio Corporation of America, Victor, Philco and so on who are known to be working on television problems—will exhibit commercial sight receivers is not certain. It's the general opinion among radio experts, however, that these companies will withhold such receivers until next year. Instead, they'll push the sale of their new type radio receivers—the midgets, phonograph-radio combinations, remote tuning outfits, and the like.

However, Jenkins and the Short Wave and Television Corp. already have announced that they will present models which will be offered to the public.

The show officially will open at 8 o'clock on September 21 and it will be listed as the Radio-Electrical World's Fair, since refrigerators, electric clocks and so on also will be on display. David Sarnoff, president of the Radio Corp. of America, will deliver the greeting to be broadcast by WJZ from the Crystal Studios.

"Miss Radio 1931," the successful entrant in the third annual search for the most beautiful radio artist in America, will receive her title and a loving cup at the opening broadcast ceremonies. Also on the program will be the Radio Prince and Princess. The latter search was open to child radio singers from 6 to 12.

IT is estimated that 300,000 visitors will witness the ceremonies, which will include extensive broadcasts and the annual award made by the Veteran Wireless Operators' Association.

Charles E. Butterfield, radio editor of the Associated Press tells us that when television receivers get down to mass production basis they will cost less than the audio receiver. He goes into a technical description of the sets to show why.

Many of the metropolitan newspapers have given special attention to the development of television. The New York Sun recently offered prizes in a television contest. It is going far to encourage the amateur who likes to build his own sets. In an article published September 12 in the Sun Mr. A. G. Heller says in part:

"No one expects television for the general public entertainment now. But there is a vast army of ingenious citizens who must be busy during their spare time making something. For years now that corner of the home which the mistress of the house has referred to as the radio junk shop has been covered with dust and neglect.

"Manufactured sets are of such quality and inexpensiveness that the home set builder, having performed his function and brought radio from incoherent beginnings to perfection in eight short years, no longer has the urge to attempt to better present reception. But given any cooperation at all on the part of broadcasters and manufacturers, these corners would again become clean and tidy.

"Those home experimenters would again sit up nights to catch television signals. What if the pictures are at

Giant Images Shown at Radio

WORLD'S FAIR

times spotty and blurred? The very imperfections that are held out as bars to the acceptance of television in the home are the spurs which will goad the home mechanic into serious attempts at their elimination.

"Dr. E. F. W. Alexanderson, upon presenting an enlarged television image, remarked that he estimated there were 250,000 home experimenters who would welcome the opportunity to participate in the development of television. And that it was this 250,000 upon whom he placed his confidence for aid in its development.

"If our experience with radio is any criterion, it would be conservative to say that each of these 250,000 is prepared to spend at least fifty dollars a year on parts and equipment for experimentation. In other words, there is available a sum of over $12,000,000 a year to be used for the development of television through the purchase of parts.

"BUT far more important than the money involved is the enormous impetus that these enthusiasts would give to interest in television all over the country. Just as the imperfections of radio would probably have not as yet been greatly reduced were it not for the enormous interest aroused by individual enthusiasts, just as no one organization or individual can claim to have brought radio to its present perfection even though patents running well into the thousands are controlled by different organizations, so there is little hope that there will be an early emergence of television if it is kept entirely in the research laboratory.

"For the research laboratory cannot hope to have the same enthusiasm and interest in speedy results that is present within the ranks of the small manufacturers and inventors. A research worker's salary goes on from year to year and his work is carried on from man to man regardless of how great a period of time is necessary to complete it.

"Pure science and research is interested only in perfection. Manufacturing and business is interested only in practical results. The research laboratory can never really call its work finished. It will not release any results which can by any possible touch of the imagination be improved.

"In the research laboratories it will probably take years to reach the same result that can be achieved by the intelligent cooperation of a number of independent manufacturers working in collaboration with each other and the home enthusiast in one year. For it is only by competition and rivalry that the best in the world is brought out in the quickest time possible.

"The divergent viewpoints of the research and production worker can best be summed up by saying that the research worker is interested in the perfection of a detail. The production man is interested in the production of a working whole.

"From time to time the above arguments will appear in various forms under various headings and promulgated by various individuals and groups. Nevertheless, in this newest battle of television the issues are clear and the paths are well defined.

"Either television must go even more deeply than ever into hiding until it can come from the confines of the research laboratory ready for parlor use, or it will follow the path of its parent radio, urged on and helped by the enthusiasm and ingenuity of that vast throng of mechanically inclined Americans who must have a hobby."

UNDERNEATH the swift current of television development there are two rival forces each working to outpace the other. One is the skilled scientist who is delving into the precisions of the laboratory. The other is the amateur working in the home workshop. Nobody hesitates to give the latter the bulk of the credit for radio as we hear it today.

The boys have gone back to their tools. They have found a new hobby. Will the commercial developers outdistance them? A discussion of the subject by A. G. Heller appears on this page.

Invasion of America by British television apparatus was predicted within the last few weeks by the appearance of Sydney A. Moseley of London. Mr. Moseley is director of the Baird Television Corporation of Great Britain. Branch offices here were established at 145 West Forty-fifth Street, New York.

"WE propose to begin television broadcasting in a few weeks," Mr. Moseley announced, "in cooperation with Station WMCA, as soon as the Federal Radio Commission grants its official sanction." He added that the commission had expressed itself as being in favor of the project and that actual operations would begin as soon as formal notification was received from Washington.

Arrangements also are being made, Mr. Moseley said, for the immediate manufacture in this country of television receiving sets, to market at about $100, for installation in American homes. Many of the existing radio sets, he added, could be hooked up with a television device for receiving purposes.

The first television programs will consist of vaudeville and plays, and use will be made in their sight and sound transmission of the recent eighteen months of daily experimental broadcasts in London. In addition it is also intended to transmit a baseball game, allowing fans to watch their favorite players, at their homes or offices.

Mr. Moseley also announced the perfection in London within the last few days of a portable transmitting set, no larger than a moving picture projector, which marks, he said, a very important development in the art of television, making it possible to "tele-broadcast" events, such as the landing of big airships, prize fights and football games, in the same simple manner as it is now to broadcast them.

(Continued on page 60)

SCANNING

with

Bill Schudt, Jr.

TELEVISION is stepping out.

Rapidly discarding its swaddling clothes the new experimental broadcasting service of the Columbia Broadcasting System has set a number of records since the last issue of Radio Digest went to the printer.

For example a studio technique unlike any other kind of broadcasting has been inaugurated. Radio performers who came to the sound studios without shaving, and then performed in their shirt sleeves, find it quite the opposite in the visual studio.

The little twelve by twelve room in which Columbia parades its seven and one-half hours worth of sight programs daily is the show window of CBS. The eight dull looking photo-electric cells are the electric eyes of the multitudes just like the black long microphones in the sound studios are the ears. An artist wouldn't think of sneezing or coughing into the microphone!

Artists used to standing or sitting while they broadcast find things different too. Whether you sit or stand before the television camera, it is necessary to animate your program. Motion is important for two reasons in present day visual broadcasting. First it makes the program more interesting. Second, according to Edgar Wallace, chief television engineer for CBS, motion makes far clearer images in your television receiver because, he says, an inanimate object causes black lines to accumulate over the surface, while on the other hand, an object in motion cannot linger long enough to gather these.

Experiments in stage scenery setting and multi-colored back drop screens have also been conducted and are being continued.

Thrills in television? Well, I'll say there are. Let me tell you about the time we broadcast a million dollars worth of rare gems — diamonds and pearls.

A solid million dollars worth of rare jewels and stones. A huge black box filled with gems!

New York just getting over the peak of the super crime wave . . . Police protection, naturally was deemed necessary . . . nine o'clock several squads of cops arrive with two squads of plain clothes men.

Fifty-second street, one of the busiest of the mid-Manhattan thoroughfares, was completely closed for the first time since it was repaved last year. Cops line the sidewalks. Cops lurk in doorways. Cops are looking down at you from over-hanging parts of skyscrapers. Cops are everywhere, in elevators, in corridors, on fire escapes, in studios, behind microphones, under control apparatus. Cops . . . cops . . . cops . . . where there are not cops, there are plain clothes men. Hard looking "dicks," these are, with a right hand lingering in the immediate vicinity of their guns and a pair of keen eyes on everybody at once.

Machine guns are trained on Madison Avenue, on Fifty-first and Fifty-second streets and on adjoining building roofs. Protective measures for a million dollars worth of gems.

"They shall not pass" is on the lips of every copper while his weather eye looks for crooks, crooks, crooks, CROOKS!

It is five minutes to ten. (Ten o'clock is the time for the jewel broadcast. It is the time when the black box will be unbolted and the individual gems will be brought forth and displayed.)

Cops and "dicks" become restless. Announcer David Ross and your columnist begins to feel uncomfortably warm despite the iced air in the studio. It is tense! Very, very tense!

Your columnist introduces the program and presents David Ross. Ross is now trembling. His voice trembles. Confusion reigns as diamonds big as both your thumbs are drawn from the innermost recesses of the big black box. The program is on and before you know it, you're so busy, the half hour is over and a cordon of detectives surround the bearers of the jewels in the big black box and the parade is on once more. As the jewels leave 485 Madison Avenue everybody, including the elevator man especially, breathe huge sighs of relief. There wasn't even the sputter of a machine gun.

Columbia's sound effects department could have made it even more thrilling had they suddenly set off their make believe machine gun contraption which was idly resting in a corner on the floor below, but wisely, they left it there.

We've been broadcasting boxing matches by television. A miniature ring was set up in the little studio and fights are presented weekly. Benny Leonard and Jimmy Martin went three rounds some time ago establishing records for presentation by Columbia of the first big fight by the visual route.

So crowded was the studio during a recent amateur fight that your guest columnist, giving a blow-by-blow account, took two very stiff rights under the left ear and lost a lot of enthusiasm right there and then.

Our puppet shows are creating widespread interest because they give us the opportunity to utilize a stage with screens and curtains and full size puppets.

Speaking of curtains and screens . . . we've been doing a lot of experimental work with black, gray, white and aluminum-tinted screens all of which make far clearer images when certain oppositely tinted objects or persons are set before them. Various kinds of lighting have been tested and an attempt to utilize miniature stage settings are also being made.

The engineers, Edgar Wallace, Spears, Briand and Sachs are doing an admirable job in perfecting new and different types of scanning and lens focusing.

A series of experimental television dramas are being telecast weekly under the direction of Charles Henderson. These are especially written for television and utilize full costume and props.

(Continued on page 60)

ENTERTAINERS contemplating an appearance over W2XAB are asked to consider Mr. Schudt's 14 points in order to obtain the best results. Among the points that may prove useful in any television studio might be mentioned:

"Action is very important . . . an active image comes through more clearly. Use head and shoulders, roll the eyes, shake your finger —keep in motion all the time.

"Keep in the focus range. Look into the light or on either side but never upward at the microphone.

"Don't look amazed and flabbergasted if the director taps or directs you into the picture.

"Avoid talking, whispering or otherwise distracting fellow entertainers while they are in the spot.

"Use costumes or a change of hats whenever possible. Small 'props' of any kind are desirable."



GRACE MOORE has loomed up bright and fair in the radio firmament during the past year—another beauty recruit to the television dawn. She has distinguished herself in the Metropolitan Opera as a singer and with Ziegfeld for her charm.

The Challenge!

Station KNX Seeks Literally to Serve "Public Interest and Convenience" and Meets Opposition from the Press

By Charles H. Gabriel, Jr.

WITH the sensational broadcast of the trial of David H. Clark for the murder of Herbert Spencer, KNX has written a dramatic chapter into the great epic of radio! *(Hollywood, Calif.)*

In one bold stroke, KNX has made a revolutionary addition to radio broadcasting!

Hurling its challenge at political graft and press monopoly, KNX has done what no other station apparently even dreamed of attempting.

With the refusal of Judge Stanley Murray, imported from Madera County to preside over the Clark trial, to permit KNX to place its microphone in the courtroom, the wheels of fortune began to grind. Radio history was in the making!

When the press discovered that it was about to be "scooped" by radio, it succeeded in having KNX excluded from the courtroom.

The radio station countered by setting up a remote control panel in the Hall of Justice, less than 100 feet from the courtroom itself. Radio reporters would rush from the court with transcripts of the testimony, and it would be immediately broadcast in dramatized form by a cast of trained actors almost before the voices of the witnesses themselves had died away.

The newspapers were beaten by at least two hours in bringing the thrilling story of one of the most sensational murder trials in local crime annals to the public.

Sensing defeat, the press struck again!

Then the judge handed down another ruling . . . the court transcripts, public property available to any citizen, were denied KNX by the court! The press enjoyed a moment of triumph. But it was a brief moment!

KNX reporters were undaunted! They took down their own transcripts of the trial in shorthand, and the broadcast continued uninterrupted. Never before in the West had a court trial been broadcast and the attention of radio fans all over the country was riveted upon the heroic efforts of this lone 5,000 watt station to overcome every obstacle to bring them a story which it was their right to hear. Letters, telegrams and telephone calls began to pour into the offices of KNX by the thousands. Radio had clicked! And the public, loving a good fight, was watching with eager interest the struggle of radio to relate the true story of the great trial, ungarnished by political or biased interests.

TWO mighty forces in this Modern World push to the front and knock elbows. Herewith is the unedited story from the KNX public relations department. Last month Radio Digest pointed to the war clouds. Perhaps this is the first gust of the storm. As its final answer to the challenge KNX announces its forthcoming Newspaper of the Air. . . . "leading the way into a new untouched field in radio."

THE press in desperation, summoned together all its forces for one last onslaught against radio. It succeeded in having KNX thrown out of the Hall of Justice! The station was forbidden by "public servants" to use any public property for its broadcast.

It was then that KNX won the admiration and whole-hearted support of the public. The plucky station set up emergency quarters in a musty storeroom of the Paris Inn, a nearby restaurant. Here, among broken bottles, packing cases and cobwebs, the tense scenes of the court drama were re-enacted by KNX staff artists . . . and the broadcast continued despite every attack that its enemies launched to prevent it!

Radios in every public building, on every street corner, and in almost every home in the city were surrounded by tense-faced persons, listening intently to the dramatic presentation of the trial.

Thousands of letters, telegrams and 'phone calls continued to flood KNX. Without exception, the people of Los Angeles were rushing to support the victorious standard of Radio! Cheered on by public encouragement and support, KNX redoubled its efforts, and built what is admitted to be the largest radio audience in local radio history!

The accurate and complete story of this trial created a sensation. The people stormed the Hall of Justice with protests in the form of letters and telegrams against the discrimination of Judge Murray and public officials against radio. They demanded that the court transcripts be given to KNX. And they never faltered for a moment in their support and praise of the first broadcast in Radio of a trial, word for word, as it actually happened.

The terrific, and sometimes almost heart-breaking work of preparing these trial broadcasts was done by Stuart Buchanan with the assistance of every member of the KNX staff.

Among those who took the roles of the prominent figures in this court drama were Tom Brensman, Jack Carter, Tom Wallace, Drury Lane, Naylor Rogers, Mary Duckett, Maxine Elliott, Lois Hunt, Mary Yorke, Michael Kelly, and many others.

Excitement never ceased to reign in the offices of KNX during the hectic days and nights of the trial broadcast. Letters, telephone calls, telegrams kept

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They've Laughed at the Rain

TOGETHER

And Now Frank Luther and Zora Layman are Enjoying the Sunshine

By HAROLD E. TILLOTSON



Zora Layman

FRANK LUTHER was born with a proclivity for mischief and action. Did you ever see one of those big tumbleweed balls that go scurrying along beside a train as you ride across the Kansas prairies? One of them, if you had happened to be passing through Hutchinson of the Sunflower state, a few years ago may have been young Frank Luther on the day he first met Zora Layman. It was a momentous day although there was nothing at all auspicious in the portents according to the usual rules of love. At any rate it was the beginning of one of the sweetest romances of Radioland.

Not a jack rabbit in sight. His dog off on a lone hunting expedition of his own; and eleven-year-old Frank, befreckled and barelegged had tumbled the last tumbleweed ball in sight to a mess of broken bits. Nothing had happened for at least five minutes when suddenly through the brush he heard the beat of hoofs. Indians, cowboys—what? Shucks just a couple of small girls! And ponies—silly, fat little ponies. He'd wake 'em up. You never hunt far for a stone of about the right size to suit any convenience in this part of the country. And Frank could plunk a tin can from a fence post at thirty yards nine times out of ten.

SEEMINGLY from nowhere a tiny pebble lifted itself out of the scrub and bit with a sting at the right foreleg of the leading pony. A snort of equine indignation and surprise. A startled cry from a frightened little girl and then a sudden plunge through the scrub weed at break-neck speed aiming, it seemed, for Chicago and further points East—and directly over the observation post of Master Frank Luther.

Action was what he wanted, eh? Well here was action plus. You never, never could accuse Frank Luther of lacking in courage. So instead of reaching for his hat as the frightened pony came leaping straight at him Frank reached for the bridle—and the girl was saved!

Hero? No sir-eee! He was just a wicked little meany—and nine-year-old



Frank Luther

Zora Layman said it with all the fire she could blaze at him. Furthermore she never wanted him to speak to her again. She hoped she'd never even see him—so there!

Well, ha ha, what did he care! Girls are funny.

So they are, no doubt. Because the time came when that same little girl stood with Frank before a preacher right there in Hutchinson and said the words that have made them the happiest married couple in the present world of radio.

But after this incident they continued living in the same town for a long time, and practically as strangers. Then it happened they began taking vocal lessons at the same time from Roy Campbell, a very famous instructor. As part of his training Campbell gave them practical experience in singing in public by putting them in a church choir. The old feud was buried as Frank, a shy but still mischievous young man now, was properly presented to Miss Layman on the steps of the church where they were to sing.

(*Continued on page 96*)

New Plans Add GRANDEUR *to* RADIO CITY

By E. A. Holland

"WHAT has happened to Radio City and the funny oval sardine can shaped building that was to have been its front-center?" asks a reader from Denver, Colorado.

You would be surprised, Mr. Jameson. Of course the funny looking building that you compared to a sardine can has vanished. It never was anything but paper anyway. We are too conventional a people to stand for such radical departures and it was voted out.

However, Radio City is rapidly taking root. It must go deep down into the ground to go up, you know. So the excavators are digging and blasting and taking every sizable hunk out of the very center of that twenty-four dollar island that grew to be worth a billion or so. When that hole is finished we will know more about a depression in a big way.

And when you consider that $250,000,000 of the Rockefeller money is going into it you must appreciate the fact that a great army of men will be employed and help circulate the cash.

Three of the largest phases are now under way.

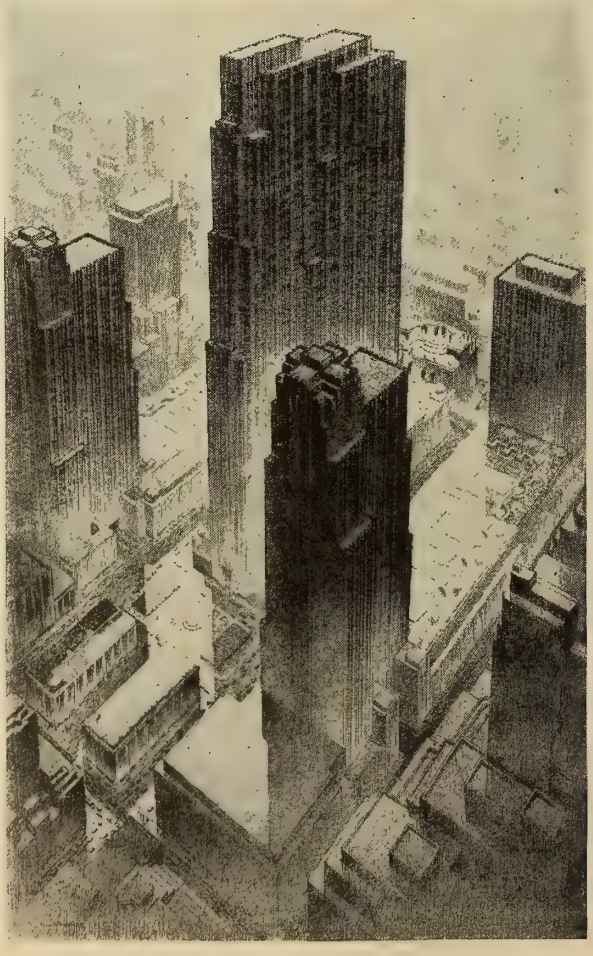
The largest of the three units is a sixty-six story office building with a sixteen story wing. This structure will have a gross area, or floor space, of 2,500,000 square feet, nearly half a million square feet in excess of the gross area of any other office building in the world today. It will occupy more than half of the middle block.

A second unit is the International Music Hall, world's largest theatre, to be located on the west half of the block between 50th and 51st Streets, and flanked on the Sixth Avenue side by a 31-story office building. Similarly situated in the block between 48th and 49th Streets will be a capacious sound motion picture theatre, completing the triumvirate with which the contractors are now concerned.

Excavation work has been in progress for several weeks on the sites of the three structures. Their actual construction will start some time in the autumn. The theatres will be completed by October 1, 1932, and the office building by May 1, 1933.

Latest plans for the development show seven other building units. They include two office buildings of 45 stories each in the north and south blocks; two six-story office buildings fronting on Fifth Avenue; a 13-story department store facing Fifth Avenue in the northern block, and an office or club building just east of the International Music Hall, the size of which has not yet been determined. A large area in the south block is being left out of the building picture at present, while negotiations are continuing with the Metropolitan Opera Company for a new opera house.

The plans show a radical innovation in architectural city planning. The lower roofs and setbacks of the buildings in the three blocks will be turned into a modern and much magnified Hanging Gardens of Babylon. Seven acres of intensive landscaping will be devoted to waterfalls, fountains, reflecting pools, trees, shrubbery, formal flower beds, multi-colored tile walks, grass plots, and statuary. Plans for covering the outer walls of the buildings with a heavy network of living ivy are also a tentative part of the scenic picture.



This gives general view of Radio City as it might be seen from a still taller building looking north and west.

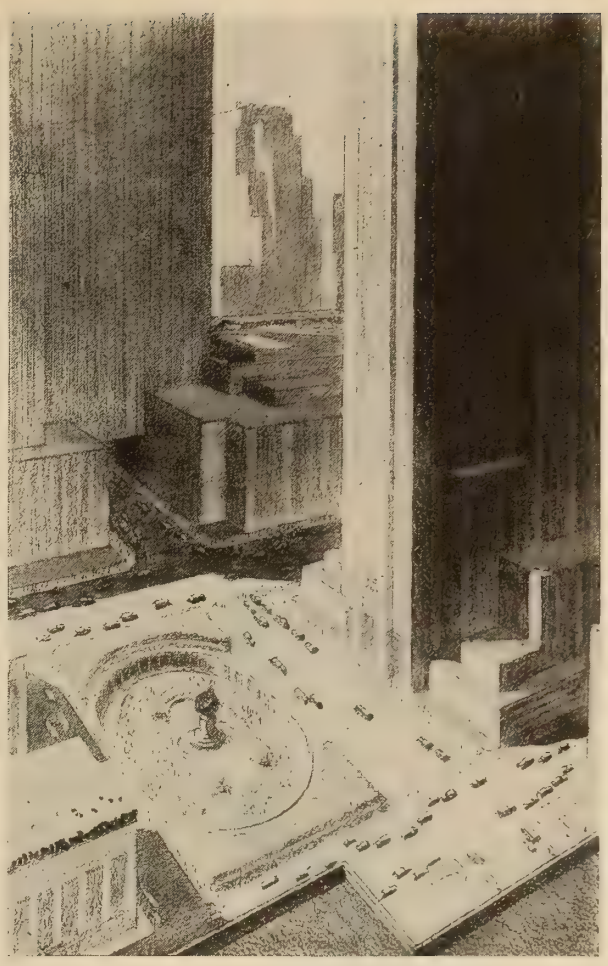
AN ACRE of ground space, visible from the street, will be devoted to a Sunken Plaza, studded with a central 30-foot fountain, smaller fountains, statuary, grass, flowers and mosaic pavements. In following out this plan, more than $17,500,000 worth of open land area will be devoted to beautification for the public's benefit, without any revenue to the owners of the development. Between a quarter

million and a half million dollars will be spent on the general landscaping.

These three blocks will have twice the garden area, and four or five times the "population" of the three blocks south of 42nd Street, which are maintained by the City as Bryant Park.

Forty feet above the roof of the 16-story wing in the center block, a curved waterfall, a miniature of the famous horseshoe falls of Niagara, will send a tumbling torrent through a series of cascades to end at the roof level in a reflecting pool, from 80 to 100 feet long and 25 or 30 feet wide. The waterfall will have 50 feet of spillway, with approximately a 30-foot radius between the ends of the arch. The water from the spillway will drop about 20 feet into a ribbon pool, thence about 10 feet into another ribbon pool, from which it will spill into the large reflecting pool at the roof level. Fountains will play at each end of the lower pool.

Thirty-foot trees, shrubbery, grass, flowers, and multichromatic walks will furnish a general background for the water effects.



See below the great sunken garden as explained in the article.

THERE will be two levels of landscaping above the studios of the National Broadcasting Company, in the lower roof area between the main building and the main east wall of the 16-story wing. These areas will be at the thirteenth and eleventh floor levels and connected by stairways. They will have terraces, formal flower gardens, benches and geometric grass plots, with at least two small fountains. The general appearance will be that of a formal garden.

Extensive landscaping will be worked out on the roofs of the International Music Hall and of the sound motion picture theatre. On the north side of the Music Hall and the south side of the sound theatre there will be 30-foot hedges of beech, hemlock or linden, so that as one gazes at gardens the hedges will form a frame for the picture. The rest of these two roofs will be devoted to formal gardens, with hedges, grass plots, flower beds, fountains and reflecting pools.

Trees rising to a height of 30 or 35 feet, planted in at least three feet of earth and ingeniously anchored to the roof will be prominent features of the general scheme.

All the roofs and setbacks beneath the 16-story level will be fully landscaped. A complete piping and sprinkling system, underneath the earth, will water the entire landscaped area.

On the roof of the 66-story office building will be arranged the most capacious and varied observation space ever designed for a skyscraper. At the very top, 835 feet in the air, there will be an open esplanade about 30 by 50 feet, above the water reservoir for the building. This will offer an unobstructed view of lower Manhattan. The esplanade will have a 3-foot railing.

Twenty feet below there will be an open terrace about seventy feet wide and one hundred feet long. A terrace at the roof level will be open on three sides and the fourth side will lead into an observation gallery, which will be a shelter in windy weather. Plans are being considered for a dance floor on the roof, about seventy by a hundred feet.

PART of the 66th floor will be used as a roof cafe or club. This will be glassed in with no pillars to obscure the view.

Practically all of the office tenants above the ten-story level will look from their windows into a vista of gardens. Since the floors below this level will be filled in the main with shops, display space for national merchandisers, and the windowless, air-conditioned studios of the National Broadcasting Company, the big majority of the office workers will have roof gardens at the West or the Sunken Plaza at the East as a visual relief.

The areas of bare roofs, capped with smoke stacks and ventilators, which are seen from the windows of most skyscrapers, will be conspicuously missing. So far as this building creation is concerned, the opprobrious term "chimney-pots" will have lost its meaning.

"We are lifting New York up into the air," say the builders. "Instead of thinking primarily of the harassed pedestrian in the street, who is so busy elbowing his fellows and dodging taxicabs that he seldom sees above the ground floor of an office building, we are putting our most intensive efforts at beautification where they will do the most good to the greatest number of people."

The location of the buildings in the Development follow the "stagger plan," which leading city planners have been urging for years as the perfect architectural solution for the placing of skyscrapers in a modern city. The central "tower," with lower "towers" across open areas at diagonal angles, follows the mass composition of the Taj Mahal. This arrangement offers a maximum of light. There will be from 200 to 300 feet between any corner of the bigger buildings and the nearest diagonal corner of the building most closely adjacent.

APPROXIMATELY one-quarter of the space in the entire development will be used as offices, studios, and theatres by the Radio Corporation of America, the National Broadcasting Company, Radio-Keith-Orpheum Corporation, and their affiliates. The latter company will occupy practically the entire 31-story office building on the Sixth Avenue side of the block between 50th and 51st Streets.

The very heart of Radio City,—as is implied by the name of the vast development for the promotion of the entertainment and cultural arts now rising in midtown Manhattan,—will be the studios of the NBC.

With the dedication of the radio citadel still two years off, it is too soon to give a detailed picture of what those studios will be like except to say that they will surpass in extent and perfection of detail any broadcasting center ever before envisioned.

O. B. Hanson, manager of Plant Op-

(Continued on page 60)

TELEVISION

By MARSHAL TAYLOR

NO QUESTION about it everybody is waiting for the next chapter in the television story. Just like the dramatic thriller all the little tricks to create suspense have been presented naturally if not artfully. The eager fan is waiting tensely for the conquering hero to emerge unrestrained from the baffling toils of the laboratory.



Hollis Baird of Boston (left) and U. A. Sanabria of Chicago, boy television inventors who meet at fair in New York. They will try to make pictures like this move and talk to you through your radio receiver

Last month we stated that television is here. We stand by that statement. It is here even though it be somewhat cloyed by obstacles making it less than perfect. A survey at the Radio-Electric World's Fair in New York showed that the interest of the 50,000 who attended was predominantly concerned with television.

At almost any day or hour we may hear the announcement of the R. C. A. television receiver—the "pre-commercial" model, as it is called. It is understood they have definitely eliminated the rotary scanning disk in favor of the cathode ray tube. It will be more costly but much simpler to operate owing to the fact that the amateur will not have to bother himself about moving mechanical parts.

The cathode tube is a curious looking affair resembling somewhat a bell-shaped bottle, the bottom utilized for a screen, similar to the ground glass plate on which an image is thrown in the back of a camera. The screen may vary in size from three to eight inches square. Resources of many of the world's greatest experimental laboratories have been joined to produce this remarkable tube. German scientists came to confer with the experts from General Electric and Westinghouse at the Camden laboratories of the Radio Corporation of America.

Just the cathode ray tube alone will cost approximately $125, which will be no little set-back for the amaateur who makes his own receiver.

"Suppose it rolls off the table when you take it out to clean the socket?" remarked one young enthusiast who had just purchased his first kit. "I'm going to play with the disk system until they get one of those tubes down to what an ordinary chap can buy for at least no more than a day's pay."

Philo Farnsworth on the Pacific Coast is still a mystery man although he is said to have afforded some startling demonstrations with enlarged images. He too has been working with the cathode ray as an electric scanner.

In the meantime the National Broadcasting Company is progressing with the installation of its new 5,000 watt television transmitter on top of the Empire State building in New York — in fact right in the heart of the city surrounded by a veritable giant's gridiron of steel framed structures. The NBC being a member of the R.C.A. family doubtless is proceeding to keep step with the R. C.A. television receiver which has been announced for release to the public within the year. A fund of $125,000 has been appropriated for the building of the studios and transmitter; this notwithstanding the fact that all NBC studios in the great Rockefeller Radio City, now under construction, will all be equipped for television.

Ultra-short waves will be used for the NBC television broadcasts—43,000-46,000, 48,500-50,300 and 60,000-80,000 kilocycles. Other short wave groups will probably be used for the synchronization of sound. These very short waves have a very limited range and that is why the NBC obtained the highest point in New York to carry out this project. The Empire State is the tallest building in the world. The studios will be on the eighty-fourth floor which is about 1,000 feet above the street level. The antenna will be strung from the mooring mast which towers 250 feet above the building. Since these waves are said to travel only as far as the horizon from the point where they emanate it will be seen that the lofty mooring mast will be very useful between times while waiting for dirigibles.

While the world waits for the dawn of the cathode ray system no time is being lost with the scanning disk devices of which Jenkins, Sanabria and Hollis Baird are the chief exponents in this country. Sanabria's widely heralded "ten-foot image" did not come up to expectations. It lacked sufficient illumination to be seen well from the full length of Madison Square Garden, and

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"THE big problem in television has always been, is now and probably always will be to obtain high definition and yet retain sufficient brilliancy for satisfactory reproduction of the picture at the receiving end," said Sanabria.

"What did you learn from the demonstration at the radio show?" Sanabria was asked.

"We learned that there is no myth about the public's keen interest in television," replied Sanabria. "We know now that every contact in the circuit must be welded and not bolted. Every piece of apparatus must be built in duplicate so that in case of emergency the show will not be stopped.

"We have learned that greater brilliancy is essential. And this means that we must turn to water-cooled glow lamps. We are at work on tubes of this character, and when I get back to New York I hope to demonstrate the improvement they offer to television. Incidentally, we are using helium instead of neon in the glow lamp now because it gives a whiter picture. The neon tube gave a pink tinge to the image."

Vis-a-Vis

with

BILL SCHUDT, Jr.

Director Television Programs, CBS

FIRST to project a fight by television, the Columbia Broadcasting System can now boast that it was the first to broadcast a football game over the visual air . . . even though the football game was followed on a chart while wistful Ted Husing synchronized on sound from the sight of the event.

We had hoped to perfect a miniature baseball field to be utilized for television purposes in following the World Series, but efforts failed because of lack of time and lack of proper devices to make the contraption worth while. However, W2XAB did project box scores of the games each day of the series.

Experiments with a football board were carried on for a month before proper sizes and proper color contrasts could be developed. In the final analysis a football play board was painted black with all lines and notations in heavy white.

An oversized football cut out of sheet tin was painted white with the black letters of the teams on either side and an arrow showing toward which goal the team was working.

Thin wires were utilized to move the football across the field as either team made a gain or loss. Movements were in complete synchronization with the description by Husing on the regular CBS network.

I may be presumptuous but it seems to me that this experiment should go down in history as marking the first football game to be broadcast anywhere by television. At least, it was as near to the real thing that present day apparatus makes possible.

An odd incident was reported during the month. One of our South American singers playing in Vincent Sorey's Gauchos program on the television waves received a letter from his home country, Argentina. He became so excited that night he couldn't play at all. It was a revelation to him.

BUT, careful analysis proved that after all it was not extraordinary. He had not been seen by television; he had, on the contrary, been heard over the sound channel which is W2XE, and which operates on 49.02 meters. W2XE, by way of mention, has been heard regularly in Australia, New Zealand and other parts of the world.

Half a dozen fan letters from Radio Digest readers ask me to define "television." Well, I talked it over with Edwin K. Cohan, CBS technical director who for many years has defined everything in radio. What Mr. Cohan told me went something like this:

The present method requires four essential devices for transmission and reception, in addition to the ordinary electrical amplifying equipment such as is used for regular broadcasting. These four devices are—a powerful source of concentrated light to illuminate the object, a scanning disk to control and direct the illumination, a group of photoelectric cells to pick up the reflected illumination from the object and translate it into electrical energy, and last, a neon tube connected in the output of the television receiver to reconvert the electrical energy back into light.

In non-technical language these devices may be briefly described as follows:

Scanning disk — This is conventionally a metallic disk upon the surface of which are 60 very small perforations near the outer edge. In the transmitter this disk is located between the source of light and the lens, and is driven by a synchronous motor revolving (at the present time) at a speed of 1,200 revolutions per minute. It requires one complete revolution of the scanning disk to completely "scan the object" and therefore, at the speed mentioned, we are able to obtain 20 revolutions or 20 complete images per second.

THE perforations in the scanning disk are so located as to permit the control of a beam of light passing through them. This directs the said beam of light across the object being televised in straight lines from

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This television ghost is most startling as it flits out of the dark shadows of the night across your screen. It comes over W2XAB Thursdays at 9:30. Some say he walks too seldom.



RECENT guest artists on Radio Digest's television program were Margery Swem, left, and Charles Umbach, right, in a program entitled "Song Stories"—a skit written especially for television. Both of these artists have theatrical backgrounds and represent the type television will be eagerly seeking before long.

Below is Harry Glick, welterweight wrestling champion of the world, who, as a Radio Digest guest artist, staged the first evening television program of calisthenics.



White Paint Creates A GHOST in TELEVISION

IS television already by one of those mythical corners? Are the programs interesting? Would it be worthwhile to invest in one of the modern shortwave and television sets now on the market?

The answer is yes to all three questions. Television promises to blow the lid that is keeping broadcasting in the dark higher than a kite. Radio Digest has been conducting its own school of experimental television broadcasting. W2XAB, that's the television station operated by the Columbia Broadcasting System, has been the scene of our activities. And we have become convinced that a new art of entertainment is well under way and that many of the problems that seemed insurmountable a few months ago are now at least partially solved.

NOT the least of the difficulty revolves around make-up. Television does queer things to the human face. A man without trace of a beard may look like one of the Smith Brothers at the receiver end. And then again the chap who is clean shaven but whose beard is noticeable comes through perfectly and requires absolutely no paint. Some persons find black lip stick necessary and others use brown to obtain a natural effect when that tricky scanner is turned on. Noticed a beautiful, flaxen haired damsel in the studio who had been experimenting for some weeks with different types of make-up. That night her lips were blackened and her face was powdered a brick red. She had tried everything and she came through in a natural manner with that particular make-up on.



Harry Glick

One of our guest artists was a black haired dark skinned type. We experimented and found that unless we rubbed just a trace of white grease paint under the eyes the entire face was distorted.

One of the most effective make-ups is that of the Television Ghost, a weekly feature at W2XAB. He plasters his entire face with white grease paint and then paints a black circle where his eyes are, another for his nose and another for the mouth. Then he drapes a white sheet over his head like a hood. When that man shrieks into the mike and gestures with his bony hands he's a ghost all right. His face looks like a grinning skull and his stories are shuddery things that should prove a great help to purveyors of antidotes for insomnia.

Another chap who had no more trace of a whisker on his face than a young girl gave us a jolt when we looked into the receiver. The sides of his face appeared as though covered with heavy fur-like muskrat skin. A thin spread of white grease paint fixed that.

These few incidents picked at random give an idea of only one phase of television experimentation. Experiments are going forward in many other directions and even now the television sets available to those interested represent a tremendous advance in the art. Television broadcasting has plunged forward, equipment is being improved constantly and the receiving sets themselves show the progress that is being made in the manufacturers' laboratories.

THE technique of program building also is being studied and successful experiments have been made with every conceivable kind of act. There have been boxing bouts, comedies, parts from theatrical productions, magicians, pantomime, marionnettes, et cetera. Radio Digest staged the first evening television program of calisthenics. Harry Glick, welterweight wrestling champion of the world, who has been broadcasting a program of ex-

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Good Music and a Pleasant Chat Enhance the

Voice of Firestone

NEW Fall Program Presents the Commercial Phase in Way to Appeal without Offending the Listener. . . Readers Asked to Criticize

ONE of the finest of the new fall programs that we have heard this season is the Voice of Firestone. Good music and a good talk that entertains and informs you without boring. The Voice, incidentally, is literally the Voice of Firestone, for Mr. Harvey S. Firestone, Jr. is the speaker. Yon can't go wrong with James Melton for tenor, and Gladys Rice, soprano—and Melton, of course, identifies pretty well the Firestone Quartet which takes a name according to the hour of the day or night it is on the air.

Then there was William Merrigan Daly and his 30-piece symphonic orchestra which afforded a most delightful relief from the deluge of jigg-jazz that seems to be coming to the ether surface again for another kick or two before expiring.

It was a pleasing program all the way through and no one could take offence at Mr. Firestone's comparison between the old days of the horse and buggy and the modern motor car with its resilient pneumatic tires. He did not stress his own brand of tires, he just talked about the significance of rubber as it makes life more comfortable and convenient for us today.

There may have been something in this talk by Mr. Firestone of value to other sponsors who are putting sizable appropriations into their broadcasting. He takes a broad and human view without making the slightest allusions as to comparative merits of his particular merchandise.

We asked for a copy of the talk and would be interested to hear from our readers as to their opinions or criticism concerning it as a type of advertising on the air—but, if you didn't happen to hear the broadcast do not forget that the talk was handsomely garnished with music that was happily arranged sufficiently apart from the stratas of frothy syncopation on one side and the dry pedantic of the ultra-ultra on the other.

Mr. Firestone's comment follows:

"Friends and neighbors, the privilege has been given to me to speak to you briefly on behalf of the Firestone Organization and its multitude of dealers. I greet you as friends, because that is the spirit in which I come before you. I salute you as neighbors, because the magic of radio makes it possible for me to come as a guest into your home for this little while, and because this same magic instrument draws the whole nation together as one community, and we are becoming more and more neighbors in fact.

"Insofar as it is possible, I would like to take you with me in these weekly talks as we seek out the romance and the fascination of the great rubber tire industry. There is indeed much more in a well-ordered business than inanimate merchandise and cold economics. There is a sweeter and nobler side, and a wealth of fine sentiment that I wish to present to you in a series of word pictures.

"May we now turn back the pages of memory and view for a moment the conditions of yesterday. You folks who are now past middle age, let me summon the recollections of your childhood. Do you not remember what an event it was when father hitched up his best-looking horse in his best buggy and took the family to the nearest town, five or ten miles away? Do you not recall what an extraordinary experience it was if you traveled to distant places, fifty or a hundred miles away, by train or otherwise? All such events were looked forward to with eagerness and planned for with enthusiasm and exultation, because travel was so tremendously circumscribed by time and distance and inadequate facilities.

"Now let us spring lightly across the intervening period of thirty or forty years and live once more in our today. If we want to travel five or ten miles, or even twenty-five or fifty miles, we do it in a matter-of-fact sort of way and without preliminary thought or preparation. An hour's ride in the modern automobile or a short evening trip are sufficient for our purpose. If we want to travel a thousand miles in any direction or to any location, we merely set aside four or five days of convenient driving and we have arrived at our destination comfortably, whether it be in a great city or far away in the wilder country.

"These things are true because pneumatic tire, made of rubber, have been perfected in construction and manufactured in almost endless quantities at amazingly low cost, and have been made available to people everywhere without regard to wealth or social position. I would not detract in the slightest degree from the tremendous credit that is due the automobile, and the foresight and genius that have made it possible. But the automobile could not be the great and wonderful thing that it is without pneumatic tires upon which its occupants safely ride in comfort.

"Good springs and shock absorbers perform their essential service, but have you not noticed how hard the going is when one or more of your tires are flat? Can you imagine riding for pleasure on solid tires of any kind? No, friends, it is the air cushion within the rubber tires that makes travel comfortable, and adds to it the zest of pleasure and enjoyment.

"Perhaps the other evening you drove to a neighboring town to visit with relatives or friends. Or it may be that something was urgently needed in the home and you went quickly in the motor car to secure it. Probably father drove to work today or mother went shopping. Perhaps within the week you took the children out for a picnic supper some place where the trees grow tall and the flowers bloom, where the birds sing sweetly and the lazy brook wends its peaceful way. Maybe you went out just for a pleasure ride to enjoy the fresh air and the sunshine by day, or to revel in the moonlight or the brilliance of the starry heavens by night. All of these things you do with assurance and satisfaction because the perfected pneumatic tires take you

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The Duchess de Richelieu

THE BEAUTIFUL Duchess de Richelieu was a recent guest artist on Radio Digest's Television program at W2XAB, operated by CBS. Short wave carried her voice to all parts of the world. The Duchess is intensely interested in charity and she has given a number of concerts to aid unfortunates. Through her singing, the Duchess was instrumental in raising more than $100,000 to fight the White Plague in France and that government honored her by bestowing upon her the gold medal of the Reconnaissance Francaise.

Lavender . . . . and Stardust . . . .

Kathryn Parsons, Columbia's "Girl O' Yesterday" Makes Memories Live Again

By Thomas J. Randall,
Author of "Virtue O. K'd!" and other novels

EVENING had come quietly and, one by one, the lights of the village in the hollow below had blinked on, each a tiny star; and, now, a great, mellow moon was shouldering over the tree-tops.

Crickets chirped in the wet grass by the side of the porch, and, up on the hill-side, a whip-poor-will called. Through the night came the odor of clipped clover and roses from the little garden somewhere beyond in the shadows. . . It was a glorious night, a night for silence, waking dreams, and the aroma of a good cigar.

My hostess, a lovely, little old lady, an aunt, came out to us there and we talked quietly. Then, after awhile she stole away, and soon out from the darkened house came music. In a moment she returned, walking softly, and whispered—

"Ssh, the Girl O' Yesterday. . ."

Listening intently my ear caught the sound of a voice, sweet and clear, singing "My Old New Hampshire Home". . . An interval, then "The Little Lost Child," "Break the News to Mother," "Comrades" and "The Banks of the Wabash."

Softly the voice came, and softly rocked the dear little old lady while her husband, helpmeet of many years, sat quietly by, the glow of pipe shining in the darkness. . . Then it was over, and someone within snapped off the radio.

"My mother loved those songs," said the little old lady, musingly; and, then—

"You're a writer," she continued, "you know many and can meet people. . . When you get back to New York why don't you look for this girl, and when you find her I wish you'd tell her for me how much I love her programs. . . She—she makes me young again. . ."

I promised, little thinking that I would meet The Girl of Yesterday so soon; but, meet her I did, at the Columbia system's annual artists' dinner at the Hotel New Yorker, and it struck me then that there was a story in her song collection. Where, thought I, did one so young, so beautiful gather together such a library of old, sweet songs. She laughed when I asked her, and then became serious.



Kathryn Parsons, the "Girl O' Yesterday," is as quaint as her character. She sincerely loves to spread happiness!

"I LOOK for them until I find them," she said, simply, "and sometimes it's not easy. . .

"One dear little old lady wrote to me and asked for 'The Volunteer Organist.' I tried and tried to find it, searching through library files and through the little, musty music shops I know down near Washington Square. . . Many knew the song—some the words, and a few the thread of the melody, but none knew it all, and none knew enough of it so I could put their combined recollections together. I had about despaired, and, then, an old, old man, who lives in a little shack down on Chesapeake Bay sent it to me without even my asking.

"I wrote to the little old lady, to tell her I was going to sing it for her. . . I received a black-edged letter from her daughter in reply. . . She died the morning of the day I was to sing for her."

She was silent for a moment, this black-eyed, black-haired girl. Then—

"It is amazing how many of my listeners love the bright old songs, the Harrigan and Hart masterpieces, the old bar-room ballads, the lovely, old wooing-songs. I receive countless letters from the Irish neighbor-

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"Hitting It on the

Just a Few Words about the Production Man Who Stages Programs and Brings Them Through on the Dot

"WHO is that fellow over there with the watch in his hand?"

That is the question most frequently asked by visitors making their first inspection of the Columbia Broadcasting System studios.

The reply: "Oh, him? Why, he's just the production man." Usually this discourages any further questions, and sends the visitor on his way with only a vague idea, or perhaps no idea at all, of exactly what is a production man.

John S. Carlile, who is Production Chief at Columbia, could say truthfully although modesty forbids it, that the production man is the most important individual during the rehearsing or broadcasting of a radio program; that inside the studio the production man is the absolute monarch of all he surveys: that only by a wave of his hand does a program start and end; that artists, announcers, engineers, and audience take their cues from him, and him alone.

The production man is a comparatively recent development in radio broadcasting, who grew up quietly and unobtrusively while radio was undergoing the change from a mere mechanical toy to an important medium of entertainment.

In the ancient days of broadcasting, say ten years ago, there was no such thing as a production man. An announcer, an engineer and one or more artists would get together anywhere from ten minutes to a half hour before broadcast, decide what sort of program they would put on, and then shoot it. Time wasn't so important then, because there were no sponsored programs. It didn't matter much if they ran short or ran over.

IN THOSE days, talent consisted of second and third-rate entertainers who had seen their day, more frequently, youngsters who had not yet had their big opportunities. Program directors, who were station managers then, couldn't afford to pay much for talent, and held out the rather feeble inducement of free publicity to reconcile the low wage scale. Ten dollars was a lot of money for a half-hour program.

Then came the sponsored programs. The possibilities of radio as an advertising medium did not undergo any lengthy and tedious experimental progress. Advertising people are quick to lay hold of a new thing, and the sponsors came with a rush. The cry went out for more and better entertainment, and high priced talent stormed the doors of broadcasting stations. There was gold in "them thar studios." The loud speaker was replacing the earphones in the American home, and radio ceased to be a novelty.

All this was lovely for the future of radio, but rather tragic for the reputation-less fellow who had been doing his stuff for a pittance and publicity. The



Arthur Pryor, Jr., (seated) responsible for the elaborate production of The March of Time, directing rehearsal. Even the March of Time must hit it on the nose and finish "on time"

NOSE"

By J. G. Gude

once indigent but now prosperous station manager no longer called him at the last moment, to beg him to do a half hour spot, to "just help me out of a jam, old man; Joe was supposed to go on for me, but he phoned and said he had a heavy date." Those boys found themselves, just when radio began to be worth something, very much out in the cold.

But then a curious situation arose—a situation not anticipated and for some time puzzling to program directors. For some reason or other the big-name artists who were flocking into radio were not doing so well. In many instances it was just a case of temperament. Although radio was paying out big money, it was nevertheless looked upon with condescension, if not utter disdain, by much of this high priced talent. It was difficult to get many of them to rehearse, because they didn't think rehearsals were necessary.

But even those who weren't temperamental had trouble. Accustomed to an audience, whose response they could intuitively feel, many of them almost died of fright when faced by nothing but a microphone. This was equally true of monologists and other funny men of the stage, and singers. What radio needed was showmen, but where were they?

ANNOUNCERS might be equipped with lovely baritone voices, ingratiating manners and red-hot personalities, but when a perfectly good contralto sounded like an alley cat just because she didn't know how to use her voice in front of the microphone, they might not be aware of it. Control room engineers knew which dial to turn and how far, in order to get the sounds from the studios as clear and clean as possible, but when a French horn sounded like a moo-cow, they weren't expected to know the difference.

Then the second and third-rate performers, who had been left out in the cold when radio got rich, began to drift back. Used, in the old days, to putting on half or even full-hour shows, single handed, they knew how to project their personalities into a lifeless metal gadget and through the ether. They had learned, through long practice, how to modulate, inflect, and otherwise control their voices or their musical instruments in order to obtain true reproduction of sound. They knew, in short, what is now referred to as microphone technique.

At first, they were simply seated alongside the engineer in the control room during rehearsals, to time programs and to pass judgment on the quality of performances. The timing of programs, of course, took on a new importance. Time became radio's stock in trade, and it couldn't be wasted. That meant more rehearsing of programs, and the haphazard, slap-dash methods of broadcasting became a thing of the past.

The production man was a natural development of radio's metamorphosis from an electrical toy to an art, or industry (take your choice). His title is self-explanatory; he is the producer of radio shows. As the development of radio along technical lines kept step with its commercial growth, the program builders—idea men and continuity writers—were becoming more ambitious, more imaginative. The modern production man's job is to put the ideas conceived by these program builders into programs as they were conceived.

The most difficult, if not the most important end of production is the studio set-up of orchestras. In general, the arrangement of orchestras for broadcast work is based on the regular standards of instrumentation. Engineers claim that there are set rules for the placing of microphones in order to get the best reception, and the up-to-date production man will always first try to set up his orchestra around the mikes. Juggling mikes is sometimes necessary in the case of orchestras of unconventional character and make-up, but it is usually avoided if possible.



John S. Carlile, production chief of CBS

ALL of the large studios at Columbia are spaced by numbers along two parallel baseboards, and lettered along the other two. When an orchestra is finally set up the position of each member of it is charted. These charts are kept on file, and are referred to the next time an orchestra of the same make-up is rehearsed.

These records save the production man a good deal of time, for he does not have to go through the same juggling process again. They do not mean, however, that two orchestras, made up of the same number of strings, brasses, woodwinds and traps, and playing the same piece of music, will sound the same if set up the same way, even assuming that the individual members of the two orchestras are equally skilled musicians. A difference in the way their selections are scored may require an entirely different set-up. Some orchestras, for instance, go in strong for solos by one player, or one section; others may have their pieces arranged for full orchestra most of the time. Then, there is almost invariably a difference in the instruments themselves. The first violinist, an important musician in the average orchestra, might have a fiddle that is brittle and bril-

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Oh, Yes?

Pity the poor Production Man
Who does the best he ever can
Putting the bassos on the spot,
Telling tenors what is what,
Asking sopranos "what to heck?"
Taking maestros by the neck
Grilling 'em all across the pan—
Pity the poor Production Man.



Catherine Field

A real girl of the Golden West Miss Field has sung herself into a nice contract with the NBC, New York. She is lyric soprano. Born in Lawrence, Kans. Lived in Oklahoma and Texas. She studied voice four years in New York.



Harriet Lee
(Chosen Radio Queen of 1931-32)

VIVA Queen of Etherland! Behold Queen Harriet with her hat off! Gaze on the lovely mass of honey colored hair! Long may she wave! She has her throne room at WABC, New York,—and her court? That's another story!



Peter and Aline

BETTER known to radio listeners as Ken and Joan Lee in the NBC program, Raising Junior. You know, of course that Aline has been away for a time while another little Dixon was arriving in this world. This is the first picture of ma and pa since. Imagine these two kids being parents!



Mary Williams

A Titian blonde with lily white skin and a silvery voice that simply makes you surrender, dear. She clicked with the Ziegfeld Follies, Strike up the Band, Yours Truly and many others. Now she's head over heels in love —with radio. Made her debut on WMCA. Who's got a match, please?



Tashamira

(LEFT)

FANTASTIC sensation of all Europe Tashamira was recently brought to America where she is becoming equally renowned. You can see her dance on air over W2XAB of the CBS television waves, New York.

Winnie Shaw

(RIGHT)

EYES and hair coal black and a voice that has just had its first try at radio over the CBS Roundup. She followed Ruth Etting in the Follies for the New York show. But there's a strong possibility she will become a regular on the Columbia staff.



Broadcasting from

New Era Demands Frequent Shifts In Programs

ARE we approaching the dawn of a new era in radio programs, an era in which the creators of programs will draw even more heavily upon the long time experience of other media designed to maintain public interest? On Broadway, for instance, the most successful producers of legitimate plays have long since learned that an *Abie's Irish Rose* comes only once in a generation so far as the length of run is concerned. They have learned that plays which last even half as long are great exceptions. They have learned that a normal success will not last more than a season. They have proved some supposed failures to be successes, but it didn't take an unlimited amount of time for the change to occur. They have learned to provide a continuous flow of new vehicles (meaning new plays) for even their greatest stars. They have tested out the possibilities of revivals and have demonstrated that intervals must elapse between successive revivals of even the greatest masterpieces played by the most popular stars.



In the moving picture field, much has also been learned about the maintenance of audience popularity. In the largest cities the big features are run for a period of weeks, but with competitive territory well protected as regards releases. And from this peak, we drop down to the same show for a full week and to the two-shows-a-week house the latter policy being that of the great majority of photoplay theatres. The stars don't come back with revivals; they always appear in new vehicles and in many cases the time which elapses between two releases by the same star is deliberately made long. Even so great an artist as Chaplin intentionally stalls on the frequency of his screen appearance. He knows the difference between satiating the appetite of the minority of his audience and making nearly 100% of his potential audience eagerly await his next appearance.

The very essence of successful newspaper publishing is to keep newsy. No one will read forever about even the most intriguing murder case—no one will read about Lindbergh every day with equal relish—no one wants a presidential speech every day. The showmanship of newspaper publishing lies in the constantly changing panorama of interesting events and people which is spread before the reading public—even the features must go through periodic revamping of policy or base their success on hooking up with something of a newsy character.

But what, you may ask, have all these obvious things to do with the future of radio programs? Only this. That it may behoove more of our creators of programs, sponsored as well as sustaining, to think more deeply into the question of how long even the greatest programs can be expected to retain maximum popularity—of how long the programs of lesser merit should be run—and of whether it is better to seek a turnover audience (as in the theatre and movie business) for a limited time before shifting the program (as happens in theatres and movies) or work for a repeat audience of growing size during the first part of the cycle and diminishing size as the cycle ends. In both instances there is also the question of how long a cycle lasts—where one is dealing with a turnover audience and with a repeat audience.

Let us get even more specific. The great plays on Broadway can run long only because they draw their attendance from all over the country. New Yorkers don't keep going back to the same show, but the audience keeps up because the out-of-towners can't all move in pronto and *en masse*. With the movies, where speaking nationally, the attendance is largely drawn from local inhabitants, three or four days for one show have proved about the desirable maximum for a given show. Moreover what works in the theatrical and movie business is not guesswork, because the daily and nightly attendance *for each and every night* is exact box office knowledge.

What then does this all suggest as regards radio programs? Suppose we start with Amos 'n' Andy, on the basis that they are the Abie's Irish Rose of the air or the Charlie Chaplin of the air. Possibly the experience of theatres and movies, when dealing with comparable successes, indicates that peri-

the Editor's Chair

odically Amos 'n' Andy should be withdrawn from the air entirely, in order that their reappearance could be worked up with all the fever of reawakened interest—instead of trying to keep up continuous interest on too long a basis. Possibly it means when they come back after a vacation that they would change the setting of their amusing dialog. There is no doubting that darky humor and negro dialect are permanently entertaining, but Amos 'n' Andy don't have to work on a taxicab and restaurant forever and a day. Understand, none of this has anything to do with the greatness of their present act or the popularity of these two favorites—it has only to do with the ultimate length of their popularity and the size of every night's audience which their sponsors have a right to expect after a run of colossal success.

THE same sort of reasoning goes for a whole lot of other radio acts, but with far greater force of reason. Radio hits can't last forever and sooner or later a new technique must be developed—a technique which preserves the popularity of given programs by changing the play with adequate frequency —a technique which preserves the popularity of radio stars by changing the vehicles in which they appear with proper frequency—a technique which produces well-timed gaps in certain types of programs and the continuous appearance of certain artists in order to whet the public appetite and make for greater audiences over shorter periods of this time.

The editors of Radio Digest believe this new era of program conception has arrived, although as yet it can hardly be said to be under way. It is going to be hard for a lot of broadcasting stations to accept this important principle of showmanship, particularly when it means periodic gaps in time schedules and makes it necessary to create new programs of a masterpiece variety with greatly increased frequency. Similarly it is not going to be taken easily by some of the radio stars whose current popularity convinces them that all America wants to hear them once or twice every day—for years and years to come. It won't be an easy idea for the script writers and program conceivers and directors. But in the end, the new era will be the greatest thing that ever happened for radio and all who play a part in broadcasting. For the new era will cause people, in greatly increased numbers to make dates with their radio even as they do now on a vast scale with the theatre and the movies. The public will become increasingly conscious of not being able to put off until tomorrow what it really wants to hear, because it will become increasingly posted on the fact that great radio programs, even as is true with plays, movies and newspapers, are coming and going with a rapidity that demands the making of personal plans to keep from missing a high precentage of the best.

Under this relatively new conception, the editors of Radio Digest predict that millions and millions of new radio sets will be sold and that each and every set will be in more constant use. In other words, the creator of a good program, which is not too long lived in character, will know that he can win over a comparatively short period of time an audience that is from two to four times as large as any reasonably good program can expect to hold, day in and day out, over a more extended period.

You know sometimes, the broadcasters fail to realize why the newspapers do not have to give radio such a great break in the editorial columns. They do not stop to appreciate that the newspapers must give news service along every line that represents wide-scale human interest, but that the number of new programs that make good news are scarce rather than plentiful. Newspapers give lots of space to stock prices, to baseball, to horse-racing and a lot of other activities that mean little by way of direct financial gain to the publisher, but in every instance continuous widespread news interest is the answer. The newspapers always have and always will render news service to the public but even the most ambitious broadcaster must recognize that there is a fundamental difference between news on the one hand and on the other publicity based on a program story or an artist story hoary with age.

The new era is here. We predict it is here to stay. And in large part its realization will involve an application of showmanship principles to the air which have already been developed to considerable of a science by Broadway producers, movie feature producers and newspaper publishers.

—RAY BILL



HITS ❖ QUIPS ❖ SLIPS

By INDI-GEST

NOT so good. Not so good. Feeling very low. This New York University professor has had it published all over the world that anyone who whistles is a moron. Suppose somebody'd find it out about me? Where would I be? Sh-h-h, don't breathe it to a living soul . . . promise me that . . . listen . . . I whistle. . . . Don't ask to hear me now. I wouldn't for the world. . . Oh, me oh my. . .

* * *

Don't tell me! What? Really? . . . And you, too? . . . And you? . . . And all of you too. . . Honest? . . . Do you, really? . . . Well, I guess I'm not the only one then. Let's all be miserable together. . . Wonder about people who snore? Isn't that some sort of a whistle?



* * *

Come to think of it aren't there a lot of people who come right out in the open and whistle over the radio? How about Bob McGimsey? Guess I'll call up Don Higgins and see what he can find out about the mental rating of this triple-toned whistler? How terrible he must feel!

* * *

Hello Don. Get me the low-down on this whistling racket over at the NBC, will you, please? Yeah! Ask those two X-Rays, Perkins and Knight. I don't want to slander anybody but I think I've heard them doing something that sounded mighty like whistling. . . Yes. . . What? . . . Holy cat. . . You don't mean it? . . . What a shameful confession for an otherwise bright young man like you to make. . . Oh dear. . . No, no, no, please don't. . . Stop it. . . He was really starting to whistle in my ear. . . but maybe it was just a wire whistle or something.

I'll find out about those low browed whistlers at Columbia too.

* * *

While the boys are investigating let's take a look through the mail and see what the Indi-scribes are sending us. Oh Rufus, let's have the Indi files. . . My what a big bag, didn't think you'd need a truck to bring it in though. . . "Yes Miss-tuh Indi, an' tha's anuthuh one out in de stock room. . ."

* * *

Gosh, sure gotta have more space now. . . Well, let's start opening them. I'll open 'em and you read 'em.

* * *

Here's one from Charley Stookey at KFOR, Lincoln, Nebr.:

Dear Indi:—

While broadcasting the Nebraska State Fair at Lincoln September 4 to 11, the Gooch Milling Company (sponsors of the remotes) presented on the air the three ladies whose bread, made with Gooch's Best Flour, had won first, second and third places in the Culinary Arts Exhibit.

The general manager of the company was asked if he wouldn't like to introduce the ladies on the air. Finally he consented, but it is doubtful if he'll ever face a mike again. He had written part of his presentation talk and everything went okey until he ran out of written matter and started to ad lib—then about every thirty words he'd pause and say "paragraph."

He caught himself the first time—mumbled an oath under his breath and went on something like this:—

"We are mighty glad to be able to present to you today the three ladies whose bread took first place at the 1931 Nebraska State Fair—paragraph—(dammit)—Ah—er—You know that for 21 consecutive years Gooch's Best Flour has won this honor, and naturally we are proud of it—paragraph—(oh, hell)—Thank you."

Those of us in the studio nearly died laughing and scores of folks on the air got quite a kick out of it too, judging from the calls which came in for the few minutes following his broadcast.

His explanation of it was that he had talked to a dictaphone so long, he couldn't do other than say "paragraph" when addressing a microphone.—We wonder if he says "paragraph" to the missus when he calls up around 5:15 explaining that he won't be home for dinner.

* * *

Ben Bernie on the Blue Ribbon Malt Program: "Our next number will be *You Call It Madness and I Call It Love.* Ladies and gentlemen, you call it madness, I call it love, and my dad calls it boloney." From Eleanor Merriam, 6025 Kimbark Ave., Chicago, Ill.

* * *

Here's one from Olive M. Cook, Twin Falls, Idaho. "Wouldn't you call this a horse on the announcer at KTFI who referred to the song Calvary, 'you have just heard the song Cavalry?'"

* * *

Dear Indi: The other day during the Crosley Hour over WLW at Cincinnatti I heard, "Our next number will be I'm Keeping Company with a vocal refrain by Ralph Simpson." Mrs. E. R. Kell, Box 113 Wilmore, Ky.

* * *

Governor "Alfalfa Bill" Murray of Oklahoma on a recent visit to Texas talked over the Columbia chain from KRLD, Dallas. At the same time Rufus and Rastus were broadcasting from WRR, which divides time with KRLD. Something must have gone awry on the switchboard because as soon as Governor Murray said "Good evening, Radio Audience," we heard the two black face comedians cut in with "throw him out! Throw him out on his haid!" From Dorothy Hudel, 7118 Cherokee Trail, Dallas.

While listening to a western play over KEX I heard the hero ask the heroine if she could cook. She replied: "Can I cook? Why, I'm bowlegged from riding the range." from Mrs. G. T., Box 406, Woodland, Wash.

* * *

Heard on the Variety Program over WENR: Announcer—"And here's Edwin Delbridge—Deep in the Arms of Love with Sallie Menkies." From Margaret Gutwald, 3143 North 12 St., Milwaukee, Wis.

* * *

The most humorous incident I have heard was during Tony's Scrap Book reading. Tony said he saw a sign over an ice cream counter that read: "TAKE HOME A BRICK, YOU MAY HAVE COMPANY." Sergeant William C. Stilley, Company F, 16th Infantry, Governor's Island, N. Y.

* * *

Marjorie Mapel, 4523 East 18th Ave., Denver, Colo., one of our high school contribs takes up the question of Wave

Catch That Slip!

THERE'S many a slip twixt the lip and the mike. Next time you hear a good one jot it down and send it to Indi-Gest, care of Radio Digest. We pay contributors from $1 to $5 for material accepted for this department. Indi likes short verses on the same terms. Suggestions welcomed.

Grabbing, and should the teachers and deans get a strangle hold on broadcasting. Heading her thesis *The Student's Lament* she says:

Someone's always taking the joy out of life. Now must we have the joy taken out of RADIO, just when we were beginning to think that the increasing number of young teachers were understanding modern youth—they walk out on us and support the Fess Bill. Well it goes to show!

We grind all day, from morning till late afternoon, then we come home to a little relaxation, The Radio, and what do we hear? Super classics, Professor So and So's talk on Medieval History, plus a few interesting governmental reports? How wonderful! But no, thanks, we would rather listen to Rudy Vallee, Smith Ballew, the wise-cracking Sisters of The Skillet—. And if we can't—what then? Do we step out for our fun? Just when we were beginning to have it at home!

Permit me to tell you this, you supporters of the Fess Bill, you can educate us intensively all day in the class room, but when you try it on the air—Well, we'll give you the air!

* * *

This rather good poem from Frank O'Brien, Los Altos, California.

RADIOLAND

The throbbing city, the sleeping vale,
The crowded highway, the mountain trail.
The silent desert, the surging sea,
Neighborhood—nation—infinity.

A palace, a hovel, a ranger's shack,
A homestead far off the beaten track.
A mansion, a flop-joint, a great hotel,
A fireside, a prison — heaven and hell.

A king and an outcast, a preacher, a drunk,
A buyer of Rembrandts, a dealer in junk.
A lady of grandeur, a skirt of the slums,
A college professor, a couple of bums.

A sage and a halfwit, a cop and a thief,
A face wreathed in smiles, and a head bowed in grief.



The guilty and just, the chained and the free.
Jim, Jack and Mary, and you and me.

* * *

RAY PERKINS OF NBC UP AND SAYS—

I know a Scotchman who would give $1,000.00 to be a millionaire.



"New lamps for old!" announced the first air salesman as he kicked a kink out of his Bagdad balloon carpet and brandished a polished oil burner. "Darby Dardanella now sings our theme song WICK UP! WICK UP! EVENING SHADOWS FLEE."

Good old England is back on her fleet.

* * *

Aimee Semple McPherson not only will make a good wife, but she will make her man a good husband.

The present galaxy of debs who attend finishing school are always ready to start something.

* * *

"TO THE PLAID EYES OF— JESSICA DRAGONETTE

THEY WRITE OF EYES — OF BROWN AND GRAY
AND THOSE OF DEEPEST BLUE;
BUT YET, THE EYES THAT LIGHT MY DAY
ARE "PLAID" EYES — WISTFUL, TRUE.

ONE EVENING, 'ERE THE SETTING SUN
SANK SLOWLY IN THE WEST,
GOD TOOK EACH COLOR—ONE BY ONE,
AND MADE THESE PLAID EYES BLEST.

A BIT OF GOLD, A BIT OF GRAY
A HINT OF HEAVEN'S BLUE;
AND WHEN THE DARKNESS TURNED TO DAY,
HE GAVE THOSE EYES TO *YOU.*

ACROSS THE WORLD — ON LAND OR SEA
AND IN THE AZURE SKIES,
THERE'S HAPPINESS AWAITING ME
WHEN I BEHOLD YOUR EYES.

AND IN YOUR DEPTHS, PLAID EYES I LOVE,
IS SOMETHING — TENDER, TRUE;
FOR, FROM THE HEAVENS FAR ABOVE,
THE ANGELS GAVE US—YOU."

—Dorothy Lee Glass, 113 Alger Ave., Detroit, Michigan.

Dear Indi-Gest:

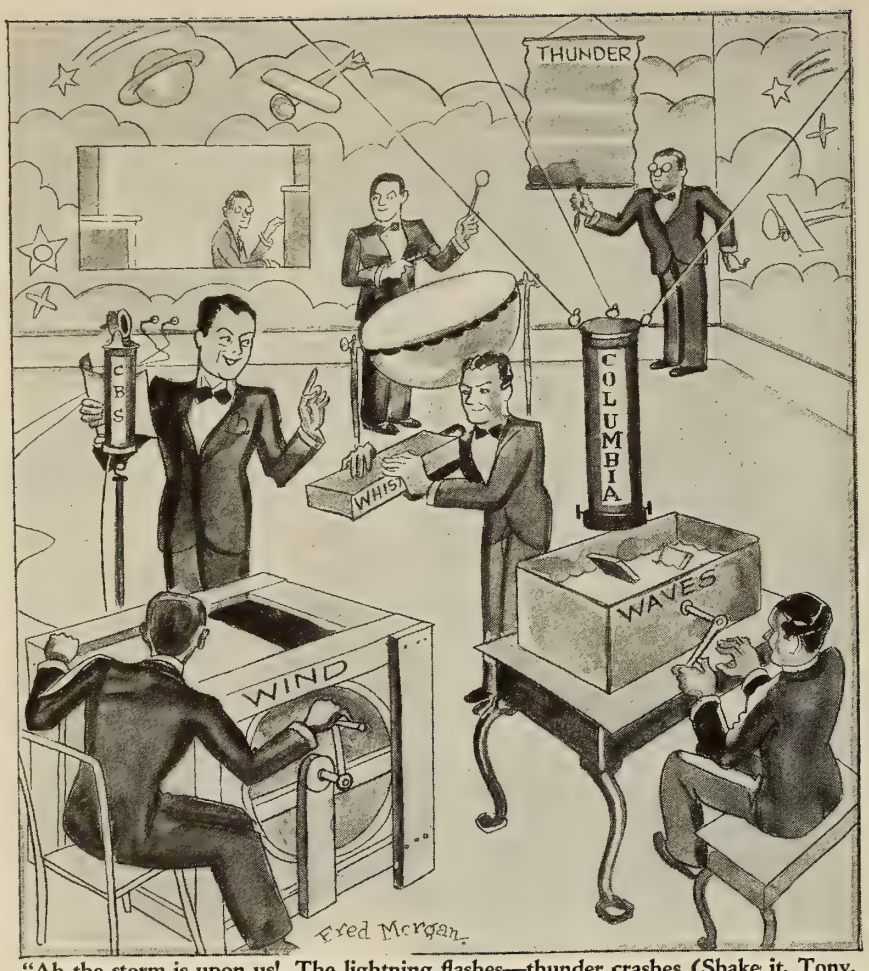
We've a radio fan so erratic
We are sure he has bats in his attic;
When nothing comes in
But a horrible din
He sits down and listens to Static!

The above is a lim' from the "limerick tree" of a radio widow.

—G. D. Stockton, 57 Maple St., Hudson Falls, N. Y.

* * *

Two of our best Indi-Scribes finding themselves within a day's mail of each other got together postally and composed the following "colyum" of verse and prose for us. We had to hold it until we got the additional space we were howling for.



"Ah the storm is upon us! The lightning flashes—thunder crashes (Shake it, Tony, shake that thunder sheet). The screeching wind and the merciless waves. We're lost! We're lost!"

Lay of a Might-Have-Been Minstrel

Breathes there a fan with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said:
"This is my own, my favorite station,
My favorite artist in all the nation!"
Whose heart hath ne'er within him
burned
As others his opinion spurned;
Who hasn't argued pro and con
With battle cry: "I'm right—you're
wrong!"
If such there be, go mark him well,
He has no place in V. O. L.
High tho his titles, proud his name,
He's a looker-on at the listening game;
Who tunes and gets not the radio craze,
Who "fans" no program in all his days;
Living shall forfeit the right to know
The thrill of this aerial age, altho
He tunes his set, and lends his ears. . .
Boy! . . . what he misses!! . . . eh,
old dears?

* * *

WHEN MIKE FEELS FUNNY!

What IS funny? What induces people to crinkle up their faces in defiance of beauty advisers—stretch their lips to the cracking point and indulge in a long, loud, spontaneous, inelegant and youth-restoring guffaw?

This sad, weepy old world NEEDS to laugh—it WANTS to laugh—it's CRYING to laugh! But what makes one half of it emit cackles of purest glee leaves the other half staring blankly into space, wondering what the joke is all about!

It's amusing to note the effect of what you may consider a good joke upon a gathering of festive spirits. Have you ever told a funny story in your best comedy manner and had the carefully worked-up climax greeted with an anti-climactic silence, and a woeful lack of comprehension upon the part of the solemn souls present? And then you suddenly wish that you had spent the evening at home, reading Les Miserables! How would our best radio humorists feel if they could but see the reception accorded some of their choice bits! Fortunately they cannot. Altho the listeners' reaction is conveyed to them thru the medium of "fan" mail, the shock of the Dear Public's insusceptibility is mercifully modified by the delay attendant upon its disclosure via the mail route.

East and Dumke, twin editions of avoirdupois and good spirits present "Sisters of the Skillet"—the grandest fixit firm ever permitted to operate without a license! What they don't know about housekeeping is plenty, but this minor detail doesn't prevent them from giving advice cheerfully if not helpfully! This SOS service is occasionally extended to a brother of a Sister of the Skillet in distress, and it proves the efficiency of this flourishing concern when the Brothers horn in! A lively and refreshing departure from our sob-sisters of the love-lorn "colyums" and other popular forms of rescue-the-perishing service. Here's to them. . .

WHILE THE TOAST IS BURNING!

East and Dumke,
Skillet Sisters,
Full of pep
These polly misters!

Problem solvers,
Nothing vexes,
None can stump them
Naught perplexes!

What lovers, too,
Of "pome-tree"—
The dishwater
Variety!

Hearty laughter,
Lilting song. . .
Whoops! what fun
When they are on!!

WE HAVE yet to hear anyone say that these boys are not really funny, but doubtless someone, somewhere, is saying just that! As in the case of the radio listener who grimly elected Roy Atwell, CBS funster, to the Pet Peeve records—a sort of listeners' lament conducted by Nick Kenny for the relief of those long-suffering critters afflicted with pet radio abominations. Mr. Atwell crosses his fingers, ties his tongue, and achieves truly marvelous concoctions. Adulterated doses of historical episodes tumble apologetically out of one's loudspeaker, motivated by so obvious a desire to edify and please that one is glued to the spot! If you are an apt scholar, you will soon be unable to ask your dinner-partner to pass the sugar, please, without becoming involved in your pronunciation. Most diverting—especially if you are really in earnest about wanting that sugar! Try this on your chauffeur. . .

TONGUE MAGIC

Gicky, streasy, garry tum
Mannot cake the motors hum;
Unnatural history laid in mortar—
No—unnatural history made to order;
Tidewater Inn as seen by a knight.
I mean Tidewater Inn, the scene—
(that's right!)
The host Oil Ratwell—Rat Oilwell. . .
no! no!
Well Royat—oh, let it go! let it go!
English as she is spoke (and how!)
In the better garbled circles now.

Only three in a long list of clever comedians—practiced in the amiable art of beguiling a nation into good humor. And at the present time of general business depression their services are of inestimable value to the country at large. If we couldn't laugh, we might have to cry—so long may they ether-wave! . . . these rib-tickling heroes!

* * *

Sorry I haven't had a chance to sort out those fresh limericks hot off the limerick tree cause I just got a long thick envelope from Don Higgins. I'm handing it to you without comment. And if Bob Triggerfinger of CBS doesn't step on it you'll never know what Mort Downey and those other expert whistlers of Columbia have to say on this burning subject.

* * *

They're All Whistlin'!

By Don Higgins

CALVIN COOLIDGE came out for Hoover, England went off the gold standard, the Lindy's flew over flood-swept China, and it remained only for Professor Charles Gray Shaw of New York University to announce that "whistling is an unmistakable sign of the moron." Then the world shook.

Professor Shaw, deep in the study of the road to culture, proclaimed through the morning press that all whistlers were morons and that world leaders were non-whistlers. His words went 'round the world and back again.

Friends of Premier Mussolini snickered and admitted Il Duce had whistled. Chairman Borah of the senate Foreign Relations Committee said that of course he whistled. The White House remained silent. And S. L. (Roxy) Rothafel, off in distant, censored Russia in search of art and music for radio, was unreachable.

Thousands wrote the professor and the papers in protest and the news finally reached the ears of Robert Hunter MacGimsey, by summer a Louisiana attorney, and by winter and permission of the copyright owners, the world's champion three-toned "harmony whistler," heard over National Broadcasting Company networks.

Mr. MacGimsey's ear burned red. Discovered whistling in his bath, he admitted, "Yes, I whistle. I also chew gum and the ends of pencils in moments of thought. Professor Shaw must be spoofing. But if you're asking me, it's hardly fair to say that whistling has any more to do with a man's mentality than playing the bass viol—probably not as much. If so, what about the yodlers and Swiss bell ringers?"

He tried to reach the professor by telephone in a challenge to prove it. "Forget it," replied the professor, "I meant only lip whistlers."

"But I am a lip whistler," MacGimsey said. The professor hung up while MacGimsey, desperate, recalled three fellow faculty members of Shaw, had examined his whistle and found his mentality A-1. "One of them did some very nice whistling himself, in fact," Whistling Bob added.

Radio rallied to the whistlers' defense. Stars of NBC spoke boldly. Said Jesse Crawford, Poet of the Organ and amateur whistler:

"People who like to whistle and can carry a tune, do so as a natural reaction depending upon their contentment. Of course, a moron may whistle but all whistlers are not morons. I don't believe an unhappy moron can whistle. Whistlers are to be envied."

"Whenever a play or motion picture presents a person happy or well-pleased, the character usually breaks into a whistle. Most of us are not gifted enough to burst into song, nor is it natural in public places. I am very inclined to whistle personally, but then, of course, I might be a moron."

The controversy caused Vaughn de Leath, contralto and occasional whistler, to revert to Shakespeare: "The man who has no music in his soul is fit for treason, strategems and spoils." Whistling indicates a happy disposition and a certain exuberance or gaiety. I suggest that the professor try a little whistling himself.

B. A. ROLFE, whose orchestra sets a happy tempo for the nation, denied whistlers were morons, including himself, and added: "Inasmuch as I interspersed whistling in vaudeville acts and found it got the applause spot, I concluded it has a financial and entertainment value." He does object to whistlers off key.

Ray Perkins, The Old Topper and NBC wit, avered: "It (the professor's comment) sounds a great deal like our old friend, George Bernard Shaw. If it's not one Shaw it's another! He might put a P in front of his name. Personally, I confine my own whistling to a few bars a day and I have my whistle whetted twice a week."

Lewis James, tenor of the famous Revelers Quartet: "I whistle often and, being a singer, that may make it doubly bad. I disagree in self-defense."

Leslie Joy, baritone and announcer: "I whistle for my dog, and he's a very intelligent dog. I figure that if my dog will come when I whistle that neither he nor I am a moron."

Breen and De Rose, noted harmony and song-writing team, issued jointly: "Many song writers whistle while making their arrangements. True, some can't do any more than whistle their tunes, but they compose them. Anyway, whistling airs your thoughts." Peter De Rose recalled his song "Whistling Willie" (adv.) as a bright piece.

Several days later, Raymond Knight, "Cuckoo" commentator who hides behind the name of Ambrose J. Weems, boldly cast aside anonymity and came out with a statement. He came out a bit confused, but nevertheless he came out. And he settled the matter.

INTERVIEWED by the press of Australia, Letvia and New Jersey, Mr. Knight spoke his mind (taken off the shelf with the advent of winter).

"I have been asked," asserted Mr. Knight, "to state my views on the Whistle-Moron situation. I want to apologize to my public at this time for not coming forward sooner with a statement.

"The delay has been due to a misapprehension on my part. When first informed that Professor Shaw stated that only Morons whistled, I immediately went out among my Irish friends and collected statistics to prove that the Moriartys, the Finnegans, the Murphys and the Flannigans whistled just as often as the Morans."

"This set me back about forty-eight hours and in the meantime the market has been flooded with thousands of replies to Professor Shaw.

"However, in order to whistle it is necessary to pucker up the lips, and since lemons and pickles cause a puckering of the lips, I have been asked by the National Citrus and Pickle Growers Association (whose coat of arms bears a little figure of Puck on a field of tulips) to answer the professor.

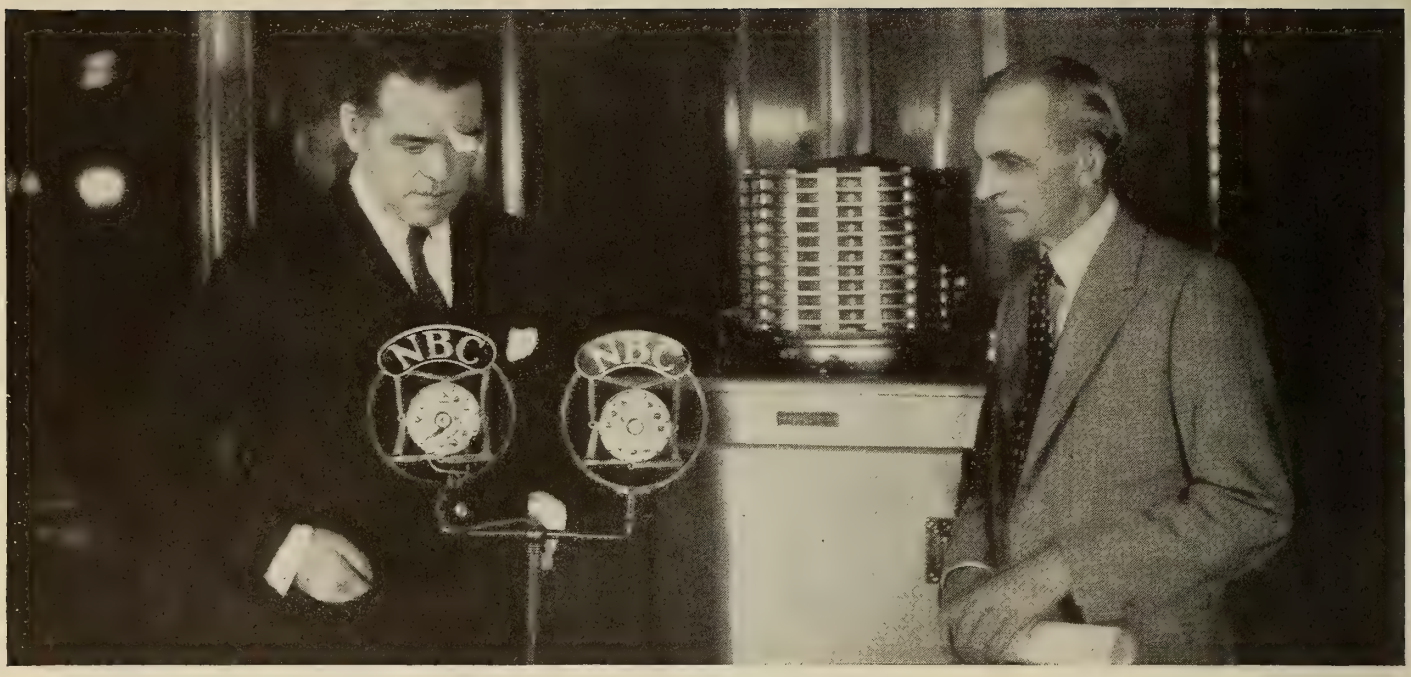
"This can be done in one withering blast. I shall waste no time on recriminations. I shall waste no time on detailed statistics. I shall waste no time on homely women—

"I merely ask Professor Shaw, with a slight smile of scorn playing around the corners of my lips and in my moustache—'Professor, is it or is it not true that one of the greatest artists of all times was a Whistler!'

"A fig for your hypotheses Prof! You can fool some of the people some of the time, and you can fool some of the people some of the time, but you can't fool some of the people some of the time!"

Just as Mr. Knight finished, MacGinsey stepped forward triumphantly and revealed that Dr. Prescott Lecky, professor of psychology at Columbia University, had found him to have an intelligence quotient greater than seventy-six per cent of the public. MacGimsey's rating was an I. Q. of 109, compared with a grade of 20 to 50 for imbeciles and from 70 on down for morons.

The world is safe for whistlers, or vice versa.



"TALK about pick-up and speed, do you know, Mr. Ford, that this little two cylinder doo-hickey can put my voice down from here to New Zealand as quickly as you can hear it across the room?"

Henry Ford



Floyd Gibbons

THESE postures show Henry Ford at the time he made his personal debut in Radio. Note the concentration revealed by his face.

Tuneful Topics

By RUDY VALLEE

You Didn't Know the Music, and I Didn't Know the Words

IT WON'T be another *Just One More Chance,* though it is entirely written by Sam Coslow, who wrote the words of that composition which has achieved such a popularity due mainly, no doubt, to the wonderful phonograph record made by Bing Crosby, which seems to be in every home. I believe Coslow outdid himself in this particular new song, one of the torchiest of torch ballads, a song which has as its unhappy story "what might have been."

It lends itself more to the feel of a beautiful ballad than to the dance type of song, though if played expressively, with the right instrumentation and the proper speed it becomes an admirable stimulus to the enjoyment of a public on the dance floor.

There is one little difficulty in singing the song, and that lies in the pronunciation of the word "music." The "ic" syllable in "music" has always made it a difficult word to pronounce when singing; only one who sings considerably can appreciate these little difficulties, which, after all, are not insurmountable if one only exerts the diction producing factors to his or her aid.

Larry Spier, of Famous Music, believes that when he carries the lyrics of any particular song around with him for weeks, that the song must have something. That was the case with *Just One More Chance,* and is likewise the case here, with his latest bid to the hall of musical fame.

We take about a minute and ten seconds to play the chorus, and as I have already said, it is published by Famous Music, Inc.

I Love a Parade

HAROLD ARLEN, writer of *Get Happy, Hittin' the Bottle, One Love,* etc., pianist par excellence, with a most excellent voice, was formerly featured with Arnold Johnson, but lately he has written the material for several more or less successful shows. Incidentally, his *Get Happy* was perhaps the greatest material ever provided for one of the cleverest girls on the stage, who was lost to musical comedy and dancing when she became the wife of Roger Wolfe Kahn—Hannah Williams.

This same Harold Arlen, turns extremely sentimental and classical in the writing of a little gem called *I Love a Parade.* Its radio attractiveness may have been enhanced by a little brainstorm that came to me as I considered its presentation, my idea was to follow my vocal chorus with a chorus played by two trumpets and a trombone, with the stirring beat of the drums, as they briefly touched on six or seven standard march compositions, such as *Stars and Stripes, Spirit of Independence, Anchors Aweigh, Stein Song,* in fact, any march which, as children, we have come to associate with parades, the beating of



drums, the blare of flashing trumpets.

I Love a Parade will probably never mean very much as a best seller for Harms, Inc., but it is certainly one of the most stirring tunes it has been our pleasure to present in a long time. Naturally we play it in march time.

My Sweetheart 'Tis of Thee

I SPENT last Sunday at a rehearsal with Johnny Green, the young Westchester County society boy who was practically disowned by his father for his resolve to go into the field of music and composition in preference to his dad's seat on the exchange, but who subsequently showed his father that he knew better than Dad wherein his talents lay, after his writing of *Body and Soul,* and *I'm Yours.*

Together with Eddie Heyman he has been writing material for various Paramount short subjects out in Astoria, and he has directed many of the orchestras for the incidental music which was cued in on many of the very fine Paramount pictures where incidental music has contributed to your enjoyment.

Due to his cultural nature and background, Johnny writes not so much for the masses as for the classes, though in the writing of this new musical comedy which Peter Arno has sponsored, in several cases he has written an approach to the commercial type of tune. Heyman, I believe, deserves even more credit than Green for his titles and his exceedingly clever lyrics. Even Lew Brown might well look to his laurels as one reads over the score of *Here Goes the Bride,* the inspiration for which probably came to Arno shortly after his own trip to Reno.

Perhaps I have an unusual interest in the show due to the fact that the singing star is none other than my little Florida protege, Frances Langford, who has been sustaining on WOR. The two songs she sings are both excellently suited to her, and I believe if the show is anything at all of a success little Frances will create a great deal of Broadway talk about her.

The Sunday I caught the show in rehearsal the cast had been at it for many hours on end, and they were all extremely fatigued; yet even at that there was a very apparent quality about the show which leads me to believe that, given a fair chance, it should be a success. Edward C. Lilley is directing, and the very efficient manner in which he handled things that afternoon leads me to believe that my protege is in very good hands. But to get to the songs themselves.

First, the outstanding song in the show is unquestionably the theme song. It would not have been the theme song had they not expected it to be the outstanding song; that, of course, is quite self-evident. Cleverly enough, Heyman selected as his title *My Sweetheart 'Tis of Thee,* which is, of course, a pun on the composition which in England is *God Save the King,* and which in America has been *America,* and which, for many years preceding the final triumph of the *Star Spangled Banner* was

the reason for many a very disgruntled theatre audience clambering to its feet and standing at attention. It still is, for that matter, as there are still many bands and orchestras, as well as audiences, who are not so very sure of the ascendency of the *Star Spangled Banner,* and the strains of *America* bring many of them instantly to their feet, while others, with a sheepish and foolish expression on their faces half sit and half stand, not quite knowing what to do.

The gist of the song, *My Sweetheart Tis of Thee,* is simply that the song the individual is singing at this time is, as the title implies, of that person. It has nothing to do with Tennessee mammies, moonlight and roses, or any of the things with which songs deal. Rather is it expressly a song to her—to him, and it is an extremely lovely one.

There is a direct change of key in the sixth measure, very typical of the desire on the part of Johnny Green to be different—musically different. However, the change is a lovely one; though a little difficult to assimilate, once learned it will cause no trouble.

Unless the song is restricted I am sure that it will bombard you from your radio quite a bit as soon as the show makes its debut in New York, which is to say two weeks from the time we write this article, though of course as you read it the show will have already opened here, and either be on its way to prosperity for its producers, or maybe, heaven forbid, have gone the way of so many shows. I sincerely hope, not alone for Frances Langford, but for my old school-mate, Peter Arno, Mr. Lilley, and all the hard-working members of the cast, that it enjoys a real success.

"Here Goes the Bride" Three Rhythm Numbers

THERE are three fine rhythm songs in the show. When I say "fine," I mean fine. They are just the sort of thing we have been looking for for our dance programs, both on the air and at the Penn. People like fox trots, brisk tunes to which they may walk around, keeping in perfect step with the beat of the rhythm. These are tunes which any band may play as fast as they desire with no subsequent damage to melody or lyrics, as they are written for fast dancing choruses. You will probably hear these tunes often as the various bands play on into the wee hours of the morning over your favorite station.

Quite the cleverest of the lot, in my opinion, is the song which Frances Langford sings later on in the show. It is called *Music in My Fingers,* and what a clever song it is, too!

Then there is another which the boys have called *OHHH! AHHH!* and still another which will be interpreted by some radio stations as rather risque and doubtful of broadcast permission, though in the show it will be perfect for the chorus girls in one of their dances—*Shake Well Before Using.*

There are several other songs in the show, one especially which Frances sings called *Hello, My Lover, Goodbye,* a lovely thing though one which will never be commercial due to its intricate construction and its most non-commercial make-up. Still even this may occasionally find its way to you; it certainly will through the medium of our programs, as it is the type of song that I enjoy doing best.

These are all published by Famous Music, for whom Johnny Green writes almost exclusively, and the three rhythm tunes may all be played extremely brightly, though the irony of it is that some bands that usually tear the heart out of composers by playing some of their ballads *extremely fast,* will probably play these tunes *extremely slowly.*

I Don't Know Why

I AM a little late in discussing this tune, mainly because I was late in hearing it. It remained for the aforesaid Crosby to really popularize it, as it fits him admirably.

It was written by Messrs. Turk and Ahlert, of whom I have said reams in past issues of *Tuneful Topics,* two of the cleverest writers in Tin Pan Alley. Its construction is that of the very short chorus, half the usual length, or sixteen measures, and it lends itself admirably well to the slow, schottische tempo for which the Lombardos especially are famous.

My good friend, Rocco Vocco, of Feist, may take the bow for this one, and it is probably the saving grace of that particular firm in these dark days of great overhead and little or no profit.

We play the chorus at about 35 seconds, and, as I have said, it is published by Leo Feist, Inc. *(Continued on page 93)*



Marion Brinm the soap box crooner who has been taking part in both television and chain hook-ups over the Columbia system

GABALOGUE

By Nellie Revell

The Voice of RADIO DIGEST

HOWDY, friends. Two of the most attractive and interesting radio artists are those delightful Ponce Sisters, Ethel and Dorothea. These talented young ladies were both born in Boston, but raised in New York and were both graduated from Brentwood Academy.

They have been on the air five years. You've heard them on Eveready, Valspar and Camel programs . . . and at the Roxy and Palace theatres. They've made phonograph records and some motion picture shorts. These are about the homiest . . . (no, not homeliest . . . far from that) . . . I should say, home-grownest girls I've met in many a day. Healthy, happy, talented, devoted to each other and to their Dad. Their mother having died a few years ago . . . these motherless girls succeeded in keeping the home fires burning by keeping house for their father . . . who is an executive in the NBC Artists Service Bureau. Not the kind of housekeeping that's done with a can-opener and a delicatessen store. Dorothea does the marketing and Ethel does the cooking. Then they both wash the dishes . . . and make a lark of it. And refer to the washing of the dishes as pearl diving . . . and the drying of them is called polishing pearls. Excepting for the traditional washwoman one day a week, they have no outside help in the management of their home. And when the house is tidied and vegetables prepared for dinner . . . they practice their songs for the next day. Ethel, the pianist, is the older . . . but Dorothea, the comedienne, is the taller. She is five feet seven. Ethel is only five feet five. Each weighs 125 pounds. Dorothea has dark hair and gray eyes. Ethel has light hair and is dying to be a blonde . . . but is afraid of Dad. Neither uses make-up of any kind. Don't require it. Neither of the girls are married. Are waiting, they say, to find men like their Dad (that will be some chore). The family spirit in the Ponce home is beautiful. And as Mr. Ponce is very prepossessing in appearance and manner, the trio forms a pretty picture when they appear together in public.

EVERY Wednesday night at 11 o'clock Miss Revell takes her WEAF mike in hand and rattles off a good old fashioned chinfest about the great and near-great of Radio and stage circles. On this page you will read some of the things she broadcast in case you did not hear her on the NBC network.

When President M. H. Aylesworth, of the National Broadcasting Company, entertained Amos 'n' Andy at the Lotus Club, New York, there was great speculation as to what artists he would select. Of all the splendid singers and musicians at his call, Mr. Aylesworth picked the Southernaires Quartet for that occasion. The Southernaires are four talented colored men who have been a popular NBC feature for many months. They appear on Major Bowes Capitol Family program . . . are frequently heard on the RKO Theatre of the air . . . and on the Mobiloil and Great Northern programs . . . and, of course, "Southland Sketches." Three of the quartet are college graduates . . . and the fourth is a high school graduate. William Edmondson, the manager of the group, hails from Spokane, Washington. Homer Smith is a native of Florence, Alabama. James S. Toney was born at Columbia, Tenn., and Lowell Peters, the fourth member of the quartet comes from Cleveland, Tenn. The four youths met and formed their quartet two years ago in New York's famous Harlem. In addition to frequent radio appearances, the Southernaires Quartet sing at many Church entertainments.

When Gene and Glenn go fishing, they don't always get fish, (without they buy them), but on their last vacation, they did create a splendid opportunity for two young men who knew how to meet opportunity when she knocked. And that's Lum and Abner. . . who through pinch-hitting for Gene and Glenn, have become regular features on the NBC network . . . and are soon to make a personal appearance tour for Quaker Oats Company. Lum and Abner's right names are Norris Goff, who is Abner, and Chester

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Nellie Revell at the Fairbanks Studio in Hollywood, Calif. Left to right: Mary Pickford, Ina Claire, Nellie Revell and Douglas Fairbanks

Silhouettes

By Craig B. Craig

Helen Nugent

THE author of this series which Radio Digest has christened "Silhouettes" has been closely identified with the growth of radio broadcasting for a number of years. Mr. Craig's acquaintance with radio notables has been more than casual. He gives you an intimate profile of each one, as one friend sees another. We are looking forward to a book on the romance of the growth of radio which Mr. Craig has written and which soon will be issued from the press. Craig B. Craig is known in the financial district as managing editor of the Financial Digest.

PRIDES herself in being an old fashioned girl in a modern setting.

Contralto—twenty-seven years old. Born in Cincinnati, Ohio, on January 6, 1904. Attended Mount Notre Dame Academy in Reading, Ohio, and the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music. Studied at the latter for four years. Winning a scholarship each year.

Easy on your eyes, Irish descent. Beautiful pink and white skin. Five feet five and one-half inches tall. Weighs 125. Large hazel eyes. Lovely dark brown hair. Sometimes it looks black.—Would make a swell health "ad."

Taught school for a couple of years before doing anything professionally with her voice. Put in six seasons with the Cincinnati Opera Company. Soloist. Then joined a mixed quartet in her home town. This brought the opportunity for a radio audition. This at station WSAI in Cincinnati.—Made it. Scared pink. So began her broadcasting career. Her voice registered so well through the "mike" that she was made a staff soloist of that station.

DECIDED to conquer New York. Arrived here September, 1928. Joined Columbia in January, 1929. Soon featured on more than a dozen programs.

Fond of the movies. Likes Garbo and Shearer, also John Gilbert. Movies that are chock-ful of romance are the kind that thrill her.

Gets lots of fan mail. Answers most of it herself. Particularly interested in letters from the sick confined in hospitals and from soldiers stationed in remote places.—Mushy letters don't appeal.

Superstitious—Oh, very!—Believes in 'em all. Thirteen at a table—under ladders—black cats—spilling of salt and all the rest.

Likes to read popular fiction. Chinese stories particularly. Fond of all sports. Swimming and tennis her favorites. Never gets her head wet when swimming. If it happens—the day is spoiled. She plays an exceptionally good game of tennis. Good for the wind. Good for the form.



Helen Nugent

Relishes all kinds of shell food. Boiled lobster her favorite. Eats lots of spaghetti, and she says that she herself prepares the best stuffed pepper ever tasted.

She likes big men. Ideal type must be six feet or over. Also must be plenty good looking. (Likes to show 'em off.) He should have lots of character in his face. Personality plus. She thinks man's best quality is sincerity.

Woman's greatest charm, according to Helen, lies in a crown of glorious hair. She must be fairly good looking too, but to be particularly appealing, she must have that crown of glory.

She hates to go to bed and she hates to get up.—When she finally does retire, she dons silk nighties. Particular about this. They must be silk and they must be beautiful.—Sleeps on her left side all night. Vividly remembers her dreams.

VERY prim. Everything must be just so. She takes great pride in her home. Has a great habit of frequently shifting the furniture from place to place. Loves her piano and a canary bird that sings incessantly. The bird was a gift from Harriet Lee, her closest friend.

Terribly temperamental. Moody on the least provocation.

Twilight and the fall of the year sadden her. Things are dying. Thunder and lightning storms frighten her nearly to death. Hides her head under the covers if they occur while she's in bed.

Plays piano. Accomplished. Likes violin best.

She can't whistle. She tries and tries. Not a peep—this annoys her and she tries again. Says she'll do it yet. Snaps her fingers with a loud crack, but has to use the fourth finger to do it.

Originally Helen had ambitions of becoming a dancer. She found she could manage her vocal cords better than she could her feet. Consequently—

Rehearses every day. Spends as much as eight hours a day with her music. Rehearsing and broadcasting. When



Connie Boswell

she finishes she goes to a musical comedy for relaxation.

Still nervous every time she sings. Loves radio work. Says the future of it is unlimited, especially with television in the offing. Likes to listen to the radio plays. Believes that better scripts would improve them some, although they're pretty good as is.

Once made a slip of the tongue into the mike.—Bumped into someone in the studio—forgot she was on the air—apologized saying "I'm sorry." Listeners wondered why she was sorry.

Missed a performance once. She failed to appear for "Manhattan Moods" at scheduled time. A substitute served. The studio phoned and found her in bed. She had completely forgotten that the broadcast had been switched from Tuesday to Monday night. It will never happen again.

Has an elaborate wardrobe. Most of her clothes are black. Likes sport clothes best. Wears them a lot. These are mostly blues and browns.

Uses little make-up. Lipstick and powder, with a touch of mascara at night.

Unmarried, but not sour on it. Believes it would be swell IF you could find the right one.

Her pet aversion is people who affect an unnatural manner of speaking. Nothing more irritating than that throaty tone of the would-be ritz.

Helen got her big thrill back in Cincinnati. It was an Atwater Kent radio contest. Seventy-five contestants. She was fiftieth on the list. She had some real competition.—She won.

Dislikes jewelry. Very seldom wears any.

Speaks French excellently. Sings in five languages. Loves stories. Never forgets a good one.

Terrific yen for sweets. A box of candy and all kinds of desserts are seventh heaven.

She has traveled quite a bit. Been all over the States. Likes the coast best. Particularly San Francisco. No special reason—just does. Some day is going to buy a big home out there.

New York night life is too strenuous. Besides that she thinks it is very much over-rated. You can't take part and still stay in condition. Consequently she doesn't play at it at all.

She's lucky. She once won a Chrysler in a raffle. Although she likes to ride she doesn't drive, so she sold the car. Had a hard time doing it too—even at a price.

Been in a plane once.—An unhappy experience. She flew steadily for eight hours. From New York back to Cincinnati. Her mother was ill. She arrived just in time to say good-bye to her mother, who was leaving on a longer journey.

And yet she sings to make other people happy.

Connie Boswell

COLLECTS hanks of her friend's hair. Ties the hanks with little ribbons. Has been doing this as long as she can remember. Has a suitcase full. Carries a pair of scissors in her hand bag just for this purpose. Maybe she'll make a mattress some day.

Constance—her real name. Nicknamed "Tony" when she was a kid. Changed to "Connie" when dignity set in.

She's the middle sister of the Three Boswells—Connie, Martha and Vet, (Helvetia—phew!) originators of the now famous Boswell Rhythm. Syncopated harmony that gets right under your skin.

Connie is the little girl with the big voice. The one that sings the deep contralto.—Four feet eleven. Tips the scales at 105. Great big light brown eyes. Raven black hair. Very proud of her hair. Olive skin, just 22, and single.

She hails from New Orleans, Louisiana—a locale where close harmony is second nature. Connie has heard the southern negroes sing at their Spiritual meetings and in the fields or at work on the wharves loading cotton, where they sing as long as they have strength to work. When the singing stops—so does the work. Theirs is a real natural harmony. Once in a great while the white folks get this natural gift of harmony. The Boswells have it—yea!

Connie started her musical career at the age of five.—Mastered one of the most difficult of all instruments—the 'cello. It is one of the smallest 'cellos in captivity. Her mother has it tucked away in a closet down home in New Orleans.—Vet learned the violin before she was seven and Martha played the piano even before she started her schooling.

First appeared as a trio when but kids. Used to play at all sorts of school affairs and church socials. Classical music, then. In addition to being an accomplished 'celloist, Connie plays piano, guitar and that beloved of all instruments—the saxophone.

Loves the profession. If she or the other girls had it to do over again, they'd follow the same line.

Regular youngsters. Father used to drive them to school down home. When he'd let them out, Connie and Martha would go into a huddle and decide on the movies in preference to school. Vet being the youngest would tag along. She'd invariably spill the beans about them playing hookey. Not that she

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Station Parade

Pageant of Personalities and Programs as they Appear Across the Continent for the Biggest Show on Earth

THERE are about 600 radio broadcasting stations in the United States. There are 96 pages and cover in Radio Digest. Obviously we cannot give a full page to each station and have any space left in which to tell about the popular radio folk who are heard alike over all parts of the country.

Station Parade aims to give highlights from the individual stations as they are scattered across the continent. All stations are invited to supply us with information that would be of interest to Radio Digest readers—especially those readers who reside in the vicinity of the station contributing the station notes.

Sometimes we hear that material has been sent and we do not use it. Where special material is prepared for Radio Digest that has not been sent to the daily newspapers special consideration will be given. We publish syndicated material with great reluctance because it cannot be used until long after the newspapers have had a chance to use it. Radio Digest comes out only once a month. Our editorial contents are sent to the printer from six to eight weeks in advance of the date of publication. Mere program listings of local stations require too much space and are uninteresting to the great majority of our readers. But brief notes about personalities and programs are sure to find their way into Station Parade. Station managers should not depend on our buying "write-ups" about their stations from free-lance contributors. Authentic information should come directly from the station representatives.

—Editor.

Maybe Harry Can't Get a Girl?

ALAS for the Three Bachelors of WAAM, Newark. They were so sure they were girl-proof they locked arms in front of an open mike and sang a challenge to all femininity at large. They became known to the listeners as Norman, Harry and Sonny. Gay, happy and free they sang ballads and taunted every girl who listened. Now this couldn't go on forever for all three of the young men were really very nice, good to look at and most excellent material on which to operate to design a first class husband. Sonny was the youngest. More than once he felt feverish impulses as a pair of luscious eyes were leveled at him. Girl proof? Ha! Ha! A little moonlight, a gentle touch on the hand, murmuring leaves, whispering wavelets—a *kiss*—and they scattered rice over Sonny's departed bachelorhood. In the meantime Norman had begun to feel the effect of irreparable crevases in his armor. Dan Cupid's darts wedged through. Presto! Off to the church walked Norman with wedding bells tolling a knell to his bachelor days. And now only Harry remains.



"Yer-r-rrp! Yerp! I'm yerping from WNAC, Boston, where I'm a gift artist. Nancy Howe is my girl friend. Yerrrp!"

Perhaps Harry is a bit cynical. He is the type of man in appearance that artists love to portray as vigorous hemen, a clean cut square jaw, keen gray eyes, dark wavy hair and altogether presentable. He smiles and says he still can sing. He does sing bravely and sincerely. He declares he will carry on. But there is a certain box of fudge that keeps coming to him through the mail. He's come to look for it with some show of eagerness. After all there's an old saying about the way to a man's heart is through his gastronomic system. And, Harry, you may be a marked man.

A Prolific Radio Script Grinder

HOWARD REED, script writer for the Buffalo Broadcasting Company, has probably written more dramatic material in the past seven years than the average author does in a lifetime.

Reed began his radio career with WOR with a radio play which showed a natural flair for air productions. He wrote "Black Fear" which went over WGY and the New York State chain in 1926, and continued writing serials for the Schenectady station.

At present Reed has written more than three hundred scripts for stations WGR, WKBW and WMAK of the Buffalo Broadcasting Corporation, and he is still going strong with new ideas.

Reed has heard his stories over the air from a dozen different stations from coast to coast. He has written scripts for WTIC in Hartford, KOA in Denver, WHAM in Rochester, and WJR in Detroit.

His one bit of advice to those who would be writers for the radio is "write the script, cut out the parts you think are good, and you'll have a show."

Governor Ely Appoints Official Radio Advisor

GOVERNOR JOSEPH B. ELY of Massachusetts has taken active recognition of the census report that Massachusetts ranks as one of the first states in the country in the percentage families owning receiving sets. Something should be done about it. So he officially appointed George A. Harder of WBZ-WBZA as Radio Adviser to

the Administration. It will be Mr. Harder's duty to supervise and arrange all broadcasts in which the governor is to participate.

Regarding the appointment, Governor Ely said: "In these times when 52 per cent of Massachusetts families own radio sets, the governor must do his part in discussing with the people matters vital to them. I believe that next to the press, the radio is the most powerful force in moulding public opinion.

"No governor can devote the time to informing himself fully on the new wrinkles of a science so complex as broadcasting, or to the arrangements incidental to his radio engagements. It is for that reason that I have entrusted this work to Mr. Harder who has had a wide experience in the field."

Governor Ely is widely-known to the broadcasting fraternity as the original "Radio Governor". His belief in radio as a great democratic institution prompted him at the outset of his administration to have a special microphone installed in the Executive Chamber.

Almost overnight the hitherto unknown practice of a governor sitting at his desk and addressing a message to the people from one end of the state to the other was adopted by the chief executives of other New England states, New York and Pennsylvania.

The governor's use of the radio has proved itself an effective means of stirring widespread public interest in current problems of the Administration. Governor Ely knows its effectiveness and by dint of a forceful radio personality and able treatment of his subject always commands statewide attention while he is on the air. The special messages he broadcasts to the people inevitably bring a flood of complimentary telephone messages, telegrams and letters.

It is believed that the Governor's appointment of a personal adviser on matters of radio is strong evidence that he intends to intensify his use of the microphone during the remainder of his administration. It is likewise argued that Governor Ely's acceptance of radio as a primary means of moulding public opinion will point the way to its general adoption by other state governments.

Harder is one of the pioneer officials in the New England broadcasting field, entering radio after several years in newspaper work. He is a graduate of Harvard and saw action in France during the war with an ambulance outfit. Besides his special work for Governor Ely, Harder will continue in charge of public relations and program and editorial features for the New England Westinghouse stations.

Boston Director Also Composer

CHARLES R. HECTOR, director of the Yankee Network orchestra, seems to have scored a hit with his song, *When I Whispered Sweetheart,* which had its premiere in Boston a few weeks ago. It was sung for the first time by Lee Le Mieux, former mill girl, who now is widely known as the popular girl baritone of the Yankee Network.

The initial effort of Mr. Hector in writing music was accepted by one of the largest music publishing concerns in America, the House of Kornheiser.

American, International and Mechanical rights have been obtained by the composer.

Mr. Hector who started out in life to become a medical man, turned to music after three years study in a Berlin medical school, still retains his ambition to become a symphony director, regardless of his initial success as a composer. In fact he viewed the acceptance of his writing efforts as another step toward his announced goal.

At present he is working on another musical number which has been accepted by the House of Feist, and will appear in printed form in the early future.



When Uncle Wip of WIP-WFAN says "monkey business is goin' on" over his program he means monkey. Only this happens to be Mona the chimp on Uncle Wip's knee

Quick Success for Mill Girl at Microphone

LEE LE MIEUX, latest addition to the Yankee Network's staff of artists, possesses a voice the quality and clarity of which strongly resembles that of Kate Smith, radio's big mamma, who tips and breaks the scales at 204 pounds.

The petite Lee Le Mieux differs from Kate in several respects, the greatest difference being in weight which is 82 pounds less than that of her more illustrious contemporary. Her voice, too, is lower. Lee is really a mezzo-contralto, sometimes referred to in speaking of singers of popular songs, as a "girl baritone."

Her debut over the Yankee Network, which took place only a few weeks ago, was an unheralded event that has already accumulated a large mail response. Several sponsors of programs now in preparation for late fall broadcasts are angling for her services.

How Miss Le Mieux stepped from the whirling spindles of a woolen mill to the microphones of WNAC is an Horatio Alger story from true life. Forced to give up mill work because she was not constitutionally suited for such strenuous labor, Lee sought other employment. Her friends suggested she make something of her voice via the radio and she clicked into the WPAW staff via the audition route. Naturally big hearted and realizing that the Yankee Network offered larger possibilities for this unusual artist than his own station, Paul Oury, manager of WPAW, brought her to Boston for an audition which was promptly arranged during one of Big Brother Bob Emery's "audition days" at WNAC. Immediately she became a full-fledged member of the Yankee Network artist staff.

Miss Le Mieux is 24, was born in Taunton, lives with her mother in Pawtucket, and has three sisters and four brothers.

Kay-Dee Did Kall Kiddies Klub at KDKA

By DOROTHY DAVIDSON

MANY parties and other fun are in store for children who are members of the KDKA Kiddies' Klub recently organized by Uncle Kay-Dee who is heard daily through Westinghouse Radio Station KDKA at Pittsburgh.

Uncle Kay-Dee, in real life C. A. "Tony" Wakeman, broadcasts at 5:30 o'clock each week-day. Each of the young members of the KDKA Kiddies' Klub is presented with an attractive membership card. No restrictions are required regarding residence, children of cities and towns distant from Pittsburgh being eligible the same as those residing within the Pittsburgh district.

Within a week 2,500 members were enrolled in this new "klub" for children. Many are from far distant states and communities.

Fred Goerner is Real Pioneer Broadcaster

A PIONEER in radio broadcasting, Fred F. Goerner, cellist, has been appearing in musical programs from Westinghouse Radio Station KDKA since the inception of broadcasting. In fact, Mr. Goerner even broadcast in experimental programs from the original KDKA transmitter before the first program for public reception was sent out in November 1920.

Mr. Goerner is a native of Pittsburgh. He received his elementary education in the city's public schools after which he attended the Oberlin Conservatory from which he was graduated in 1916. He is a resident of Ingram.

During the World War he was graduated from the United States Naval School at Harvard University. From 1918 to 1920 he studied at Dresden, Germany.



Max Vinsonhaler, new dramatic director of KOIL

The manner in which Mr. Goerner entered radio broadcasting is rather unique. During the experimental work which preceded the first broadcast he was a service engineer with the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Co. and it was due to his connection with the company that he succeeded in playing over the station during the days when early radio history was being made.

WNBO Boy Announcer to be "Big Shot"

RALPH SHAFFER, the youthful announcer at WNBO, Washington, Pa., has a style suggestive of the dynamic Floyd Gibbons. His versatility may be compared to that of Ted Husing. Whether it's a football game or a "soup and fish" affair with the "highbrows" Ralph just seems to blend right in with the occasion and his followers are legion in number. He is Warner Bros. representative with the station and directs their policies followed in broadcasting. When the Warners "hook-up" is completed in Pittsburgh, Ralph will be the "big shot." It is his privilege to introduce the various talking picture stars to his audience and as a result he is an authority on those bits of news concerning them in private life that the radio listeners delight in hearing about. His position as Governor Gifford Pinchot's announcer did not require a larger hat or affect his radio personality other that to increase his friends.

WCAU Plans $350,000 Studios

EXPANSION plans for WCAU in Philadelphia involve the proposed expenditure of $350,000. Three floors will be added to the Franklin Trust Building* for studios which will be designed as the last word in studio equipment. Special reservations are being made for Dr. Leopold Stokowski, conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra, who will supervise the construction of studios he will use according to plans he has worked out since he has entered into broadcasting. He has spent two years of constant experimentation in the study of the science of broadcasting as it particularly embraces the transmission of orchestral music.

In addition to the general administrative offices and studios, there will be an experimental laboratory especially constructed for Dr. Stokowski where this noted musical authority will continue his studies and experiments in the transmission of music with the assistance of a radio engineer, assigned exclusively to him for this particular work.

The broadcasting facilities will include seven studios of various sizes to accommodate every known type of program. Each of these studios will be as sound proof as modern science can make it—constructed with a floating floor, walls on springs and suspended ceiling. Each is to be a room within a room, with partitions of double glass of two different thicknesses to prevent transmission of vibration. A special flexible accoustical treatment will enable the period of absorption and reverberation to be changed according to the size of orchestra or number of people in the room.

Every studio will be air conditioned automatically thereby maintaining a normal temperature and humidity throughout the entire year.



Betty Lee Taylor, organist at WGY, Schenectady, is taking up piano lessons. You'd be surprised what this infant grand does with its electrical connections with the big pipes

Another exclusive innovation of station WCAU'S new quarters is the separate room outside of the main studio for the conductor. Here, within a glass enclosed accoustically treated room, the conductor will hear the program—not as it sounds in the studio, but through loud speakers as it sounds when it reaches millions of listeners everywhere.

Through a double curved glass, embracing this enclosure, the conductor will be on a platform flooded with spot lights, whereby every move of his baton will be clearly visible to every musician in the orchestra.

Another feature shows there will be with each studio, a separate control room, whereby the program may be properly blended before it is sent through the main control room to the transmitting plant, and then broadcast to the listening audience.

Provisions also are being made for observation galleries, whereby the many thousands of visitors coming to Philadelphia, who have never seen a large broadcasting station, may observe all of the movements used in sending programs of national importance over the air. There will be visitors lounge rooms, separate rooms for artists and announcers, an extensive music library, special audition rooms and the general offices of the company.

Arthur M. Clark, nationally known engineer, with a reputation for sound proofing and accoustical engineering, will be in direct charge of the entire installation of the new station.

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*Late dispatch states the Packard or some other near-by building may be used instead of Franklin Trust.

These plans anticipate the broadcasting of television programs, by providing for a television transmitter, necessary lighting equipment and dressing rooms.

WUPETYFUF REVUE

"Here we are again
On the air again,
Wu-Pe-Ty-Fuf!
Here to play for you
And be gay for you
Wu-Pe-Ty-Fuf!
We hope you like it
For we are doing it just for you
And if you're happy, then we'll be happy,
So here's to another Revue!"

WITH this jolly song and a rollicking tune each Thursday morning at eleven o'clock (EST) the "Wupetyfuf Revue" goes on the air from WPTF, in Raleigh, North Carolina. The name of the Revue is easily discernible from the call letters of the Station—W-P-T-F—and the entire half hour keeps up the informal spirit of fun and happy harmonies introduced in the little song at the first.

Kingham Scott, staff wit, is master of ceremonies for the Revue—and hilarity and sparkling tunes certainly take over the air when this jovial master reigns supreme for thirty minutes.

One of his favorite "acts" for the Revue is to present original parodies on programs regularly broadcast from the station. For instance—Kingham Scott presents the "Poets' Corner"—With voice quivering with suppressed emotion and a background of heartbreaking music such as *Hearts and Flowers* for accompaniment Kingham reads:

"I lay me down neath a chestnut vine,
I dream of thee, sweetheart of mine.
Pine scented flowers swinging high
Thou art mine—I know not why.
Don't shrink as the buttercup
That pallors in the morning dew,
Seek the hope of the evening star
With breath of life anew.
All hopeless lies the mark of time
With fretted brow and fevered lips;
Calm as the waning moon
The heated day to cooling night slips.
Ah, no! A million nays!
Come from the mocking brow—
But unswaying and dismayed
We dash the spray from off the bow."

Kingham follows this plaintive poetic outburst with sparkling bits of music either by himself or by some other member of the staff—for the master of ceremonies is as versatile as he is entertaining, holding a place as organist and pianist on the staff entertainers.

Perhaps turning from such levity Mr. Scott will select to read the account of "The Coquette" as written by himself: "I found myself staring rudely at her.



"Gully-gee, how'm I gonna git 'at Jawbreaker in my mouth?" asks Little Elmer at KOMO, Seattle.

She turned her head the other way—perhaps a bit embarrassed, perhaps a bit abashed, then she nodded her head in the direction of a man standing next to me. A surge of jealousy ran through my veins, but I said nothing. Just as she turned her head in my direction a man came within sight and she dashed off to meet him. . . My opinion of her was quite correct. She won first prize over thirty other horses."

Dramatics are introduced into the Revue with quite a touching version of *My Buddy*—"They had been pals ever since they met many months ago at a training camp. They had shared their meagre possessions together and fought through thick and thin side by side. They had become separated for a long time, and suddenly one day they met! Crowds of humanity surged past them as they met. With a fond embrace they greeted each other.

"Harry, old man, it's you!"

"Yes, Tom—it's me! Oh! I'm so glad to see you once more before I go—before I go!"

"Harry, you can't leave me like this—just when we've found each other again! Harry!"

"It's no use, Buddy, they've got me—I'm going west—west!"

And he caught the train bound for Leavenworth!"

Well, as Kingham would appropriately say—"Drop in on WPTF sometime on Thursday morning at eleven o'clock through the medium of your dial set! The Revue will enjoy having you tune in, just as much as you will enjoy the Revue!"

Carolinas Add Two Links to Eastern NBC Chain

TWO Carolina links were added to the NBC chain within the last few days (October 10) with ceremonies that brought Governor O. Max Gardner of North Carolina on the same program with Governor I. C. Blackwood of South Carolina. The two new NBC stations are WWNC of Asheville, N. C. and WIS of Columbia, S. C.

A studio party with many headliners was held in honor of the event in the NBC studios in New York. Erno Rapee directed. On the list of guests who entertained were Rudy Vallee and His Connecticut Yankees, Jesse Crawford, Russ Columbo, Vaughn de Leath, Little Jack Little, Ramblers Quartet, Amy Goldsmith, Fred Hufsmith, Gladys Rice, Theodore Webb, Veronica Wiggins, Henry M. Neely, Mexican Typica Orchestra, and Rapee's Concert Orchestra.

Station WWNC is owned by the Asheville Citizen and the Asheville Times. It operates on a frequency of 570 kilocycles or 526 meters. WIS is owned by the Liberty Life Insurance Company and operates on a frequency of 1010 kilocycles or 296.9 meters. Each station has a power of 1000 watts.

The addition of the two stations brings the total number of NBC outlets to eighty-two, including WEAF and WJZ of New York.

"Scandalous Past" of Dumb Major is Exposed Here

"HULLOOOOO PEEPUL!!" This is the noon time signal from WGAR, ushering in the Song Parade. The perpetrator of this unholy yell is none other than the Dumb Major of this parade of WGAR crooners—Rocky Austin—nee Rockwell Hughes Austin. He is by no means as diminutive as the automobile that was named after him. Anyhow, to get on with the mysterious life history that now arises to confront our hero at the above Cleveland station.

He was born March 25th, 1900, in Catskill, New York. Jumping over those years when Rocky as a little boy was the bane of existence of a number of neighbors on account of the large number of broken windows, we find our young man just on the threshold of

manhood, entering the Albany Military Academy at Albany, New York. During his senior year he became major of the school battalion, which probably accounts for the ease with which he assumes command of the Song Parade. Major Austin, just to show what a versatile young man he was, became president of the student council, chairman of the debating team—where he received plenty of practice for future announcing—and ended up by collecting nine letters in all—for football, basketball and baseball.

Upon graduating he honored Cleveland with his residence, where in the course of a prolonged career he has been automobile mechanic, buyer of men's furnishing departments, file clerk, has peddled handbills and at various other times he has sold automobiles, vacuum cleaners, kitchen utensils, aluminum wear and fire extinguishers. He has never yet gone in for bootlegging. He says he has also painted, though he refuses to state what.

Rocky entered radio work in 1926, which makes him a veteran in this comparatively young business. After three years with a local station, filling various spots on the bill, he went to New York where he played six months at famous "Barney Gallant's" night club down in the "village"—and also had numerous other engagements in other places of nightly frolic. He knows personally a number of the night club stars of New York, including the well known Texas Guinan.

The lure of radio and especially radio in Cleveland was too strong, however, and Rocky returned to continue over another Cleveland station. During this time he also coached a girls' basketball team that won the State Championship for two years.

On February 20th, of this year, Rocky became a permanent fixture in the WGAR studios—and does just all sorts of things in addition to being the Dumb Major. He has programs called "Rock Gardens"—"Memories"—"The Minute Man"—"Rocky's Review," and also is constantly called upon for personal appearances in front of various organizations.

He describes himself as "Single—sound in wind and limb—has five teeth out"—and we add that his smile is his greatest asset!

World's Youngest M. C. At WJAY, Cleveland

CHILD radio artists are certainly not a novelty anywhere, and are usually tolerated merely because they are children. But WJAY in Cleveland claims a young master of ceremonies, who would be a star on any radio program, regardless of age or experience.

He is little Jackie Hughes, 8 year old announcer and singer. WJAY for over a year has been claiming for him the honor of being the youngest radio master of ceremonies. In all that time there have been no others to challenge this claim.

Jackie takes full charge of his weekly program, listed as "Jackie Hughes and His Gang," and the program itself has become most popular with children in the Cleveland station's territory. It is put on each Saturday morning between 11:15 and 12 noon, so that all school children may hear it, and the amount of mail that Jackie gets would enlarge many an older performer's head.

Jackie Hughes has been performing before the microphone for three years starting in the ranks of child entertainers when he was only five, rapidly rising to the top because of his inherent and unusual ability. For some time now he has been featured in WJAY's weekly program utilizing child artists of 12 years and under.

Little Jackie has also broadcast over stations WHK, and WGAR of Cleveland, WKBN, Youngstown, and WADC, Akron, Ohio. He is in the third grade in Lakewood School and is active in all boys' sports and playtime gatherings.



Dorothy Churchill of KQW, San Jose, California. Miss Churchill is soprano soloist at this pioneer station

WLW Presents Ohio School of the Air

EDUCATION by radio is not a new thing in Ohio where the Ohio School of the Air entered into its fourth consecutive year October 12th. Quite different from the little hand bell with which the teacher summoned the children from the schoolhouse door of old was the great peal of silver-toned bells of the WLW organ. Nearly 400,000 students answered the call. Some of the students in the back row sat 2,500 miles away from their teacher.

More than 120,000 children were registered as pupils of the Ohio School of the Air from the Buckeye state alone, last year, with over 3,000 school-rooms throughout the state reporting a regular use of the Ohio air school courses. B. H. Darrow, director of this unique school which is a division of the Ohio Department of Education, estimates that approximately 10,000 schoolrooms throughout the country made use of this Ohio educational feature during the 1930-31 term.

"Through the Ohio School of the Air school children of our state and of the entire country have the opportunity of receiving training directly under the nation's foremost educators," says Dr. Darrow in pointing out that his faculty is recruited from the ranks of leading university and public school pedagogues.

No classes were held during the initial session of the WLW air school, the time being taken up with exercises marking the opening of the fourth fall term of this pioneer radio school.

George White, Governor of Ohio; Frank E. Reynolds, secretary of the Ohio Education Association; B. D. Skinner, Director of the Ohio Department of Education; and Powel Crosley, Jr., president of the Crosley Radio Corporation, were among the notables to gather at the studios of WLW to attend the opening exercises and to deliver brief talks to the school children of the air.

WGN Studio Notes

THE return of Wayne King and his orchestra to WGN was the signal for a home coming celebration that took the form of a tremendous amount of welcoming mail. King was recipient of 200 telegrams, and nearly a thousand letters on his opening night. The letters came from all parts of the continent and one letter came from Mexico City, Mexico. Another came from Quebec, Canada.

* * *

Votes on the most popular radio program have been coming into WGN by

the thousands during the last week. Scanning of the piles of returned ballots indicates plenty of admirers for the dance orchestras of Earl Burtnett, Ted Weems, and Jan Garber. With Wayne King back on the air, there is added another popular band to garner votes.

The radio sketches, Orphan Annie, Harold Teen, Uncle Walt and Skeezix, the Gumps, Louie's Hungry Five, and Painted Dreams have fared well in the balloting.

* * *

Easy Aces, a comedy of bridge errors, satirizing the great American pastime as it is usually played, is now heard three times a week on WGN at 7:15 p. m. and are booked for this same period on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday nights.

Easy Aces comes to WGN from Station KMBC of Kansas City where for over a year it was one of the most popular features in the Missouri Valley states. The feature is written and produced by Goodman and Jane Ace. Ace is a newspaper man who for a year wrote a column on the Kansas City Journal-Post called "Lobbying."

* * *

FROM the theatre box office originates the title *Fifth Row Center* the name for the new theatre review which WGN listed for each Sunday at 5:15 o'clock, immediately preceding the music of Wayne King and his Aragon Ballroom orchestra. *Fifth Row Center* will present an intimate chat about some one of the outstanding plays appearing in Chicago and will be followed by the personal appearance of the star of the production.

In presenting *Fifth Row Center,* WGN is enlarging it's already successful policy of presenting stage stars of prominence to its vast audience of radio listeners. In the past year WGN has brought to radio such famous people of the theatre as Otis Skinner, Grace George, De Wolf Hopper, Tom Powers, Oscar Shaw, Blanche Ring, Lillian Kemble Cooper and Minnie Maddern Fiske.

Some of the coming stage attractions for review and presentation of principal stars are: Lionel Atwell in *Silent Witness, The Third Little Show* with Beatrice Lillie and Ernest Truex, *Girl Crazy, Crazy Quilt* with Fannie Brice, Phil Baker and Ted Healy, *Private Lives* with Edith Taliferro and Donald Brian, *The Venetian, Surf* with Walker Whiteside, *Against the Wind* with Minnie Maddern Fiske, *The Admiral Crichton* with Walter Hampton and Fay Bainter, *Earl Carroll's Vanities,* and the Theatre Guild's *Tomorrow and Tomorrow.*



Miss Irma Hall at WJSN had the contest judges worried when they saw this photo and were deciding on the new Radio Queen. However, friends say this photo never did the real beauty of Miss Hall justice

"LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE," radio dramatization of the popular Tribune cartoon strip, has returned to the network, to an estimated audience of five million children. Twenty-nine stations now carry Annie's adventures.

Annie's return to the NBC chain is

the result of her continued popularity in and around Chicago, where she has been presented nightly from WGN, The Chicago Tribune station on the Drake Hotel, coupled with her satisfying "test" of last spring, when she was heard over an experimental network of six stations. So successful were her adventures, and so instantaneous the listeners' response, that immediately upon conclusion of the series, plans were made for the broader network.

* * *

The five greatest dance bands in the Middlewest will be presented to WGN listeners nightly this fall—Wayne King's, Ted Weems', Earl Burtnett's, Art Kassel's and Tweet Hogan's.

Earl Burtnett, "the toast of the coast," and his band from the Mark Hopkins Hotel in San Francisco, touched off the winter's dancing season at the Blackhawk restaurant, and Art Kassel and his "Kassels in the Air" served up their grand inaugural at the Bismarck hotel.

Earl Burtnett's aggregation will take up the work of Coon-Sanders' orchestra of other years, in specializing in programs for the collegiate crowd at the Blackhawk. As soloists he will have Jess Kirkpatrick, former stellar halfback at the University of Illinois in 1921 and 1922, Arthur Jarrett, Gene Conklin and Harry Robinson. Between dance groups a specially picked lineup of entertainers will assume the spotlight.

Burtnett's band was the favorite orchestra of the movie colony on the Pacific coast during its stay of five years. They appeared in many talking pictures, including *Broadway Melody, Coquette, Gold Diggers of Broadway, Reaching for the Moon, Puttin' on the Ritz,* and *Viennese Nights.* Among his own compositions are *Sing Another Chorus, Please, Leave Me with a Smile, Mandalay,* and *Do You Ever Think of Me.*

Art Kassel is a Chicagoan who has played his way into national fame as a radio and recording orchestra leader in the old home town. Back in 1923, he had aspirations to become a commercial artist, but he couldn't keep his hands off a saxophone and clarinet. So he decided to devote his entire time to music. He also is a composer, with a number of hits to his credit, the most popular being the sensation of two years ago, *Around the Corner.*

Tweet Hogan's peppy crowd of musical youths will hold forth at the Drake Hotel, while Wayne King, "the waltz king," and Ted Weems will continue to play for thousands of dancing feet at the Aragon and Trianon ballrooms respectively.

* * *

HOTTEST program ever sold in Michigan was at Marquette. Bob Kaufman had rushed a portable to a fire and was telling the WBEO listeners all about it when Al Loomis of the advertising staff saw the owner of the store in the crowd. There would have to be a fire sale, of course. He sold the startled store keeper the idea on the spot and Bob told the listeners to come in for bargains the next day.

* * *

Station WTMJ at Milwaukee has one of the fastest nut programs on the air. It is called the Three Flying Filberts. They fly from one subject to another without stopping. They are Bob De Haven, Dave Willock and Julanne Pelletier. De Haven is a member of the Haresfoot club at the University of Wisconsin, and has written several plays and revues for that organization.

* * *

Green Bay, Wis., merchants have sponsored a program over WHBY which will be for the benefit of disabled World War veterans. Every Tuesday night at 7:15 some authorized representative will tell the veterans how to file their applications for compensation and answer such queries as may be sent to the station. The information will be applicable to all veterans of the United States.

* * *

In answer to a demand for detailed information as to its advance program listings Station KSTP, St. Paul, Minn., is issuing a weekly bulletin or "tiny tabloid." In the issue before us is an attractive picture of Marc Williams, Cowboy Crooner, singing to a bright faced baby in the hands of a nurse.

* * *

A LETTER from York, Nebraska, states that Jerome DeBord and Henry Peters, "The Yodeling Twins," who received the Radio Digest award for being the most popular team in the West have moved from KGBZ to KFEQ at St. Joseph, Mo. DeBord has been a radio entertainer for the past nine years, and Henry Peters for five years. They have been yodeling together for the past three years. They were scheduled to make their first broadcast from St. Joseph September 15 and the deal calls for a daily broadcast.

* * *

WE do not hear often from KOA, Denver, of late. A picture received which we were unable to publish shows a group of international educators around the microphone. It was taken during the convention of the World Federation of Education Associations.

* * *

STATION KABC of San Antonio sends a clipping from the San Antonio Light which reads in part: "While WOAI is broadcasting (the World Series) in English, KABC will be putting the play-by-play report of the contest on the ether in Spanish for the benefit of the large Mexican population of Southwest Texas. . . This will be the first time in history that the pellet will be called a 'pelota' in anything but a slang sense."

* * *

OUR old friend Bill Ellsworth, formerly of WIL, St. Louis, we are glad to learn has been made manager of KUOA, owned and operated by the University of Arkansas. It was Bill Ellsworth who gave WIL the title of "the friendly station." To bring KUOA



This is the WTMJ Little Symphony Concert Orchestra which has made such a stir within the radio horizon of the Milwaukee station

up to par the university has decided to put on a few commercials to help carry the cost. To be identified with a university station has given Mr. Ellsworth a great thrill. He has a yen for altruistic broadcasting even if he does have to sell a little time to get along. He has a knack of creating an atmosphere of cordiality. He wants to feel that he can do a whole lot more for some other fellow than the fellow can do for him. The sincerity of the man has earned him strong attachments with those who have been identified with him in the past. So it happens he has been able to bring many of his former associates to the Arkansas station. Radio Digest wishes Mr. Ellsworth the best of luck and hopes he will keep notes coming here about the activities at the Fayetteville station.

* * *

Kansas City Campfire Girls are intensely enthusiastic over the programs being conducted for them by Mondane Phillips over KMBC. She comes to them every Saturday morning at 9:45 as Mary Ann. She plays the role both of mother and daughter. A mid-week program is presented Thursdays at 4:45 in the afternoon.

* * *

John Henry has been made station director of KOIL at Council Bluffs and Omaha. Mr. Henry leaves a radio editorial job to take command in place of Hal Shubert who resigned to enter another field of radio activity. For several years Mr. Henry was managing editor of the Daily Nonpareil of Council Bluffs, a powerful publication covering southwestern Iowa.

Pacific Coast Notes

By Dr. Ralph L. Power

BILL RAY, energetic assistant manager at KFWB, Hollywood, resurrects his Ragtime Revue for Sunday night patrons. It had been carefully stored away for more than a year. "Not good, but loud," softly whispers Bill between station announcements and the band begins to thump away with "Alexander's Ragtime Band" or some other tune of years gone by.

* * *

Robert Bowman, KHJ's technician-announcer, who in a pinch can also strum away on the fiddle, has wandered to other fields. Now the young man is at San Diego as KGB's program manager.

* * *

Twenty-five years ago Roy Leffingwell wrote his first song, "Every Girl's a Flirt" . . . and women wore puff sleeves, bustles and derby hats. Now he dashes off his latest, *I'm Afraid That I'm Falling in Love"* and the cycle swings around to where all these accoutrements for milady are back in style again. Leffingwell is KECA's music-philosopher and a well known composer with more than 200 tunes to his credit.

* * *

Liborius Hauptmann, former music director at KGW, joins up with the KTM staff as leader of the concert ensemble and pianist for the little symphony at Los Angeles. His colleagues dub him "What a Man" Hauptmann, since all the other members of the symphony are of the fair sex.

* * *

KMTR's debonair organist, Harold Curtis, has gone Hollywood in a big way these days. His family chariot is equipped with a French top, looks sporty and chic.

* * *

Dean Metcalf teams up both as a staff baritone and announcer for KFWI, San Francisco, and once in awhile he even essays the role of pianist. Although he took an education course at the University of Southern California, he later became interested in radio work and started his career at KFI five years or so ago.

* * *

Dave Ward, KELW's chief announcer, gets another job. But he keeps 'em both. He now directs a ballroom orchestra in a nearby town and moves the group bodily from studio to dance hall and back again a couple of times a day. And in between, without any provocation at all Dave lustily lifts his voice in song as a solo performer.

* * *

L. Scott Perkins, NBC continuity scribe, is a son-in-law of Roy Leffingwell, western pianist-composer. Scott lives down the peninsula at Redwood City and both he and his wife drive the car along the smooth highway . . . not all at once of course, but at different times for each has a personal conveyance.

* * *

Roy Ringwald, versatile young man in his teens, comes back from the east a sadder and wiser boy. He started out to conquer the world with a vocal trio. Now he sings, plays the piano and organ over at KECA, Los Angeles, and enrolls in the state university to finish his education. Roy didn't begin to lift his tonsils in song while in the bathtub as so many tenors do. Not a bit of it. He began to sing while wringing out suits in the Santa Monica bath house where he was an attendant.

* * *

Dr. Wade Forrester, "singing chiropractor," has closed up his Los Angeles shop because he says Angelenos don't respond to night treatment. He goes back to Oakland and sings over KROW. He had been heard over KELW, Burbank, for a number of months with a program.

* * *

Carl T. Nunan, KPO's publicity impressario, is a son of the coast's oldest radio-music critic. Numan, Sr., has for twenty-five years been in succession music, drama and radio editor for the Los Angeles Examiner.

* * *

Lee S. Roberts, California composer, who gives the Sperry Smiles program over NBC, has two sons . . . one twenty-one and the other fifteen.

* * *

Sydney Dixon's robust tenor voice isn't being heard much from KYA studios of San Francisco these days. He has been busy in the commercial and executive departments.

* * *

Clarence Muse, colored star who was discovered by Bill Sharples at KNX a couple of years ago, is one of the characters in the new Sky Dwellers Sunday program at KTM. For twenty years the Sky Dwellers, stage players, have met on both sides of the Atlantic. Now all of them are in Los Angeles in the talkies and they again meet in informal mood and entertain.

* * *

Julius Brunton's voice is once more ringing around the KJBS (San Francisco) studios where he is owner-manager. He went to Honolulu on a honeymoon jaunt.

* * *

When KFRC opened up for business nearly ten years ago Harrison Holloway was on the job as engineer. He is still there but is now the station maestro. A short time later Monroe Upton joined the group and he's still there . . . with a dozen radio aliases ranging from Lord Bilgewater and Simpy Fitts to sundry other nomenclatures.

* * *

Glenhall Taylor says he would rather be a pianist and staff member than a station manager. And he ought to know because he has managed two or three stations since he was KFRC accompanist six years ago, later directing KTAB and KTM. Now he is pianist at KTAB once more.

* * *

Dick Dixon believes in spreading honors around. First at KGER, Long Beach, he is now across the street at KFOX in the same city where he does a midnight organ hour from one of the picture palaces. Small, wiry and energetic, Dick always had a sneaking ambition to own a string of hot dog stands.

Though KQW, San Jose, has been taken over by the Pacific Agricultural

(Continued on page 87)



If your table can't look like this for Thanksgiving—
Photo Courtesy of Mosse, Inc.

Economy

They can be just as elaborate holiday —and you can have what you can get

By Ida

THIS year when the President issues his Thanksgiving proclamation, he will doubtless have to scratch his head—if Presidents scratch their heads ever—and think hard to find anything to be thankful for; of course we can always be thankful we aren't as badly off as other people.

But such a hymn of praise seems to be rather negative. And I have decided, entirely without word from the White House, to assist President Hoover in his task of digging up something to be thankful for. I should begin with the depression. And when the loud chorus of *raspberries* or perhaps *cranberries,* in this instance, had died away, I should repeat: Yes, the depression.

Why shouldn't we be thankful for it? It has furnished a topic of conversation for over a year now; it has given twenty million husbands an excuse for not buying a car or not presenting the wife with pearls for her birthday. It has permitted us to escape every social duty, every patriotic duty, every religious duty we didn't wish to face. And it has furnished us with the most amusing comedy in two theatrical seasons: A study of a whole world so afraid of its own shadow that it won't move. The natural resources of the world haven't grown less, certainly; the population hasn't decreased, when you consider the whole, to any appreciable extent. Machines have freed us for higher things than the mere business of living. Then what in the world is the matter with us?

Nothing; except that we have frightened ourselves into a kind of paralysis. We have all been so afraid our incomes would cease that we have stopped buying; and thus, with true brilliance, we have cut off our incomes at the source. Commerce isn't a stream with a beginning and an end. It's a circle; and if you break it anywhere, it can't function. During a year now we have not purchased the things we needed because we trembled lest next year we shouldn't be able to buy them. Next year is here almost, and we are beginning to discover that certain things we must have, whether we can afford them or not. The day we all become convinced of that fact and rush down to the stores and start buying again, the depression will end; and we shall suddenly find that we can afford what we need.

THE depression has been a blessing in many ways, you see; I never had much interest in finance before, but now I can almost understand people who chatter about international exchange, credits, and so forth. I am getting back to first principles; I have never before appreciated people, just plain, everyday people, so much as I do now although they have always been the most important element in my life.

And when I face a problem, no matter how big it is, I try to put it in terms of people and of the existence I know best. Primarily I am a housewife, even if I happen to keep house over the radio and have about one million neighbors, close neighbors, who train their ears on me and catch me in any slip I make. And so my contribution to the depression literature is a depression dinner for Thanksgiving. The prime essential, of course, is a grateful heart and a smiling face. The depression is a huge joke; if you don't agree with me, observe what a lark our depression dinner is going to be.

First of all, nobody is going to have to bear the whole cost of it; every person invited could well afford to pay for it, because it isn't going to be a bit expensive, but we are like a crowd of children playing a game. The game is depression. We imagine ourselves low in funds; and then we try to see how good a time we can have without much money. I know before we start that we shall learn only an ancient truth: Happiness doesn't depend upon wealth.

But the rule of the game is to consider ourselves poor. Therefore, every guest must contribute something toward the meal. Eight of us will share the food—and the entertainment; we shall assign the various items to people who can best supply them.

However, my recently acquired politico-economic knowledge intrudes at this point, and I lay down another rule. Because we have a surplus of certain products in this country, at our depression dinner we are going to substitute

A Thanksgiving Dinner

Tomato Juice Cocktails
Egg and Pimiento Canapes
Chopped Onion Broth
Celery Olives
Roast Fresh Ham with Bread Stuffing
Gravy
Mashed Turnips Riced Potatoes
String Beans
Cranberry Jelly Cubes
Harvest Cole Slaw
Little Pumpkin Custard Pies
Cider Pop-corn Fruit

Tomato Juice Cocktail

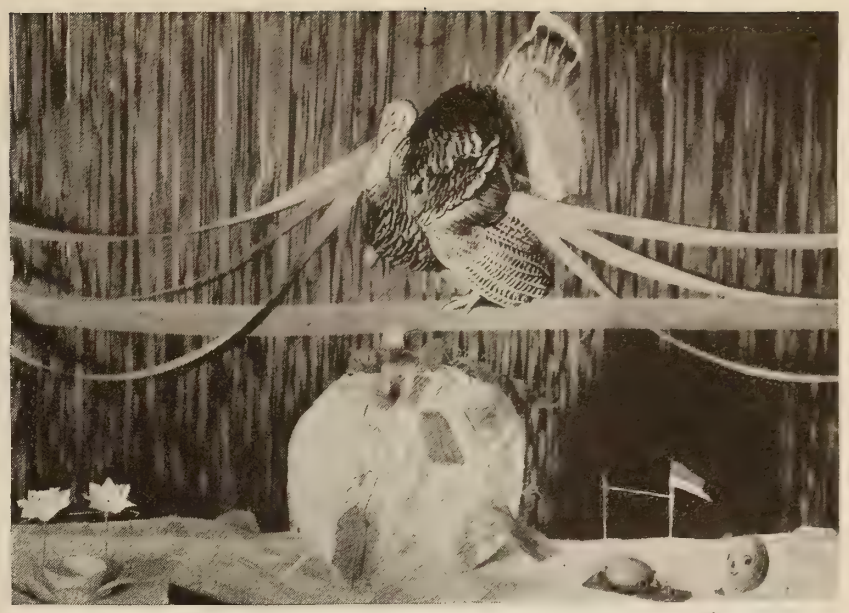
2 large cans of tomatoes and juice
2 medium-sized green peppers
1 chopped onion—3 tablespoons sugar
Cleaned outer stalks of one bunch of celery
2 teaspoons salt—¼ teaspoon pepper
2 bay leaves, 6 whole cloves, 4 peppercorns

Cook these ingredients together for ten minutes. Strain them through a fine sieve or cheesecloth and chill. Serve in small glasses with the egg and pimiento canapes.

Dinners

appetizing as those meals of yesteryear lots of fun in seeing out of very little.

Bailey Allen



—You can still enjoy your dinner on a setting like this
Courtesy of Dennison Mfg. Co.

for some of the traditional and none too plentiful dishes those things of which we own a superabundance. It's amusing to consider that a surplus may cause a lack; we continue the paradox and declare that the way to end the lack is to eat it.

If you don't think depression tastes good, just examine the menu given in this article and let your mouth water.

Note how much wheat that dinner requires! Yet it is a well balanced, appetizing meal; the charm results from using a little thought in preparing the food and from converting a simple repast into a party.

IN THE recipes, we have included ingredients of which there seems to be a surplus in the food markets. Nevertheless, we mustn't neglect the wheat crop; and here's how to concoct the bread stuffing. Melt four tablespoonsful of butter; add one medium-sized onion—I guess we have plenty of onions, too—and this medium-sized onion you should mince, not to make it different but to make it more effective. With it put one-half minced green pepper; and saute until the onion is yellow. Add next two and one-half cups soft bread crumbs, one teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce, and enough water to moisten. Mix the whole thoroughly and use as a stuffing for the roast fresh ham.

I haven't heard whether there is also an overproduction of cabbage, but I next display a recipe for a salad that's good whether we have a depression or not. To achieve the harvest cole slaw, shred very fine enough white cabbage to make three cups; and combine with one cup of fine-chopped, unpeeled red apple and one-half cup of halved seeded raisins. Season with salt and pepper, and moisten with one-half cup of mild-flavored boiled salad dressing. Arrange in nests of lettuce; and garnish with a dash of paprika.

THE dessert, always a climax in the meal, is a triumph because it now gives us a chance to dispose of a lot of over-blessings. To prepare the pumpkin custard pie, combine two cups cooked, sieved pumpkin, one cup of light brown sugar, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of powdered cinnamon, one-half teaspoonful of ground ginger, one-half teaspoonful of allspice, and two cups of rich or top milk; let these ingredients stand for five minutes, to ripen the seasonings. Slightly beat two eggs; and add them to the pumpkin mixture. Transfer the pumpkin custard filling to two pie pans or to little patty pans lined with plain pastry, the edges having been built up. Bake in a very hot oven — 400 degrees Fahrenheit — and continue baking until the pie filling is firm and brown on top.

But we are not going to deliver three or four blows at the depression and stop; we shan't forget the South. The tablecloth and napkins for our depression dinner are to be of cotton. If possible, the lady guests will wear cotton clothes; and, in areas where the raw cotton itself is available, the centerpiece for the table might be a heap of cotton-boles with apples and yellow persimmons or wild grapes or autumn leaves. Those who live where apples are much in evidence, may provide a centerpiece to consist of a pewter or wooden bowl filled with autumn leaves, apples, and any other fruit they can obtain easily.

AND—oh, we were overlooking the pop-corn industry! Somebody must do something to relieve the depression in the pop-corn industry. Nothing is more depressed than depressed pop-corn. Well, our favors are to be of pop-corn, but booming. We construct little cylinders of celophane packed with pop-corn, the ends of the containers being twisted tight, so that the cylinder will be almost rigid. Then we wrap every cylinder in yellow crepe paper, again twisting the ends; and about three-quarters of the way around the yellow paper, we put green, securing the ends again, but leaving some of the yellow showing thru along one side and at the ends. Thus we have an artificial ear of corn that is nevertheless real and that is in perfect harmony with our depression dinner, the most lightsome affair of the season!

And How to Make It

Egg and Pimiento Canapes

With a medium-sized biscuit cutter, shape eight slices of bread in rounds. Brush them with one-half cup of melted butter and brown them in a hot oven. Cut three hard-cooked eggs in three even slices to make three rings each. Mash the yolks; combine with two tablespoons of minced pimiento, two tablespoons of mayonnaise, one-eighth teaspoon of dry mustard, with salt and pepper according to your taste. Thoroughly blend these ingredients. Spread the prepared canapes with the egg-yolk mixture; place a slice of egg-white on each canape, and sprinkle with minced parsley.

Onion Soup

Caramelize in a heavy frying pan one teaspoon of sugar; add three tablespoons butter and twelve small fine-minced onions. Cook these all slowly until the onions are brown. Add two quarts of meat stock or eight bouillon cubes dissolved in two quarts of hot water; salt and pepper as you wish. Cook this mixture slowly together for thirty minutes; serve in bouillon cups and sprinkle the top of every serving with grated Parmesan cheese.



Evelyn Hoey, wistful and charming actress who was guest star on a chain program recently

For Pity's Sake!

Thumbs are down on Purveyors of Sympathy. They are foes to happiness and progress

By

FRANCES INGRAM

Consultant on Care of the Skin, Heard on NBC Every Tuesday Morning

TODAY I had luncheon with an old friend—a girl who was graduated in my class and who went on to become a doctor. In the course of our conversation, Dr. Evelyn mentioned a serious disease which she characterized as "pernicious pity." "The plague of pernicious pity" she called it.

"I've seen too many of my patients retarded in their recoveries by the overzealousness of these chronic pityers. I've finally decided that people who play the part of Job's comforter to hospital patients should either be barred from the doors or operated on for their malady—pernicious pity. The idea of visiting patients and attempting to drown them in pity! It's criminal. Why one of my patients told me just the other day that she was sending out cards to her friends with this hint—'For pity's sake, please omit pity.' I don't blame her, either. I've heard some of her friends—I've seen them in action—cheering up a patient with stories of an aunt or an uncle or a niece or a nephew who died from exactly the same trouble for which my patient is receiving treatment! How they pitied her! Pity—it's a plague, and one of us will have to devise a cure for it sooner or later."

A diatribe against pity was somewhat of a novelty to me, but somehow or other I'm inclined to agree with Dr. Evelyn. I've met some of these chronic pityers and I've seen some of the damage they do. For instance, take the case of Margery. After two years in New York, she was finally able to furnish a tiny one room apartment. It was a charming place and Margery was naturally very proud of it. Then her mother came to town. It so happened that I was present when Mrs. Winters saw the apartment for the first time.

"OH, my dear child, if I had only *known* you were living like *this!* Margery, you must come home. You can't go on living cooped up this way. I can't have my only daughter living in one room. You poor child!"

You're right—Margery never enjoyed her charming little apartment again. From that day to this, cobwebs of pity have marred the decorative scheme which Margery worked so hard and so happily to achieve.

I saw pity at work in the Waldorf last week, too. At the table next to me were two young girls. From their conversation, it appeared that one of them was wearing a new fur coat.

"It's terribly smart, of course," said her companion, "but you'll never get any wear out of it, you know. Sue had one just like yours two years ago and it was being repaired all the time. It's a shame. I'm sorry you didn't let me know you were buying a fur coat."

PITY, I'm afraid, is often a cloak for less commendable emotions. Envy, malice, covetousness, all of these are sometimes seen in the mask of pity. It isn't always the pitied who suffer from this plague, either. Pernicious pity can be a boomerang to the chronic pityer as well. Slowly, but surely, the state of mind hammers the tissues of the face into a mold which reflects the thoughts. Inevitably one's customary mental state shows itself to the casual passerby. When we say to a child, "Don't make a face like that! It might freeze that way" we are saying something that really has an element of truth in it. So beware of pity—pernicious pity—pity which is not compassion, not sympathy, but a destructive disease which in time devours the pitied and the pityers.

Free booklets on the Care of the Skin by Frances Ingram, will be mailed to readers of RADIO DIGEST. *Send your request to Miss Ingram, in care of* RADIO DIGEST, *420 Lexington Avenue, New York.—Editor.*

Social Life in the Gay Nineties

By

Marguerite Richardson-Wood



Marguerite Richardson-Wood

The author of this article recently broadcast on the Woman's Radio Review Hour over NBC. Mrs. Wood is thoroughly familiar with every phase of social life both here and abroad. Her main interest lies in collecting antique furniture, textiles, glass and china. As a woman of great culture, her talks should be an inspiration to the radio audience.—Editor.

THE phrase "Naughty Nineties" or even "The Gay Nineties" as these years are called by the present generation, carries with it a strong element of ridicule. The emphasis is put on the negative side, along with the repressions, until our grandchildren believe we led most terrible, cheerless and unhappy lives. This is far from the truth.

Then there was a standard of living, which had dignity and charm. Our manners had to be good. We were not tolerated if rude or inconsiderate of the older generation. Invitations did not



In Grandmother's Day

come our way, no matter what names our family held, nor what figure our father's bank account showed, unless our training was correct.

I was the youngest of three girls, and a most adventurous youngster. The training for social life of my older sisters occupied much of my waking hours, and although I was told to sit quietly in the corner and not speak a word, still when there both ears were kept well forward and eyes wide open! All the talk sank deep into my untutored mind.

Unusual entertainments were most welcome even in those days. This dinner of twenty was to be a progressive affair. Every second course the men took their napkins and wine glass and moved to the right two places. Think what a flip-up this gave to conversation! No sticking with people who would not say a word until they had finished the fish! And so it was planned.

The great night arrived and as the guests came down the stair the butler handed each gentleman a tiny envelope with their names on the outside, while inside was written the name of the lady they were to take into dinner.

I witnessed this pageant from behind a curtain in the hall closet!

THRILLED to the tip of fingers and toes, I rushed down the back stairs, tore through the kitchen, where I heard Mary-Ann exclaim, "Glory be! look at that child! There's some *diviltry* brewing in that tousled head, all right, all right!" There was indeed, for I longed to hear how "grown ups" talked at play. What could they possibly talk about when they had such good food in front of them. I dived right under the dining table! There I made myself as comfortable as possible on my Mother's foot-stool, just as the guests were taking their seats. The talk did not register for some time in my child's mind; not until the second course had made an impression on the gaiety of the company. What they said seemed very silly to me but what they *did* intrigued me tremendously!

One man, a great beau of my oldest sister's loved olives—that was the day before stoned olives were in existence—so as not to appear too greedy he put these stones under the table! I counted them carefully for future reference. When he teased me the next time or pulled my curls unmercifully, I would have something to say that might make him consider me in a different light!

SOON I noticed another man kick off his patent leather pumps, and there was a hole in the toe of his silk sock! That sock harbored the foot of a most debonair young lawyer, brilliant and witty, who had just been made a Judge in our District Court. I fear I put those pumps as far away as possible from those august toes! Yes, he found them again, but not until he had gotten down on his knees and reached long and hesitatingly under that table!

Later when the gentlemen had joined the ladies in the drawing room and the proper pumps were on the proper feet, I emerged from under the table to see what was left to eat.

My recollection of the front stairs was very dream-like and very long! My nurse found me sound asleep across the doorway to my nursery. Her exclamation was forcible—"We entirely forgot to put the poor child to bed, we did!"

Years passed and my own "coming

(Continued on page 87)

RADIOGRAPHS

Intimate Personality Notes Gleaned from the Radio Family of America's Great Key Stations

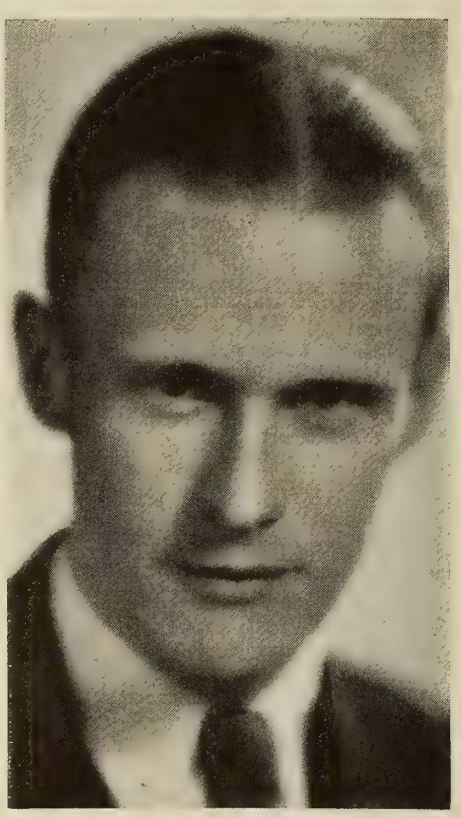
Peter Van Steeden

By Wallace B. Liverance

INNUMERABLE stories, both real and fancied, have been written of those who have risen from the humble obscurity of the farm or the small rural community to positions of prominence in the large city or in the affairs of the nation. This, however, is not concerned with the farm boy who made good in a big way in the big city and returned to pay off the mortgage on the old homestead. Rather it is of one, reared in the hurly-burly of a great city and under the handicaps which confront the city boy from a family of modest means, who, through his own efforts and at the early age of twenty-eight, has attained eminence in his chosen profession, not only in New York, the city which from early infancy has been his home, but throughout the nation.

Whyte's Restaurant, famous old Fulton Street eating house but recently moved from the downtown financial section up into the Forties on Fifth Avenue, is crowded to capacity at the dinner hour. The hum of voices of patrons seemingly fills the large room to overflowing. Suddenly the strains of soft sweet music are heard through the din of voices. Conversations are hushed and cease altogether as the diners one by one become conscious of the perfect orchestral harmony. Nor are they resumed until the last note of the selection has been sounded, and then only to discuss the exceptional technique of the orchestra supplying the music, and the slender graceful young man in evening clothes who directs it.

But the patrons of Whyte's Restaurant are not the only ones who are privileged to hear this music. Even as they are enjoying it, so is a countless mass of people from coast to coast, up into Canada and down into Cuba and Mexico, in farm house, cottage and mansion, wherever a radio is to be found. Peter Van Steeden and his orchestra are before a microphone and the harmonies which they produce are being carried out into space over the great network of the National Broadcasting Company. It is of this cultured versatile young orchestra director, composer and arranger that this article is concerned.



Peter Van Steeden

Destiny may not shape our ends but surely there is some great force which supplies that divine spark that enables a certain favored few to accomplish the seemingly impossible; handicaps do not deter these from their purpose. As one of the many thousands of boys taking advantage of the public school system of New York City, the outstanding traits of Peter were a quiet determination, a meticulous thoroughness and an eagerness to learn which were foreign to the great majority of his playmates.

THESE characteristics, together with judgment beyond his years, placed him in a position of leadership among his associates which he did not seek but which he did not evade. We who knew him at that time appreciated the latent possibilities within the boy but felt that, because of the lack of available funds in the family exchequer to develop them, they might never be realized.

But young Van Steeden was one to be reckoned with; his was a heritage handed down through generations of Dutch ancestors. He early determined on a college education and matriculated, without funds, at the close of his high school career in the Engineering Department of New York University. The element of luck, which favors those who work, was somewhat kind to him at the outset. He applied for a scholarship and with that quiet determination, which is and always will be associated with him, persisted until it was granted him. This partially solved his financial problem. However, there were many expenses to be met, but young Peter characteristically met them by earning the necessary money himself.

As a boy, Peter was a student of the violin. With an inherent love for music, he continued his studies and became proficient on that instrument. A natural leader, he organized while still in high school, an orchestra composed of boys of his acquaintance who had received some musical training. While that orchestra did not persist, memories of it evolved the idea whereby he was to secure funds to put himself through college.

HE organized and directed a college orchestra popularly known as "Van and His Collegians," which acquired a wide and most favorable reputation, and with it as a source of revenue he did not want for sufficient wherewithal to meet the expenses incident to his college training. Without funds at the beginning of his college career, he finished with money in his pockets.

Through college, Van Steeden the young industrial engineer, at once secured a position in keeping with his university training. However, two factors diverted him—his love for music and the young lady who had been his inspiration since grammar school days. His soul cried for a musical career and his practical nature demanded that he earn more money than could be obtained through his profession for a great many years in order that he and the young lady in question might realize the dream

that long had been theirs. His natural inclination toward music won out and from that time his progress has not only been meteoric but constant. The dream came true and in the Van Steeden home now can be found two additional members of the family of the younger generation.

Reviving his college orchestra, which for some time continued to be known as "Van and His Collegians," Peter spent two summers at the socially famous Adirondack resort, Paul Smith's. As "Van and His Orchestra," he then opened the season at the Half Moon Hotel in Coney Island furnishing dance and concert orchestration there for a year. Throughout this time and even while in college, he and his orchestras had been heard frequently over both WEAF and WJZ, which then were totally separate units and not a part of a great broadcasting system, although he personally was given no publicity. It was while substituting for B. A. Rolfe, famed leader of the Lucky Strike Orchestra, at the Palais D'Or Restaurant during the summer of 1928, that his unusual ability and musical proficiency won for him the interest of the National Broadcasting Company. At that time, they contracted with him for the exclusive use of his services.

UNDER the auspices of the National Broadcasting Company, and through the kind offices of Edwin W. Scheuing of the NBC Artists' Service, Peter managed the transcontinental tour of the Ipana Troubadours, and for ten months he conducted the Cliquot Club Eskimos on a coast to coast tour. While he was given no official recognition on the latter trip, readers of this article who danced to the music of the Cliquot Club Eskimos at the Tulsa Club in Oklahoma, the Playmore Ballroom in Kansas City, Missouri, the Broadview Hotel in Wichita, Kansas, the Graystone Ballroom in Cincinnati, Ohio, the State College Commencement Hop in East Lansing, Michigan the McGill University Convocation Dance, Montreal, and the thousand and one other points where the Eskimos were heard will now know that the young leader who wielded the baton so effectively was none other than the subject of this sketch, Peter Van Steeden.

Upon his return to New York, Van Steeden and His Orchestra, for six months prior to the opening of the New Yorker Hotel, broadcast as the New Yorker Hotel Orchestra three times weekly over a nation-wide hookup. He was made musical director of the Johnson and Johnson musical melodrama and has been closely associated with the Nat Shilkret Victor Dance Orchestra and the Florence Richardson Orchestra. His exceptionally well chosen and beautifully rendered programs are now being broadcast daily from Whyte's Restaurant over WJZ and its associated stations.

It is related that on one of his transcontinental tours, Van Steeden had been booked to appear in Rockford, Illinois, and the next night in a small Pennsylvania mining town. He knew that it was impossible to reach the second town at the scheduled 8 o'clock period, but he boarded trains here and there and arrived at midnight.

THOSE Pennsylvanians, like most people, take their parties seriously, and growls and subdued mutterings ushered him in. The chairman of the committee on arrangements started rather menacingly toward the trembling Peter, who retreated a step and raised his hand.

"Gentlemen," he said, swallowing, "I'd intended to open this program with *Moonlight and Roses,* but now it looks like *Just Before the Battle, Mother.*"

The miners laughed; the chairman grinned; and they danced until morning.

Peter's life ambition is to be able to conduct a symphony orchestra. Those who know him well are confident that he will succeed in this as he has in all the other things that he has undertaken.

BARBARA MAUREL

ONE must be familiar with the true essence of life and must know and appreciate art to be a great singer. That's Barbara Maurel's philosophy and she holds to it.

When she was in France not so very long ago her press agent gave out the story that Miss Maurel was gathering some interesting material, and not vicariously either, for a series of lectures on —of all things—love! That she was interviewing all of the Parisian men famous for their propensities at fencing with Cupid's darts—and that American women would at last get the authentic recipe on how to receive the attentions of men.

Every member of the feminine persuasion in this country from the flapper to the high-heeled grandmother were eagerly awaiting the return of Miss Maurel so that they could make reservations for these lectures. True, they realized, she herself was not married—but after all are not the most noted authorities on child training, themselves childless?

The situation was quite tense here in America—everyone was fairly bursting with expectation of this French revelation on *les affaires de coeur.* In the meantime, all manner of stories, and strange enough, with no element of scandal, were being circulated about Miss Maurel. Could the expert French gentlemen who knew so much about *l'amour* talk coldly on this engrossing subject without giving appropriate illustrations?



Barbara Maurel

And now for the climax—Miss Maurel's own story. While newspapers flashed the dizzy headlines of her research in love, Barbara Maurel, Columbia contralto, claims that she was busy and quietly studying voice and piano. And she is such an accomplished artist that it is hard for anyone to believe that she spent her time as assistant to Cupid—a story made of whole cloth by her very efficient press representative.

Miss Maurel's background is rich and diversified and her culture has been absorbed from both sides of the Atlantic. She not only sings in five languages but is also on speaking

(Continued on page 90)

MARCELLA

Little Bird Knows All—Tells All—Ask Her about the Stars You Admire

A VERY breezy letter from Uncle Jack toppled in this morning—you know, Jack Shannon, of the Gossipers. He and Marie Stoddard have been broadcasting over the Yankee network and in Uncle Jack's own words, they have been "hitting like a rolling pin in the hand of a jealous wife on the head of a magnetic husband." Translating that into pure English, they have been going over with a wow and a bang. There isn't a radio listener in sight, I don't believe, that hasn't heard the chatter of the Gossipers, but if there should be such a solitary figure, he ought to make haste and listen in through the doorcracks on these two entertaining characters.

Which recalls an incident—it almost turned out to be an accident—that happened last summer. Toddles, Presiding Pigeon of Graybar Court, was struck on the cranium with an idea. We should have an automobile to do things and places. Uncle Jack had a perambulator of the vintage of '28 and one balmy day was instructing my pigeon pardner and myself on how to make the roads. Toddles' fingers couldn't wait until they had the wheel and before we knew it she had us almost hitting the side of a passing machine. Uncle Jack snatched the wheel from Toddles' grasp and thereby preserved us for the noble calling of writing this column.

Our Women's Feature Editor had finished her broadcast over CBS on Front Page Personalities. In the studio were Emory Deutsch, Paul LePorte and Fred Utall. Fred, by the way, is guilty of having destroyed nine hundred feet of good film for D. W. Griffith in the picture, *America*. Fred's feet were very much in evidence, too much so for the benefit of the picture. If you remember having seen a handsome face in any mob scene or crowd in a big-sized production, parenthesis, not *America*—it probably belonged to Fred Utall, now announcer on CBS. It was suggested to Emory Deutsch to search his memory for a few interesting incidents to be incorporated in an article, and this came from Fred, "He might be called M'Emory Deutsch." Now let me explain.

ELLIOTT SHAW leaves the Revelers Quartet and the next day my desk is bent under the weight of letters asking why, when and wherefore. Well, if you really want to know, Mr. Shaw has joined the ranks of the Cavaliers who are with Cities Service.



James Melton

* * *

And talking about the Revelers Quartet, maybe you have heard of James Melton. There's a story about how he joined Roxy's gang. He went to the theatre for an audition, but was told by doorkeepers, attendants, secretaries and assistants that neither Mr. Rothafel nor Mr. Rapee could see him. "I don't want to be seen—I want to be heard," and with this he broke out into his best tenor voice which resounded all over the place. The entire staff of the theatre including Mr. Rapee, rushed to the scene to put the brakes to this vocal explosion—and Melton got the job. A note of warning to aspiring tenors—this mode of applying for a job may not always work. Mr. Melton is tall, has sparkling mischievous eyes, lives in a penthouse in a fashionable section of New York and owns a yacht. In 1929 Miss Marjorie Louise McLure became Mrs. Melton. James was born in Moultrie, Ga.—November 1904, studied at the University of Florida, University of Georgia and obtained his A. B. degree at Vanderbilt University.

* * *

EDMUND B. RUFFNER, formerly of the National Broadcasting Company, from latest reports, is with the Judson Radio Bureau. They nicknamed him "Tiny" because he reaches an altitude of 6 feet five and a half inches. Ever since he was a youngster he outlined for himself a musical career, and at an early age left home to take up any job that would give him sufficient time on the outside for study. He tried his hand at everything from fisheries in Alaska to work in a department store. But it was all for the benefit of his career, and he undertook these tasks cheerfully, even the driving of a bread wagon in New York city during which period he saw every sunrise for five years, all of which proves that the road to the microphone is not paved with roses.



Ed. B. Ruffner

* * *

JESSE BUTCHER, Director of Publicity, told a story about a member of the Big Brotherhood of Editors who had met every celebrity in the world—from Shaw to Gandhi. One day as he was seated before the solemn little microphone at the CBS studios, just starting an oration about something or other Mr. Editor threw up his hands in despair and cried, "Oh, I can't go on with this any longer." That statement went over the entire network, but Jesse Butcher, equal to the emergency, picked up the pages, and whispered, "Don't look at the microphone, just talk to me," and the delivery continued without any further interruption. Someone ought to come along and take the scare out of this black-faced, inanimate purveyor of programs—and then perhaps we would hear from many important people who are afflicted with this thing called mike-fright.



Ford Bond

* * *

FORD BOND is an imposing figure in the NBC studios, so imposing, in fact that his friends constantly advise him to diet, and strangers call him Milton Cross when he is viewed from the rear. Not that it is anything but a compliment to be called after that august personage. Both Ford and Milton are authorities on food, but Ford has taken more than an academic interest in starting a campaign to discontinue the practice of attacking salads without the aid of a fork. He says, "The slipperiest thing on the table is the salad, and I certainly should be allowed to hold it with a fork while bringing up the heavy artillery in the way of a knife. Also I would discon-

tinue the habit of cradling it in a lettuce leaf. When it's just one of those things where I don't want the lettuce wasted, and when the salad is particularly good, I feel robbed of the parts which could only be obtained from the fevered clutch of the lettuce leaf by taking it in my hands and applying the all-day-sucker touch of my tongue." It may be that others who suffer miserably when they have to leave the choicest part of the salad on the plate, will want to enroll in Ford's worthy "Greater and Freer Salads Club." Get in touch with him at NBC or with Toddles who has been made secretary of this new organization. Personally, I don't like salads, and my platform in this coming election will be for the complete abolition of them—so Ford and I are in opposing camps. And frankly, I don't think chewing lettuce leaves dripping with French or Russian dressing would be an aesthetic gesture on the part of any announcer, especially the imposing Mr. Bond. All those in favor, say "aye"—opposed, "aye."

* * *

HARRY SALTER, orchestra leader on the Coty program over CBS, and on the Real Folks program over NBC, is a Roumanian by birth. As a youngster he would rebel strenuously against appearances before company where fond Ma and Pa would have the genius of their son displayed. One can easily visualize curly-haired little Harry protesting vigorously against the cajolings of his doting parents, for he was always minimizing his own talents—that is until he began to make professional appearances. He misses audiences terribly on his radio programs and he enjoys nothing better than to have lots and lots of guests present in the studio.



Harry Salter

Enric Madriguera, who is responsible for Cuban melodies which are broadcast over CBS from the Biltmore Hotel in New York, is closely related to Spanish Royalty.

"Just a word from an itinerant announcer in the middlewest," writes Howard Butler, husband of Edith Thayer (the Jane McGrew of Hank Simmons Show Boat). "I am now with WXYZ, Detroit." Although Howard doesn't claim that his family came over on the Mayflower, they were among the early settlers of this, our great land—for the first Butler found a haven here as far back as 1627. Howard has been with many musical shows, and met his diminutive wife while he was connected with the Viennese Operetta Company.

Al Llewelyn is married, but his wife is not a professional woman. For the benefit of Chas Linch and Kansan of Parsons, Kans., Ben Bernie is married. Emory Deutsch still stands among the bachelors and so does Art Gillham whose sentimental philosophy is like unguentine to fellow sufferers. Ben Bernie is one of six or seven brothers. Born on the East Side of New York, loves to bet on horses, and carries half a dozen cigars with him. Came by the name of Old Maestro at a dazzling party where Toscanini and others of equal fame were gathered. They were all maestro-ing one another, and not to be outdone, Ben broke in with "Well, I'm a Maestro myself—*I've* got an orchestra," whereat he was hailed with great ado as one of them. May Stewart of Charleroi, Pa. also wants to be included with the Bernie Boosters.

* * *

KHJ Shorts: Ted White is single, comes from an old Virginia family, is 32, slightly over six feet in height and has dark complexion; Kenneth Niles was married a few months ago to Nadja Vladnova, the beautiful KNX violinist; is 24 years old and is almost six feet tall; Lindsay MacHarrie is 30; Robert Sawn is 30, and comes from an old New England family. Robert Bradford is married to Jeanette Rogers (KHJ flutist), is 24, and is mixture of Scotch and Irish.

Franklyn Bauer, who used to be the Voice of Firestone, has forsaken broadcasting and is now living in Brooklyn. The Slumber Hour has been on the air since November, 1927—and the Black and Gold Room Orchestra since June 1, 1929.

* * *

TO everyone the dictionary is like an old friend—something to have around when you need it. It was not until I met Dr. Frank H. Vizetelly, who is Managing Editor of Funk and Wagnall's Dictionary that I even began to realize the monumental work and research that lie behind this unpretentious-looking volume. In order to get the ancestral strain of even a single word, Dr. Vizetelly corresponds with every nation which he suspects had anything to do with moulding it to its present state of development. If it's the history of a kiss or a cootie, Dr. Vizetelly can always produce a fascinating and engaging story. He is the father of some very important words himself, among them being myobism. Myobism is a good word for the curious—of course, not the professionally curious, like myself—for it means the act of minding one's own business. Now, knowing the personality behind Funk and Wagnall's Dictionary, isn't that book more than an endless alphabetically listed series of words with definitions and instructions for pronunciation? Speaking of pronunciation, Dr. Vizetelly's occupation is to teach the radio announcers over Columbia's way how to pronounce their tomatoes and vases. If one announcer calls that luscious vegetable *to-mah-to,* and another *to-may-to,* how is the poor public to know what to say to the greengrocer? There should be a uniform pronounciation for announcers, believes our noted lexicographer—considering their influence, direct or otherwise, upon the speech of radio listeners who form so great a part of our population.



Dr. Vizetelly



Leonard Cox

* * *

GUESS who's back in town after a three years' absence from New York? None other than the man, Leonard Cox, originator of *Main Street Sketches* over WOR. Had him over to the World's Radio Show to be featured on the giant television screen—and Count Von Lueckner, Leonard, and a few other such notables waited around for a few hours while the stage was being set. Carveth Wells was master of ceremonies, Hal Stein the Photographer-Elect was mixing around as usual with famous personages, and we were all having one grand time—just waiting around, you know and being told that the program would go on any minute. Well Leonard told me all about his exploits down south. There's a quiet magnetic charm about Leonard that attracts people to him. If he's having a tire fixed, he'll be invited by the repairman to his home for dinner, and if he's sipping an ice cream soda, he'll be knowing the soda dispenser's family probably before the evening is over. It is known in radio circles that Leonard is a genius—and that he has enough ideas to keep half a dozen radio chains in full operation. But like all brilliant people he needs a practical person to manage his affairs for him—and the person in this case is Mary Olds who harnesses his ideas as they are flung through space and drives them to a suitable sponsor.

* * *

I AM deeply moved, and grieved, Mrs. Miller—and Toddles has just doffed her Empress Eugenie chapeau for a monk's cowl—just because Henry Edward Warner prefers to remain impersonal in dispensing substantial beads of wisdom to his host of admirers. Mr. Warner, just read this—and it is only one of the many letters addressed to Toddles

and myself, blaming *us,* if you please, for not digging to the roots of your ancestry and sending forth your biography. Writes Mrs. Miller—"The paragraph you have in the June issue about Mr. Warner doesn't tell me anything. I want to know the story of this man's life with a front page picture. I have listened to his programs of original verses, songs and philosophy for three years over WBAL and WCAO and they are the best on the air. There is an appealing and irresistible charm of manner. He is sympathetic and persuasive in his philosophy that touches the hearts of all people. Just why this artist should be so modest about his broadcasting I can't understand. Why he should prefer to stay on a small station as WCAO when he could reach the hearts of so many people over a network, I cannot understand. Edgar Guest has never written anything to compare with Mr. Warner's style." Read this, Mr. Warner and weep. Then adds Mrs. Miller, on second thought, "Enclosed find check for a year's subscription for Radio Digest. Can't get along without this periodical." So that's that. As soon as Mr. Warner has a change of heart, you may be sure that our columns will be the first to bear witness to his story.

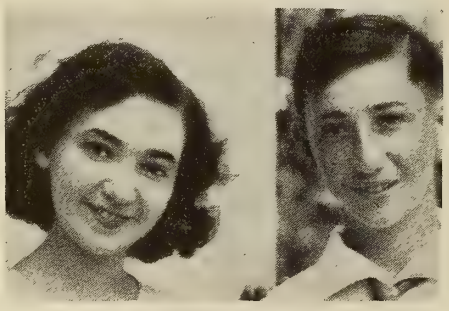
* * *

PHILLIPS H. LORD and his cast of NBC actors are making a tour of the states and those along the road who may want to meet these radio folks from the stage will be interested in their schedule. No. 1, Chicago; Nov. 2, Davenport; Nov. 3, Des Moines; Nov. 4 and 5, Kansas City; Nov. 7, Omaha; Nov. 8, Denver; Nov. 10, Salt Lake City; Nov. 12, Portland, Ore.; No. 13, New Westminster, B. C.; Nov. 15, Seattle; Nov. 18, Oakland; Nov. 19, San Francisco; Nov. 22, Los Angeles; No. 23, San Diego; Nov. 26, Phoenix; Nov. 28 and 30, Houston; Dec. 1, San Antonio; Dec. 2, Oklahoma City; Dec. 3, Tulsa; Dec. 8, Louisville; Dec. 9, Nashville; Dec. 11, Atlanta; Dec. 13 and 14, Miami. Those who are accompanying Mr. Lord are: "Mother Parker," Effie Palmer; "Lizzie Peters," Agnes Moorehead; "Cefus Peters," Bennett Kilpack; "Captain Bang," Raymond Hunter; "Laith Pettingal," Carlton Bowman; "John," Norman Price; "Jane," Ruth Bodell; "Mrs. Hooper," Gertrude Forster; and "Fred," James Black. Despite this very ambitious tour, not one program will be missed, and fans will continue to hear their program each Sunday night at 10:45 p. m. E.S.T.

* * *

HAVE you heard of *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes?* Well, Helene Handin and Marcella Shields, the Troupers of NBC, are working on a book that will make Anita Loos' volume read like a funeral sermon. Helene has the duckiest little apartment on the —steenth floor of the Dixie Hotel in New York, but the only drawback is that it's too small to hold all of her fur coats. Helene, by the way, is an animated fashion plate —she gives a certain little twist to a ribbon on a dress or hat that makes it look like the latest expensive import from Paris.

When a boy walks away with a medal from every contest he enters whether it is for music, athletics, or photography, and is only fifteen, he deserves more than the few passing remarks that can be given in this column. This habit of winning every contest in which he becomes a participant is so chronic—that I believe the family moved from their comfortable little apartment on Central Park South just to get larger quarters for these trophies. He holds the championship of Greater New York as the best violinist of his age. And it is remarkable to watch this young boy, instrument tucked under freckled face (he even has a medal for having the greatest number of these golden blemishes) play the classics with the same vigor and eagerness as if he were in a football game. Toscha Seidel, violin virtuouso, under whose tutelage young Julian



Sylvia and Julian Altman
(©INR Photo)

is unfolding his great gift, has said that the boy has more than talent—he has genius. And with all of this, he's just a real boy, as handy around the house with tools as he is with his violin. Mother Altman called me up just yesterday to tell me that he won a fellowship in the Juillard School of Music. The announcement came right at the moment when Julian was scrambled under the kitchen sink doing a plumbing job and retarding a persistent and powerful spout of water which threatened to flood the whole apartment. Sylvia, his seventeen-year old sister, is the youngest graduate of New York University with a Bachelor of Science degree. She is a concert pianist and has appeared in vaudeville with her brother. Both have been frequently heard on Columbia and National programs. Sylvia is a very vivacious young girl with a smiling voice. She and her brother are sometimes engaged in what would appear to be endless repartee to the hearty amusement of those who happen to be around. Sylvia is a master of the piano keyboard and is studying under Ernest Hutcheson. Both youngsters have attracted national attention and have been the guests at the White House of both former President Coolidge and of President Hoover. Elmer, the younger boy, is also a fine radio actor and is studying the 'cello. He's the business man of the family and when he goes to market, Mother Altman is assured of getting the finest head of cabbage and the choicest cut of meat.



C. Dickerman

* * *

IF any of the boys around WEEI, Boston ever get the toothache, they don't have to go very far to have it doctored up, for Carlton H. Dickerman, senior announcer of WEEI was trained for the profession of dentistry. In his own words, he has forsaken "the laughing gas of the dentist chair for broadcasting ether. It was a mighty struggle, though in the beginning—with his mother planning a music career for him, and his dad laying the groundwork for a professional career as a dentist. He did not take to either and compromised by often running away to the Taunton Insane Asylum gate and bribing the attendant to allow him to visit the playground for the inmates. Here he received his early training as an announcer in umpiring baseball games among the more rational of the inmates. After attending for a time Tufts Dental College in Boston, he became an electric appliance salesman, and Bostonians who bought vacuum cleaners from a cheerful, sprightly salesman, can now say that they knew Carlton Dickerman "when."

* * *

WHEN you hear John M. Davis over WCAU, you are listening to a potential winner of matrimonial, real estate and other lawsuits —for John is a lawyer, having graduated with honors from the University of Pennsylvania in 1929. He was born in the coal regions of Pennsylvania but shortly after his arrival the family moved to Reading.



John M. Davis

* * *

MARCELLA hears all, tells all. Write her a letter, ask her any of the burning questions that are bothering your mind.

New Programs

Thumb Nail Comment on the Features now Bidding for the Listener's Favor

On the NBC Waves

Silent Cal of our days of prosperity is demonstrating that he has vocal powers over an NBC-WJZ hook-up on Tuesday nights. Mr. Coolidge is a director of the New York Life Insurance Company which sponsors the broadcasts.

Ohman and Arden, WEAF, pioneers on the double pianos, are back Mondays with "radio finds" for guest artists. Well worth hearing.

Welcome back to the McKesson Musical Magazine featuring Fred Hufsmith, tenor, and a concert orchestra. WEAF Tuesdays.

"What I Would Do With the World," with H. G. Wells, famous British author, as the first of many noted speakers is good solid stuff for the thinker and the whiners who say radio is all jazz and raspberries. It's WEAF, Mondays.

NBC adds one million dollars worth of new talent to the October budget.

Good plug for Uncle Sam and his House by the Sentinels of the Republic program over WJZ net Sundays.

You should become acquainted with George Barrerre and his Symphony Orchestra in Melodies de France Sundays at 4 p. m. on WJZ circuit.

Devotees of the opera are informed the Chicago Civic Opera is due back for its sixth season beginning Nov. 7. Booked WJZ for thirteen Saturday nights.

Atwater Kent programs are scheduled WEAFward November 15, 29 and December 13. The last program will present winners of current Atwater Kent National Auditions.

Buick Hall of Fame, dramatizing lives of famous persons, makes premier November 8, 9:45 p. m. E.S.T. WEAF-with. Concert orchestra background.

Barbasol with hymns begins Sunday series November 22.

Parade of the States described in detail elsewhere in this issue started over the WEAF tour with Erno Rapee as grand marshal. It's a General Motors new program with a broad gesture that should win many friends.

Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University, inaugurated a new educational program series under the direction of the National Advisory Council on Education by Radio. Two fifteen minute lectures by world's greatest educators every Saturday night from 8:30 to 9:00. Another slap at the gang organized to break up the American Plan of Broadcasting.

Joe Moss comes on regular as a new feature through the opening of the Waldorf-Astoria. Joe's dance orchestra is the current social pet.

Up-to-the-minute stuff in the way of true life drama is presented weekly by D. Thomas Curtin, World War correspondent, who narrates thriller experiences with aid of characters in flashes of drama. Listen Tuesday night WEAF 9 o'clock.

Raymond Knight, NBC comedian, is in a new comic series called the Breyer Leaf Boys. The Landt Trio and White also are on this program. Thursdays and Saturdays 6:30 p. m. via WEAF.

Richard Gordon is playing the part of the famous detective Sherlock Holmes while Leigh Lovell plays the part of Dr. Watson. The longer and more comprehensive Conan Doyle mystery stories are listed on the new series.

The CBS Circuit

Alice Brady and other stage notables are helping to put over the new Sea Romance stories in a grand way. If you have love for the mystery of the waves and odd tales that come therefrom you'll be entranced by this series which comes Sundays and Tuesdays from 9:30 to 10 p. m. Symphony orchestra background.

Regal Reproductions with impersonations of famous stars of the stage and past and present with a twelve piece band for back drop due Fridays 9 p. m.

November 1 inaugurates the new Carborundum program with a pickup of the roar of Niagara Falls (in person not a sound-effect). Dramatization of Iroquois Indian legends. Musical setting. Ought to be good.

Major and Minor another piano duologue with the Roundtowners Quartet singing the interludes. Comes Mondays 10:45 a. m.

Station PME is a new one on the CBS travels. It's just a stage station operated by Charlie and Oscar and affords listeners amusement. Great possibilities. Tuesdays at 6:30 p. m. Sundays at 7:30 p. m.

Bob Haring and His Pilots now come Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 6:45 p. m. Tubby Weyant, Scrappy Lambert, Lem Stokes, and Bob Moody supplement Haring's band. Program is sponsored by Goodyear.

Drama, special music, celebrities and other divertisements are featured in the Blue Coal program which is heard Sunday at 5:30 p. m.

"Your Child" is the name of a program conducted by the famous writer in child subjects, Angelo Patri. It is instructive and of special interest to parents. Thursdays and Sundays at 8:45.

Are you air minded? Then you will be especially interested in the new series by Casey Jones who keeps you posted on the flying news of the week. He's on Fridays at 9:45 p. m.

Eight Sons of Eli are heard Sundays from 9 to 9:15. It's a double quartet from the Yale Glee Club and we'd like to see them get more than a quarter hour.

Walter Winchell has received such a glamorous fame he always is tuned in with special interest. He interviews stage and screen celebrities Tuesdays at 8:45 p. m.

While CBS has cut down its periods more and more to the quarter-hour lengths it sure did let out all the notches for Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra which have recently come with a Philco program that takes an hour and three-quarters. A wonderful program of music.

Another great orchestra for the Columbiads is the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra every Sunday from 3 to 5 p. m.

Oldest of America's symphonic orchestras, and yet the first to go on the air in a regular series of full-length concerts broadcast over a nationwide network, the New York Philharmonic-Symphony will be heard in twenty-nine concerts during its second season. Until November 15 the baton will be wielded by Erich Kleiber, famous for the many new works he introduces.

Voice of the

HE'S AN UNBELIEVER

I ENJOY Radio Digest, but I fail to see my letters in the Voice of the Listeners. It seems like it's a fake. Some of the people write in saying they got 127 stations in one night. Some people believe it, but I don't. I could say I got 150. I wish you would publish a real photo of the orchestras as I requested before. What's the matter? Are you cheap? You deserve a lot of credit putting in such topics as *Are American Women Happy?* and *Temper.* These topics are awful. They should be out altogether. I wish you would give information about stations in Cuba, Mexico, Bermuda, Hawaii, Alaska, Nova Scotia, etc. The programs on the stations in N. A. are just about the same. I wish you would publish this letter.—Jack Keefe, Parkview Avenue, Lincoln Place, Pa.

BUT HERE'S A LIBERAL

YOU can please all of the people some of the time. You can please some of the people all of the time. But you can't please all of the people all of the time. But you should kick in the pants all of the time the guy who knocks another chap who is trying to please some of the people over the air, on the screen or behind the footlights, any time. Society has laid down the Golden Rule; but not caring particularly for it, I have formulated one for MYSELF (and am not imposing it on anyone else); namely, Do unto others what you would like others do unto you, which is to praise and encourage you when the going is hardest and when you can scarcely make the grade. After you have made the grade, well, you can tell the others to Hi, de dum, so if someone comes on the air, I either listen and try to find out their redeeming feature or shut them off and let someone whom they appeal to find out their virtues and then when I hear about it I too learn to see that phase of their game. I honestly do not think it fair to print criticism—it is d—n poor psychology. Print the praises and the ones who are not so good will be impressed by the absence of their names and it will be a spur to better their technique; but a downright out and out slam knocks the backbone out of a fellow who, while not a finished artist, is nevertheless doing his best to win the approval of the public. Personally, I like sketches, continuities, astrology and philosophy; but my husband and oldest daughter nearly pass out when these are on and go for Rudy, Jack Little, Morton Downey, Lew Conrad and other dance orchestras.—Nora W. McGinnity, Clinton, Conn.

ATTENTION CONRAD MUSKETEERS!

See Pages 10 and 11

I AGREE with Musketeer No. 1. You haven't published enough stories about Lew Conrad. He's a fine gentleman and a good entertainer and we want to know more about him. And in the future Lew Conrad and his Hotel Statler Orchestra is going to be the drawing card of the air. Let us have a new picture of him, and a BIG writeup. That writeup by Marcella wasn't enough. Here's to Lew Conrad and his success.—Musketeer, No. 2, Chicago, Ill.

A GRAND RAPIDAN LOCATES JACK TURNER

HAVE read your magazine for almost a year now, and surely do enjoy it. More success to you. Always read your latest reports of radio stations which are listed alphabetically. I noticed a few mistakes in it which I would like to have you correct in your next issue. WKZO is now at Kalamazoo and WHBD is at Bellefontaine. Certainly like to hear Miss Revell each Wednesday. She has the most original way of saying things. Do wish that she could be on earlier in the evening though. Also, for your information, Jack Turner, the crooner-pianist, is no longer at WHAS but over the NBC from WTAM, Cleveland, Ohio, sponsored by some coffee concern. He is heard every evening except Saturday and Sunday.—Miss T. J. Benkema, 308 W. Burton St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

ZEAL FOR OSBORNE

OH, I've just read the current issue of Radio Digest. Everything was nice but one thing—not once did you publish my letters or requests from fans writing in about Will Osborne. Lots of space seems to be devoted to Rudy Vallee, but nothing to Will Osborne. Won't you please publish the following paragraph in a future issue of Radio Digest. Any Will Osborne fan wishing to join the Will Osborne Radio Club may write to the name given below for all information and their membership blanks. Thank you kindly and I shall look forward to the next issue of Radio Digest for that announcement in the Voice of the Listener Department.—Jean Anderson, 623 East 141st Street, Bronx, N. Y.

SHE SEEMS TO LIKE US

THIS is my lucky day! I've discovered Radio Digest. After reading my copy from cover to cover, I'm ready to stand or fall by this grand magazine! Long life to you! I do hope some time soon you'll have some news and pictures of the grandest orchestra leader of them all, Paul Tremaine! I think he and his unusual "Band from Lonely Acres" are quite the finest thing on the air! And how about this new and charming personality, Bing Crosby? His voice is rich, deep, and beautiful and here's a vote of thanks to him for bringing the vogue of baritones to the fore. They are such a treat after these crooners and high tenors. Three cheers for the baritones, and the heartiest of them for Bing! Just a last word—can't John Mayo, that perfectly swell announcer, resurrect a fairy godmother from somewhere—so he will get the "breaks" he deserves? Surely CBS could give him a few evening programs. Perhaps you'll start the good work by printing a nice big picture of him! Best of luck—and all due congratulations for your splendid magazine!—Elaine Melhuich, 44 Sickles Street, New York, N. Y.

A VOICE FROM THE WEST

IT SEEMS that most of the readers who contribute to this Voice of the Listener are from eastern or midwestern cities. They are listening mostly to New York and Chicago orchestras, such as Paul Whiteman, Coon-Sanders, Duke Ellington, Guy Lombardo, Wayne King, and hundreds of others. But I am a westerner and I'll stick up for the western orchestra. In my estimation, Gus Arnheim at the Cocoanut Grove has the best orchestra in the country. He has an uncanny rhythm which sends a thrill into one. Loyce Whiteman, who sings with the orchestra, is my choice of the queen of all singers. You can have your Jessica Dragonette, Ginger Rogers, and others, but I think Loyce beats them all. Please try to publish a picture of Gus and his band in your magazine, and put in more write-ups about western orchestras and singers.—John Lucas, 209 E. 10th Street, Olympia, Wash.

GOSSIP—NOT SCANDAL

RADIO DIGEST is a very popular magazine at our house. We all enjoy it and especially do I, for I read it from cover to cover. It is more interesting to listen to the announcers and artists when one knows a little about them and what they look like. Please don't spoil the magazine by printing scandal about artists or announcers. We get enough of that in the daily papers. I think your idea of a Magazine of the Air is splendid, especially if Floyd Gibbons is editor-in-chief. We could then be sure of a good program every night, instead of only several evenings a week. Floyd is a favorite of ours, and we know anything he had in charge would be made interesting. Here's hoping your Magazine of the Air becomes a reality and Radio Digest continues to be as fine a magazine as it now is.—Mrs. C. L. Riege, 538 Cedar Street, Platteville, Wis.

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JINNY—WE APOLOGIZE!

I HAVE received several letters from people who read my letter in the September Radio Digest, and they wondered why I didn't have Coon-Sanders' name with the other orchestras. I said quite a bit about them in my letter but you left them out. Now, I think Coon-Sanders' Original Nighthawks are perfect and their music is the best ever. This is my favorite orchestra—always has been and always will be. So you see, it is more important to have their names in my letter than the names of all the other orchestras put together. I'm afraid that you made a very sad mistake—but I'll forgive you. I still think Radio Digest is the best ever.—Virginia "Jinny" Peters, 3021 Fairfield Ave., No. 14, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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DO'S AND DON'TS FOR ANNOUNCERS

I THINK it would be interesting to have a discussion upon "The Kind of Radio Announcer I Like Best." We each have favorites and there are many good ones whom we cannot criticize but if we analyze them and actually get down to the reasons for our likes and dislikes we shall probably agree upon a few strong or weak points which may be summed up as follows: He must have a clear, strong, easily understood voice with no effort to call attention to himself in any way. Extra "niceness" or affection never works. He must have a good education so that he will be equal to any occasion which may fall to his lot. If there is anything which grates

Listener

upon us it is to hear unpardonable mistakes by those who should know better. You'd be surprised at what I find by listening carefully and at the people who make the mistakes! Some of the "higher ups" are as guilty as the little fellow, but I do not mean to say that the blunders are all made by the announcer, far from it! There are some who I may say are comparatively free from criticism and who measure up to the standard set by the audience whether they may know exactly the reason or not. The announcer should have a pleasing personality—but not too pleasing, for if he tries that, perhaps husbands may object to their wives listening in to certain ones. Have heard of that happening and quarrels follow sometimes even becoming serious. I heard a young fellow speak of a certain man who is most popular with some and most unpopular with others, say, when asked if he liked that particular fellow, "No!" When asked why, he said quickly, "Why nobody likes him but the girls!" The announcers or the talent have no idea how we size them up pro and con and what we do about it! But thanks to the fine competition in this broad land, if we choose we may "take it or leave it" for there are many programs to suit any and all of us. So those over there who speak to us out here, STOP, LOOK AND LISTEN! He who runs may read! If the shoe fits, wear it, if not, well, it's just too bad!—Mrs. H. P. Cook, 412 West 11th Street, Anderson, Ind.

* * *

DID YOU SEE OCTOBER, HELENE?

FOR some time now, I have been an interested reader of your one and only magazine devoted to radio and its stars. But looking through the September issue I looked in vain for any mention of that new star of the air who has blazed a spectacular and shining path from the West Coast—Russ Columbo. His delightfully mellow baritone voice I am sure, has thrilled more than just me. Please devote a big space regarding him in your publication. Here's one for CBS and NBC too. Just listen in to the announcer at WAAF, Chicago. John Tyson is his name. Can't figure out why he hasn't been snatched up by a more prominent station—long before this. Tune in and see if I'm not right! Just want to add that I particularly enjoy Marcella's articles. Real entertainment, I say. —Helene L. Lee, 1812 Central Avenue, Whiting, Ind.

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ADVERTISING BETTER THAN POLITICS IN PROGRAMS

THE question of whether advertising shall be taken off the air is being brought up rather often lately. We say leave advertising on the air. First, because we hear of interesting developments in manufacturing and science on the advertising programs much sooner than we otherwise would, if ever. Second, because we believe we receive a better class of entertainment with each advertiser trying to present a little better or more unique program to the public than his rival. Third, because we believe we, the listeners, have more to say about who shall entertain us, with advertising in the air. All we have to do is write letters of praise to our favorites and they will be kept on the air because in that way the advertisers know we are interested in their program and consequently listening to their advertising. If advertising is taken off the air we will have to pay for our programs by a direct tax. And a chosen few will say what we shall listen to. We can take it or leave it. Nine chances out of ten politics will creep in and it would take pull instead of merit to put artists on the air and keep them there. We think the VOL is one of the most interesting features of Radio Digest. Also it gives the listeners a chance to express their opinion on questions concerning the ruling of the radio world. Best wishes from your friends.—Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. Jennings, Caro, Mich.

* * *

I HAVE been reading Radio Digest for two years and enjoy it immensely! I think Guy Lombardo, Jack Denny and Wayne King have the best jazz orchestras on the air. I would like to hear from Lombardo fans. I also like the Landt Trio & White. Won't you have an article about them some time? Keep up the good work on the best magazine on the newsstand!—Miss M. R. Ballard, 1738 Kalamazoo Ave., Grand Rapids, Mich.

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RUDY'S RANK AND FILE

AFTER "running round" this entire "town" I finally "landed" a Digest. Notice in your "Coming and Going" there'll be no scandal printed. That's fine. Leave that to "Old Petticoats" Winchell. Your readers are a little beyond Walter (thank goodness). There are many popular artists I do not like but on the other hand I like many others do not like—so why should I or anybody else "raspberry?" Missed a picture of Rudy—surely you could have found one and a little space to put it. Other magazines print such good ones. Time you looked up one worth while. Yes, and as one writer tells you—a good one of his band—wonderful Ray Toland, Cliff Burwell—what a pianist; Joe Miller, Chas. Peterson—and I would like to get acquainted with his violinists. They are new, I think. That's some "personality" band—via air and stage—never miss a program or performance if I can get to it. Lew Conrad is a fairly good Vallee imitator and there are dozens of lesser ones—but who wants to listen to an imitator. Enjoy so much your Voice of the Listener. I say with one of the writers, "Three Cheers for Smith Ballew"—and for those who have not seen him—he's as grand as he looks. I like him—next to Rudy. Then there's Lanny Ross—another nice boy—and good singer. Well, here's looking for "Connecticut" Yankees—and don't be stingy. Let's have a line about each one of them. Yours for every success.—Sally Oneall, Absecon, N. J.—Everywhere the hue and cry has been "Bigger and Better Vallee writeups!" And now we Vallee fans are beginning to realize that in the shuffle the Connecticut Yankees have been forgotten where the press is concerned. Won't you as the leader of all radio publications do your bit and give these Yankee boys a break?—M. B., 7012 S. Rockwell, Chicago, Ill.—Being one that never has missed a month's Radio Digest I would like to ask you to please have a writeup of Rudy Vallee's boys. Also a nice picture of them because they deserve a lot of credit.—Katherine Von Krebs, R. F. D. No. 4, New Brunswick, N. J.—Rudy Vallee is and always will be my favorite over the radio. I left Montreal on an auto trip and visited New York and Atlantic City. It was at George White's Scandals that I saw my favorite. I had been told that I would change my mind when I saw him, but instead I found him more charming than he was on the radio. I enjoy Radio Digest from cover to cover.—Mrs. A. L. Brown, 2205 Florian Street, Montreal, Canada.—You have a great magazine and I for one, wish it were published twice monthly. The first article I read is Rudy Vallee's, "Tuneful Topics" then V.O.L. then Marcella, and I enjoy Radiographs. Hope you keep Rudy writing for you for months, and months. Rudy's the very best on the air and Radio Digest seems to bring him closer to us. Wishing you success.—Agnes Gearhart, 1746 Arlington Ave., Toledo, Ohio.

DX DIVISION

I HAVE a three-tube home-made radio using only 45 volts of B. Battery and it operates a loud speaker fine. I am very much interested in getting distant stations. I have heard Cuba, Mexico, California, Nebraska, Manitoba, Porto Rico and nearly all other parts of the United States. I would like to hear from any listeners interested in DX. My favorite stations are WCKY, WJSV, WRVA, WLS and KWKH. I promise to answer all letters received.—Anthony Aisenault, Summerside, P. O. B. 444, Prince Edward Island, Canada.—I am writing in reference to organizing a correspondence radio club through V.O.L. column. Any radio fan who would want to help start the ball rolling could either write me in care of V.O.L. or to my address. I think Radio Digest is the best radio guide published.—Vic O'Connor, 69-27 Burchell Avenue, Arverne, L. I.

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WHERE THE VEST BEGINS

PLEASE don't think I am criticizing your magazine, because I am not. I think it is the best ever. What I am speaking of is the article about Carveth Wells. You say, "Ever since Carveth Wells was frost-bitten on the equator he has been a skeptic." What part is his equator? I don't blame you if you don't print this, but the devil in me makes me send it. Please believe me when I say, "I like Radio Digest" —Gladys Slate, 2436 S. 3rd Street, St. Louis, Mo.

* * *

SUNSHINE CLASS ON WHDL

WHILE pastor of a Mohawk Valley Church it was the writer's custom to take his turn with other pastors in ministering to the sick and shut-ins. Upon being transferred to Newcomb he was followed by many who missed the services. Upon their request to "get on the air" he now conducts the Sunshine class on Station WHDL.—Rev. Frederick B. Grim, Pastor, First Methodist Episcopal Church, Newcomb, N. Y.

Chain Calendar Features

See Index to Network Kilocycles on page 79

Throughout Week

JOLLY BILL AND JANE—(Daily except Sunday)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:45 a. m.	6:45	5:45	4:45
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
KDKA	WJR	WLW	

GENE AND GLENN—Quaker Early Birds. (Daily except Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:00 a. m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WEAF	WJAR	WEEI	WTAG
WCSH	WFI	WRC	WGY
WCAE	WTAM	WWJ	WSAI
WRVA	WPTF	CKGW	WJAX
WIOD	WFLA	WSUN	CFCF
WBEN			

CHEERIO—(Daily ex. Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:30 a. m.	7:30	6:30	5:30
WEAF	WEEI	WCKY	WRC
WCSH	WWJ	WHO	WOC
WDAF	WAPI	KPRC	WFI
WSB	WSM	WJAX	WPTF
WTAG	WOAI	WBEN	WRVA
CKGW	WIOD	WHAS	WFLA
WSUN	WTAM	WJDX	WJAR
WGY	WOW	WCAE	WGN
WKY			

THE OLD DUTCH GIRL — (Mon., Wed. and Fri.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:45	7:45	6:45	5:45
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WKBW
WEAN	WCAU	W3XAU	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WADC	WHK
WKRC	WBT	WGST	WXYZ
WSPD	WREC	WBRC	WDSU
WISN	WOWO	WCCO	KMOX
KMBC	KOIL	KFH	KFJF
KRLD	KTSA	KLZ	KDYL
CFRB	WAAB	WBBM	CKAC
WJAS			

THE COMMUTERS—Emery Deutsch. (Daily ex. Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:00 a. m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WDRC
WPG	WIP	WFAN	WHP
WMAL	WWNC	WXYZ	WSPD
WDOD	WBBM	WMT	KMOX
KOIL	KFH	CFRB	WOKO

TONY'S SCRAP BOOK—Conducted by Anthony Wons. (Daily ex. Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:30 a. m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WHEC
WKBW	WDRC	WORC	WPG
WCAU	W3XAU	WHP	WMAL
WCAO	WKBN	WSPD	WREC
WTAQ	WBBM	KMOX	KOIL
KFH	KFJF	KTRH	KTSA
KLZ	CFRB		

IDA BAILEY ALLEN—Radio Home Makers. (Mon., Wed. & Thurs.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:00 a.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WKBW
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WADC	WWNC	WSPD	WDOD
WLAC	WISN	WBBM	WXYZ
WTAQ	KMOX	KFH	

RAY PERKINS—Libby, McNeil and Libby Program. (Thurs. and Friday)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:00 a.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
WIBO	WLW	KDKA	WSB
WREN	KWK	WHAS	WSM
WMC	WAPI	WJDX	WSMB
WJR	WGAR		

RADIO HOUSEHOLD INSTITUTE—(Daily except Friday and Sunday)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
11:15 a.m.	10:15	9:15	8:15
WEAF	WJAR	WTAG	WCSH
WLIT	WRC	WCAE	WWJ
WTAM	KSD	WTMJ	KSTP
WEBC	WEEI	WGY	WMC
WBEN	WSAI	KYW	WOC
WHO	CFCF	CKGW	

DON BIGELOW'S ORCHESTRA—(Daily except Sunday)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
12:00 noon	11:00	10:00	9:00
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WHEC
WKBW	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WORC	WPG	WCAU	W3XAU
WHP	WJAS	WLBW	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ	WADC
WKBN	WLAC	WBRC	WISN
KSCJ	WMT	KMBC	KLRA
WDAY	KOIL	KFJF	KLZ
KOL	WTAQ		

COLUMBIA REVIEW — (Daily except Sat. and Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
12:30p.m.	11:30	10:30	9:30
WABC	W2XE	WLBZ	WDRC
WORC	WPG	WCAU	W3XAU
WHP	WJAS	WLBW	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ	WADC
WKBN	WBT	WTOC	WQAM
WDBO	WDAE	WBCM	WSPD
WLAP	WDOD	WREC	WLAC
WBRC	WDSU	WISN	WTAQ
WGL	WMAQ	WCCO	KSCJ
KMOX	KMBC	KLRA	WNAX
KOIL	WIBW	KFJF	KRLD
KTRH	WACO	KOH	KVOR
KFPY	KDYL	KLZ	CFRB

HOTEL TAFT ORCHESTRA—(Daily except Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
1:00 p.m.	12:00	11:00	10:00
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WHEC
WAAB	WORC	WPG	WIP-WFAN
WLBW	WMAL	WCAO	WDBJ
WKBN	WWNC	WQAM	WDBO
WREC	WLAC	WBRC	WDSU
WOWO	WBBM	WCCO	KSCJ
KMBC	KOIL	KFJF	WACO
KFPY	KFRC	KDYL	KLZ
WGR	WDRC	WHP	WJAS
WADC	WHK	WXYZ	WDOD
WISN	WTAQ	WMT	KMOX
KOH	KVOR	KVI	WLAP

HARRY TUCKER AND HIS BARCLAY ORCHESTRA—(Mon. and Fri.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
1:30 p.m.	12:30	11:30	10:30
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WHEC
WGR	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WORC	WPG	WIP-WFAN	WJAS
WLBW	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WREC	WBRC	WDSU	WISN
WTAQ	WCCO	WMT	KMOX
KMBC	KFJF		

MEYER DAVIS SAVOY PLAZA ORCHESTRA—(Tues. and Thurs.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
1:30 p.m.	12:30	11:30	10:30
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WHEC
WLBZ	WDRC	WAAB	WORC
WHP	WIP-WFAN	WJAS	WLBW
WMAL	WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ
WADC	WHK	WBT	WBCM
WSPD	WDOD	WLAC	WBRC
WDSU	WOWO	CFRB	

ATLANTIC CITY MUSICALE—(Wed. and Sat.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
1:30 p.m.	12:30	11:30	10:30
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WHEC
WLBZ	WDRC	WAAB	WORC
WPG	WIP-WFAN	WHP	WJAS
WLBW	WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ
WADC	WBT	WBCM	WSPD
WDOD	WLAC	WBRC	WDSU
WOWO	CFRB		

COLUMBIA ARTIST RECITAL—(Tues and Fri.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
2:00 p.m.	1:00	12:00	11:00
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WHEC
WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WORC	WPG	WIP-WFAN	WHP
WJAS	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WDBJ	WADC	WHK	WKBN
WBT	WQAM	WDBO	WDAE
WBCM	WSPD	WLAP	WDOD
WREC	WLAC	WBRC	WDSU
WISN	WTAQ	WGL	WFBM
WMAQ	WCCO	KSCJ	WMT
KMBC	KLRA	KOIL	KFH
KFJF	KRLD	KTRH	KTSA
KOH	KVOR	KGB	KFPY
KDYL	KLZ	CFRB	

ANN LEAF AT THE ORGAN—(Wed. and Fri.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
2:30 p.m.	1:30	12:30	11:30
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WHEC
WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WORC	WPG	WCAU	W3XAU
WHP	WJAS	WCAO	WTAR
WDBJ	WADC	WHK	WKBN
WBT	WTOC	WQAM	WDBO
WDAE	WBCM	WSPD	WLAP
WDOD	WREC	WLAC	WBRC
WDSU	WISN	WTAQ	WGL
WFBM	WCCO	KSCJ	WMT
KMBC	KLRA	WIBW	KFH
KFJF	KTRH	KTSA	KOH
KVOR	KGB	KFPY	KDYL
KLZ	CFRB		

COLUMBIA SALON ORCHESTRA—(Thur. and Sat.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
2:30 p.m.	1:30	12:30	11:30
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WHEC
WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WORC	WPG	WIP-WFAN	WHP
WMAL	WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ
WADC	WHK	WKBN	WBT
WTOC	WQAM	WDBO	WDAE
WBCM	WSPD	WLAP	WBRC
WREC	WLAC	WDOD	WDSU
WISN	WTAQ	WGL	WFBM
WMAQ	WCCO	KSCJ	WMT
KMBC	KLRA	KOIL	KFH
KFJF	KRLD	KTRH	KTSA
KOH	KVOR	KGB	KFPY
KDYL	KLZ	CFRB	

THE THREE DOCTORS—(Daily except Sunday)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
3:30 p.m.	2:30	1:30	12:30
WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WPG	WCAU
W3XAU	WHP	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WDBJ	WADC	WHK
WKBN	WBT	WTOC	WQAM
WDBO	WDAE	WBCM	WSPD
WLAP	WDOD	WREC	WLAC
WBRC	WDSU	WISN	WTAQ
WGL	WMAQ	WCCO	KSCJ
KMOX	KMBC	KLRA	WNAX
KOIL	WIBW	KFJF	KRLD
KTRH	WACO	KOH	KVOR
KFPY	KDYL	KLZ	CFRB

COLUMBIA ARTIST RECITAL—(Mon. and Wed.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
4:30 p.m.	3:30	2:30	1:30
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WCAU	W3XAU
WHP	WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ
WADC	WHK	WKBN	WBT
WTOC	WQAM	WDBO	WDAE
WBCM	WSPD	WLAP	WDOD
WREC	WLAC	WBRC	WDSU
WISN	WTAQ	WGL	WCCO
KSCJ	WMT	KMBC	KOIL
WIBW	KFJF	KRLD	KTRH
KOH	KVOR	KGB	KOL
KFPY	KDYL	KLZ	CFRB

FRANK WINEGAR'S ASBURY PARK CASINO ORCHESTRA—(Wed. and Thurs.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
5:00 p.m.	4:00	3:00	2:00
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WHEC
WDRC	WAAB	WORC	WJAS
WHP	WIP-WFAN	WLBW	WCAO
WTAR	WDBJ	WADC	WKBN
WBT	WTOC	WQAM	WDBO
WDAE	WBCM	WSPD	WLAP
WDOD	WREC	WLAC	WBRC
WDSU	WTAQ	WGL	WCCO
KSCJ	WMT	KMBC	KOIL
WIBW	KFH	KFJF	KRLD
KTRH	KOH	KVOR	KDYL
KLZ	CFRB		

SALTY SAM, THE SAILOR—(Tues., Wed. and Thurs.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
5:30 p.m.	4:30	3:30	2:30
WABC	W2XE	WCAO	WAAB
WGR	WHK	WXYZ	KMBC
WCAU	W3XAU	WFBL	WSPD
WCCO			

DON BIGELOW AND HIS YOENG'S RESTAURANT ORCHESTRA—(Mon. and Wed.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
6:15 p.m.	5:15	4:15	3:15
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WHEC
WLBZ	WDRC	WAAB	WORC
WHP	WIP-WFAN	WLBW	WCAO
WTAR	WDBJ	WADC	WBT
WTOC	WQAM	WDAE	WBCM
WLAP	WDOD	WREC	WLAC
WBRC	WDSU	WISN	WTAQ
WGL	KSCJ	WMT	KLRA
KOIL	KFJF	KRLD	KTRH
KOH	KVOR	KDYL	KLZ

THE BON BONS, Negro Quartette—(Wed. and Fri.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
6:30 p.m.	5:30	4:30	3:30
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WHEC
WLBZ	WDRC	WCAU	W3XAU
WHP	WLBW	WTAR	WDBJ
WADC	WBT	WTOC	WQAM
WDAE	WBCM	WDOD	WREC
WBRC	WTAQ	KSCJ	WMT
KMBC	KFH	KFJF	KRLD
KLZ			

LITERARY DIGEST TOPICS IN BRIEF—Lowell Thomas. (Daily except Sunday)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
6:45 p. m.	5:45	4:45	3:45
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
WBAL	KDKA	WRVA	WPTF
WJAX	WIOD	WLW	WFLA
WSUN			

THE GOLDBERGS — (Daily except Sunday.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
6:45 p.m.	5:45	4:45	3:45
WEAF	WTIC	WGY	WBEN
WCAE	WWJ	WSAI	WENR

AMOS 'N' ANDY—Pepsodent. (Daily except Sunday)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:00 p. m.	6:00	5:00	4:00
WJZ	WHAM	KDKA	WBZ
WBZA	WRC	CKGW	WRVA
WPTF	WJAX	WIOD	WCKY
WFLA	WSUN	WLW	WJR
WGAR	CFCF		
11:00 p.m. on following stations:			
WMAQ	KWK	WREN	WDAF
WTMJ	KECA	KSL	WHAS
WSM	WSB	WKY	WENR
WSTP	WSMB	WJDX	KTHS
KPRC	WEBC	KGO	KHQ
KOMO	KGW	WFSD	WOAI
WMC	KAO	KFAB	WBAP

BING CROSBY—(Daily)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:00	6:00	5:00	4:00
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WHEC
WLBZ	WDRC	WAAB	WORC
WCAU	W3XAU	WHP	WJAS
WLBW	WCAO	WDBJ	WADC
WBT	WTOC	WQAM	WDBO
WDAE	WBCM	WLAP	WDOD
WLAC	WBRC	WDSU	WISN
WTAQ	WGL	WFBM	WCCO
KSCJ	WMT	KMOX	KMBC
KLRA	KOIL	WIBW	KFH
KFJF	KRLD	KTRH	WACO
KOH	KVOR	KGB	KFBK
KFPY	KLZ	CFRB	

LINIT ORCHESTRA—(Wed. and Fri.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:15 p.m.	6:15	5:15	4:15
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WGR	WEAN	WDRC
WNAC	WORC	WCAU	W3XAU
WJAS	WMAL	WCAO	WADC
WKRC	WSPD	WBBM	WCCO
WMT	KMOX	KMBC	KOIL
KTRH			

TASTYEAST JESTERS — (Monday Thurs., Sat.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:15 p. m.	6:15	5:15	4:15
WJZ	WCKY	WHAM	WBZ
WBZA	WREN	KDKA	WRC
WGAR	WRVA	WPTF	WJAX
WIOD			

STERLING PRODUCTS PROGRAM—(Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:15 p.m.	6:15	5:15	4:15
WABC	WFBL	WGR	WEAN
WCAU	W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL
WKRC	WSPD	WOWO	WMAQ
KOIL	WDRC	WNAC	WCAO
WADC	KMOX	KMBC	

PHIL COOK — The Quaker Man. (Daily except Sat. and Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:30 p. m.	6:30	5:30	4:30
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WOAI
KPRC	WJDX	KTHS	WPTF
WJAX	WIOD	WFLA	WSUN
WHAS	WSM	WMC	WSB
WSMB	WHAM	KDKA	WREN
KWK	WTMJ	WEBC	KOA
KSL	WRC	WGAR	CFCF

KALTENBORN EDITS THE NEWS—(Tues. and Thurs.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:30 p.m.	6:30	5:30	4:30
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WGR
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WCAU
W3XAU	WJAS	WLBW	WCAO
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WXYZ
WSPD	WFBM	WMAQ	WCCO
KMOX	KOIL		

THE CAMEL QUARTER HOUR—(Daily except Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:45 p. m.	6:45	5:45	4:45
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WHEC
WGR	WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC
WORC	WCAU	W3XAU	WHP
WJAS	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WDBJ	WADC	WHK	WKRC
WCAH	WWNC	WBT	WTOC
WQAM	WDBO	WDAE	WXYZ
WOKO	WSJS	WSPD	WMAQ
11:30 p. m. on following stations:			
KOIL	WGST	WBRC	WDOD
KTRH	WFBM	KLRA	WCCO
WISN	WREC	WNOX	WLAC
WDSU	KFJF	KSCJ	KTSA
WIBW	KHJ	KOIN	KFRC
KOL	KFPY	KVI	KLZ
KDYL			

JULIA SANDERSON AND FRANK CRUMIT — Blackstone Plantation. (Tues.) (Thurs. at 9:00 on WJZ)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:00 p.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WTAG
WCSH	WFI	WRC	WIBO
KSD	WOC	WGY	WBEN
WCAE	WTAM	WWJ	WSAI
WHO	WDAF	WOW	WEBC
KSTP	Thurs. network:		WJZ
WBZA	WBZ	WBAL	WHAM
KDKA	WCKY		

ARTHUR PRYOR'S CREMO MILITARY BAND—(Daily except Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:00 p.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WABC	W2XE	WNAC	WCAU
W3XAU	WEAN	WDRC	WPG
WWNC	WLBZ	WBT	WTAR
WDBJ	WORC	WQAM	WDBO
WTOC	WDAE		
11:00 p.m. on following stations:			
WFBL	WKBW	WJAS	WLBW
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WCAH
WKBN	WGST	WXYZ	WBCM
WSPD	WLAP	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WDSU	WISN
WTAQ	WOWO	WFBM	WMAQ
WCCO	KSCJ	WMT	KMOX
KMBC	KLRA	WNAX	KOIL
KFH	WIBW	KFJF	WRR
KTRH	KTSA	WACO	KLZ
KDYL	KOH	KOL	KFPY
KOIN	KFBK–WOKO		

RUDY VALLEE—Fleischmann Hour. (Thursday)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:00 p.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WEAF	WEEI	WTAG	WJAX
WJDX	WJAR	WCSH	WFI
WRC	WGY	WHO	WOW
WDAF	WWJ	WHAS	WTAR
WMC	WSAI	WSB	WSMB
WEBC	KOA	WRVA	KSL
KOMO	WOAI	WSM	WOC
WAPI	KGO	KHQ	KECA
KSD	CKGW	WTAM	KGW
KSTP	KPRC	CFCF	WFLA
WSUN	WCAE	(WTMJ	KTHS
WIOD	WBAP	WKY, Off 8:30)	
Sunday 7:00 p.m. on following stations:			
WJZ	WREN	WSB	WSM
KFAB	WJR	KWK	

SINGIN' SAM— (Mon., Wed. and Fri.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:15 p. m.	7:15	6:15	5:15
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WKBW
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WCAU
W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL	WCAO
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WXYZ
WSPD	WISN	WFBM	WMAQ
WCCO	KMOX	KMBC	KOIL

KATE SMITH LA PALINA PROGRAM (Mon., Wed., Thurs. and Sat.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:30 p. m.	7:30	6:30	5:30
WABC	WFBL	WKBW	WCAU
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WXYZ
W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL	WCAO
WSPD	WOWO	WBBM	KMOX
KMBC	KOIL		

TASTYEAST GLOOM CHASERS — (Mon., Wed. and Sat.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:45 p.m.	7:45	6:45	5:45
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WGR
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WORO
WCAU	W3XAU	WJAS	WCAZ
WADC	WAIU	WGST	WXYM
WSPD	WDSU	WOWO	WFBC
WBBM	WCCO	KMOX	KMBC

SISTERS OF THE SKILLET—Eddie and Ralph. (Tues., Thurs. and Fri.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:45 p.m.	7:45	6:45	5:45
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	KDKA
WDAY	WGAR	WJR	WLS
KFAB	KSTP	KPRC	WEBC
KVOO	WHAM	WLW	WIBA
WTMJ	KWK	WREN	KFYR
WOAI			

ANGELO PATRI—Your Child. (Sun. and Thurs.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:45 p.m.	7:45	6:45	5:45
WABC	WFBL	WKBW	WCAU
WADC	WNAC	WEAN	WDRC
WBBM	KMOX	KOIL	KMBC
W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL	WCAO
WHK	WKRC	WXYZ	WSPD
WOWO			

B. A. ROLFE AND HIS LUCKY STRIKE DANCE ORCHESTRA — (Tues., Thurs. and Sat.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WTAG
WCSH	WFI	WRC	WCAE
WWJ	WSAI	KSD	WOC
WHO	WTMG	WEBC	WRVA
WJAX	WIOD	WFLA	WSUN
WHAS	WSM	WMC	WSB
WSMB	WJDX	WOAI	KOA
KGO	WKY	KECA	KGW
KHQ	KOMO	KTAR	KSFD
WIBO	WDAF	WTAM	WAPI
WBEN	WOW		

Thurs. same as Tues. except following are off:

WAPI	KECA	WIBO

Thurs. add WGY

Saturday stations as follows:

WEAF	WJAR	WTAG	WCSH
WCAE	WFI	WRC	WGY
WRVA	WWJ	WSAI	KSTP
WHO	WTAM	WBEN	WOC
KGO	KFKX	WIOD	KFI
KGW	KOMO	WSM	WEBC

CLARA, LU AND EM—(Daily except Sun. and Mon.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:30 p.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30
WJZ	WBAL	WHAM	KDKA
WJR	WLW	KWK	WREN
WGAR	WBZ	WBZA	WGN

THE STREET SINGER—(Mon. Wed. and Fri.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
11:00 p.m.	10:00	9:00	8:00
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	KLBZ
WDRC	WAAB	WORC	WHP
WIP-WFAN	WJAS	WLBW	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ	WADC
WBT	WTOC	WQAM	WDBO
WDAE	WBCM	WSPD	WLAP
WDOD	WREC	WLAC	WBRC
WDSU	WISN	WGL	WCCO
WMT	KLRA	WNAX	KOIL
WIBW	KFH	KFJF	KTRH
KTSA	WACO	KOH	KVOR
KDYL	KLZ	CFRB	

JACK MILLER—(Tues. Thurs. & Sat.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
11:00 p.m.	10:00	9:00	8:00
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WLBZ
WDRC	WAAB	WORC	WPG
WCAU	W3XAU	WHP	WJAS
WLBW	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WDBJ	WADC	WKBN	WBT
WTOC	WQAM	WDBO	WDAE
WBCM	WSPD	WLAP	WDOD
WREC	WLAC	WBRC	WDSU
WISN	WGL	WFBM	WCCO
WMT	KMOX	KLRA	WNAX
KOIL	WIBW	KFJF	KTRH
WACO	KOH	KVOR	KFPY
KDYL	KLZ	CFRB	

RUSS COLUMBO—(Daily)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
11:30 p.m.	10:30	9:30	8:30
WJZ	WBAL	WHAM	WGAR
WJR	WENR	WRE	WREN
WRC	KFYR	WIBA	

NOCTURNE—Ann Leaf at Organ—(Daily)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
12:30 a.m.	11:30	10:30	9:30
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WKBW
WEAN	WNAC	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WKBN	WREC	WBRC
WDSU	WISN	WFBM	WCCO
WMT	KMBC	KOIL	KFH
KFJF	KTRH	KLZ	

Sunday

LAND O' MAKE BELIEVE—Children's Playlet.

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:00 a.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WHEC
WLBZ	WAAB	WORC	WTAR
WDBJ	WKBN	WBT	WTOC
WQAM	WDBO	WDAE	WBCM
WDOD	WREC	WLAC	WDSU
WISN	WTAQ	WFBM	WMT
KMBC	KOIL	KFH	KFJF
KRLD	KTRH	KDYL	WPG
WMAL	WCAO	WBBM	

QUIET HARMONIES—Emery Deutsch, Conductor.

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:30 a.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WLBZ
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WORC
WPG	WCAU	W3XAU	WJAS
WMAL	WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ
WKBN	WBT	WTOC	WDBO
WDAE	WBCM	WSPD	WDOD
WREC	WLAC	WDSU	WISN
WTAQ	KSCJ	WMT	KMOX
KMBC	KLRA	KOIL	WIBW
KFH	KFJF	KTRH	KTSA
KVOR	KDYL	KLZ	WMAQ

JULIA MAHONEY AND CHARLES CARLISLE—Duets.

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
11:00 a.m.	10:00	9:00	8:00
WOKO	WDRC	WORC	WJAS
WLBW	WMAL	WCAO	WADC
WTOC	WDBO	WDAE	WBCM
WDOD	WREC	WLAC	WDSU
WISN	WTAQ	KSCJ	WMT
KMBC	KLRA	KOIL	WIBW
KFJF	KTRH	KTSA	KVOR
KOL	KDYL	KLZ	

NEAPOLITAN DAYS—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
11:00 a.m.	10:00	9:00	8:00
WEAF	WJAR	WRC	WOC
WHO	WFAA	KSTP	WEBC
WMC	WAPI	WTIC	WTAM
WTMJ	WKY	WFBR	WWJ

EDNA THOMAS—The Lady from Louisiana

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
11:15 a.m.	10:15	9:15	8:15
WOKO	WFBL	WHEC	WDRC
WHP	WJAS	WMAL	WDBJ
WQAM	WDBO	WBCM	WSPD
WLAC	WDSU	WISN	WTAQ
KMOX	WNAX	KOIL	KFJF
KDYL	KLZ	WORC	WPG
WBT	WTOC	WDOD	WREC
KSCJ	WMT	KTRH	KVOR

VOICE OF ST. LOUIS—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
11:30 a.m.	10:30	9:30	8:30
WOKO	WDRC	WORC	WPG
WJAS	WMAL	WCAO	WADC
WQAM	WDBO	WDAE	WDOD
WREC	WLAC	WNOX	WBRC
WDSU	WISN	WTAQ	WCCO
KSCJ	WMT	KMOX	KMBC
KLRA	WIBW	KFJF	KRLD
KTRH	KTSA	KVOR	KOL
KDYL	KLZ		

NOON SPARKLETS—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
12:00 noon	11:00 a.m.	10:00	9:00
WEAF	WTIC	WCAE	WTAM
WOC	WHO	WDAF	WCKY
WCSH	WRC	WJAR	WLIT

TROIKA BELLS—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
12:30 p.m.	11:30 a.m.	10:30	9:30
WJZ	WBAL	KWK	WGAR
KDKA	WLW	KFAB	KFYR
KOMO	KFSD	WHAM	WTMJ
KSTP	WPTF	WFLA	WSUN
WSM	WAPI	WKY	KOA
KECA	KTAR	KPO	WHAS
WSMB	KGO		

INTERNATIONAL BROADCAST—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
12:30 p.m.	11:30 a.m.	10:30	9:30
WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WGR
WLBZ	WDRC	WORC	WPG
WHP	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WDBJ	WADC	WHK	WWNC
WBT	WBCM	WSPD	WDOD
WISN	WOWO	WCCO	KSCJ
WMT	KMBC	KLRA	WDAY
KFJF	KLZ	KDYL	KVI
KFPY			

CATHEDRAL HOUR—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
1:00 p.m.	12:00	11:00 a.m.	10:00
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WHEC
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WCAU
W3XAU	WHP	WJAS	WLBW
WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ	WHK
WKBN	WBT	WTOC	WQAM
WDBO	WDAE	WBCM	WSPD
WLAP	WDOD	WREC	WLAC
WBRC	WDSU	WISN	WTAQ
WGL	WFBM	KSCJ	KMBC
KLRA	KOIL	WIBW	KFH
KFJF	KTRH	KOH	KVOR
KFPY	KDYL	KLZ	CFRB

POP CONCERT—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
1:15 p.m.	12:15	11:15 a.m.	10:15
WEAF	WTIC	WEEI	WJAR
WCSH	WFI	WRC	WGY
KECA	KGO	WHAS	WDAY
WCAE	WTAM	WWJ	WOC
WHO	WDAG	WTMJ	KSL
WSMB	WIOD	KOMO	WBEN
KPO	WOW	KSTP	WSM
WAPI	KPRC	KFSD	KFYR
KOA			

OLD COMPANY'S ANTHRACITE PROGRAM—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
1:45 p.m.	12:45	11:45	10:45
WEAF	WTIC	WTAG	WEEI
WJAR	WRC	WGY	WBEN
WTAM	WDAF	WHAS	WSM
KOA	KGO	KGW	WGN
KECA	KOMO	KSL	KFI
WFAA	WDAY	WCSH	

SONS OF ELI—Spirituals—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
2:00 p.m.	1:00	12:00	11:0(
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WGR
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WCAU
W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL	WCAO
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WBT
WDSU	WOWO	WMAQ	WCCO
KMOX	KMBC	KOIL	KRLD

SUNDAY BRIGHT SPOT—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
2:15 p.m.	1:15	12:15	11:15
WEAF	WTIC	WTAG	WEEI
WJAR	WCSH	WLIT	WRC
WGY	WTAM	WWJ	WSAI
KOW	KSD	WDAF	WOC
WHO	WBEN	CFCF	CKGW
KSTP	WEBC	WDAY	KFYR
WRVA	WPTF	WJAX	WIOD
WFLA	WHAS	WSM	WSB
WAPI	WSMB	WJDX	WFBR
WFAA	WKY	KOA	KSL
KPO	KGW	KHQ	KTAR
KFSD	KECA	KPRC	WTMJ
WCAE	WDAF	WMC	KVOO
WOAI			

COLUMBIA CHURCH OF THE AIR—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
2:30 p.m.	1:30	12:30	11:30
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WORC
W3XAU	WHP	WJAS	WMAL
WADC	WKBN	WWNC	WBT
WDBO	WXYZ	WBCM	WSPD
WREC	WLAC	WDSU	WISN
KSCJ	WMT	KMBC	KOIL
KOH	KVI	KFPY	KDYL
WHEC	WKBW	WPG	WCAU
WCAO	WDBJ	WTOC	WQAM
WLAP	WDOD	WTAQ	WCCO
KFJF	KTRH	KTSA	KLZ
CFRB			

YEAST FOAMERS—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
2:30 p.m.	1:30	12:30	11:30 a.m.
WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WGAR	KDKA	KYW	KWK
WREN	KFAB	WTMJ	KSTP
WEBC	WRVA	WPTF	WIOD
WFLA	WSUN	WSM	WSB
WJAX	WHAS	WAPI	WJDX
WSMB	KTHS	KVOO	KOMO
WFAA	WKY	WOAI	KOA
KSL	KPO	KECA	KGW
KHQ	KTAR	KFSD	WHAM

FRIENDLY HOUR—Rev. Frederick K. Stamm.

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
3:00 p.m.	2:00	1:00	12:00
WJZ	WBAL	KDKA	KWK
WREN	KFAB	WRVA	WJAX
WIOD	WSUN	KVOO	WEBC
WFLA	KOA	KSTP	WJDX
KGO	KHQ	WKY	WGAR
WSM	WSB	KFYR	WSMB
WDAY	WMC	WFAA	WBZA
WOAI	WIBA		

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
3:00 p.m.	2:00	1:00	12:00
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WHEC
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WCAU
W3XAU	WHP	WJAS	WLBW
WMAL	WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ
WADC	WKBN	WBT	WTOC
WQAM	WDBO	WDAE	WBCM
WSPD	WLAP	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WDSU	WISN
WTAQ	WGL	WFBM	WMAQ
WCCO	KSCJ	WMT	KMOX
KMBC	KLRA	KOIL	WIBW
KFH	KFJF	KTRH	WACO
KOH	KVOR	KOL	KFPY
KDYL	KLZ	CFRB	

NATIONAL SUNDAY FORUM—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
4:00 p.m.	3:00	2:00	1:00
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WCSH
WTAG	KOA	WOW	WKY
WOAI	WSAI	WJAX	WHAS
WJDX	WWJ	KPRC	WEBC
WDAF	WHO	WFLA	WSUN
KOMO	WOC	WRC	KGW
WIOD	WSM	KFYR	WFAA
WBEN	WRVA	KSD	KPO
WTIC	WDAY	WSMB	WLIT
WGY	KHQ		

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN GEMS—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
5:00 p.m.	4:00	3:00	2:00
WEAF	WTIC	WCAE	WTAG
WEEI	WJAR	WFGR	
11:15 p.m.	10:15	9:15	8:15
WCSH	WRC	WGY	WTAM
WWJ	WSAI	WOW	WOC
WHO	WDAF	WFI	WBEN

SABBATH REVERIES—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
5:00 p.m.	4:00	3:00	2:00
WJZ	WBAL	WHAM	KWK
WIOD	WJAX	WJDX	KOMO
KTAR	WFLA	WSUN	KGO
KHQ	WLW	WREN	CKGW
KYW	WOAI	WBZ	WBZA
WGAR	WSMB	WDAY	WRVA
KFAB	WSM	WMC	WBAP
WKY	KDKA	WEBC	WIBA
KPRC			

REVEREND DONALD GREY BARNHOUSE—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
5:00 p.m.	4:00	3:00	2:00
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WHEC
WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WORC	WHP	WJAS	WLBW
WMAL	WTAR	WDBJ	WADC
WHK	WKBN	WBT	WTOC
WQAM	WDBO	WDAE	WBCM
WSPD	WLAP	WDOD	WLAC
WBRC	WDSU	WISN	WTAQ
WFBM	KSCJ	KMBC	KOIL
WIBW	KFJF	KRLD	KOH
KVOR	KOL	KDYL	KLZ
CFRB			

WORLD BUSINESS—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:00 p.m.	6:00	5:00	4:00
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WHEC
WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC	WPG
WHP	WIP-WFAN	WJAS	WLBW
WMAL	WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ
WADC	WKBN	WBT	WTOC
WQAM	WDBO	WBCM	WSPD
WLAP	WDOD	WREC	WLAC
WBRC	WDSU	WISN	WTAQ
WOWO	WFBM	WMAQ	WCCO
KSCJ	WMT	KMOX	KMBC
KLRA	WNAX	KOIL	WIBW
KFH	KFJF	KRLD	KTRH
KOH	KVOR	KOL	KFPY
KDYL	KLZ		

CHARLIE AND OSCAR—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:15 p.m.	6:15	5:15	4:15
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WHEC
WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WAAB	WHP	WIP-WFAN	WORC
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WDBJ	WADC	WKBN
WBT	WTOC	WQAM	WDBO
WDAE	WBCM	WSPD	WLAP
WDOD	WREC	WLAC	WBRC
WDSU	WISN	WTAQ	WOWO
WFBM	WMAQ	WCCO	KSCJ
WMT	KMBC	KLRA	WNAX
KOIL	WIBW	KFH	KFJF
KRLD	KTRH	KOH	KVOR
KOL	KFPY	KDYL	KLZ

THE THREE BAKERS—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:30 p.m.	6:30	5:30	4:30
WJZ	WBAL	WRZ	WBZA
WHAM	KDKA	WGAR	WJR
WLW	KPRC	KYW	KWK
WREN	WIBA	WTMJ	KSTP
WEBC	WDAY	KFYR	WRVA
WPTF	WOAI	WKY	WIOD
WFLA	WSUN	WHAS	WSM
WMC	WSB	WSMB	WJDX
KVOO	WFAA	KSL	KGO
KFI	KGW	KOMO	KHQ
KFSD	KTAR	KOA	

IODENT CLUB OF THE AIR—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:30 p.m.	6:30	5:30	4:30
WEAF	WDAF	WTIC	WJAR
WTAG	WCSH	WLIT	WRC
WGY	WREN	WCAE	WWJ
WSAI	WLS	WTAM	WOC
WHO			

ENNA JETTICK MELODIES—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:00 p.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
KWK	KYW	WTMJ	WJR
WREN	WSM	KOA	WOAI
WHAS	WMC	WSMB	KSTP
KDKA	KGW	KSL	KOMO
WIOD	WFLA	WSUN	KHQ
KFI	KTAR	WJDX	WLW
WBAL	WGAR	WRVA	WIBA
KPO	KFSD	WFAA	WEBC
KVOO	KPRC	KTHS	KFYR
CFCF	WKY	WDAY	WSB
KFAB	WPTF	WOAI	KGW

CHASE AND SANBORN—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:00 p.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WEAF	WJAR	WTAG	WCSH
WGY	WCAE	WWJ	WSAI
KSD	WOW	WIOD	WHAS
KSTP	WHO	WOC	WSMB
WEBC	WMC	WSB	WOAI
WKY	KTHS	KPRC	WFLA
WTMJ	WTAM	WJDX	WPTF
WSUN	WDAF	WTIC	WFAA
WBEN	WLIT	WRC	WRVA
WTIC	CFCF	WLS	KVOO

COLLIER'S RADIO HOUR—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:15 p.m.	7:15	6:15	5:15
WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	KDKA	WGAR	WLW
KYW	KWK	WREN	KOA
KSL	KGO	KFI	KGW
KOMO	KHQ		

THE DUTCH MASTERS—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WGR	WEAN	WDRC
WNAC	WCAU	W3XAU	WMAL
WCAO	WADC	WHK	WKRC
WCAH	WXYZ	WSPD	WOWO
WFBM	WBBM	WCCO	KMOX
KMBC	KOIL		

OUR GOVERNMENT—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WEAF	WCSH	WGY	KSD
WSAI	WMC	WOW	WJDX
WFLA	WOC	WHO	WRC
KVOO	WCAE	WJAR	WENR
WBEN	WFI	WKY	WIOD
WPTF	WAPI	KTHS	WFBR
WOAI			

BAYUK STAG PARTY—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:15 p.m.	8:15	7:15	6:15
WJZ	WBAL	WLW	KWK
WREN	KYW	KDKA	WBZ
WBZA	WGAR		

ROMANCE OF THE SEA—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WABC	WOKO	WFBL	WHEC
WKBW	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WORC	WCAU	W3XAU	WHP
WJAS	WLBW	WCAO	WDBJ
WADC	WHK	WKBN	WWNC
WBT	WTOC	WQAM	WDBO
WXYZ	WBCM	WSPD	WLAP
WDOD	WLAC	WBRC	WDSU
WISN	WOWO	WFBM	WCCO
KSCJ	WMT	KMOX	KMBC
WNAX	KOIL	KFJF	KRLD
KTRH	KTSA	KOH	KVOR
KVI	KFPY	KFRC	KDYL
KLZ	CFRB		

ERNEST HUTCHESON, PIANIST, AND CONCERT ORCHESTRA—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WHEC
WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WORC	WPG	WCAU	W3XAU
WHP	WJAS	WLBW	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ	WADC
WBT	WTOC	WQAM	WDBO
WDAE	WSPD	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WDSU	WISN
WOWO	WFBM	WMAQ	WCCO
WMT	KMOX	KLRA	WNAX
KOIL	WIBW	KFH	KFJF
KRLD	KTRH	KTSA	KOH
KOL	KFPY	KDYL	KLZ
CFRB			

BEST SELLERS—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:15 p.m.	9:15	8:15	7:15
WEAF	WEEI	WTIC	WJAR
WTAG	WCSH	WFI	WRC
WGY	WBEN	WCAE	WTAM
WWJ	WSAI	KYW	WOC
WHO	WOW	WDAF	WTMJ
KSTP	WEBC	WHAS	WSM
WMC	WSB	WAPI	WSMB
WJDX	WOAI	WKY	KOA
WDAY	KFYR	KGO	KGW
KOMO	KHQ	KTAR	KFSD
KFI	WBAP	KSL	KPRC

THE GAUCHOS—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:30 p.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WHEC
WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WORC	WCAU	W3XAU	WHP
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WDBJ	WADC	WKBN
WBT	WTOC	WQAM	WDBO
WDAE	WSPD	WLAP	WDOD
WREC	WLAC	WBRC	WDSU
WISN	WOWO	WFBM	WCCO
WMT	KMBC	KLRA	WNAX
KOIL	WIBW	KFH	KTRH
KOH	KVOR	KOL	KFPY
KDYL	KLZ	CFRB	

SUNDAY AT SETH PARKER'S

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:45 p.m.	9:45	8:45	7:45
WEAF	WEEI	WCSH	WRC
WAPI	WGY	WOW	WDAF
CKGW	WWJ	KSTP	WCAE
WTAM	WEBC	WDAY	WIBA
KYW	WHO	WJAX	WSMB
WIOD	WHAS	KOA	WJDX
KPRC	WKY	KTAR	KGO
KGW	WSB	WFI	KFSD
WRVA	KECA	WOC	WFLA
WSUN	KSD	WTMJ	WMC
WSM	WPTF	WOAI	WFAA
KSL	WSAI		

RALPH KIRBERY—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
11:15 p.m.	10:15	9:15	8:15
WEAF	WEI	WRC	WGY
WWJ	WOW	WDAF	KSTP
KFYR	WSB	KOA	WFBR
WOC	WHO	WHAS	KTHS
WAPI	KPRC	WKY	

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

EDDIE DUCHIN AND HIS CENTRAL PARK CASINO ORCHESTRA—

12:00 p.m.	11:00	10:00	9:00
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WHEC
WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WPG	WCAU	W3XAU	WHP
WLBW	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WDBJ	WADC	WKBN	WBT
WTOC	WQAM	WDBO	WDAE
WSPD	WLAP	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WDSU	WISN
WGL	WFBM	WCCO	WMT
KLRA	WNAX	KOIL	WIBW
KFH	KFJF	KRLD	KTRH
KOH	KVOR	KOL	KFPY
KDYL			

Monday

THE COMMUTERS, Emery Deutsch, Conductor—Monday.

9:00 a.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WGR	WDRC	WAAB
WORC	WPG	WIP-WFAN	WHP
WJAS	WMAL	WDBJ	WHK
WKBN	WWNC	WBT	WTOC
WQAM	WBCM	WSPD	WLAP
WDOD	WLAC	WBRC	WDSU
WMT	KMOX	KMBC	WNAX
KOIL	KFH	KFJF	KTRH
CFRB			

TONY'S SCRAP BOOK—

9:30 a.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WKBW	WDRC	WAAB
WORC	WPG	WCAU	W3XAU
WHP	WDBJ	WADC	WHK
WKBN	WWNC	WBT	WTOC
WQAM	WDBO	WXYZ	WBCM
WSPD	WLAP	WDOD	WLAC
WBRC	WDSU	WTAQ	KSCJ
WMT	KMOX	KMBC	WNAX
KOIL	KFH	KFJF	KTRH
KTSA	WACO	KDYL	KLZ
CFRB			

MELODY MUSKETEERS—Male Trio

9:45 a.m.	8:45	7:45	6:45
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WKBW	WAAB	WPG	WCAU
W3XAU	WHP	WJAS	WMAL
WCAO	WDBJ	WWVA	WADC
WBT	WGST	WTOC	WQAM
WDBO	WDAE	WXYZ	WBCM
WSPD	WLAP	WDOD	WDSU
WOWO	KSCJ	KMOX	KOIL
KFJF	KDYL		

CHATTING WITH IDA BAILEY ALLEN—

10:00 a.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WKBW
WEAN	WAAB	WCAU	W3XAU
WHP	WJAS	WLBW	WMAL
WDBJ	WWVA	WADC	WBT
WGST	WTOC	WQAM	WDBO
WDAE	WXYZ	WBCM	WSPD
WDOD	WDSU	WISN	WGL
KSCJ	KOIL	KFJF	WACO
KVOR			

HARMONIES AND CONTRASTS—

10:15 a.m.	9:15	8:15	7:15
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WKBW	WEAN	WLBW	WMAL
WDBJ	WADC	WBT	WGST
WDRC	WAAB	WCAU	W3XAU
WHP	WJAS	WTOC	WQAM
WDBO	WXYZ	WBCM	WSPD
WLAP	WDOD	WDSU	WISN
WGL	WCCO	KSCJ	WMT
KMOX	KOIL	KFH	KFJF
KRLD	KVOR	KDYL	

SALICON PROGRAM—

10:45 a.m.	9:45	8:45	7:45
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WGR
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WCAU
W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL	WCAO
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WXYZ
WSPD	WOWO	WBBM	KMOX
KMBC	KOIL		

MELODY PARADE—Emery Deutsch Conductor.

11:00 a.m.	10:00	9:00	8:00
WOKO	WMAK	WKBW	WEAN
WDRC	WPG	WCAU	W3XAU
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WDBJ	WWVA	WBT
WGST	WTOC	WQAM	WDAE
WXYZ	WBCM	WSPD	WLAP
WDOD	WISN	WOWO	WFBM
KSCJ	KOIL	KFH	KFJF
KTSA	WACO	KOH	KVOR

THE MADISON SINGERS—Musical Program by Mixed Quartet.

11:15 a.m.	10:15	9:15	8:15
WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WKBW
WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WPG	WCAU	W3XAU	WJAS
WLBW	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WDBJ	WKBN	WWNC	WBCM
WSPD	WDOD	WREC	WLAC
WBRC	WISN	WOWO	KSCJ
KMBC	KLRA	KOIL	KFJF
KTSA			

ANNE LAZAR, "Front Page Personalities."

11:30 a.m.	10:30	9:30	8:30
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WKBW	WEAN	WDRC
WNAC	WORC	WPG	WCAU
W3XAU	WHP	WJAS	WLBW
WMAL	WCAO	WDBJ	WADC
WWNC	WBT	WTOC	WDBO
WXYZ	WBCM	WSPD	WDOD
WLAC	WISN	WTAQ	WOWO
WBBM	WCCO	KSCJ	KMBC
KFH	KFJF	KTRH	KTSA
KVOR	CFRB		

Blue Ribbon Chain

Throughout the Week

8:00 a.m.—WEAF—Gene and Glenn. Quaker Early Birds burst into mirth and melody. (Daily ex. Sun.)

8:15 a.m.—WABC—Something for Everyone with Ernie Naftzger, jovial master of ceremonies, disseminating crumbs of wisdom. (Daily ex. Sat. & Sun.)

8:30 a.m.—WEAF—Cheerio—inspirational talk and music directed by J. Harrison Isles. (Daily ex. Sun.)

8:45 a.m.—WABC—The Old Dutch Girl in amusing, appealing melodies. (Mon., Wed. & Fri.)

10:00 a.m.—WABC—Ida Bailey Allen elevates housework to a scientific level and educates housewives in puddings and politics, sauces and sociology. (Mon., Wed. & Fri.)

10:00 a.m.—WJZ—Ray Perkins, Disciple of Satire, just drips with drolleries. (Libby, McNeil & Libby) (Thurs. & Fri.)

3:30 p.m.—WABC—The Three Doctors, Pratt, Sherman and Rudolph, prescribe split sides and chuckles for that "sallow complexion." (Daily ex. Sun.)

6:30 p.m.—WJZ—Breyer Leaf Boys. Raymond Knight, Landt Trio and White in music snappy and comedy light. (Thurs. & Sat.)

6:45 p.m.—WJZ—Lowell Thomas—Literary Digest's herald trumpets daily news through your loud speaker. (Daily ex. Sun.)

7:00 p.m.—WJZ—Amos 'n Andy those black-faced, high-powered business eggsecutives. (Pepsodent) (Daily ex. Sun.)

7:30 p.m.—WJZ—Phil Cook, the Quaker Man—a whole radio show rolled up in him. (Quaker Oats Co.) (Daily ex. Sat. & Sun.)

7:45 p.m.—WEAF—The Goldbergs give true cross-section of Jewish life. (Pepsodent) (Daily ex. Sun.)

8:30 p.m.—WABC—Kate Smith and her Swanee Music. Enjoyable program with Queen of Crooners. (Congress Cigar Company) (Mon., Wed., Thurs. & Sat.)

11:00 p.m.—WABC—The Street Singer and Jack Miller rapidly climbing to fame on music scale. (Daily ex. Sun.)

11:00 p.m.—WJZ—Slumber Music. No other fitting close to an evening's radio entertainment than this program of semi-classical music directed by Ludwig Laurier. (Daily ex. Sun.)

Sunday

12:30 p.m.—WABC—International Broadcast spans the measureless seas to enlighten you on world's affairs.

3:00 p.m.—WABC—New York Philharmonic Orchestra offers full-length concert for the jazz-worn.

7:15 p.m.—WEAF—Gilbert and Sullivan Gems—and pol-ished up so care-fully by an able cast.

7:15 p.m.—WABC—Fray and Braggiotti illustrate harmony of French and Italian temperament in piano performances.

7:30 p.m.—WJZ—The Three Bakers featuring: Billy Artz's dance orchestra; Men about Town; Frank Luther, Jack Parker, Darrell Woodyard and Will Donaldson—Master of Ceremonies—Ray Perkins!

8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Chase and Sanborn with Dynamic Dave Rubinoff's Orchestra, not forgetting Eddie Cantor's campaign to tread the stepping stones to the White House.

8:15 p.m.—WJZ—Collier's Radio Hour offers the best of everything in entertainment with John B. Kennedy, M. C.

10:30 p.m.—WJZ—Harbor Lights—Tales of the briny deep dramatized from stories which were told by old salts.

Monday

3.45 p.m.—WABC—Ben and Helen, a pair of music-ers in delightful duets.

9:00 p.m.—WABC—Pompeian Program—Jazz orchestra under Milton Retternberg and beauty talk by Jeanette de Cordet.

9:00 p.m.—WEAF—A. & P. Gypsies with Harry Horlick's Orchestra, Veronica Wiggins and Frank Parker.

9:30 p.m.—WEAF—General Motors—Martha Attwood, soprano; male quartet, Frank Black's orchestra.

9:30 p.m.—WJZ—Chesebrough Real Folks. Entertaining rural sketch drawn from real life—with George Frame Brown the guiding spirit.

Tuesday

5:30 p.m.—WABC—Salty Sam, the Sailor, and the theme of his melodies is the storm-tossed sea.

6:45 p.m.—WEAF—Swift Program, with Parker Fennelley and Arthur Allen as the Stebbins Boys in a comedy act.

7:00 p.m.—WEAF—Mid-Week Federation Hymn Sing. The Mixed Quartet: Muriel Savage, Helen Janke, Richard Maxwell, Arthur Billings Hunt, and George Vause at the piano.

8:45 p.m.—WABC—Walter Winchell, celebrated columnist and Broadway news digger.

9:00 p.m.—WEAF—McKesson Musical Magazine, whose pages unfold a concert orchestra, guest artists and soloists.

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

THE AMBASSADORS—

11:45 a.m.	10:45	9:45	8:45
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WKBW	WEAN	WDRC	WAAB
WORC	WPG	WIP-WFAN	WHP
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WDBJ	WGST	WTOC
WQAM	WDBO	WDAE	WXYZ
WBCM	WSPD	WDOD	WISN
KSCJ	WMT	KOIL	WIBW
KFJF	KTSA	WACO	KOH
KVOR			

GENERAL ELECTRIC PROGRAM—(Daily except Sunday)

12:00	11:00	10:00	9:00
WEAF	WTIC	WTAG	WEEI
WJAR	WCSH	WLIT	WRC
WGY	WBEN	WCAE	WTAM
WWJ	WSAI	WENR	KSD
WDAF	WIBA	WDAY	KFYR
WRVA	WPTF	WJAX	WIOD
WFLA	WSUN	WMC	WSB
WAPI	WJDX	KPRC	WKY
KOA	WTMJ	WSMB	

Features

9:30 p.m.—WEAF—The Fuller Man. Don Voorhees' orchestra in snappy tunes—and two soloists, Mabel Jackson, soprano, and Earl Spicer, baritone.

10:30 p.m.—WABC—Arabesque. Who would think that the desert could yield as flourishing and blooming a program as this?

Wednesday

6:00 p.m.—WABC—Bill Schudt's Going to Press. For benefit of fourth estate. Of the, by the, for the, and to the—spoken word.

7:15 p.m.—WEAF—Boscul Moments are pleasant but fleeting with the famous prima donna, Mme. Alda, and Frank La-Forge at the piano.

8:30 p.m.—WEAF—Mobiloil Concert—always a brilliant performance—Nat Shilkret as director, John Holbrook, M. C., a guest artist, male chorus, Gladys Rice and Doug. Stanbury.

9:30 p.m.—WEAF—Palmolive Hour is a real treat for music lovers. Erno Rapee's orchestra, the Revelers Quartet, Oliver Palmer, and Paul Oliver, et al.

9:30 p.m.—WJZ—Dutch Masters Program provides a good bag of laughs—and Marcella Shields is the feminine portion of the comedy trio.

10:00 p.m.—WABC—Vitality Personalities. An energizing program featuring a guest artist and the newest from Tin Pan Alley.

10:15 p.m.—WABC—Columbia Concerts Corporation brings to mike celebrated stars of the concert stage.

11:00 p.m.—WEAF—Nellie Revell, Voice of Radio Digest, one of the foremost personalities on air today gives thimble biogs of your favorite radio stars.

Thursday

11:30 a.m.—WEAF—Hugo Mariani and his Morning Serenaders—a thirteen piece band, but their program is a lucky break for listeners.

8:45 p.m.—WABC—Angelo Patri. Noted authority on child training educates parents on how to rear children.

9:00 p.m.—WEAF—Arco Dramatic Musicale—interesting dramatic sketch—with music by Jaffrey Harris' orchestra, the Rondoliers Quartet and sundry soloists.

9:30 p.m.—WABC—Love Story Magazine aircasts stories of love and romance.

9:30 p.m.—WJZ—Maxwell House Ensemble—an invigorating feature with Don Voorhees' orchestra and a guest soloist.

Selected by the Editors

To provide you with the outstanding features for each day of the week the RADIO DIGEST *program editor has selected the programs indicated as Blue Ribbon. Do you agree with her selections? (For stations taking the programs, see adjoining list.)*

Friday

4:15 p.m.—WJZ—Radio Guild dramatizes the plays you have always wanted to see. Vernon Radcliffe is director.

7:00 p.m.—WEAF—Major Bowes' Family, happy and musical. With Yasha Bunchuk director of orchestra.

8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Cities Service is a rare dish—with Jessica Dragonette and the Cavaliers.

8:30 p.m.—WABC—The March of Time, one of the most ambitious programs to be heard, in its vivid dramatization of world's stirring news.

9:30 p.m. — WJZ — Armour Program serves delightful tunes via baton of Josef Koestner.

10:00 p.m.—WABC—Pillsbury Pageant with world famous virtuoso—Toscha Seidel, at the violin.

10:00 p.m.—WEAF—Paul Whiteman's Paint Men and Mildred Bailey, blues singer. (Allied Quality Groups.)

10:30 p.m.—WEAF—RKO Theatre of the Air—always a brilliant array of talent.

10:30 p.m.—WABC—Football Coaches discuss ins and outs of gridiron season.

Saturday

11:30 a.m.—WEAF—Keys to Happiness, with Sigmund Spaeth in role of maestro. Piano lessons everyone can afford to take.

5:45 p.m.—WABC—Football Scores. Bill Fagan discusses gridiron games of the day.

6:30 p.m.—WEAF—Mr. Bones and Company with Paul Dumont, who steps out of his announcerial capacity to take you for a trip to a minstrel show.

7:15 p.m.—WABC—Frederic William Wile—in his illuminating discussions of "the political situation in Washington."

8:00 p.m.—WJZ—Corse Payton's Ten-Twent'-Thirt melodramatic sketches.

9:00 p.m.—WJZ—Careless Love—a dramatic sketch of Negro life.

9:30 p.m.—WEAF—Club Valspar with Norman Sweetser, M. C., Aileen Clark, soprano, and William Wirges' orchestra.

10:00 p.m. — WABC — Hank Simmons' Show Boat. Harry Browne directing these hair-raising melodramas aboard the "Maybelle."

NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
12:30	11:30	10:30	9:30
WJZ	WRVA	WHAS	WEBC
WSB	WAPI	WOW	WMC

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
KPRC	WGAR	KVOO	WKY
WRC	WLW	WHO	WDAF
WIDX	WBAL	KTHS	WSMB
KWK	KOA	WBZ	WBZA
WSM	WFLA	WSUN	KFAB

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
KDKA	WDAY	KFYR	KYW
WREN	KSTP	WOC	WJAX
WFAA	WTMJ	WIBA	WIOD
KWK	WHAM	WJR	WPTF

COLUMBIA REVUE, Emery Deutsch Conductor.

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
12:30 p.m.	11:30	10:30	9:30
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WGR	WEAN	WDRC
WNAC	WORC	WPG	WIP-WFAN
WHP	WJAS	WLBW	WMAL
WCAO	WDBJ	WWNC	WBT
WTOC	WQAM	WDBO	WXYZ
WSPD	WLAP	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WDSU	WISN	WTAQ
KSCJ	WMT	KMOX	KMBC
KOIL	KFH	KFJF	KRLD
KTSA	WACO	KOH	KVOR
KDYL	KLZ	CFRB	

HOTEL TAFT ORCHESTRA—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
1:00	12:00	11:00	10:00
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WDRC	WAAB	WORC	WCAU
W3XAU	WHP	WJAS	WLBW
WMAL	WTAR	WADC	WHK
WBT	WGST	WXYZ	WSPD
WDOD	WDSU	WOWO	

HARRY TUCKER AND HIS BARCLAY ORCHESTRA—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
1:30 p.m.	12:30	11:30	10:30
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WGR	WDRC	WAAB
WORC	WPG	WIP-WFAN	WJAS
WLBW	WMAL	WCAO	WADC
WWNC	WQAM	WXYZ	WSPD
WLAP	WDOD	WREC	WLAC
WBRC	WDSU	WISN	WTAQ
WOWO	WCCO	KSCJ	WMT
KMOX	KMBC	KOIL	KFJF
WACO	KOH	KVOR	KVI
KFPY	KFRC	KDYL	KLZ
CFRB			

BEN AND HELEN—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
2:00	1:00	12:00	11:00
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WGR	WEAN	WDRC	WAAB
WPG	WCAU	W3XAU	WHP
WMAL	WCAO	WDBJ	WADC
WHK	WKBN	WWNC	WBT
WTOC	WQAM	WDBO	WXYZ
WBCM	WSPD	WLAP	WDOD
WREC	WLAC	WBRC	WDSU
WISN	WTAQ	WFBM	KSCJ
WMT	KMOX	WMBD	KOIL
KFH	KFJF	KRLD	KTRH
KTSA	KOH	KVOR	KVI
KFPY	KFRC	KLZ	CFRB

ANN LEAF AT THE ORGAN—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
2:00	1:00	12:00	11:00
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WGR	WDRC	WNAC	WORC
WPG	WIP-WFAN	WJAS	WLBW
WMAL	WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ
WWVA	WADC	WHK	WKBN
WBT	WGST	WTOC	WQAM
WDBO	WDAE	WXYZ	WBCM
WSPD	WDOD	WDSU	WISN
WGL	WFBM	WCCO	KSCJ
WMT	KOIL	KFH	KFJF
KTSA	KOH	KVOR	KVI
KLZ			

RHYTHM KINGS—Nat Brusiloff—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
2:30 p.m.	1:30	12:30	11:30
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WGR	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WORC	WPG	WHP	WJAS
WLBW	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WDBJ	WWVA	WADC	WKBN
WBT	WGST	WTOC	WQAM
WDBO	WDAE	WXYZ	WBCM
WSPD	WDOD	WDSU	WISN
WGL	WFBM	WCCO	KSCJ
WMT	KMOX	KOIL	WIBW
KFJF	KRLD	KTSA	KOH
KVOR	KVI	KDYL	KLZ

COLUMBIA SALON ORCHESTRA—Emery Deutsch, Conductor.

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
3:00 p.m.	2:00	1:00	12:00
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WGR	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WORC	WPG	WIP-WFAN	WHP
WLBW	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WDBJ	WWVA	WADC	WKBN
WBT	WGST	WTOC	WQAM
WDBO	WDAE	WXYZ	WBCM
WSPD	WDOD	WDSU	WISN
WGL	WFBM	WCCO	KSCJ
WMT	KOIL	WIBW	KFJF
KRLD	KTSA	WACO	KOH
KVOR	KVI	KDYL	KLZ

THE THREE DOCTORS—Pratt, Sherman and Rudolph.

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
3:30 p.m.	2:30	1:30	12:30
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WGR	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WORC	WPG	WHP	WLBW
WMAL	WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ
WWVA	WADC	WHK	WKBN
WBT	WGST	WTOC	WQAM
WDBO	WDAE	WXYZ	WSPD
WLAP	WDOD	WDSU	WISN
WGL	WMAQ	KSCJ	WMT
KMOX	WNAX	KOIL	KFJF
KRLD	WACO	KOH	KVOR
KDYL	KLZ		

BERT LOWN AND HIS BILTMORE ORCHESTRA—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
4:00 p.m.	3:00	2:00	1:00
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WGR	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WORC	WPG	WCAU	W3XAU
WLBW	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WDBJ	WWVA	WADC	WHK
WBT	WGST	WTOC	WQAM
WDBO	WDAE	WXYZ	WBCM
WSPD	WLAP	WDOD	WDSU
WISN	WCCO	KSCJ	WMT
KMOX	KOIL	WIBW	KFH
KFJF	KRLD	WACO	KOH
KVOR	KVI	KDYL	KLZ

COLUMBIA ARTIST RECITAL—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
4:30 p.m.	3:30	2:30	1:30
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WGR	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WORC	WIP-WFAN	WHP	WLBW
WMAL	WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ
WWVA	WADC	WBT	WGST
WTOC	WQAM	WDBO	WDAE
WXYZ	WBCM	WSPD	WLAP
WDOD	WDSU	WISN	WCCO
KSCJ	WMT	KOIL	WIBW
KFJF	KRLD	WACO	KOH
KVOR	KVI	KDYL	KLZ

CAFE DEWITT ORCHESTRA—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
5:00 p.m.	4:00	3:00	2:00
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WGR	WDRC	WAAB	WORC
WPG	WIP-WFAN	WHP	WJAS
WLBW	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WDBJ	WKBN	WBT	WGST
WTOC	WQAM	WDBO	WDAE
WXYZ	WBCM	WSPD	WLAP
WDOD	WDSU	WGL	WCCO
KSCJ	WMT	KOIL	WIBW
KFH	KFJF	KRLD	KTSA
KOH	KVOR	KDYL	KLZ

KATHRYN PARSONS—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
5:30 p.m.	4:30	3:30	2:30
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WGR	WAAB	WORC	WPG
WCAU	W3XAU	WHP	WJAS
WLBW	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WKBN	WBT	WGST	WTOC
WQAM	WDBO	WDAE	WXYZ
WBCM	WLAP	WDOD	WDSU
WGL	KSCJ	WMT	KMOX
KOIL	KFH	KFJF	KRLD
KTSA	KOH	KVOR	KDYL
KLZ			

NATIONAL CONFECTIONERS PROGRAM—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
5:45 p.m.	4:45	3:45	2:45
WABC	W2XE	WKBW	WEAN
WAAB	WCAU	W3XAU	WJAS
WHK	WKRC	WBT	WGST
WLAC	WDSU	WOWO	WBBM
WCCO	KMOX	KMBC	KOIL
KRLD	KTRH	KOL	KVI
KFPY	KOIN	KFRC	KHJ
KDYL	KLZ		

REIS AND DUNN—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
6:30 p.m.	5:30	4:30	3:30
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WKBW	WDRC	WORC
WCAU	W3XAU	WJAS	WLBW
WMAL	WCAO	WWNC	WBT
WTOC	WDBO	WDOD	WLAC
WDSU	KTRH		

SWIFT PROGRAM—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
6:45 p.m.	5:45	4:45	3:45
WEAF	WCAE	WTIC	WTAG
WEEI	WJAR	WCSH	WFI
WRC	WGY	WBEN	WDAF
WTAM	WSAI	WWS	

BING CROSBY

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:00 p.m.	6:00	5:00	4:00
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WKBW	WDRC	WAAB
WORC	WCAU	W3XAU	WJAS
WLBW	WMAL	WCAO	WDBJ
WWNC	WBT	WTOC	WQAM
WDBO	WBCM	WLAP	WDOD
WREC	WLAC	WDSU	WTAQ
WCCO	KSCJ	WMT	KOIL
KFH	KFJF	KRLD	KTRH
KTSA	KOH	KVOR	KDYL
KLZ	CFRB		

SOCONYLAND SKETCHES—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:00 p.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WEAF	WJAR	WTAG	WGY
WBEN	WTIC	WCSH	WEEI

VOICE OF FIRESTONE

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:30 p.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30
WEAF	WGN	WTIC	WTAG
WEEI	WJAR	WCSH	WLIT
WRC	WGY	WBEN	WCAE
WTAM	WWJ	WSAI	KYW
KSD	WOC	WHO	WOW
WDAF	CKGW	CFCF	WRVA
WPTF	WJAX	WIOD	WFLA
WSM	WMC	WSB	WJDX
WSMB	KTHS	KVOO	KPRC
WOAI	WFBR	WHAS	WFAA
WKY			

DEATH VALLEY DAYS—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:30 p.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WBAL
WHAM	KDKA	WGAR	WLS
WREN	KWK	KFAB	KOA
KSL	WEBC	KSTP	WTMJ
KFYR	WIBA	KGO	KFI
KGW	KOMO	KHQ	KTAR
KFSD			

A. & P. GYPSIES—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WEAF	WEEI	WTAG	WJAR
WTIC	WCSH	WLIT	WRC
WGY	WCAE	WWJ	WSAI
WGN	KSD	WOC	WDAF
WTAM	WOW	WHO	WBEN

MAYTAG ORCHESTRA—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
KDKA	WJR	KWK	WREN
KSTP	WEBC	WKY	WOAI
KOA	KSL	KGO	KECA
KGW	KSQ	KOMO	KVOO
WLW	WFAA	KFRC	WGAR
KFYR	WSM	WMC	WBAL
KYW	WDAY	WTMJ	WLS

GENERAL MOTORS PROGRAM—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WCSH
WTAG	WLIT	WGY	WCAE
WTAM	WWJ	WGN	KSD
WOC	WOW	KSL	WDAF
WHAS	WSM	KOMO	WSB
KFRC	WEEN	KOA	WMC
KGO	KGW	KFI	WSAI
KHQ	WTIC	WHO	KFYR
WTMJ	WOAI	WFAA	KTAR
WJAX	WGY	WRVA	

GOLD MEDAL EXPRESS—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	KDKA
WJAX	WIOD	WFLA	WSUN
WGAR	WJR	WLW	WREN
WKY	KYW	KWK	WRVA
KOA	KSL	KTAR	KFI
KGW	KOMO	KFSD	WBAL
KSTP	KHQ	WSM	WMC
WEBC	WTHA	WSB	KGO
WHAM	WPTF	WFAH	

TRUE STORY—Cecil Secrest and Nora Sterling.

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WEAF	WCSH	WBEN	WSAI
WJAR	WLIT	WCAE	WENR
WEEI	WRC	WTAM	WOC
WTAG	WGY	WWJ	KSD
WHO	WFBR		

GUY LOMBARDO'S ORCHESTRA—Robert Burns Panatela Program.

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WKBW
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WCAU
W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL	WCAO
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WXYZ
WSPD	WOWO	WFBM	WMAQ
WCCO	KMOX	KMBC	KOIL
KFJF	KRLD	KTRH	KTSA
KLZ	KDYL	KOL	KFPY
KOIN	KHJ*	KFRC	

CHESEBROUGH REAL FOLKS—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:30 p.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
KFI	KOMO	KDKA	WIW
KWK	KYW	WREN	CKGW
WJR	WGAR	WIOD	WFLA
WBAL	WRVA	KFYR	WDAY
WSUN	WHAS	WEBC	WTMJ
WIBA	KTHS	KSL	KGO
CKGW	WJAX	KPRC	KOA
KHQ	KFSD	KTAR	WBAP
WAPI			

SAVINO TONE PICTURES—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:30 p.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WKBW	WLBZ	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WORC	WCAU
W3XAU	WHP	WJAS	WLBW
WMAL	WDBJ	WADC	WBT
WTOC	WQAM	WDBO	WXYZ
WBCM	WSPD	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WDSU	WISN
WOWO	WFBM	WMT	WNAX
KOIL	WIBW	KFH	KFJF
KRLD	KTRH	KTSA	KOH
KOL	KVI	KFPY	KFRC
KDYL	CFRB	KVOR	

THE SIMONIZ GUARDSMEN—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:45 p.m.	9:45	8:45	7:45
WEAF	WTIC	WEEI	WJAR
WCSH	WLIT	WWJ	WRC
WGY	WBEN	WSAI	WCAE
KSD	WTAM	WENR	WOC
WHO	WDAF	CFCF	WTAG
KFBR			

RED NICHOLS AND HIS PARK CENTRAL ORCHESTRA—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
11:45 p.m.	10:45	9:45	8:45
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WKBW	WLBZ	WDRC
WAAB	WORC	WCAU	W3XAU
WHP	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WDBJ	WWVA	WADC
WKBN	WBT	WTOC	WDBO
WXYZ	WBCM	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WDSU	WISN
WGL	WFBM	WCCO	KSCJ
WMT	KMBC	WNAX	WIBW
KRLD	KTRH	KTSA	WACO
KOH	KOL	KDYL	KLZ
KVOR			

PAUL WHITEMAN—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
12 mid.	11:00	10:00	9:00
WEAF	WRC	KFYR	WSB
WOW	WHAS	WSM	WIBA
WWJ	WDAY	KYW	WGY
WMC	KSTP	WFBR	KSD

BOBBY MEEKER AND HIS ORCHESTRA FROM CHICAGO—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
12:00 Mid.	11:00	10:00	9:00
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WKBW	WEAN	WNAC	WCAU
W3XAU	WHP	WLBW	WMAL
WTAR	WDBJ	WWVA	WKBN
WBT	WGST	WTOC	WDBO
WDAE	WSPD	WLAP	WDOD
WDSU	WISN	WGL	WCCO
WMT	WNAX	KOIL	KFJF
KTSA	KOH	KDYL	KLZ

Tuesday

DR. COPELAND'S HEALTH HOUR—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:45 a.m.	8:45	7:45	6:45
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WKBW	WDRC	WAAB	WPG
WCAU	W3XAU	WHP	WJAS
WMAL	WDBJ	WADC	WHK
WKBN	WWNC	WBT	WXYZ
WBCM	WSPD	WLAP	WDOD
WREC	WLAC	WNOX	WDSU
WTAQ	WOWO	KSCJ	KMOX
KMBC	KFH	KFJF	KRLD
KTRH	KTSA	KDYL	KLZ
CFRB			

MORNING MINSTRELS—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:45 a.m.	8:45	7:45	6:45
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WKBW
WEAN	WNAC	WCAU	W3XAU
WJAS	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WBT
WGST	WXYZ	WSPD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WDSU	WISN
KOIL	KFH	KFJF	KRLD
KTSA	KDYL	KLZ	CFRB
CKAC	WOWO	WBBM	WCCO
KMOX	KMBC		

GRANT GRAHAM AND COUGHLIN—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:00 a.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WHEC
WLBZ	WEAN	WNAC	WCAU
W3XAU	WHP	WJAS	WLBW
WMAL	WCAO	WDBJ	WADC
WBT	WTOC	WQAM	WDBO
WDAE	WBCM	WSPD	WLAP
WDOD	WREC	WLAC	WBRC
WISN	WTAQ	WGL	WBBM
WCCO	KSCJ	KMOX	KMBC
KLRA	KOIL	KFH	KFJF
KRLD	KTRH	KVOR	KDYL
KLZ	CFRB		

COLUMBIA MIXED QUARTET—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:45 a.m.	9:45	8:45	7:45
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WKBW	WEAN	WORC	WCAU
W3XAU	WJAS	WLBW	WMAL
WCAO	WDBJ	WADC	WWNC
WTOC	WQAM	WDBO	WXYZ
WBCM	WSPD	WLAP	WDOD
WREC	WLAC	WDSU	WTAQ
KSCJ	KMBC	KOIL	KFJF
KRLD	KTRH	KDYL	CFRB

HUMAN INTEREST STORIES—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
11:15 a.m.	10:15	9:15	8:15
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WHEC
WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WORC	WPG	WHP	WJAS
WLBW	WMAL	WCAO	WDBJ
WADC	WBT	WTOC	WQAM
WDBO	WDAE	WBCM	WSPD
WDOD	WREC	WLAC	WBRC
WDSU	WISN	WTAQ	WOWO
WBBM	KSCJ	WMT	KMOX
KMBC	KLRA	KOIL	KFH
KFJF	KTSA	WACO	KOH
KVOR	KOL	KFPY	

SWEETHEART HOUR—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
11:30 a.m.	10:30	9:30	8:30
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WHEC
WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WORC	WPG	WCAU	W3XAU
WHP	WJAS	WLBW	WMAL
WCAO	WDBJ	WBT	WTOC
WQAM	WDBO	WDAE	WBCM
WSPD	WDOD	WREC	WLAC
WISN	WTAQ	WOWO	KSCJ
WMT	KMBC	KLRA	KFH
KFJF	KTSA	WACO	KOH
KVOR	KOL	KFPY	KDYL
CFRB			

STAGE AND SCREEN STARS—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
11:45 a.m.	10:45	9:45	8:45
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WHEC
WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC	WAAB
WORC	WPG	WIP-WFAN	
WHP	WJAS	WLBW	WMAL
WCAO	WDBJ	WTOC	WQAM
WDBO	WDAE	WBCM	WSPD
WDOD	WREC	WLAC	WISN
WTAQ	KSCJ	WMT	KMOX
KMBC	KLRA	KOIL	WIBW
KFJF	KTSA	WACO	KOH
KVOR	KOL	KFPY	CFRB

COLUMBIA REVUE—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
12:30 p.m.	11:30 a.m.	10:30	9:30
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WHEC
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WORC
WPG	WIP-WFAN		WHP
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WADC	WHK	WQAM
WDBO	WDAE	WSPD	WLAP
WDOD	WREC	WLAC	WBRC
WDSU	WISN	WTAQ	WOWO
KSCJ	WMT	KMOX	KMBC
KOIL	WIBW	KFJF	WACO
KOH	KVOR	KOL	KFPY
KDYL	KLZ	CFRB	

COLUMBIA FARM COMMUNITY NETWORK—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
1:00 p.m.	12:00	11:00 a.m.	10:00
WLAP	WTAQ	WBBM	WCCO
KSCJ	WMT	KMOX	KMBC
WIBW	KFH	KFJF	KTRH
KOH	KVOR	KDYL	

COLUMBIA ARTISTS RECITAL—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
2:00 p.m.	1:00	12:00	11:00 a.m.
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WHEC
WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WORC	WPG	WCAU	W3XAU
WHP	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WDBJ	WADC	WHK	WKBN
WBT	WTOC	WQAM	WDBO
WDAE	WBCM	WSPD	WLAP
WDOD	WREC	WLAC	WBRC
WISN	WTAQ	WGL	WFBM
WCCO	KSCJ	WMT	KMOX
KMBC	KLRA	KFH	KFJF
KTRH	KTSA	KOH	KVOR
KFPY	KLZ	CFRB	

COLUMBIA SALON ORCHESTRA—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
3:00 p.m.	2:00	1:00	12:00
WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WPG	WHP
WIP-WFAN		WLBW	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ	WADC
WHK	WKBN	WBT	WTOC
WQAM	WDBO	WDAE	WBCM
WSPD	WLAP	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WDSU	WISN
WTAQ	WGL	WFBM	KSCJ
WMT	KMBC	KLRA	KOIL
WIBW	KFJF	KRLD	KTRH
KTSA	WACO	KOH	KVOR
KOL	KFPY	KDYL	KLZ
KVI			

THE CAPTIVATORS—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
3:45 p.m.	2:45	1:45	12:45
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WDRC
WNAC	WPG	WCAU	W3XAU
WHP	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WDBJ	WADC	WHK	WKBN
WBT	WTOC	WQAM	WDBO
WDAE	WBCM	WSPD	WLAP
WDOD	WREC	WLAC	WBRC
WDSU	WISN	WTAQ	WGL
WCCO	KSCJ	WMT	KMBC
KLRA	KOIL	WIBW	KFJF
KRLD	KTRH	WACO	KOH
KVOR	KOL	KVI	KFPY
KDYL	KLZ	CFRB	

FOUR CLUBMEN—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
4:00 p.m.	3:00	2:00	1:00
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WDRC
WNAC	WPG	WCAU	W3XAU
WHP	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WDBJ	WADC	WHK	WBT
WTOC	WQAM	WDBO	WDAE
WBCM	WSPD	WLAP	WDOD
WREC	WLAC	WBRC	WDSU
WISN	WTAQ	WCCO	KSCJ
WMT	KMOX	KMBC	KOIL
WIBW	KFJF	KTRH	WACO
KOH	KVOR	KOL	KFPY
KDYL	KLZ	CFRB	KRLD

PHIL FISHER AND HIS TEN EYCK HOTEL ORCHESTRA—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
4:30 p.m.	3:30	2:30	1:30
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WIP-WFAN	
WHP	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WDBJ	WADC	WBT	WTOC
WQAM	WDBO	WDAE	WBCM
WSPD	WLAP	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WDSU	WISN
WTAQ	WCCO	KSCJ	WMT
KMBC	KOIL	WIBW	KFJF
KRLD	KTRH	WACO	KOH
KVOR	KOL	KFPY	KDYL
KLZ	CFRB		

FRANK ROSS—Songs.

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
5:00 p.m.	4:00	3:00	2:00
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WHEC
WDRC	WAAB	WORC	WPG
WIP-WFAN		WHP	WJAS
WLBW	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WDBJ	WADC	WKBN	WBT
WTOC	WQAM	WDBO	WDAE
WBCM	WSPD	WLAP	WDOD
WREC	WLAC	WBRC	WDSU
WTAQ	WGL	WCCO	KSCJ
WMT	KMBC	KOIL	KOIL
WIBW	KFH	KFJF	KRLD
KTRH	KTSA	KOH	KVOR
KOL	KFPY	KDYL	KLZ
CFRB			

RAISING JUNIOR—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
6:00 p.m.	5:00	4:00	3:00
WJZ	WCAR	WHAM	KYW
WBAL			

NATIONAL SECURITY LEAGUE BROADCAST SERIES—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
6:00 p.m.	5:00	4:00	3:00
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WHEC
WDRC	WAAB	WIP-WFAN	
WHP	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WBT	WTOC	WDAE
WBCM	WLAP	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WDSU	WTAQ
WGL	WCCO	KSCJ	WMT
KLRA	KOIL	KFH	KFJF
KTRH	KTSA	KOH	KVOR
KDYL	KLZ		

CONNIE BOSWELL—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
6:15 p.m.	5:15	4:15	3:15
WABC	WAAB	WORC	WLBZ
WDRC	WHP	WLBW	WIP-WFAN
WTAR	WDBJ	WTOC	WMAL
WDBO	WDAE	WBT	WQAM
WDOD	WREC	WBCM	WLAP
WDSU	WISN	WLAC	WBRC
WCCO	KSCJ	WTAQ	WGL
KOIL	KFH	WMT	KLRA
KTRH	KTSA	KFJF	KRLD
KDYL	KLZ	KOH	KVOR
W2XE	WOKO		

SWIFT PROGRAM—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
6:45 p.m.	5:45	4:45	3:45
WEAF	WTIC	WTAG	WEEI
WJAR	WCSH	WFI	WRC
WBEN	WDAF	WCAE	

MID-WEEK FEDERATION HYMN SING—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:00 p.m.	6:00	5:00	4:00
WEAF	WTIC	WTAG	WFI
KSD	WJDX	WGO	KECA
KGW	WEEI	WBEN	WCAE
WSAI	WIBO	WPTF	WIOD
WFLA	WSUN	WSB	WAPI
WKY	WSM		

ARMSTRONG QUAKERS—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:00 p.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	KDKA
WJR	KWK	WHAM	WREN
WBAL	WLW	WLS	KFAB

RED GOOSE ADVENTURES—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:30 p.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30
WABC	WGR	WJAS	WLBW
WMAL	WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WCAH
WKBN	WWNC	WBT	WIS
WGST	WTOC	WQAM	WDBO
WDAE	WXYZ	WBCM	WSPD
WLAP	WDOD	WREC	WLAC
WNOX	WBRC	WDSU	WISN
WTAQ	WOWO	WMAQ	WCCO
KSCJ	WMT	KMOX	KMBC
KLRA	WNAX	KOIL	WIBW
KFH	KFJF	WRR	KTRH
KTSA	WACO	KOH	KGB
KOL	KVI	KFPY	KOIN
KFRC	KHJ	KDYL	KLZ
WMBG			

WALTER WINCHELL—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:45 p.m.	7:45	6:45	5:45
WABC	WFBL	WGR	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WCAU	W3XAU
WJAS	WMAL	WCAO	WADC
WXYZ	WOWO	KMOX	KOIL

HOUSEHOLD FINANCE PROGRAM—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WBAL
WHAM	KDKA	WGN	KWK
WREN			

BEN BERNIE AND HIS BLUE RIBBON ORCHESTRA—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WGR
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WCAU
W3XAU	WHP	WJAS	WMAL
WCAO	WADC	WHK	WKRC
WXYZ	WSPD	WISN	WOWO
WFBM	WBBM	WCCO	KMOX
KMBC	KOIL	KFH	

McKESSON MUSICAL MAGAZINE—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WEAF	WTIC	WTAG	WEEI
WJAR	WCSH	WFI	WRC
WGY	WBEN	WCAE	WTAM
WWJ	WSAI	WLS	KSD
WOC	WHO	WOW	WDAF
WTMJ	WEBC	WDAY	KFYR
WRVA	WJAX	WIOD	WFLA
WSUN	WHAS	WSM	WMC
WSB	WSMB	WJDX	KTHS
WKY	KVOO	KPRC	WOAI
KOA	KSL	KGO	KTAR
KFSD	KGW	KHQ	KFI
KOMO			

FULLER MAN—

Eastern 9:30 p.m.	Central 8:30	Mountain 7:30	Pacific 6:30
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WTAG
WCSH	WFI	WRC	WGY
WBEN	WHO	WBAP	KSTP
WTMJ	KOA	WWJ	WSAI
WOC	KGW	WOW	WDAF
WKY	KSD	KSL	KGO
KECA	KOMO	KHQ	WTIC
WOKI	WEBC	WSB	WTAM
WOAI	KVOO		

MODERN MALE CHORUS—

Eastern 10:00 p.m.	Central 9:00	Mountain 8:00	Pacific 7:00
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WEAN
WCAU	W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL
WHK	WKBN	WBT	WXYZ
WLAC	WBRC	WDSU	WOWO
KMBC	KOIL	KFH	KFJF
KOL	KVI	KFPY	KOIN
WDRC	WNAC	WCAO	WADC
WKRC	WSPD	WBBM	WCCO
KRLD	KTSA	KNJ	KFRC
KHJ	KDYL	KLZ	

B. A. ROLFE—

Eastern 10:00 p.m.	Central 9:00	Mountain 8:00	Pacific 7:00
WEAF	WTIC	WEEI	WJAR
WTAG	WCSH	WFI	WRC
WCAE	WWJ	WSAI	KSD
WOC	WHO	WTMJ	WEBC
WRVA	WJAX	WIOD	WFLA
WSUN	WHAS	WSM	WMC
WSB	WSMB	WJDX	WOAI
KOA	KGO	WKY	KGW
KHQ	KOMO	KTAR	KFSD
WDAF	KVOO	WTAM	WBEN
WOW	WDAY	KFI	KSL
KFYR	KSTP	WENR	KPRC
WPTF	WGY	WBAP	WIBA

STAR BRAND SHOE MAKERS—

Eastern 10:15 p.m.	Central 9:15	Mountain 8:15	Pacific 7:15
WABC	WKBW	WCAU	W3XAU
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WDBJ	WADC	WHK
WKRC	WCAH	WKBN	WWNC
WBT	WIS	WGST	WTOC
WQAM	WDBO	WDAE	WXYZ
WBCM	WSPD	WLAP	WDOD
WREC	WLAC	WNOX	WBRC
WDSU	WISN	WOWO	WFBM
WCCO	KSCJ	WMT	KMOX
KMBC	WNAX	KOIL	WIBW
KFH	KFJF	KRLD	KTRH
WACO	KOH	KGB	KOL
KFPY	KOIN	KFRC	KHJ
KDYL	KLZ	WMBG	

ARABESQUE—

Eastern 10:30 p.m.	Central 9:30	Mountain 8:30	Pacific 7:30
WABC	WHEC	WLBZ	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WORC	WPG
WCAU	W3XAU	WHP	WJAS
WLBW	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WDBJ	WADC	WKBN	WBT
WTOC	WQAM	WDBO	WDAE
WBCM	WSPD	WLAP	WDOD
WREC	WLAC	WBRC	WDSU
WISN	WFBM	WCCO	KSCJ
WMT	KMOX	KMBC	KLRA
WNAX	KOIL	WIBW	KFH
KFJF	KRLD	KTRH	WACO
KOH	KVOR	KFPY	KDYL
KLZ	CFRB		

ASBURY PARK CASINO ORCHESTRA—

Eastern 11:45 p.m.	Central 10:45	Mountain 9:45	Pacific 8:45
WMAL	WGST	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WNOX	WBRC	WDSU
WISN	WOWO	WFBM	WCCO
KSCJ	WMT	KLRA	WNAX
KOIL	WIBW	KFJF	WRR
KTRH	KTSA	WACO	KOH
KMJ	KFBK	KOL	KFPY
KOIN	KFRC	KHJ	KDYL
KLZ			

ROMANELLI AND HIS KING EDWARD ORCHESTRA FROM TORONTO—

Eastern 12:00 p.m.	Central 11:00	Mountain 10:00	Pacific 9:00
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WLBZ
WEAN	WNAC	WORC	WPG
WCAU	W3XAU	WHP	WLBW
WMAL	WTAR	WDBJ	WKBN
WBT	WTOC	WQAM	WDBO
WDAE	WBCM	WSPD	WLAP
WDOD	WREC	WLAC	WBRC
WDSU	WISN	WGL	WFBM
WCCO	WMT	KMBC	WNAX
KOIL	WIBW	KFJF	KTRH
WACO	KOH	KDYL	KLZ
CFRB			

Wednesday

THE COMMUTERS—

Eastern 9:00 a.m.	Central 8:00	Mountain 7:00	Pacific 6:00
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WHEC
WDRC	WAAB	WPG	WHP
WIP-WFAN		WJAS	WCAO
WTAR	WDBJ	WADC	WBT
WTOC	WQAM	WDBO	WDAE
WBCM	WLAP	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WDSU	WTAQ
KSCJ	WMT	KMOX	KMBC
WNAX	KOIL	KFH	KFJF
KTRH	KDYL	CFRB	

MARY HALE MARTIN'S HOUSEHOLD PERIOD—

Eastern 10:00 a. m.	Central 9:00	Mountain 8:00	Pacific 7:00
WJZ	WBAL	KDKA	KWK
WREN	WJDX	WSMB	KFAB
WHAS	WSM	WMC	WSB
WBZA	WLW	WGAR	WHAM
WAPI	KSTP	WJR	WEBC
WLS	WBZ		

BOND BREAD PROGRAM—

Eastern 10:15 a.m.	Central 9:15	Mountain 8:15	Pacific 7:15
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WLBZ
WEAN	WAAB	WORC	WCAU
W3XAU	WHP	WLBW	WCAO
WTAR	WDBJ	WADC	WHK
WBT	WTOC	WQAM	WDBO
WDAE	WBCM	WSPD	WLAP
WDOD	WREC	WLAC	WBRC
WDSU	WISN	WTAQ	WGL
KSCJ	KMOX	KMBC	KLRA
KOIL	KFH	KFJF	KRLD
KTRH	KVOR	KDYL	CFRB

THREE MEN IN A TUB—Musical Program by Male Trio.

Eastern 11:15 a.m.	Central 10:15	Mountain 9:15	Pacific 8:15
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WADC	WHK	WBT	WTOC
WXYZ	WBCM	WDOD	WREC
WISN	WBBM	KSCJ	WMT
KFH	KFJF	KTRH	KDYL
WHEC	WKBW	WORC	WPG
WDBJ	WWVA	WQAM	WDBO
WLAC	WBRC	KMOX	KMBC
KOIL	CFRB		

MUSICAL ALPHABET—

Eastern 11:30 a.m.	Central 10:30	Mountain 9:30	Pacific 8:30
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WHEC
WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WORC	WPG	WHP	WJAS
WLBW	WCAO	WDBJ	WBT
WQAM	WDBO	WBCM	WSPD
WDOD	WREC	WLAC	WISN
WTAQ	WOWO	KSCJ	WMT
KMBC	KLRA	KOIL	WIBW
KFH	KFJF	KTSA	WACO
KOH	KVOR	KGB	KOL
KFPY	KDYL	CFRB	

EDNA WALLACE HOPPER—

Eastern 3:00 p.m.	Central 2:00	Mountain 1:00	Pacific 12:00
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WGR	WEAN	WDRC
WNAC	WORC	WCAU	W3XAU
WJAS	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WDBJ	WADC	WHK	WKRC
WCAH	WBT	WGST	WXYZ
WSPD	WDOD	WREC	WLAC
WNOX	WBRC	WDSU	WISN
WOWO	WFBM	WBBM	WCCO
KSCJ	KMOX	KMBC	KLRA
KOIL	WIBW	KFJF	KRLD
KTRH	KTSA	KOL	KVI
KFPY	KOIN	KFRC	KHJ
KDYL	KLZ	CFRB	CKAC
WLBZ			

COLUMBIA SALON ORCHESTRA—

Eastern 3:15 p.m.	Central 2:15	Mountain 1:15	Pacific 12:15
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WGR	WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC
WNAC	WORC	WPG	WHP
WIP-WFAN		WLBW	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ	WWVA
WADC	WHK	WKBN	WBT
WGST	WTOC	WQAM	WDBO
WDAE	WXYZ	WSPD	WLAP
WDOD	WDSU	WISN	WGL
WFBM	WCCO	KSCJ	WMT
KMBC	KOIL	WIBW	KFJF
KRLD	KTSA	WACO	KOH
KVOR	KGB	KOL	KVI
KFPY	KDYL	KLZ	CFRB

INDEX TO NETWORK KILOCYCLES

National Broadcasting Company

	Kc.		Kc.
CFCF	1030	WENR	870
CKGW	960	WFAA	800
KDKA	980	WFI	560
KECA	1340	WFLA	620
KFAB	770	WGAR	1450
KFI	640	WGN	720
KFKX	1020	WGY	790
KFSD	600	WHAM	1150
KFYR	550	WHAS	820
KGB	1330	WHO	1000
KGO	790	WIBO	560
KGW	620	WIOD	1300
KHQ	590	WJAR	890
KOA	830	WJAX	900
KOMO	920	WJDX	1270
KPO	680	WJR	750
KPRC	920	WJZ	760
KSD	550	WKY	900
KSL	1130	WLIT	560
KSTP	1460	WLS	870
KTAR	620	WLW	700
KTHS	1040	WMC	780
KVOO	1140	WOAI	1190
KWK	1350	WOC	1000
KYW	1020	WOW	590
WAPI	1140	WPTF	680
WBAL	1060	WRC	950
WBAP	800	WREN	1220
WBEN	900	WRVA	1110
WBZ	990	WSAI	1330
WBZA	990	WSB	740
WCAE	1220	WSM	650
WCFL	970	WSMB	1320
WCKY	1480	WSUN	620
WCSH	940	WTAG	580
WDAF	610	WTAM	1070
WDAY	940	WTIC	1060
WEAF	660	WTMJ	620
WEBC	1290	WWJ	920
WEEI	590		

Columbia Broadcasting System

	Kc.		Kc.
CFRB	960	WFBL	1360
CKAC	730	WFBM	1230
KDYL	1290	WGL	1370
KFH	1300	WGR	550
KFJF	1480	WGST	890
KFPY	1340	WHEC	1440
KFRC	610	WHK	1390
KHJ	900	WHP	1430
KLRA	1390	WIBW	580
KLZ	560	WIP	610
KMBC	950	WIS	1010
KMOX	1090	WISN	1120
KOH	1380	WJAS	1290
KOIL	1260	WJJD	1130
KOIN	940	WKBN	570
KOL	1270	WKBW	1480
KRLD	1040	WKRC	550
KSCJ	1330	WLAC	1470
KTRH	1120	WLAP	1200
KTSA	1290	WLBW	1260
KVI	760	WLBZ	620
WAAB	1410	WMAK	900
WABC	860	WMAL	630
WACO	1240	WMAQ	670
WADC	1320	WMT	600
WAIU	640	WNAC	1230
WBBM	770	WNOX	560
WBCM	1410	WOKO	1440
WBRC	930	WORC	1200
WBT	1080	WOWO	1160
WCAH	1430	WPG	1100
WCAO	600	WQAM	560
WCAU	1170	WREC	600
WCCO	810	WRR	1280
WDAE	1220	WSPD	1340
WDBJ	930	WTAQ	1330
WDBO	1120	WTAR	780
WDOD	1280	WTOC	1260
WDRC	1330	WWNC	570
WDSU	1250	WWVA	1160
WEAN	780	WXYZ	1240
WFAN	610	W2XE	6120
		W3XAU	6060—9590

COLUMBIA REVUE—

Eastern 12:30 p.m.	Central 11:30 a.m.	Mountain 10:30	Pacific 9:30
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WORC	WPG
WIP-WFAN		WHP	WJAS
WLBW	WCAO	WTAR	WQAM
WDBO	WDAE	WSPD	WLAP
WDOD	WREC	WLAC	WBRC
WDSU	WISN	WTAQ	WOWO
KSCJ	WMT	KMOX	KMBC
KOIL	KFJF	WACO	KOH
KVOR	KGB	KFPY	KDYL
KLZ	CFRB		

COLUMBIA FARM COMMUNITY NETWORK PROGRAM—

Eastern 1:00 p.m.	Central 12:00	Mountain 11:00 a.m.	Pacific 10:00
WLAP	WTAQ	WBBM	WCCO
KSCJ	WMT	KMBC	WIBW
KFH	KFJF	KTRH	WACO
KOH	KVOR	KDYL	

RHYTHM KINGS—

Eastern 2:15 p.m.	Central 1:15	Mountain 12:15	Pacific 11:15
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WGR	WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC
WNAC	WORC	WPG	WJAS
WLBW	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WDBJ	WWVA	WADC	WKBN
WBT	WGST	WTOC	WQAM
WDAE	WXYZ	WSPD	WDOD
WDSU	WISN	WGL	WFBM
WCCO	KSCJ	WMT	KMBC
KOIL	WIBW	KFH	KFJF
KTSA	KOH	KVOR	KGB
KVI	KFPY	KHJ	KLZ
CFRB			

THE THREE DOCTORS. Pratt, Sherman and Rudolph.

Eastern 3:30 p.m.	Central 2:30	Mountain 1:30	Pacific 12:30
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WGR	WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC
WNAC	WORC	WPG	WCAU
W3XAU	WHP	WLBW	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ	WWVA
WADC	WHK	WKBN	WBT
WGST	WTOC	WQAM	WDBO
WDAE	WXYZ	WSPD	WDOD
WDSU	WISN	WGL	KSCJ
WMT	KMOX	KMBC	WNAX
KOIL	KFJF	KRLD	WACO
KOH	KVOR	KGB	KOL
KFPY	KHJ	KDYL	KLZ
CFRB			

CAFE DEWITT ORCHESTRA

Eastern 3:45 p.m.	Central 2:45	Mountain 1:45	Pacific 12:45
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WGR	WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC
WNAC	WORC	WPG	WCAU
W3XAU	WHP	WLBW	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ	WWVA
WADC	WKBN	WBT	WGST
WTOC	WQAM	WDBO	WDAE
WXYZ	WSPD	WLAP	WDOD
WDSU	WISN	WGL	WCCO
KSCJ	WMT	KMOX	KMBC
KOIL	WIBW	KFJF	KRLD
WACO	KOH	KVOR	KGB
KOL	KVI	KFPY	KDYL
KLZ	CFRB		

ASBURY PARK CASINO ORCHESTRA—

Eastern 5:00 p.m.	Central 4:00	Mountain 3:00	Pacific 2:00
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WGR
WDRC	WAAB	WORC	WHP
WIP-WFAN		WJAS	WLBW
WMAL	WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ
WADC	WKBN	WBT	WGST
WTOC	WQAM	WDBO	WDAE
WSPD	WLAP	WDOD	WDSU
WGL	WCCO	KSCJ	WMT
KMOX	KMBC	KOIL	WIBW
KFH	KFJF	KRLD	KTSA
KOH	KVOR	KDYL	KLZ
CFRB			

JOLLY JUGGLERS—

Eastern 5:45 p.m.	Central 4:45	Mountain 3:45	Pacific 2:45
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WKBW	WLBZ	WDRC	WAAB
WORC	WCAU	W3XAU	WHP
WJAS	WLBW	WCAO	WTAR
WKBN	WBT	WGST	WTOC
WQAM	WDBO	WDAE	WLAP
WDOD	WDSU	WGL	WCCO
KSCJ	WMT	KMBC	KOIL
WIBW	KFH	KFJF	KRLD
KTSA	KOH	KVOR	KLZ
CFRB			

"BILL SCHUDT'S GOING TO PRESS"—

Eastern 6:00 p.m.	Central 5:00	Mountain 4:00	Pacific 3:00
WABC	W2XE	WDRC	WFAN
WHP	WLBW	WMAL	WTAR
WDBJ	WADC	WWNC	WBT
WBCM	WDOD	WREC	WLAC
WBRC	WGL	WCCO	KSCJ
KLRA	WDAY	KFJF	KRLD
KTSA	KLZ	KDYL	KVI
KOL	KFPY		

THE BON BONS. Negro Quartette.

Eastern 6:30 p.m.	Central 5:30	Mountain 4:30	Pacific 3:30
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WKBW	WLBZ	WDRC	WORC
WCAU	W3XAU	WHP	WJAS
WLBW	WDBJ	WKBN	WGST
WTOC	WQAM	WDAE	WXYZ
WLAP	WDOD	WDSU	WISN
WGL	WFBM	KSCJ	KMOX
KMBC	KOIL	KFH	KFJF
KRLD	KOH	KVOR	KLZ

BOSCUL MOMENTS WITH MME. ALDA—Frank LaForge, pianist.

Eastern 7:15 p.m.	Central 6:15	Mountain 5:15	Pacific 4:15
WEAF	WLIT	WCAE	WSAI
WRC	WTAM	WGY	WEEI
WJAR	WCSH	WBEN	WTIC

COLLEGE MEMORIES—

Eastern 8:00 p.m.	Central 7:00	Mountain 6:00	Pacific 5:00
WJZ	WGAR	WHAS	WCKY
WIBA	WJR	KYW	KWK
WTMJ	KSTP	WDAY	KFYR
WSM	WMC	WSB	WSMB
WJDX	WFAA	KPRC	WOAI
KOA	KSL	KFI	KGW
KOMO	KHQ	KFSD	KTAR
WTMJ	WBAL	WHAM	WREN

JACK FROST'S MELODY MOMENTS

Eastern 8:30 p.m.	Central 7:30	Mountain 6:30	Pacific 5:30
WJZ	WBAL	WHAM	KDKA
WGAR	WJR	WLW	WLS

MOBILOIL CONCERT—

Eastern 8:30 p.m.	Central 7:30	Mountain 6:30	Pacific 5:30
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WCSH
KYW	WTAG	WLIT	WRC
WSAI	WIBA	KSD	WOW
WTAM	KOA	KVOO	WFAA
WOAI	WKY	WTIC	WDAF
WCAE	WGY	WEBC	WWJ
WBEN	WHO	WOC	WDAT
KFYR	KSTP	WTMJ	

GOLD MEDAL FAST FREIGHT—

Eastern 9:00 p.m.	Central 8:00	Mountain 7:00	Pacific 6:00
WABC	WOKO	WFBL	WKBW
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WCAU
W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL	WCAO
WDBJ	WADC	WHK	WKRC
WNYZ	WSPD	WFBM	WMAQ
WCCO	KSCJ	WMT	KMOX
KMBC	KOIL	KFH	

HALSEY, STUART PROGRAM—

Eastern 9:00 p.m.	Central 8:00	Mountain 7:00	Pacific 6:00
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WTAG
WCSH	WLIT	WRC	WGY
WCAE	CKGW	WRVA	WJAX
KOA	KSL	KGO	KGW
KOMO	KHQ	WSAI	KSD
WOC	WHO	WOW	WWJ
WSMB	KVOO	KPRC	WOAI
KSTP	WTMJ	KYW	WHAS
WSM	WMC	WSB	KFI
WBEN	WTAM		

ENO CRIME CLUB—

Eastern 9:30 p.m.	Central 8:30	Mountain 7:30	Pacific 6:30
WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	KDKA	WGAR	WJR
WENR	KWK	WREN	

PALMOLIVE HOUR—

Eastern 9:30 p.m.	Central 8:30	Mountain 7:30	Pacific 6:30
WEAF	WEEI	WTIC	WJAR
WTAG	WCSH	WLIT	WRC
WGY	WCAE	WSAI	WGN
KSD	WOC	WOW	WSMB
WTMJ	CKGW	KSTP	WHAS
WSM	WMC	WDAF	WHO
WSB	WOAI	KOA	KSL
KGO	KGW	KOMO	KHQ
KPRC	WWJ	WTAM	WREN
KFI	KVOO	WIBA	WDAF

VITALITY PERSONALITIES—

Eastern 10:00 p.m.	Central 9:00	Mountain 8:00	Pacific 7:00
WABC	WOKO	WFBL	WKBW
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WCAU
W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL	WCAO
WADC	WKRC	WCAH	WBT
WGST	WXYZ	WSPD	WLAP
WREC	WLAC	WBRC	WDSU
WISN	WOWO	WFBM	WBBM
WCCO	KMOX	KMBC	KOIL
KFH	KFJF	KRLD	KTRH
KTSA	KOL	KVI	KFPY
KOIN	KFRC	KHJ	KDYL
KLZ	WHK		

HERNANDEZ BROTHERS—Spanish Instrumental Soloists.

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:15 p.m.	9:15	8:15	7:15
WABC	WOKO	WFBL	WKBW
WDRC	WNAC	WORC	WPG
WCAU	W3XAU	WHP	WJAS
WLBW	WMAL	WCAO	WDBJ
WWNC	WBT	WTOC	WQAM
WDBO	WBCM	WSPD	WLAP
WDOD	WREC	WLAC	WBRC
WDSU	WISN	WOWO	WFBM
WCCO	KSCJ	KMBC	WNAX
KOIL	KFH	KFJF	KRLD
KTRH	KTSA	KOH	KVOR
KVI	KFPY	KFRC	KDYL
KLZ	CFRB		

COCA COLA PROGRAM—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:30 p.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30
CFCF	WEAF	WEEI	WTIC
KTAR	WTAG	WCSH	WLIT
WRC	WSAI	WOC	WEBC
WKY	KYW	KSD	WBVA
KSTP	WJAX	WIOD	WSM
WSMB	WSUN	WOAI	KOA
KSL	KGO	KGW	KHQ
KOMO	KVOO	WDAF	WHAS
WTAM	WHO	WOW	WMC
WSB	WWJ	WAPI	WBFN
KFI	WGY	WTMJ	WFLA
WCAE	KFSD	WHAS	KPRC
WFAA	WPFF	WJAR	KSTP

"THE VOICE OF RADIO DIGEST"—Nellie Revell.

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
11:00 p.m.	10:00	9:00	8:00
WEAF	WOC	WHO	WRC
WIBO	WJAR	WCSH	WIOD
KSD	WOW	WTAM	

ST. MORITZ ORCHESTRA—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
11:45 p.m.	10:45	9:45	8:45
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WKBW	WLBZ	WDRC	WAAB
WORC	WPG	WCAU	WHP
W3XAU	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WDBJ	WWVA	WADC
WKBN	WBT	WGST	WTOC
WQAM	WDBO	WDAE	WXYZ
WSPD	WLAP	WDOD	WDSU
WISN	WGL	WFBM	WCCO
WMT	KMBC	WNAX	KOIL
WIBW	KFH	KFJF	KTSA
WACO	KOH	KVOR	KOL
KFPY	KLZ		

EDDIE DUCHIN AND HIS CENTRAL PARK CASINO ORCHESTRA—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
12:00 Mid.	11:00	10:00	9:00
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WKBW	WLBZ	WEAN	WNAC
WCAU	W3XAU	WHP	WLBW
WMAL	WTAR	WDBJ	WWVA
WKBN	WBT	WGST	WTOC
WQAM	WDBO	WDAE	WSPD
WLAP	WDOD	WDSU	WISN
WGL	WCCO	WMT	KMBC
WNAX	KFJF	KTSA	KOH
KOL	KDYL	KLZ	

Thursday

MELODY MUSKETEERS—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:45 a.m.	8:45	7:45	6:45
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WKBW	WAAB	WPG	WCAU
W3XAU	WHP	WJAS	WCAO
WDBJ	WWVA	WADC	WHK
WBT	WGST	WTOC	WQAM
WDBO	WDAE	WXYZ	WBCM
WSPD	WLAP	WDOD	WREC
WDSU	WOWO	KSCJ	KMOX
KMBC	KOIL	KFJF	KRLD
KDYL	CFRB		

BARBARA GOULD BEAUTY TALK—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:45 a.m.	9:45	8:45	7:45
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WHEC
WKBW	WEAN	WNAC	WCAU
W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL	WCAO
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WBT
WGST	WXYZ	WSPD	WDSU
WOWO	WBBM	WCCO	KMOX
KMBC	KOIL	KRLD	

THE SINGING VAGABOND. Artells Dickson.

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
2:00 p.m.	1:00	12:00	11:00 a.m.
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WGR	WLBZ	WDRC	WPG
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WDBJ	WWVA	WADC
WHK	WKBN	WBT	WGST
WTOC	WQAM	WDBO	WDAE
WXYZ	WBCM	WSPD	WLAP
WDOD	WREC	WDSU	WISN
WGL	WFBM	WCCO	KSCJ
WMT.	KMOX	KMBC	KLRA
KOIL	KFH	KFJF	KTSA
KOH	KVOR	KGB	KVI
KFPY	KLZ	CFRB	

RHYTHM KINGS—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
2:15 p.m.	1:15	12:15	11:15 a.m.
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WGR	WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC
WNAC	WORC	WPG	WHP
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WDBJ	WWVA	WADC
WHK	WKBN	WBT	WGST
WTOC	WQAM	WDBO	WDAE
WXYZ	WBCM	WSPD	WLAP
WDOD	WREC	WDSU	WISN
WGL	WFBM	WMAQ	WCCO
KSCJ	KMBC	KLRA	KOIL
WIBW	KFH	KFJF	KRLD
KTSA	KOH	KVOR	KGB
KVI	KFPY	KHJ	KDYL
KLZ	CFRB		

COLUMBIA SALON ORCHESTRA—Vincent Sorey, Conductor.

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
2:30 p.m.	1:30	12:30	11:30 a.m.
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WGR	WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC
WNAC	WORC	WPG	WHP
WIP-WFAN		WJAS	WLBW
WMAL	WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ
WWVA	WADC	WHK	WKBN
WBT	WGST	WTOC	WQAM
WDBO	WDAE	WXYZ	WBCM
WSPD	WDOD	WREC	WDSU
WISN	WGL	WFBM	WMAQ
WCCO	KSCJ	WMT	KMOX
KMBC	KLRA	KOIL	WIBW
KFH	KFJF	KRLD	KTSA
WACO	KOH	KVOR	KGB
KOL	KVI	KFPY	KDYL
KLZ	CFRB		

VIRGINIA ARNOLD—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
3:45 p.m.	2:45	1:45	12:45
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WGR	WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC
WNAC	WORC	WPG	WCAU
W3XAU	WHP	WLBW	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ	WWVA
WADC	WKBN	WBT	WGST
WTOC	WQAM	WDBO	WDAE
WXYZ	WBCM	WSPD	WLAP
WDOD	WREC	WDSU	WISN
WGL	WCCO	KSCJ	WMT
KMBC	KLRA	KOIL	WIBW
KFJF	KRLD	WACO	KOH
KVOR	KGB	KOL	KFPY
KDYL	KLZ	CFRB	

MELODY MAGIC— Vincent Sorey's Orchestra with Female Trio.

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
4:00 p.m.	3:00	2:00	1:00
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WGR	WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC
WNAC	WORC	WPG	WCAU
W3XAU	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WDBJ	WWVA	WADC
WBT	WGST	WTOC	WQAM
WDBO	WDAE	WXYZ	WBCM
WSPD	WLAP	WDOD	WREC
WDSU	WISN	WCCO	KSCJ
WMT	KMBC	KOIL	WIBW
KFJF	KRLD	WACO	KOH
KVOR	KGB	KOL	KVI
KFPY	KDYL	KLZ	

HOTEL TAFT ORCHESTRA—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
4:30 p.m.	3:30	2:30	1:30
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WGR	WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC
WNAC	WORC	WIP-WFAN	
WHP	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WDBJ	WWVA	WADC
WBT	WGST	WTOC	WQAM
WDBO	WDAE	WXYZ	WBCM
WSPD	WLAP	WDOD	WREC
WDSU	WISN	WCCO	KSCJ
WMT	KMBC	KOIL	WIBW
KFJF	KRLD	WACO	KOH
KVOR	KGB	KOL	KVI
KFPY	KDYL	KLZ	

ASBURY PARK CASINO ORCHESTRA

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
5:00 p.m.	4:00	3:00	2:00
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WGR
WDRC	WAAB	WORC	WHP
WIP-WFAN		WJAS	WLBW
WMAL	WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ
WKBN	WBT	WGST	WTOC
WQAM	WDBO	WDAE	WBCM
WSPD	WLAP	WDOD	WREC
WDSU	WGL	WCCO	KSCJ
WMT	KMOX	KMBC	KOIL
WIBW	KFH	KFJF	KRLD
KTSA	KOH	KVOR	KOL
KFPY	KDYL	KLZ	CFRB

"MEET THE ARTIST"—Bob Taplinger.

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
5:45 p.m.	4:45	3:45	2:45
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WKBW
WAAB	WORC	WPG	WCAU
W3XAU	WHP	WJAS	WLBW
WMAL	WCAO	WDBJ	WWNC
WBT	WTOC	WQAM	WXYZ
WBCM	WSPD	WLAP	WDOD
WREC	WLAC	WBRC	WISN
KSCJ	WMT	KMBC	KOIL
KFJF	KRLD	KTRH	KTSA
WACO	KOH	KVOR	KFPY
KFRC	KDYL	CFRB	WDSU

FRANK ROSS—Songs.

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
6:00 p.m.	5:00	4:00	3:00
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WDRC	WAAB	WORC	WHP
WIP-WFAN		WLBW	WMAL
WTAR	WDBJ	WADC	WKBN
WBT	WGST	WTOC	WQAM
WDBO	WDAE	WBCM	WLAP
WDOD	WREC	WDSU	WGL
WCCO	KSCJ	WMT	KLRA
KOIL	KFH	KFJF	KRLD
KTSA	KOH	KVOR	KDYL
KLZ	CFRB		

HOTEL BOSSERT ORCHESTRA—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
6:15 p.m.	5:15	4:15	3:15
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WGR	WLBZ	WDRC	WAAB
WORC	WHP	WLBW	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ	WWVA
WADC	WBT	WGST	WTOC
WQAM	WDBO	WDAE	WBCM
WDOD	WREC	WDSU	WISN
WGL	WFBM	WCCO	KSCJ
WMT	KLRA	KOIL	KFH
KFJF	KRLD	KTSA	KOH
KVOR	KLZ	CFRB	

PICKARD FAMILY—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:30 p.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30
WJZ	WHAM	WLS	KWK
WJR			

ARCO DRAMATIC MUSICALE—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:00 p. m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WTAG
WCSH	WFI	CKGW	WRC
WGY	WTIC	WSM	WIOD
WJAX	WOAI	KOA	KSL
KSD	WBAP	WRVA	WSAI
WEBC	WDAF	KYW	WCAE
WOC	WOW	WHO	WJDX
KECA	WMC	KHQ	KGO
WAPI	KOMO	WBEN	KGW
KFSD	WTAM	WKY	KTAR
WWJ	WHAC	WEBC	KTAR
KSTP	WSB	WEBC	

TOSCHA SEIDEL— Violinist with Concert Orchestra.

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WABC	WOKO	WFBL	WKBW
WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WORC	WCAU	W3XAU	WHP
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WDBJ	WADC	WKBN
WBT	WGST	WTOC	WQAM
WDBO	WDAE	WXYZ	WBCM
WSPD	WDOD	WREC	WDSU
WISN	WOWO	WFBM	KSCJ
WMT	KMOX	KMBC	WNAX
KOIL	WIBW	KFH	KFJF
KTSA	KOH	KVOR	KGB
KVI	KFPY	KHJ	KDYL
KLZ			

LOVE STORY MAGAZINE HOUR—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WABC	WFBL	WKBW	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WCAU	WJAS
W3XAU	WMAL	WCAO	WADC
WHK	WKRC	WXYZ	WSPD
WOWO	WBBM	KMOX	KMBC
KOIL			

ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WEAF	WTIC	WTAG	WJAR
WCSH	CKGW	WFI	WRC
WGY	WCAE	WWJ	WSAI
WENR	CFCF		

MAXWELL HOUSE ENSEMBLE—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WBAL
WKY	WTMJ	WEBC	WHAS
WSM	WJAX	KPRC	KOA
WSB	KYW	KECA	KGW
KOMO	KHQ	WAPI	WMC
WHAM	KDKA	KSL	KGO
WJDX	WSUN	WFLA	KTAR
KFSD	WRC	KSTP	WOAI
WRVA	WBAP	WREN	KWK
WIOD	WJR	WSMB	

B. A. ROLFE—and his Lucky Strike Dance Orchestra.

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
KSD	WEAF	WTIC	WEEI
WJAR	WTAG	WCSH	WFI
WRC	WGY	WCAE	WSAI
WBEN	WBAP	KTHS	WOW
WKY	WOAI	KOA	KSL
WTMJ	WIOD	WHAS	WMC
WSMB	WJDX	WDAF	WJAX
KPRC	WTAM	WEBC	WRVA
WFLA	WSUN	WSB	WPTF
KVOO	KGO	KGW	WOC
WHO	KFI	KOMO	KHQ
KFSD	WIBA	KSTP	WHAS
KPRC	WSM	WFAA	WWJ

PETERS PARADE—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:45 p.m.	9:45	8:45	7:45
WKBW	WPG	WHP	WJAS
WLBW	WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WKBN
WWNC	WBT	WGST	WTOC
WQAM	WDBO	WDAE	WXYZ
WBCM	WSPD	WLAP	WDOD
WREC	WLAC	WBRC	WISN
WTAQ	WOWO	WBBM	WCCO
KSCJ	WMT	KMOX	KMBC
KLRA	WNAX	KOIL	WIBW
KFH	KFJF	WRR	KTRH
KTSA	KLZ	KDYL	KOH
KVI	KOL	KFPY	KOIN
KHJ	KFRC	WNOX	

RADIO ROUNDUP—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
11:45 p.m.	10:45	9:45	8:45
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WKBW	WAAB	WORC
WPG	WCAU	W3XAU	WHP
WLBW	WMAL	WCAO	WDBJ
WADC	WWNC	WBT	WTOC
WQAM	WBCM	WSPD	WLAP
WDOD	WREC	WLAC	WBRC
WDSU	WISN	WCCO	KSCJ
WMT	KMBC	WNAX	KOIL
KFJF	KRLD	KTRH	KTSA
KOH	KVOR	KFPY	KDYL

GUY LOMBARDO AND HIS ROYAL CANADIANS—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
12:00 p.m.	11:00	10:00	9:00
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WHEC
WEAN	WNAC	WPG	WCAU
WLBW	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WADC	WHK	WKBN	WBT
WXYZ	WBCM	WSPD	WDOD
WBRC	WDSU	WISN	WFBM
KMOX	KMBC	WNAX	KOIL
KRLD	KTRH	KTSA	KOH
WKBW	WLBZ	W3XAU	WHP
WDBJ	WWVA	WTOC	WDBO
WREC	WLAC	WCCO	WMT
WIBW	KFH	KFJF	KFPY
KDYL	KLZ		

HECKER SURPRISE PARTY—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
1:00 a.m.	12:00 p.m.	11:00	10:00
WFBL	WGR	WDRC	WCAU
W3XAU	WHP	WJAS	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ	WADC
WHK	WKRC	WWNC	WBT
WXYZ	WSPD	WISN	WOWO

Friday

OLD DUTCH GIRL—Newsy Jingles in Rhyme and Song.

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:45 a.m.	7:45	6:45	5:45
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WKBW
WEAN	WAAB	WCAU	W3XAU
WJAS	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WBT
WGST	WXYZ	WSPD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WDSU	WISN
WOWO	WBBM	WCCO	KMBC
KOIL	KFH	KFJF	KRLD
KLZ	CFRB	CKAC	KTSA
KDYL			

BOND BREAD PROGRAM—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:15 a.m.	9:15	8:15	7:15
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WHEC
WKBW	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WORC	WCAU	W3XAU	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WADC	WHK
WAIU	WXYZ	WSPD	WDSU
WFBM	KMOX	KMBC	KOIL
KFH	KFJF		

DON AND BETTY—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:45 a.m.	9:45	8:45	7:45
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WHEC
WGR	WLBZ	WAAB	WCAU
W3XAU	WJAS	WDBJ	WHK
WKRC	WCAH	WXYZ	WREC
WOWO	WBBM	WCCO	KSCJ
KMOX	KMBC	KFH	

BLUE MOON CHEESE—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
11:15 a.m.	10:15	9:15	8:15
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WKBW
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WCAU
W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL	WCAO
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WXYZ
WSPD	WOWO	WBBM	WCCO
KMOX	KMBC	KOIL	

MELODY PARADE—Vincent Sorey, Conductor.

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
11:30 a.m.	10:30	9:30	8:30
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WKBW	WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC
WNAC	WCAU	W3XAU	WHP
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WDBJ	WBT	WGST
WTOC	WQAM	WDBO	WDAE
WXYZ	WBCM	WSPD	WDOD
WLAC	WDSU	WISN	WOWO
KSCJ	WMT	KMOX	KMBC
KLRA	KOIL	WIBW	KFJF
KTSA	WACO	KOH	KDYL
CFRB			

COLUMBIA EDUCATIONAL FEATURES—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
3:45 p.m.	2:45	1:45	12:45
WABC	W2XE	WGR	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WORC	WPG
WCAU	W3XAU	WHP	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WHK	WKBN
WSPD	WBRC	WISN	WTAQ
WFBM	WBBM	WMT	KMBC
KOIL	KFH	KFJF	KTRH
KTSA	KLZ	CFRB	

LIGHT OPERA GEMS—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
4:00 p.m.	3:00	2:00	1:00
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WDRC	WAAB	WPG	WCAU
WMAL	WCAO	WDBJ	WWVA
WKBN	WBT	WTOC	WQAM
WBCM	WSPD	WDOD	WREC
WDSU	WISN	WFBM	KSCJ
WIBW	KFJF	KRLD	KTRH
KOH	KOL	KVI	KFPY
WGR	WEAN	W3XAU	WHP
WADC	WHK	WDBO	WXYZ
WLAC	WBRC	KMBC	KOIL
KTSA	WACO	KDYL	KLZ
CFRB	KHJ		

JEWISH ART PROGRAM—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
5:00 p.m.	4:00	3:00	2:00
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WGR	WDRC	WAAB	WORC
WPG	WIP-WFAN		WHP
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WDBJ	WADC	KRLD	WWNC
WBT	WTOC	WQAM	WDBO
WXYZ	WBCM	WSPD	WLAP
WREC	WDSU	WGL	WCCO
KSCJ	WMT	KMOX	KMBC
KOIL	KFH	KFJF	KRLD
WACO	KOH	KVOR	KVI
KFPY	KFRC	KDYL	KLZ
CFRB			

JOHN KELVIN—Irish Tenor.

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
5:30 p.m.	4:30	3:30	2:30
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WGR	WLBZ	WAAB	WORC
WPG	WCAU	W3XAU	WHP
WJAS	WLBW	WCAO	WTAR
WHK	WKBN	WBT	WGST
WTOC	WQAM	WDBO	WDAE
WXYZ	WBCM	WLAP	WDOD
WREC	WDSU	WGL	WCCO
KSCJ	WMT	KMOX	KMBC
KOIL	KFH	KFJF	KRLD
KTSA	KOH	KDYL	KLZ

FOOTBALL FORECASTS—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
5:45 p.m.	4:45	3:45	2:45
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WKBW	WLBZ	WAAB	WORC
WCAU	W3XAU	WHP	WLBW
WCAO	WTAR	WKBN	WBT
WGST	WTOC	WDAE	WBCM
WDOD	WREC	WDSU	WGL
WCCO	KSCJ	WMT	KOIL
KFH	KFJF	KRLD	KTSA
KOH	KVOR	KLZ	CFRB

DAVE ABRAMS' BARN ORCHESTRA

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
6:00 p.m.	5:00	4:00	3:00
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WGR	WLBZ	WDRC	WAAB
WIP-WFAN		WHP	WLBW
WMAL	WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ
WWVA	WADC	WKBN	WBT
WGST	WTOC	WQAM	WDBO
WDAE	WBCM	WDOD	WREC
WDSU	WISN	WCCO	KSCJ
WMT	KLRA	KOIL	KFH
KFJF	KRLD	KTSA	KOH
KVOR	KLZ	CFRB	

THE BON BONS—Negro Quartette.

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
6:30 p.m.	5:30	4:30	3:30
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WKBW	WLBZ	WDRC	WCAU
W3XAU	WHP	WJAS	WLBW
WDBJ	WGST	WTOC	WQAM
WDBO	WDAE	WBCM	WLAP
WDOD	WREC	WISN	WGL
WFBM	KSCJ	KMOX	KMBC
KLRA	KOIL	KFH	KFJF
KRLD	KOH	KVOR	KLZ

MAJOR BOWES' FAMILY—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:00 p.m.	6:00	5:00	4:00
WEAF	WJAR	WWJ	WOW
WOC	WCAE	WENR	WHO
KOA	KSD	WDAF	WCSH
WSNB	KFYR		

CITIES SERVICE CONCERT ORCHESTRA—Jessica Dragonette

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:00 p.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WEAF	WEEI	WTIC	WLIT
WRC	WCAE	WJAR	WCSH
WOW	KYW	KSD	WDAF
KSTP	WTMJ	WKY	WOC
WEBC	KOA	WOAI	KOMO
KGO	KHQ	WTAG	KSL
CKGW	KECA	WHO	WSAI
WTAM	WBEN	WWJ	KTHS
KGW	KVOO	WGY	WFAA
KTAR	KPRC		

NESTLE'S PROGRAM—

Eastern 8:00 p.m.	Central 7:00	Mountain 6:00	Pacific 5:00
WJZ	WLW	WREN	KFAB
WBAL	WLS	KDKA	WGAR
WJR	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
KWK	WCKY		

MARCH OF TIME—

Eastern 8:30 p.m.	Central 7:30	Mountain 6:30	Pacific 5:30
WABC	WFBL	WEAN	WDRC
WNAC	WCAU	W3XAU	WJAS
WMAL	WCAO	WADC	WHK
WKRC	WBT	WXYZ	WSPD
WLAC	WDSU	WOWO	WCCO
KMBC	KOIL	KOL	KVI
KFPY	KOIN	KFRC	KHJ
KDYL	KLZ	KMOX	WGR

LIBERTY MAGAZINE HOUR—

Eastern 9:00 p.m.	Central 8:00	Mountain 7:00	Pacific 6:00
WABC	WFBL	WKBW	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WCAU	W3XAU
WJAS	WMAL	WCAO	WADC
WHK	WKRC	WXYZ	WSPD
WOWO	WMAQ	KMOX	KMBC
KOIL			

INTERWOVEN PAIR—

Eastern 9:00 p.m.	Central 8:00	Mountain 7:00	Pacific 6:00
WJZ	WHAM	WMC	KDKA
WJAX	WKY	WREN	KPRC
KWK	WBZ	WBZA	KGW
WSMB	WIOD	WFAA	WJR
KSTP	WHAS	KVW	WEBC
WCKY	WOAI	WRVA	WSB
WAPI	KGW	KOA	KSL
KGO	KTAR	KOMO	KHQ
KFSD	WSUN	WGAR	KFI
WBAL	KSTP	WTMJ	WRVA
WSM	WFAA	KTAR	

THE CLICQUOT CLUB—

Eastern 9:00 p.m.	Central 8:00	Mountain 7:00	Pacific 6:00
WEAF	WEEI	WTIC	WJAR
WTAG	WCSH	WLIT	WRC
WOW	WCAE	WSAI	WIBO
KSD	WWJ	WDAF	WOC
WHO	WGY	WBEN	

ARMOUR PROGRAM—

Eastern 9:30 p.m.	Central 8:30	Mountain 7:30	Pacific 6:30
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WJR
KYW	WREN	KSTP	WEBC
WRVA	WMC	WSB	WOAI
KOA	KSL	KGO	WKY
WHAS	KGW	KHQ	KOMO
WGAR	KDKA	WTMU	WSM
WBAL	WJAX	WAPI	WJDX
WHAM	WSMB	KPRC	KWK
KFI	WTMJ	WFAA	WAPI
WIOD			

POND'S DANCE PROGRAM—

Eastern 9:30 p.m.	Central 8:30	Mountain 7:30	Pacific 6:30
WEAF	WTAG	WJAR	WCSH
WLIT	WRC	WCAE	WENR
KSD	WOC	WHO	WOW
WGY	WBEN	WTAM	WWJ

FRIENDLY FIVE FOOTNOTES—"Casey" Jones, Aviation News Flashes.

Eastern 9:45 p.m.	Central 8:45	Mountain 7:45	Pacific 6:45
WABC	WFBL	WKBW	WEAN
WNAC	WCAU	W3XAU	WJAS
WMAL	WCAO	WHK	WKRC
WBT	WXYZ	WLAP	WREC
WLAC	WNOX	WDSU	WFBM
WMAQ	WCCO	KMOX	KMBC
KOIL	KRLD	KLZ	

PAUL WHITEMAN'S PAINT MEN—

Eastern 10:00 p.m.	Central 9:00	Mountain 8:00	Pacific 7:00
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WBAL
WHAM	KDKA	WJR	WGAR
KYW	KWK	KPRC	KSTP
WEBC	WDAY	KFYR	WRVA
WPTF	WIOD	WFLA	WSUN
WHAS	WSM	WMC	WSB
WSMB	WJDX	WIAA	WOAI
KOA	WKY	KSL	KGO
KFI	KGW	KOMO	KHQ
WLW	KFSD	WJAX	KTAR
WTMJ			

PILLSBURY PAGEANT—Featuring Toscha Seidel, Violinist.

Eastern 10:00 p.m.	Central 9:00	Mountain 8:00	Pacific 7:00
WABC	WOKO	WFBL	WKBW
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WORC
WCAU	W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ	WADC
WHK	WKRC	WGST	WXYZ
WSPD	WREC	WOWO	WMAQ
WCCO	KMOX	KMBC	KOIL
KFJF	KRLD	KOL	KVI
KFPY	KOIN	KFRC	KHJ
KDYL	KLZ		

TALK BY FOOTBALL COACHES—

Eastern 10:30 p.m.	Central 9:30	Mountain 8:30	Pacific 7:30
WABC	WOKO	WFBL	WHEC
WKBW	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WORC	WPG	WCAU	W3XAU
WHP	WJAS	WLBW	WMAL
WCAO	WDBJ	WADC	WWNC
WBT	WTOC	WQAM	WXYZ
WBCM	WSPD	WLAP	WDOD
WLAC	WBRC	WDSU	WOWO
WCCO	KSCJ	WMT	KMBC
WNAX	KOIL	KFH	KFJF
KTRH	KTSA	KOH	KVOR
KFPY	KFRC	KDYL	KLZ
CFRB	KMOX	WDBO	

RKO THEATRE OF THE AIR—

Eastern 10:30 p.m.	Central 9:30	Mountain 8:30	Pacific 7:30
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WTAG
WLIT	WGY	WCAE	WWJ
WBEN	WSMB	WOC	WJDX
KGO	KTHS	WOAI	WKY
WRC	WCSH	KOA	WIBA
KFI	KHQ	KOMO	KTAR
KFSD	WHO	WOW	WTAM
WTIC	WPTF	WTMJ	WDAY
KFYR	WAPI	WENR	WHAS
WSUN	KSL	WFLA	

FRAY & BRAGGIOTTI—With Augmented Symphony Orchestra.

Eastern 10:45 p.m.	Central 9:45	Mountain 8:45	Pacific 7:45
WABC	WOKO	WFBL	WHEC
WKBW	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WORC	WPG	WCAU	W3XAU
WHP	WJAS	WLBW	WMAL
WCAO	WDBJ	WADC	WWNC
WBT	WTOC	WQAM	WXYZ
WBCM	WSPD	WLAP	WDOD
WLAC	WBRC	WDSU	WOWO
WCCO	KSCJ	WMT	KMOX
KMBC	WNAX	KOIL	KFH
KFJF	KTRH	KTSA	KOH
KVOR	KFPY	KFRC	KDYL
KLZ	CFRB	WDBO	

STREET SINGER—

Eastern 11:00 p.m.	Central 10:00	Mountain 9:00	Pacific 8:00
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WKBW	WLBZ	WDRC	WAAB
WORC	WIP-WFAN		WHP
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WDBJ	WWVA	WADC
WKBN	WBT	WGST	WTOC
WQAM	WDBO	WDAE	WXYZ
WBCM	WSPD	WDOD	WREC
WISN	WGL	WCCO	WMT
KLRA	WNAX	KOIL	WIBW
KFH	KFJF	KRLD	KTSA
KOH	KVOR	KFPY	KDYL
KLZ	CFRB		

ENRIC MADRIGUERA'S CUBAN BILTMORE ORCHESTRA—

Eastern 11:15 p.m.	Central 10:15	Mountain 9:15	Pacific 8:15
WABC	W2XE	WLBZ	WEAN
WDRC	WORC	WIP-WFAN	
WDBJ	WBT	WQAM	WDBO
WDAE	WDOD	WREC	WDSU

EDDIE DUCHIN AND HIS CENTRAL PARK CASINO ORCHESTRA—

Eastern 11:30 p.m.	Central 10:30	Mountain 9:30	Pacific 8:30
WABC	W2XE	WLBZ	WDRC
WORC	WCAU	W3XAU	WDBJ
WBT	WQAM	WDBO	WDAE
WDOD	WREC	WDSU	

Saturday

THE AMBASSADORS WITH VIRGINIA ARNOLD, Pianist.

Eastern 10:00 a.m.	Central 9:00	Mountain 8:00	Pacific 7:00
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WKBW	WLBZ	WDRC	WAAB
WORC	WCAU	W3XAU	WHP
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WDBJ
WWVA	WADC	WHK	WBT
WGST	WTOC	WQAM	WDBO
WDAE	WXYZ	WBCM	WLAP
WDOD	WREC	WDSU	WISN
WFBM	WCCO	KSCJ	WMT
KMOX	KMBC	KLRA	KOIL
KFH	KFJF	KRLD	KVOR

NEW WORLD SALON ORCHESTRA—Vincent Sorey, Conductor.

Eastern 10:30 a.m.	Central 9:30	Mountain 8:30	Pacific 7:30
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WKBW	WEAN	WDRC
WNAC	WIP-WFAN		WLBW
WMAL	WCAO	WDBJ	WADC
WHK	WWNC	WBT	WTOC
WDBO	WXYZ	WSPD	WLAP
WDOD	WREC	WLAC	WDSU
WTAQ	WBBM	KMOX	KMBC
KOIL	KFJF	KRLD	KTRH
KDYL	CFRB	WJAS	

ADVENTURES OF HELEN AND MARY—Children's Program.

Eastern 11:00 a.m.	Central 10:00	Mountain 9:00	Pacific 8:00
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WKBW	WEAN	WDRC
WNAC	WORC	WPG	WJAS
WLBW	WMAL	WCAO	WDBJ
WADC	WHK	WAIU	WWNC
WBT	WTOC	WDBO	WYXZ
WLAP	WDOD	WLAC	WISN
WTAQ	WFBM	WBBM	WCCO
WMT	KMOX	KMBC	KOIL
KFJF	KVOR	KDYL	CFRB

ATLANTIC CITY MUSICALE—

Eastern 1:30 p.m.	Central 12:30	Mountain 11:30 a.m.	Pacific 10:30
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WGR	WDRC	WAAB
WORC	WCAU	W3XAU	WHP
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WADC	WHK	WBT	WDBO
WXYZ	WSPD	WLAP	WDOD
WREC	WLAC	WDSU	WISN
WTAQ	WOWO	WFBM	WCCO
WMT	KMBC	KOIL	KFH
KFJF	WACO	KOH	KVOR
KVI	KFPY	KFRC	KDYL
KLZ	CFRB		

THE FOUR CLUBMEN—

Eastern 3:00 p.m.	Central 2:00	Mountain 1:00	Pacific 12:00
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WGR	WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC
WNAC	WORC	WPG	WCAU
W3XAU	WHP	WLBW	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ	WWVA
WADC	WHK	WKBN	WBT
WGST	WTOC	WQAM	WDBO
WDAE	WXYZ	WBCM	WSPD
WLAP	WDOD	WREC	WDSU
WISN	WFBM	WCCO	KSCJ
WMT	KMBC	KLRA	KOIL
WIBW	KFJF	KRLD	KTSA
WACO	KOH	KVOR	KGB
KOL	KVI	KFPY	KDYL
KLZ	CFRB		

MADISON SINGERS—

Eastern 3:45 p.m.	Central 2:45	Mountain 1:45	Pacific 12:45
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WGR	WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC
WNAC	WORC	WPG	WCAU
W3XAU	WHP	WLBW	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ	WWVA
WADC	WHK	WKBN	WBT
WGST	WTOC	WQAM	WDBO
WDAE	WXYZ	WBCM	WSPD
WLAP	WDOD	WREC	WDSU
WISN	WFBM	WCCO	KSCJ
WMT	KMOX	KMBC	KLRA
KOIL	WIBW	KFJF	KRLD
WACO	KOH	KVOR	KGB
KOL	KFPY	KDYL	KLZ
CFRB			

ANN LEAF AT THE ORGAN—

Eastern 4:00 p.m.	Central 3:00	Mountain 2:00	Pacific 1:00
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WEAN
WDRC	WPG	WCAU	W3XAU
WMAL	WCAO	WTAR	WHK
WWNC	WXYZ	WSPD	WDOD
WISN	WTAQ	WFMB	KOIL
KRLD	KVI	CFRB	WOKO

FOR many months Radio Digest has published regularly a comprehensive list of stations throughout the United States, Canada, Cuba and Mexico arranged, for the convenience of our readers, alphabetically and according to states and cities and meters. Important changes in allocations are pending, which may be effected before this issue comes from the printer. We are therefore planning to have in your December number of Radio Digest the most authentic State and City Index yet produced.—Editor

EDDIE RUDIN AND HIS CENTRAL PARK CASINO ORCHESTRA—

Eastern 5:00 p.m.	Central 4:00	Mountain 3:00	Pacific 2:00
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WHEC
WGR	WDRC	WAAB	WORC
WPG	WIP-WFAN	WHP	WJAS
WADC	WLBW	WMAL	WDBJ
WTOC	WHK	WWNC	WBT
WLAP	WDBO	WXYZ	WSPD
WDSU	WDOD	WREC	WLAC
KFJF	WISN	KMBC	KOIL
WACO	KRLD	KTRH	KTSA
KFRC	KOH	KVOR	KVI
WOKO	KDYL	KLZ	CFRB
WCAO	KFPY		

CARBORUNDUM HOUR—

Eastern 9:00 p.m.	Central 8:00	Mountain 7:00	Pacific 6:00
WABC	WOKO	WFBL	WGR
WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WORC	WPG	WCAU	WHP
W3XAU	WJAS	WLBW	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ	WADC
WKBN	WBT	WGST	WTOC
WQAM	WDBO	WDAE	WXYZ
WBCM	WSPD	WLAP	WDOD
WREC	WDSU	WISN	WFBM
WCCO	WMT	KMBC	WNAX
KOIL	WIBW	KFH	KFJF
KRLD	KTSA	KOH	KVOR
KFPY	KHJ	KDYL	KLZ
CFRB			

STEELCOTE COLOR HARMONIZERS—Brooks and Ross.

Eastern 9:15 p.m.	Central 8:15	Mountain 7:15	Pacific 6:15
WABC	WFBL	WKBW	WEAN
WNAC	WCAU	W3XAU	WJAS
WMAL	WCAO	WXYZ	WOWO
WBBM	KMOX	KMBC	KOIL
KLZ			

NATIONAL RADIO FORUM from Washington, D. C.

Eastern 9:30 p.m.	Central 8:30	Mountain 7:30	Pacific 6:30
WABC	WOKO	WLBZ	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WORC	WPG
WCAU	W3XAU	WHP	WJAS
WLBW	WMAL	WTAR	WDBJ
WADC	WKBN	WBT	WGST
WTOC	WQAM	WDBO	WDAE
WXYZ	WBCM	WSPD	WDOD
WDSU	WISN	WFBM	WMAQ
WCCO	KSCJ	WMT	KMOX
KMBC	WNAX	KOIL	WIBW
KFH	KTSA	KOH	KVOR
KFPY	KDYL	KLZ	WCAO
KFJF			

CLUB VALSPAR—

Eastern 9:30 p.m.	Central 8:30	Mountain 7:30	Pacific 6:30
WEAF	WTIC	WJAR	WTAG
WCSH	WFI	WRC	WGY
WBEN	WCAE	WTAM	WWJ
WSAI	WEEI	KSD	WOC
WHO	WDAF	WOW	CKGW
CFCF	WLS		

VALSPAR SATURDAY NIGHT CLUB

Eastern 9:30 p.m.	Central 8:30	Mountain 7:30	Pacific 6:30
WEAF	WTIC	WJAR	WTAG
WRC	WGY	WBEN	WCAE
WTAM	WSAI	KSD	WOC
WHO	WOW	WDAF	WEEI
WWJ	WLS	WCSH	CKGW
CFCF	WFI		

HANK SIMMONS' SHOW BOAT—

Eastern 10:00 p.m.	Central 9:00	Mountain 8:00	Pacific 7:00
WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WKBW
WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WORC	WPG	WFAN	WHP
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WDBJ	WADC	WKRC
WKBN	WWNC	WBT	WBCM
WSPD	WDOD	WLAC	WBRC
WISN	WFBM	WGL	WMAQ
WCCO	KSCJ	WMT	KMOX
KMBC	KLRA	WDAY	WNAX
KOIL	WIBW	KFH	KFJF
KRLD	KTRH	KTSA	KLZ
KDYL	KOL	KFPY	KHJ

B. A. ROLFE—And his Lucky Strike Dance Orchestra.

Eastern 10:00 p.m.	Central 9:00	Mountain 8:00	Pacific 7:00
WEAF	WTIC	WEEI	WJAR
WTAG	WCSH	WFI	WRC
WGY	WBEN	WCAE	WTAM
WWJ	WSAI	WLS	KSD
WOC	WHO	WOW	WDAF
WTMJ	KSTP	WEBC	WRVA
WJAX	WIOD	WFLA	WSUN
WHAS	WMC	WSB	WSMB
WJDX	WPTF	WAPI	WOAI
WKY	KOA	KSL	KGO
KFI	KGW	KOMO	KHQ
KTAR	WDAY	KFYR	WBAP
KPRC	WBAP	WGN	WLS
KFSD	KFBR		

ST. MORITZ ORCHESTRA

Eastern 11:45 p.m.	Central 10:45	Mountain 9:45	Pacific 8:45
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WDRC
WORC	WPG	WCAU	W3XAU
WHP	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WADC	WHK	WWNC
WXYZ	WSPD	WDOD	WISN
WTAQ	WFBM	WCCO	WMT
KOIL	KFH	KRLD	KVI
KFRC	CFRB		

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Name..... Date.....

Street.....City, State.....

Silhouettes

(Continued from page 53)

meant to tattle—but kids will be heard.

Later attended art school. Won many prizes in competition. When doing art posters, they'd merge their talents.—Martha would get the idea and lay out the copy, Vet would do the black and white pen and letter work and Connie was a whiz at coloring. Result a swell job. In union there is strength.

First stage appearance at ten, during the thrift stamp drive, just after the war. Played a week's engagement for $400 and bought thrift stamps with the money. Later made Victor records in New Orleans—this led to a radio audition. Made their first broadcast over WSMB in their home town. Not a bit nervous. Gloried in it.

Connie's favorite radio star is—Connie Boswell, with Kate Smith a close second.—The girls do all their own musical arranging. No outsider could get that individual touch. Funny how they do it, too. They put the cart before the horse. They never start at the beginning of a song and arrange. They take the last eight bars first, and after they have the effect they want, they take the next eight bars, and so on until the introduction is reached.

Plenty of time devoted to rehearsal. In fact all available between performances. They never sing a song as it is written. Always improvise their own interpretation of the song, composing what's called a counter-melody.

Fan mail plays an important part in their lives. They get loads of it and read eagerly for constructive criticism.—Many proposals for all of them.—Serious proposals. Many letters from college professors. One young man writes every time they broadcast—never misses. Another thing—they get just as many letters from girls as they do from the men. The girls' letters are sincere—too.

Connie is superstitious about one thing only.—She never brags about any forthcoming contract or performance.—If you do, it's ten to one it'll flop.

She's traveled all over the States. Likes her home town best. New York next best. Too busy to see much of the night life. Went up to Harlem once. Disappointed.—Not so hot. The revues are not what they're cracked up to be.

Fond of all sports. Particularly fights. Whenever she gets the chance, you'll find her in the front row at some arena. Likes rowboats. She herself pulls a mean oar.

For relaxation, she reads when the opportunity presents itself. Heavy stuff. Likes to listen to others broadcast to hear how good they are.

More talents.—She draws exceptionally well and is a sculptress of no mean ability. Does heads mostly.

She prefers her career to marriage. Happiness in marriage is possible, if you can find the right one, but what a chance you take.

Cracked up in a car once. Out for a little ride. A collision turned her car over several times. No one was hurt. Connie landed on her head. Says that's what saved her. She likes planes too—done quite a bit of flying as a passenger.

Hard work. No time for vacations. Maybe a week-end now and then. A recent one spent at Saratoga, but even then an engagement at a private affair. A party given by Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney. Their appearance a surprise for Mr. Whitney, a rabid radio fan, numbering the Boswells among his favorites.

Took a flyer on the horses when up there. A four horse race. Each girl bet on a different horse. The fourth horse won.—Connie was the only one to have any luck at it. Another race, Connie took a chance on a horse named "Indigo." A hunch because she was to make a recording the following day of a song called "Mood Indigo." The hunch won.

AMONG the most prized possessions of the girls are the documents they received from the State of Louisiana. These documents, with the gold seal of the State affixed and signed by Huey P. Long, Governor of Louisiana, appoint, officially, Connie, Martha and Vet an Ambassador of Harmony from Louisiana to the radio audiences of the world. This was supplemented by an official proclamation of the New Orleans Association of Commerce with a similar appointment, which charges them with the bounden duty of spreading continually over the air and over the land the good cheer of the city of New Orleans.

The girls are just two years apart in their ages. Martha is twenty-four. Connie next at twenty-two and Vet just twenty. All of them born, bred and buttered in New Orleans.

Connie likes great contrasts in her clothes. Wears black and white a lot. Wears trick hats that look well on her.

Goes to bed sometime between twelve and three in the morning and gets up about ten or eleven—sleeps in pajamas—always. Flat on her back for forty-five minutes or so and then all up in a knot until morning. Loves to dream.

Eats anything as long as it's food. Especially fond of raw meat. Prepares potato soup like nobody's business.

Always puts on her left stocking first.

Likes big men best. Six feet or over, weighing about 175. Believes truthfulness is their best quality. But it's darn hard to find a man with any of it. Has no particular ideal. They just must be big he-men who can take it on the chin.

Loves to talk. If she ever gets you over in the corner, she'll bend your ear off. Funny part of it is—you like it.

Connie uses very little make-up for street wear. Powder and lipstick. Once in a while a touch of brown eyeshade.

The light brown eyes turn green when she's mad, which is seldom.

Doesn't like candy and never eats any dessert. Plain food and plenty of it.

Always on the go.—Broadcasts—vaudeville—Brunswick recording artist. Whistles with her little fingers stuck in her mouth. Plenty loud.—Not so good, but plenty loud.

And sing—shout—sister—shout.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912.

Of RADIO DIGEST, published monthly at New York, for Oct. 2, 1931. State of New York, County of New York, ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Raymond Bill, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of the RADIO DIGEST and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher—RADIO DIGEST PUBLISHING CORP., 420 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.; Editor—Raymond Bill, 420 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor—Harold P. Brown, 420 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.; Business Managers—Lee Robinson, 420 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Radio Digest Pub. Corp., Edward Lyman Bill, Inc., Raymond Bill, Edward L. Bill, C. L. Bill, Randolph Brown, J. B. Spillane, B. Titman and Chas. R. Tighe, all located at 420 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is..... (This information is required from daily publications only.) R. Bill, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 5th day of October, 1931. Wm. A. Low, Notary Public, N. Y. Co., No. 753. Reg. No. 3L487. My commission expires March 30, 1933. [Seal.]

Make It Snappy

(Continued from page 15)

Grove, in his hotel. That was in 1921. I stayed there until 1926, which isn't a bad run.

When I look back at those years at the Cocoanut Grove I recall many interesting incidents concerning persons who since have become famous. For instance, I remember:

Lending $20 to a young, good-looking foreigner, who had been unable to break into pictures, so that he could take out a girl. He was the late Rudolph Valentino, who, a short time later, was catapulted to fame and fortune after his tango in "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse."

Helping Paul Whiteman hire musicians for his first dance orchestra job in the Alexandria Hotel, Los Angeles, where he had been playing the violin for tea with a 6-piece string ensemble.

Taking Ricardo Cortez to the Lasky studios and getting him a screen test, which landed him his first picture job. Watching Norma Shearer and Billie Dove take their first screen tests.

Cashing a pay check every Saturday for a young girl who was working at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot for $75 a week and who was going with one of my saxophone players. It was Joan Crawford.

Blanche Sweet's chauffeur, who used to drive her to the studios every day and to the Cocoanut Grove at night. It was Marshall "Micky" Neilan, now Blanche's husband and one of this country's best-known motion picture directors.

Giving saxophone lessons to a 15-year-old boy who asked to be allowed to sit on the band platform for an hour each evening to listen to the music. . . Howard Hughes, now head of Caddo and producer of *Hell's Angels.*

Allowing another young fellow to sit on the band platform several nights a week . . . Carl Laemmle, Jr., who now is head of Universal Pictures at the age of 24.

Receiving a telegram from a chap who wanted to play the banjo in my orchestra. . . Hearing six months later that he had been hired to take the leading role in *All Quiet on the Western Front.*

In 1923 we made our first record. It was *No, No, Nora* and *Sweet Little You,* and it sold more than 400,000 discs. Since then we have made more than 250 different discs.

After leaving the Cocoanut Grove I took my band to Chicago, and we played there for seventy-two weeks in *Good News,* in which Jack Haley, Mildred Brown and Dorothy McNulty were starred. Then came the talkies, and we played in the talkie-singie version of *Good News.* Other pictures in which we were seen or heard were *Hold Everything, Paramount on Parade, Pardon My Gun, Madame Satan,* six *Merry Melody* shorts, *Young As You Feel, Just Imagine, Transatlantic, Big Business Girl, Chances, Five Star Final* and a few short features.

In January, 1929, I accepted an offer to take my band to London for an engagement of four weeks at the Kit Kat Club and at the Palladium Theatre. Instead of staying four weeks we remained seven months, going from London to Paris and playing in the French capital at the Moulin Rouge and at the Perroquet.

Among those who came to the Kit Kat Club quite frequently to dance to our music were the Prince of Wales, Prince George, Lord and Lady Louis Mountbatten, Prince Arthur of Connaught, Lord Brougham, Lady Ashly, Lord and Lady Portarlington, Lord Donagle and others of the nobility.

NO, I never gave the Prince of Wales drum lessons, nor did I meet him socially. I did, however, play a command performance before him and some of his friends.

After taking a pleasure trip all through Europe I returned to this country and, after playing at the Pavillon Royal, the Club Richman and other well-known night resorts, I began an extended engagement in a motion picture theatre in Los Angeles, doubling on the movie sets in Hollywood.

I believe I was one of the first dance orchestra leaders to broadcast, for I began playing over the air as far back as 1919. By the way, it might be of interest to some to know how I was signed for my broadcasts over the Columbia chain for Phillips Dental Magnesia. While I was still playing on the Pacific Coast, the sponsors heard my record of *Milenberg Joys* and liked it so much they entered into negotiations which led to my coming East.

In between theatrical, motion picture and night club engagements I have found time to write a few songs. Perhaps you will remember them. They are still played over the air. The best-known were *Mary Lou, Mandalay, What Can I Say, Dear, After I Say I'm Sorry, I Cried For You* and *You Told Me to Go.*

People always ask me to what I attribute whatever success I have attained. When they ask that, I tell them "by giving the public what it wants, by eating pears, chewing cigars and working eighteen hours a day."

In playing for radio, for the theatre or for night clubs, my theory has always been "give them what they want." I try to please the public, not the musicians. If I am working in a new hotel or cafe, after my first few numbers I ask the dancers what they want, and from their requests I am able to tell their favorite type of music.

I always have found that most of the bands that are boosted by the musicians are the bands that seldom make good for dancing. That's usually because they are over-arranged. I'm always happy when a musician pans me, for I know then that I'm going over with the public.

In playing over the air I try to give radio listeners something they understand. I think of the folks at home who aren't familiar with trick arrangements. I try to think of the mothers and fathers as well as the young people who like the so-called "hot stuff."

In short, I strive to present well-balanced programs, each of which contains some number that will please someone. I strive for melody at all times, with a rhythm background.

The essence of my whole theory is, "Don't try to educate the public to something new which they may not understand. Give them what they know and like."

As for the pears, sometimes I don't eat anything but pears for three or four days at a time when I am working hard. They are easy to eat, they don't take my mind from my work, they taste good and they make me feel like a million dollars.

And the cigar—well, I smoke one all the time. In the broadcasting studios, on the orchestra platform, wherever I'm rehearsing, I always chew on a cigar. Just another thing I enjoy because it helps me keep my mind on what I'm doing.

That business of working eighteen hours a day is a serious one. I mean, you've got to work hard if you expect to get anywhere. Which reminds me that I've got to get to work on my next program right now.

This is Abe Lyman signing off, ladies and gentlemen. I hope you've liked this little autobiography, and I hope you'll tune in on "The World's Biggest Fifteen-Minute Program" which is presented every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday from 8:15 to 8:30 P. M., EST., over the WABC-Columbia network.

Stop! **Hold that Pose!**

Now turn to page 6 Please



Ruth Etting

THIS smart young woman is known now as a stage star come to radio. As a matter of fact she was a radio star first and before she became the feature of the current Ziegfeld Follies. But she has not deserted her radio public and you are liable to hear her NBC one time and CBS the next. Her latest was on the Nestle program over the NBC.

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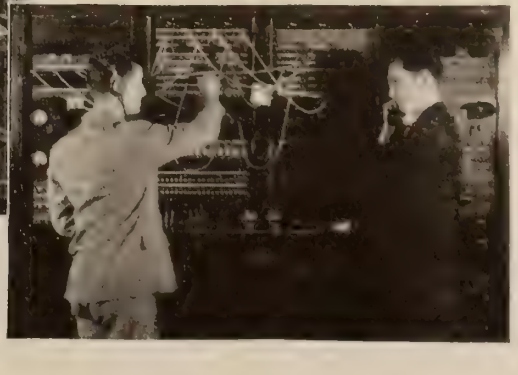
LOOK! HERE'S a thrill! Short wave operation between ground and airplane!

HERE is a list of 7 thrilling branches of radio. Choose the one you like...learn it and fit yourself for radio's future! Remember, it's only the well-trained men who will get ahead in radio. So prepare yourself. Develop your talent by study at America's oldest radio school —RCA Institutes, which offers the most modern training courses.

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Hitting It on the Nose

(Continued from page 35)

liant in tone, or he might have one that is soft and rich.

Orchestra leaders with little radio experience are apt to be afraid of brass, when, as a matter of fact, all stringed instruments are more troublesome to place properly. One of the commonest faults in orchestral production is the strident fiddle, and the instrument that has to be set most carefully of all is, strangely enough, the cello. On certain tones, particularly in the middle register, the cello will often create what is known as a "woof"—really an overtone, and in the case of the cello it has the unique faculty of distorting the tones of all other instruments.

Another difficult instrument to place properly is the piccolo, because of its high range and shrill quality. It is an instrument that is used principally for brilliant figures and cannot be played softly.

An experienced and musically capable production man does not have much trouble in arranging the position of instruments for good reception. His big worry is with the men. Few realize how much actual body movement is necessary for musicians. The saxophonist may have three or four saxophones on the rack alongside him; the horn player has his mutes and other paraphernalia. Above all, they must not be uncomfortably crowded for the sake of tricky arrangements.

Individual singers do not present so much of a problem, although the sanity of production men was threatened for a time with the advent of the "crooner" and the "whispering" baritone. The technique of "crooning" consists of lowering the voice level almost to a whisper, at the same time crowding the microphone. The effect is a fairly pleasant one, and it's easy to do. And that's the trouble with it. One doesn't have to have an excellent voice to be able to hum or whisper with a sentimental lilt. But unfortunately *good* crooning is not so easy. True enough, it covers a multitude of defects that would be apparent with the use of the full voice, but it also requires considerable voice control. Most of the good crooners were good straight singers in the first place, and only a few poor singers get away with it. Crooning is "phoney" singing, and the average production man would rather work with a temperamental opera star; but for awhile every dance orchestra had a crooner, and no matter how lacking in vitality or naturalness they were, they had to be handled.

Of course, opera and concert singers without broadcasting experience are sometimes difficult, as the same amount of voice used on the stage or auditorium is not necessary in the studio. But singers can develop microphone technique in a short time, and the production man attaches more importance to the accompaniment than to the soloist. A solo can be spoiled utterly by careless arrangement of the accompaniment. Even simple piano accompaniment must receive careful attention.

The thing that is apt to rattle a production man quickest is the timing of a program, and that's the one thing he must not allow to rattle him. Nine times out of ten when some slight thing goes wrong to spoil the perfect quality of reception. Nobody notices it, but let a program run more than a few seconds short or over, and somebody is going to raise a howl. And the howl, of course, is justified, for nothing can spoil a program more easily than obviously dragging it out or rushing it to a close. The word "obviously" is important, because frequently even the most carefully rehearsed programs must be stalled or hurried. The trick is to do it without being obvious.

Listeners take the timing of programs pretty much for granted. They set their kitchen clocks by the beginning or close of a program that might include two or three dramatic sketches, a dozen dance numbers and solos and a monologue, and not be more than two or three seconds off. But they do not share with the production man his satisfaction when he "hits it on the nose."

"Hitting it on the nose" means exactly on the second, and that is balm for the harried production man. He is usually satisfied if his show ends within a few seconds of the dot; he is disgraced if it is more than that, and is thrilled when it is "on the nose."

CONVINCING proof of the value of radio broadcasting as a public attention-getter is evidenced by a contest being conducted over the Columbia Broadcasting System by the Cudahy Packing Company, sponsors of the Old Dutch Girl program.

Shortly before August 1, the Old Dutch Girl announced that until further notice over the air, a beautiful perfect white diamond, mounted in the very latest square-prong setting 18-karat white gold ring, would be awarded each broadcast for the best letter of not more than 100 words on the subject: "Why Old Dutch Cleanser is the only cleanser I need in my home."

As a result of similar announcements being made by the Old Dutch Girl during her three-a-week programs, letters are literally pouring in to the Old Dutch Cleanser offices in Chicago by the thousands. By actual count, 33,057 communications have been received in sixty days from experienced housewives in all sections of the country.

The name of the diamond ring winner is announced and the winning letter read during each Old Dutch Girl program, which is broadcast over thirty-six stations every Monday, Wednesday and Friday morning, at 7:45 a. m. Central Standard Time.

The competition is open to everyone except employes of the Cudahy Packing Company and their families.

CHRISTMAS GIFT CERTIFICATE

RADIO DIGEST,
420 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Herewith is remittance for $2.00 to cover GIFT CERTIFICATE to Radio Digest for one year starting with the.....issue. Send to (Name).....

(Street).....(City, State).....

I would like an autographed photograph of (Name of Artist).....

See Pages 6-7 for details

(Name)..... (Street)..... (City, State).....

Even the most ordinary program requires patient rehearsing and re-working for the proper timing. And no matter how perfect the final rehearsal, it is never a certainty that the show will end on the dot when it eventually is put on the air. For that reason a production man must be able to adjust a program at almost any time, and do it so skillfully that it will not be noticeable. In the middle of any musical number he must be able to tell, without consulting his watch, the correct time within a few seconds.

Of course, he does consult his watch and his continuity sheets constantly. He usually makes any necessary adjustments after the station break, and never makes up a discrepancy in time on one number. By a system of signals through the control room window he tells the orchestra leader to make his timing a shade slower on the next number, making up perhaps five to ten seconds. Ten seconds doesn't sound like much, but slowing down any more than that on a single number would make it obviously dragged out. Slowing down three pieces in the same way would make up half a minute, which is about as much as a well rehearsed program ever falls behind. If it should be any more than that, the production man, instead of signaling for a carefully spread out slowing down of two or three numbers, will signal for an extra chorus of the final number.

Production men are hard-worked people, and a twelve or fourteen-hour day is their lot. It is the hundreds of little details that the production man is responsible for that make for the excellent quality and smoothness of a radio program. It is the patient and painstaking consideration of these small details that mean the difference between a good and a bad program, but small credit ever falls to the production man.

He might be likened to the stage manager of a theatrical production, but then, who ever heard of a stage manager?

Gay Nineties

(Continued from page 65)

out" drew near. My excitement was intense. My white satin gown was perfect, but no confidence reigned in my fluttering heart, although I thought I knew how to mind my manners. My old nurse, now turned personal maid and was to accompany me in my mother's closed carriage, with our old coachman on the box.

Would my host and hostess really think I did my family credit? Were there any men who would really like to talk to me? And if they did, how long could I hold them in conversation without appearing to monopolize their time? Oh, dear, Oh dear, would anybody really like me? These thoughts milled around in my poor young head, until I was almost in tears from fright.

Presently I spied a most fascinating looking man coming towards me. His look held just the right interest as he said, "Miss Richardson, I have the great pleasure of taking you into dinner."

"Thank you," I replied, in a trembling voice, pitched very low in the hope he would not hear the quaver.

"Your sisters, I know of course, but where, oh where have they kept you all these years?" he asked.

"Well, Judge," I answered, "I feel that I have known you for years and years and years; in fact, I know you from the feet up!"

My cheeks flamed red as I realized I had allowed childish memories to catch me out!

"Why," he gasped, "how is that?"

"We met first *under* my Mother's dining room table, and you were particularly witty that night, for I remember all you said even to this day."

That first formal dinner of mine in New York Society was a thriller. At the witching hour of two in the morning, my sleepy old nurse and fat grumbling old coachman, brought me home, much to my disgust—for I couldn't see how it was they had so soon forgotten what it felt like to be eighteen!

Station Parade

(Continued from page 61)

Foundation, Ltd., its former owner, Fred J. Hart still conducts his Sunday school class over its transmitter.

* * *

Walter Ferner, NBC 'cellist at its coast studio, was formerly a member of the famed Luboviski instrumental trio at KNX.

* * *

Ken Niles, KHJ announcer, comes back with his Hallelujah hour after a cessation for three months. Ken is a youthful optimist who is glad he's alive . . . even at eight o'clock in the morning when the frolic starts. The Niles pet farm (rabbits) has lately been increased by some ducks. The boy is figuring on calling their offsprings "dubbits," and thus go down to posterity, as breeding a brand new kind of animal. But he doesn't know whether they will look like a rabbit and swim, or like a duck and jump.

* * *

When KTM held their inaugural new-studio program fans had never before witnessed on the same program Governor James Rolph, Aimee Semple McPherson (Hutton) and Major John C. Porter.

SAVE

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by

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See special offer on pages 6 and 7.

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420 Lexington Ave.,
New York, N. Y.

Please enter my subscription for Radio Digest for one year. Remittance for $2.00 is enclosed. (Canada and Foreign $4.00)

Name.....

Street.....

City and State.....

Kate Smith

(Continued from page 25)

They got in the saxophones and on the piano keys. I missed a couple of beats and needed a Murad."

After her engagement with Keith had terminated, she worked all the summer and fall of 1929 with Fox, and then, Warner. In the fall, however, Kate decided to do something definite about her tonsils. They were constantly giving her colds and sore throats. So she went home, and spent two weeks in a hospital. Having lost those bothersome appendages, she went off to Havana to recuperate.

"It was just marvelous there," she says, "I took my car along with me, and we drove all over those beautiful white roads. It was like going away from America to some entirely foreign country."

When she returned, Kate was immediately signed as a leading feminine role in *Flying High.* That musical comedy, which ran for one year on Broadway was one of *the* things to see, and Kate's numbers therein were wonderfully successful. After it closed in New York, however, she decided not to go on the road with it. It went on the road without her—and closed in six weeks.

During *Flying High* Kate had begun to be interested in radio. Quietly she decided to have a finger in the pie. Destined for success, apparently, in anything she undertook, Kate in due time was given fifteen minutes nightly of Swanee Music over the WABC network. Fan mail began to pour in. It increased steadily in volume. One began to hear about this big stout girl with the pastel blue eyes, and the tortoise shell "specks" who sang with enthusiasm and charm.

She is accompanied on her programs by one Nat Brusiloff, director of the Rhythm Kings—and it is a curious coincidence that they knew each other when they were children, down in Washington. One of Kate's favorite stories, recounted with a malicious little twist, is the time Nat borrowed her ukelele and finally returned it a year later with the initials of his family, relatives and friends, engraved permanently in its prodigal varnish.

There is something enchanting about Kate's music that so far, no one has been able to exactly define. At any rate, she has an uncanny genius for making people remember. She gets bags of fan letters daily, and some of them are filled with stories that would furnish inspiration for a novelist.

For instance, there was a young man who had had an automobile accident. He had been very active: the sort of a person to play tennis fast, dance fast, and drive fast. Too fast. He suffered an accident. Doctors said he would always be crippled. The young man, with that glum verdict ringing in his ears suddenly had no desire to live. He was literally pining away. One evening his despairing mother installed a radio in his room, thinking that he would enjoy some music. By the merest chance she dialed Kate Smith, and from the first strains of her music he lay quietly listening. Suddenly a strange smile broke across his young face. "Why," he said quietly, "It is worth living—to hear a voice like that." He conquered his melancholia then and there.

Then there was the pathetic letter begging Kate to sing *Where is My Wandering Boy Tonight* and to ask a certain young man to come home to his mother again. He had been gone many weeks and she had had never a word from him. The mother was certain that, inasmuch as he had never to her knowledge missed a Kate Smith program, the message would reach him. Kate complied, and read the boy's initials over the radio.

No word came from the unfortunate mother who had first written her, but as an aftermath she did receive a letter from another mother. It greeted her with a fervent "God bless you, Kate Smith," and explained that she had a young daughter, seventeen, who had run away with a "girl friend" having found home too small and dull. In a small Newark rooming-house the daughter heard Kate's program, absorbed the full sentiment of the song, the message to come home, and decided that what was good for the goose was good for the gander—or, vice versa.

And so, Kate has actually played an intricate part in many people's lives, mending broken hearts, and stimulating romance, soothing tired, resentful souls behind prison bars, teasing them into temporary forgetfulness.

Last Fourth of July, Kate stood before her microphone and sang *The Rose of No Man's Land.* Following that piece, which hearkens back to war days, she received letters from soldiers, and veterans all over the country. They were deeply thankful, they said, that in the midst of all the flag-waving, there was one who remembered the soldiers who had given their lives in the Great War. One letter explained, tremulously, that they had all stood up during the rendition of the song and that those who were too crippled to stand, had sat and saluted. They had lain awake that night, the letters explained, talking about old times. Affectionately these men address Kate as "Our Lady Song Bird."

It is a strange thing how when one's life hangs on a narrow string, some inexplicable force saves the situation. Kate has had two distinctly narrow escapes—or, as the lady briefly classes them herself, "close shaves."

"The first time I almost signed off from this happy life," says Kate, "was when I was about sixteen, and visiting some friends of mine near Chesapeake Bay. One morning I wakened up early and decided that it would be fun to borrow their canoe and do some paddling before breakfast. Well, I paddled out farther than I realized, and the waves suddenly became very rough. I got a little frightened trying to keep the boat from capsizing—then a large wave turned it completely over. I was dumped out, of course with all my clothes on. Lordy, was that water cold! There wasn't a soul in sight. I kicked off my sneakers and got out of my dress. Then, like a crazy kid I not only swam myself back, but dragged the canoe along too. It wasn't mine, and I didn't want anything to happen to it. Well, let me tell you I'm glad the shore came along when it did, because by that time I was pretty well exhausted."

Another accident occurred shortly before Kate's first attempt at professional theatricals. She and a young and exhilarated escort were driving home from a dance. There was a smooth white road and a big orange moon. They did the only human thing, turned out the headlights and went just as fast as they could by the light of the moon. It was thrilling, going around the curves at about sixty-five miles an hour and Kate was emitting one delighted squeak after another when the road suddenly dropped into space. Where the road was a second before, there was a big black chasm. Then there were noises, a dull pain, and fleeting terrible thoughts like random parts of a nightmare. When Kate woke up she was up-side-down.

"I am up-side-down!" she exclaimed to her escort, "Are you?"

"Of course," replied her escort in a weird voice, "The car is up-side-down."

"Well, let's do something about it," suggested Kate weakly, "I know my arm is hurt—I'm not sure about anything else."

Eventually, and with many groans, Kate and her young gentleman emerged from the debris. She had been right. Her arm was broken, but there was nothing else amiss, besides a few bruises and an altered idea about speeding with one's lights out.

K-k-k-Katie, while we're on the sub-

ject, is always getting herself into scrapes. Even now the young lady who has sung everything but grand opera —and sung it well—does things that are, as she puts it herself "just crazy." Not long ago, in the Columbia studios, she had an embarrassing experience that would probably have dashed cold water on the spirits of an average person. But Kate's good spirits are intact, so her only reaction was a subdued giggle. Being possessor of one of those nasty summer colds that go the rounds, she was sucking a cough drop pending her date with Mr. Mike. She forgot to remove it, and stood, with the orchestra playing and the announcer giving his preliminary few words, with the pesky cough drop in her mouth. She began to sing and had to perform a great many mouthy acrobatics to keep the cough drop in either side of her mouth, while she endeavored to sing naturally.

Suddenly, on striking a high note, the unfortunate cough drop slid down her throat.

"I went gulp-gulp," says Kate, "just like a frog."

After her program, her mother called up from Washington.

"Darling," demanded Mrs. Smith, anxiously, "What *was* the matter with you tonight?"

Mrs. Smith often calls up her daughter, Katherine, from Washington, and they discuss for half an hour at a time ships and shoes and sealing-wax and cabbages and kings.

"And is she my critic!" says Kate.

Here are a few things about this Smith lady. She's mad about circuses. She has a strenuous aversion to shopping, venturing out on orgies just twice a year, in which times she buys twenty-five dresses at a throw, a dozen hats, breathes a sigh of relief, and forgets about it for another half year.

Kate's favorite hobby is collecting perfume. She has over 600 bottles of it. Six of them are in circulation at one time.

"No matter how many I have," Kate smiles, "I am always lured into buying another bottle."

We asked Kate how she liked the longer and more feminine type of dresses.

"I adore them," Kate answered with spirit, "And I think they are much more becoming than the straight, shortish ones. I think the way women are wearing their hair now is a great improvement too—softly around their faces, you know."

"There are just two kinds of women I don't approve of," continued Kate, "One is the kind who talk baby talk—Oh Lordy, I can't *bear* those kind! The other is the kind who have cigarettes perpetually drooping from the corners of their mouths. I think it is dreadful. I don't mind smoking you know—I just mind the girls that smoke that way. It looks too masculine."

Kate is quite a sporty person. She likes summer sports particularly, because she is especially fond of swimming. She likes tennis, bowling (yes, really!) and is an ardent baseball fan.

"Do you cheer?"

"Do I cheer! I cheer so hard and loud that I had to deprive myself of baseball last season. I would have been continually hoarse!"

There are two places Kate wants to go; Switzerland and Hawaii—Switzerland for its mountains, Hawaii for its black sands.

Then there is something we may as well tell you about Kate. She has what she calls "a secret inspiration." Nothing we said would coax it out of her. What *can* it be!

There is a curious thing about her voice. It covers three octaves. There have been many arguments, among musical people, as to just what she is—contralto, mezzo-soprano—or what?

Kate has often been advised to study for grand opera.

"I'll tell you why I haven't," she says, "It is my personal opinion that Grand Opera should be sung in whatever native language it was written, and in order to sing it as it should be sung, you would have to spend years of study. I am perfectly happy singing everything outside that particular field, light opera, ballads—and all sorts of musical compositions."

And, as a parting shot about this big Southern girl—who is adored wherever strains of her music travel over the far-reaching fingers of the Columbia System—it is our personal opinion that, with her complete lack of affectation, social climbing, et al, combined with the utter simplicity of her genuine self she will not only remain perfectly happy, but will continue to communicate some of it to other people.

Television Ghost

(Continued from page 30)

ercises for some time, appeared as our guest artist. The lookers-in were enabled to visualize exactly the various exercises . . . a big improvement over a broadcast description of the movements.

These studio experiments prove one thing conclusively: The day will soon be here when the demands for talent will be immeasurably expanded. Entertainers who are able to do an entirely new act each week without the aid of continuity will be in demand. Stars will be drawn from the legitimate stage, from the movies, from vaudeville and from the concert stage. New faces and new voices will go out over the ether to be reborn in the homes of lookers-in and many of those who are at the height of their popularity now will slip back into obscurity.

Radio Digest will carry on its experiments and will keep its readers informed of the progress being made. That television is ready to take its place in the home as a new medium of entertainment it is foolish and futile to deny. It is far from perfected but so was radio broadcasting a few years ago. Television is on a par with radio eight years ago. And if the images leave something to be desired the shortwave set that goes with the televisor brings in the sound part of the program in excellent fashion. Then, too, several enterprising manufacturers are making combination sets: that is an ordinary radio receiver, a short wave set and a televisor combined.

See America First

(Continued from page 21)

"Two great forces bind the people of North America together," said Graham McNamee, regular announcer for The Parade of States, in introducing the new radio feature. "They are transportation and communication. Of these the automobile typifies the first; radio the second."

Thus the new General Motors program, employing a good dozen arrangers and producers headed by Rapee, will use radio to bring the country closer together, to go even further towards proving that radio can, and does, break down sectional barriers and laugh at distances.

As Rapee's programs travel from state to state he will portray, in music, Indian, Spanish and Mexican influence in Arizona. Life is a mushroom town in the silver district will be faithfully reproduced by one of radio's best known symphony orchestras. Passing to Connecticut there will be the trek of religious rebels from Massachusetts to the "nutmeg state." And such homely scenes in the Connecticut hills as barn dances — *Moonеymusk* and *Harvest Moon* numbers—with a special group of fiddlers to fit this type program. And finally, as tribute to Connecticut's patriotism a large symphonic number, scored especially from patriotic airs. Later Alabama, with musical representation of the old French influence, deep shadows and pools and the plantation scenes. With, of course, some negro voices for this particular state's program.

Those who work with Rapee will tell you that his whole being is wrapped up in this new radio presentation.

"It brings us one step nearer solution of the problem of giving a real theatrical performance on the air instead of a straight musical program," he

said recently in speaking of "The Parade of the States."

It is estimated that several hundred people will participate in the various programs, as different units composed of singers, string quartets, and specialists are heard according to the musical backgrounds of each state. Special male quartets, sopranos, blues singers, negro spiritual singers and many other types of musicians will be called in from a supplemental group of artists included in the program plans.

There is much of an educational nature in the tributes prepared each week to the various states. But it is education presented in so romantic a way as to be entertainment as well. For example, in the tribute to Virginia we find:

"Side by side the old state and the new state go their way together. Each has its visions of splendor to show you; and over them all is an all-enveloping, unforgetable charm.

"Said Captain John Smith, 'Heaven and earth never agreed better to frame a place for man's habitation.' General Motors borrows his words and uses them as its tribute. To the Old Dominion, Mother of Presidents, we pay our grateful homage."

In announcing the new program, Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., President of General Motors, said that a program of national interest had been sought in preliminary plans for "The Parade of the States." "The new program," said Mr. Sloan's statement, "contemplates extensive research into the states' industrial, commercial and agricultural activities, historical and artistic features."

That the program is in excellent hands is quite evident when one talks about it to Erno Rapee. He believes in the idea and he has a deep respect for the audience he will reach. His first consideration, or his yardstick if you will, for measuring the quality of each presentation is the fan response to it. In this connection he speaks of the greatest thrill he has derived from conducting a two hundred-piece symphony at the Roxy Theatre.

"The big thrill to me—there is no question about it," Rapee muses. "It is the fact that regardless of the composition—if the same orchestra plays the same number and the same conductor conducts it time after time, some day it is a huge success with the public and another day it is not. This has convinced me of the sympathetic assimilation of our music on the part of the American public. It is because of this quality of sympathetic assimilation that the radio public, as well as the visible audience at a symphony, can differentiate between a good and a mediocre performance. In a word my big thrill, after more than twelve thousand symphony concerts, is the fact that I can appreciate their appreciation."

Television

(Continued from page 28)

visitors were not permitted to occupy seats at nearer vantage points in the gallery. They probably were kept at a distance to let space tone down the flicker of the scanning lines.

However, criticism was mild. Credit was given for the courage to make the attempt although it was felt that preliminary technical preparation had been neglected. It was explained by Mr. Sanabria's manager to Radio Digest that the apparatus used at the Radio-Electric World's Fair would be shown in theatres across the country. The audience will see the studio and televisee on one side of the stage and the projected image on the other side. In this way it is expected hundreds of thousands will become further interested in the advent of television.

The Federal Radio Commission is swamped with applicants who are anxious to install television stations throughout the country. One of the most pretentious projects is that of William L. Foss who announced to the Commission that his plan contemplated the expenditure of $200,000 for a television station at Portland, Maine. Mr. Foss is chief engineer for Station WCSH in that city. He placed his tentative order after viewing the R.C.A. —Victor television development at Camden, N. J. "That," he said, speaking for his backers, "is the Rines company's bond of confidence in the imminent future of television."

Manufacture of parlor receivers by Jenkins, Hollis Baird and Sanabria is progressing along lines similar to the audio receivers. Jenkins, being first in the field, apparantly holds the lead in production. At the CBS studios the Jenkins has replaced others for the reception from the Columbia television station W2XAB. Illumination is good through use of the DeForest crater neon lamp. The receiver also contains a dynamic speaker.

Vis-a-Vis

(Continued from page 29)

left to right and from top to bottom.

Photo Electric Cell—This is a vacuum tube device containing chemically treated elements which have the capacity to alter the flow of an electric current in a circuit to which it is attached in accordance with, and in direct response to, the amount of illumination which falls upon it. In other words, its action is that of a "valve," permitting a varying light source to directly control an electrical circuit in exact accordance with the fluctuations of the light source.

Neon Lamp—This is also a vacuum tube device used to reconvert the electrical energy flowing in an amplifier back into light. Its response is very rapid, and it can be satisfactorily controlled by the energy flowing into the audio amplifier of a receiving set. This therefore permits the conversion of the received electrical energy into light in direct response to the light energy originally picked up by the photo-electric cells, and previously converted into electrical energy.

The individuals to be televised are placed in an appropriate darkened studio in front of a bank of photo-electric cells. An intense light passing through a scanning disk and suitable lens is concentrated upon the object. The intense light travels rapidly (20 times a second) across the area being scanned so that, while to all appearances the entire object is illuminated (this due to the persistency of vision of the human eye), actually at any given instant only a very minute portion of the entire area is being illuminated.

In the case of W2XAB, the scanning is what is known as "60-line scanning." In this case, the televisor is scanning the object 60 times horizontally by 72 times vertically for each revolution of the scanning disk, which, when multiplied, gives us 4,320 elements. Since this scanning is repeated 20 times per second, we actually have 86,400 elements transmitted within this short period of time.

As the scanning light passes over the object more or less light will be reflected on the photo-electric cells, depending upon the natural lights and shadows of the object. These the photo-electric cells interpret in terms of electrical energy and thus, by amplifying this energy and impressing it upon a radio transmitter, we are able electrically to transmit the lights and shadows reflected from the object.

At the receiving end it is necessary to have a radio receiver which is capable of picking up the television transmitted energy, a suitable audio amplifier with sufficient energy to actuate a neon lamp and scanning disk connected to a synchronous motor revolving at the same speed as, and in step with, the scanning motor at the transmitter. With this equipment, the radio receiving set picks up and amplifies the received electrical energy, which, in turn, actuates the neon lamp in exact accordance with the fluctuations of the transmitted energy. The scanning disk in the receiving set, revolving between the neon lamp and the eye, breaks the light fluctuations of the lamp into elements identical with those at the transmitter, but all this happens so much more rapidly than the human eye is able to perceive, that the impression one gets is that of a complete picture rather than a rapid

series of dots of light.

With the coming of colder weather lookers-in have reported much clearer television images, and at much more distant points. The black snow fall of television, which is caused by bursts of static on the screen, has practically disappeared and fading likewise is less than in the summer months when W2XAB got under way.

We have had almost continuous daily operation with W2XAB since July. No technical difficulties were encountered and the station only went off the air once, and that was a precaution taken during a particularly dangerous electric storm which was hitting close to the antenna.

For one thing, this shows the stability of television, now only in its swaddling clothes, or should we say the experimental state?

Studio technique is being continuously studied by our engineers and production men. New ideas are resulting day after day. Screens, scenery and lighting effects are all being worked out simultaneously while you look at our programs. In the background behind that colorful screen, or piano, you see, engineers are tirelessly toiling—toiling to perfect a new technique.

My time is up, and I'll just say: "You'll be seeing me!"

The Voice of Firestone

(Continued from page 31)

where you want to go in comfort and safety.

"We are so accustomed to this wonderful modern convenience that we seldom give it a thought; and yet, it has woven itself so inseparably into our modern life and activities that it has become almost completely indispensable. It has added so immeasurably to our convenience and our practical service, to our pleasure and our day by day happiness, that it would be almost impossible to measure its value. It has become a part of us, and we of this generation would have to re-mold our lives without it.

"The Firestone Organization, great and far-flung as it is, has labored unceasingly to deserve the confidence and good-will of you, the individual tire user. We have a just pride in the contributions that we have been able to make to so fundamental an industry, and we have profound satisfaction in the improvements that we have pioneered and in the achievements that we have wrought in bringing the pneumatic tire so close to perfection. It is Firestone's duty to serve you well. It is our privilege to strive earnestly and always to be worthy of your friendship."

And that was all the advertising there was to it. Mr. Firestone has a good mikable voice and there's a promise that stirs your interest.

Adventure Notables

(Continued from page 14)

Torrence traveled 18,000 miles across Africa to study sleeping sickness. Wells, an Englishman by birth spent six years in Malaya as a railroad engineer and is a recognized authority of the habits of animals. He has trailed lions in Uganda and contends that wild animals are wild only when shot at by big game hunters. He made the first successful study of the Mountains of the Moon in Central Africa and endured terrific cold and privations while exploring there on the Equator.

F. A. Mitchell-Hedges, lecturer on Central America which he describes as the "land of wonder and fear," will soon head an expedition under the auspices of the British Museum of the American Indian to study the vanished cities of a "lost race."

The two remaining lecturers are Count Felix von Luckner, whose exploits during the War as buccaneering Captain of a German raider are told in his book of exciting adventure and Sir Hubert Wilkins, explorer and journalist who is now in the Arctic on a scientific expedition in the submarine Nautilus. Both have lectured throughout the country under NBC auspices.

Lew Conrad

(Continued from page 11)

I weep to think that others must be writing you the same loving lines. . ."

"Everything I have in the world is yours. . ."

"I wait until the children have gone to school and my husband has started for the city. Then I turn on the radio, sit and listen, and dream. I lock the front and back doors so no one can disturb my thoughts. . . But I must remember my family. . ."

A woman writer wrote that she was weaving the love scenes of her latest novel around Conrad, "because I know we can never meet except in my thoughts, but the ending of the book will be just as we both might honestly wish."

Some radio singers are said to suffer a falling off in fan mail when they send photographs to their admirers, but with Lew it is quite the opposite. The lovesick maidens get one look at his face and then write more voluminously than ever.

The postal department ought to be mighty grateful to Lew. He sells a lot of stamps for them. But wait until they see his picture in this issue of Radio Digest and we'll see what happens.

1000 Radios
in
1000 Rooms



When you come to New York, and you stop at THE VICTORIA, all your home comforts—and then some—are transplanted in your room. Such luxuries as RADIO, PRIVATE BATH, SHOWER, CIRCULATING ICE WATER, SERVIDOR, MIRRORED DOORS, READING BED LAMP, are taken for granted.

ONE SHORT BLOCK FROM THE NEW $350,000,000 RADIO CITY CENTER

and near the prominent broadcasting studios. The amusement, shopping and business centers are all a matter of a few minutes from the hotel.

RATES ARE MODERATE

Single from $2.50 a day
Double from $4.00 a day

HOTEL VICTORIA

7th Ave. at 51st St., New York

Harry B. Kurzrok, *Resident Manager*
Wm. B. Cravis, *Managing Director*

Realism Adds Zest

(Continued from page 17)

as the time estimated to make the trip. Little did we know then where two months really was going to bring us or how important a part them rations was going to play in our lives.

"One morning after we had been out only a few weeks, I came up for my turn at watch. We wasn't moving. No wind. Sails empty. We was drifting. To make a long story short, we had drifted out of the ship lanes. Currents got hold of us and no wind come up to help us fight our way back. Strict watch was set at all times for passing ships. And at night we sent up flares. But nobody saw them. We was out of the shipping lane and getting further out every hour. Farther and farther away from any fellow travelers of the sea, and helpless to stop the drifting because the wind wouldn't stir even a flicker of a breeze.

"Then we began to realize we was in the doldrums or that place around the equator where there's hardly ever any wind. We drifted in this way for over five months! And we had shipped for a voyage of only seventy days. There wasn't much to do—wasn't nothing—except keep watch and pray for wind. We lay around deck. We swapped yarns. It got monotonous. We'd try to sing. But pretty soon we had sung all the songs we knew so often they got on our nerves.

"Well, to cut this short, on May 8, six months since we sailed, the captain called us together and told us he thought we should take the few remaining rations and set out in the two small boats for the Galapagos Islands. Nine of us went in one boat, with the captain, and the others went with the mate in the other boat.

"We rowed in two-hour shifts for twelve days, suffering terrible hardships until we finally sighted land. Just as we were nearing shore our boat upset and we had to swim for it. We lost what provisions and water we had.

"For days we had been drinking salt water and our throats were parched. As soon as we had regained our strength we split up and went looking for a spring or a lake from which we could drink. We all got together back of the shore a bit an hour or so later. There wasn't any water. Everybody had the same story. No water anywhere.

"We never did see the mate's boat. Later we found out that he and the others in that boat had been picked up the following day. They reported that we were missing and ships were sent out to look for us. I guess they gave us up for lost.

"The hardships we endured in the months that followed would take hours in the telling. Nothing to eat but lizards' tails and raw turtle meat. Nothing to drink but turtle blood and salt water, until, after several months on the island, we finally found a spring. But before that we lost two of the men.

"After months and months of torture, we all but gave up hope. And then one day, as I was stretched out on the beach with my arms under my head, I heard a young Dane who had climbed a jagged cliff yelling 'Ship! Ship!' He was young and didn't seem to realize how we was all fixed. He'd done that a couple of times before, thinking he was funny. So this time, when he done it, one of the men jumped up and give him a belt over the head that knocked him flat. Then the old cook yelled out 'Ship! Ship!'

"We all looked up. There coming around the east point was a sail. For a minute we just sat there. Then a rush to the beach. We shouted. We screamed. We waved our arms frantically. We expected the sloop would come about and into the bay. But she kept on going past. Say, we nearly went crazy!

"WE ran up and down, screamed and cried, but she kept right on and went out of sight behind that island in the middle of the bay. It sure looked like we was lost. But the captain knew his job. Just as he almost passed the western point, she came about and made a long tack into the bay. Then she came around on the other tack, and, before she could make the third one, we were in the water swimming to her.

"That night they took us off and in less than a week we was landed at Guayaquil, Ecuador. Years later, after I had come to America, I ran into the mate, who was in command of the other boat that took off from the 'Alexander.' He was in charge of a building gang, and I went to work for him. A few years ago I heard from the sister of one of the boys who died. Now I've lost track of all of them."

This is only part of the story of adventure that was acted over the Columbia chain on this program sponsored by the Harold F. Ritchie Company, a thrilling story, so realistic that the listeners shuddered at the tales of some of the harrowing adventures and actually rejoiced at the rescue.

Charles Previn, who was heard over the air for many months when he directed the orchestra on "The Camel Pleasure Hour," is responsible for the musical background used on "Romances of the Sea."

"The principle that is being used in the 'Romances of the Sea' programs is that same that was used in scoring motion pictures when they were silent," Previn explained recently. "Music is used as a background to bring out the dramatic intent of the spoken word. By associating a musical theme with a character, you can bring out that character or stress an emotion.

"In short," he concluded, "we are using music to take the place of scenery that is used in stage productions. What radio does not supply universally as yet is vision, and the music is being used in our productions to take its place."

A sterling cast of fifteen actors and actresses was used in the opening presentation, which was the dramatization of the legend of *The Flying Dutchman.* The part of the Dutchman was taken by John Anthony.

Gabalogue

(Continued from page 51)

Lauck, who plays Lum. Lum was born in 1902 in Allene, Kansas, and was educated at Arkansas University. Was editor of the college humorous magazine. Was later a free-lance advertising man. Worked in a bank . . . and is a member of Sigma Chi Fraternity. Is a Shriner and a member of the Lions Club . . . and is Past Exalted Ruler of the Elks. He now lives in Chicago and has a hobby of collecting statues of elephants.

Norris Goff, that's Abner, was born in Cove, Arkansas. Also educated at Arkansas University and played football, baseball and was a member of the track team. Started work for his father in his wholesale grocery store at Mena, Arkansas. Later he conducted a jazz orchestra known as Goff's Melody Makers. He, too, is a member of Sigma Chi, an Elk, a Mason and a member of the Lions Club. And is also a Deacon in the Presbyterian Church.

Al and Pete have acquired a library of more than 10,000 old-time songs, most of them contributed by listeners. Al spends his spare time writing short stories . . . and (whisper) . . . at the moment, he is working on the Great American Drama. Pete is an inveterate solver of newspaper cross-word puzzles . . . and he also devises those brain teasers. Both have written songs . . . among their most successful is "Needin' You Like I Do," which they wrote during a period of financial distress.

Tuneful Topics

(Continued from page 50)

You Call It Madness But I Call It Love

PERHAPS one of the most unusual situations in radio has come about through the appearance of two individuals, both presenting a rich, throaty, low baritone type of singing, namely Messrs. Bing Crosby and Russ Colombo. Colombo has seen fit, for publicity reasons no doubt, to change his name to Columbo.

Both styles are dangerously close to a crazy style in which Louis Armstrong, colored trumpet player, orchestra leader, and singer, has been bellowing his songs for years. The identical qualities of *various parts* of their *lyrics* would unquestionably show, to any thinking mind, that one must have originated the expression. For instance, "ah—but is one both use often." While I have my own opinion as to which came first, the egg or the hen, in this particular case it behooves me to say nothing more than that both gentlemen are extremely pleasant to listen to, and both are doing big things for the respective chains they are associated with, and big things to the hearts of our younger college and high school set, who are ever eager to seize upon a new style and fad.

Mr. Columbo's choice of theme song was an extremely wise one, as half his battle is won before he has finished his theme song. A lovely song which, sung with expression by anyone, would win the listener who gives his attention at the outset of the program. In fact, when he is on in the late hours, around 11:30, nothing is more lovely than to hear this particular song come stealing across the air waves to you in that husky, throaty quality, with the exaggerated *glissando,* which is the same effect as produced on a steel guitar, only much lower.

Again, I say, the most laughable effect of both gentlemen's broadcast is the constant repetition of the expression "ah—but," and since no such expression would be likely to occur in two minds simultaneously, that, to me, as an amateur Sherlock Holmes in such matters, would lead me to a conclusion.

It is a lovely song, and is published by Harms, Inc. In order that its full beauty be appreciated, it must be played and sung at a speed of not less than one minute and ten seconds for the chorus.

Guilty

THOSE of you who have any ability for remembering songs after hearing them will, upon seeing Eddie Cantor's picture *Palmy Days,* be struck by a similarity between the melody of the feature song of the picture, "There's Nothing Too Good For My Baby," and the song under discussion, *Guilty.*

There have been many odd, fantastic, and almost impossible things happen in the music industry, but few of them have been quite as unusual as the case of these two songs. The same man had a share in the writing of both of them, and the tragedy of the song from the picture is that Robbins, Inc., is reputed to have paid $5,000 for the publishing rights on it, whereas Feist had already published *Guilty* and had started the song to a great etherization of it.

Just how this writer could have written two songs so almost identical and given them to two separate publishers will always remain a bit of a mystery which he alone, I suppose, could clear up.

The three writers of *There's Nothing Too Good For My Baby,* upon realizing the conflict of the two songs, were magnanimous enough to return the advance given them by Robbins, though I suppose the song must still stay in the picture, since the picture is already being shown, and to substitute another song would mean thousands of dollars and the return of Eddie Cantor to Hollywood to remake the scenes.

However, *Guilty* itself is certainly written in the popular trend, with an outstanding title and an unusually high range. In the key of "C" it goes to high "F" which strains the voice for that particular measure. The song, however, is certainly pleasing the radio public, as one hears it everywhere and of course band leaders usually play request numbers.

No less than Gus Kahn and Richard Whiting collaborated with Harry Akst in the writing of *Guilty.* Kahn and Whiting are already well known to my readers without any elaboration of their respective abilities. Harry Akst has been writing for years—a very clever pianist, having made a record with my ideal Rudy Wiedoeft years ago, which brought his name to my attention, and unforgetably so. Akst's name appears on both songs, and it is he who probably can account for the similarity of the two songs.

Guilty is published by Leo Feist, and we play it at about one minute and fifteen seconds for the chorus.

Fate Introduced You to Me

NOT since Popular Songs of the Day, an organization in which Gene Austin Music Publishing firm fig-

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ured quite disastrously, though with every good intention, has there been any attempt to utilize the thousands of newsstands in railroad stations and on street corners as a means of distributing sheet music. These newsstands have been selling the paper composition "Hit-of-the-Week" records for the past year or so, but even these have failed to be the great success that they started out to be. Some time ago an organization —Popular Songs of the Day—was formed, and was reputed to have had so many thousands of the newsstands at their command, and not since has there been another attempt.

Now comes forth another organization—Song Hit Guild—which really has affected a contract with every organized newsstand throughout the country, which gives them a terrific selling agency running into millions, if the public will but buy. There is an arrangement with the newsstands which would stimulate them to return as few copies as possible, which actively means that the newsstands will be expected to really push the songs, and not passively place them on the stands and wait for the public to ask about them. More records and more sheet music unquestionably could be sold if the public were informed of them. This takes good salesmanship, which one rarely finds at a newsstand, or even in a phonograph store, because good salesmen soon discover their talents and migrate to more lucrative fields.

This is one of the first songs of this new organization, and one of the best. We program it this Thursday. It has the unusual title of *Fate Introduced Me to You,* and the melody has a slight similarity to *I Found a Million Dollar Baby In a Five and Ten Cent Store,* which augers well for this new song, as the latter song was a big success.

We play it at one minute and ten seconds for the chorus.

When You Were Only Seventeen

ARCHIE FLETCHER, the guiding shepherd of the Joe Morris Music Co., holders of several hundred copyrights of some of the best hits of the past twenty years, is responsible for some of the big waltz hits of the past few years. It was he who published *Carolina Moon* for Joe Morris and made the mint of money that song must have made. It was he, also, who dictated to Peter de Rose and Charlie Tobias the type of song they should write, which resulted in *When Your Hair Has Turned to Silver.* He has suggested that they pattern their song along the lines of *When You and I Were Young, Maggie,* and he makes no excuses for the similarities of the melodies.

While I don't think that *When You and I Were Seventeen* will achieve the same sensational popularity that did "Silver," yet it is one of the homely, old-fashioned type of waltzes that, by dint of constant repetition, eventually charms "plain" folks all over our forty-eight United States, and after all, these are the people who finally go to the music store and ask for that song and keep it as an heirloom.

It is a simple waltz, and we play it as such, with no elaborate arrangement, or confusing harmonies. As I have said before, it is published by Joe Morris.

Can't You See?

IT seems almost impossible to compile a list of ten popular songs without bringing in Roy Turk and Fred Ahlert. Not since *Walking My Baby Back Home* have these boys had a big hit. Their *Why Dance* and *There's a Time and Place for Everything,* and a new one which they have placed with Abe Olman, are good songs, and are doing well, still that spark of *something* which the unusual song must have to crash through seems to be lacking in all of these compositions. Neither does it seem to be here, in one of their latest and best efforts, *Can't You See?*

While the song has a melodic tinge of *My Fate Is In Your Hands,* it still seems to lack that final little bit of perfection which really shoves the song to the top places. The song will be done a lot, be very popular, and probably sell well.

I am still rooting for the boys to give us another real hit like *I'll Get By,* or *Mean to Me,* or *Walking My Baby Back Home,* and I know they will do it.

Can't You see? is published by Davis Coots & Engle, and is one of the best in their catalogue at the present time. We take one minute and ten seconds for the chorus, and I would suggest that to save your voice you get the lowest key, although its range is quite human.

News, Views, Comment

(Continued from page 4)

Broadcasting Company, was the proud papa of a son born that noon, she scored her second scoop. It was just a few weeks ago that Miss Revell announced the birth of a baby to Aline Berry, (Mrs. Peter Dixon) the mother in the Raising Junior sketch. That announcement was made over the air exactly eight minutes after the baby was born. And that's reporting! Ask any newspaperman.

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India on the Air

(Continued from page 27)

capable of independent thought.

The third point and the one which endeared Gandhi to my heart even deeper, was the fact that during his entire broadcast he never condemned the country against which he is struggling. How many of us who felt that we were victims of centuries of oppression and domination by a foreign power, would be able to prevent our resentment from developing into bitter antagonism and hatred? How many of us can avoid such feelings arising when we have differences in our personal relationships with other people? Gandhi who has upset all traditions by substituting truth for force and non-cooperation for violence, considers the English people as his friend. His fight is against the Government policy, not against the individuals who compose that Government. He never uses malicious words against any individual anywhere. His patient courage and supreme understanding have won a place of deepest affection in the hearts of the Indian masses, and gained for him the title of the Mahatma, which means The Great Soul. Tagore on a visit to Gandhi's home quoted this:

"He is the one Luminous, Creator of all, Mahatma
Always in the hearts of people enshrined
Revealed through Love, Intuition and Thought,
Whoever knows Him, Immortal becomes. . ."

Chaos!

(Continued from page 18)

1926, after the collapse of the Radio Law of 1912 as applied to broadcasting and before the enactment of the Radio Law of 1927.

Congress in the forthcoming session will have to make up its mind whether it wants a return of this chaos or not. The moment it begins to allocate frequencies by special legislation, no matter how worthy or how politically important the beneficiaries may be, it will destroy the entire structure which it so carefully set up in 1927. It will put an end, probably for all time, to the orderly allocation of radio facilities, and will utterly destroy the entire organization which it built up for the express purpose of handling this work.

The real issue is not to determine who shall be licensed to broadcast; it is to determine who shall do the licensing. Congress has said that the work shall be done by a special body, created by legislation and strengthened by experience and by competent technical advice. Individual broadcasters may feel bitterly about certain specific actions of the Federal Radio Commission. As a whole, however, they stand solidly for an orderly administration of the Radio Act of 1927, as against any attempt to break down the provisions of that act through special legislation. They see in the insistent demands for such legislation only the imminent risk of a return to chaos.

Does Congress want to undo its own work, and destroy its own administrative agency, in order that broadcasting facilities may become political prizes?

Lavender and Stardust

(Continued from page 33)

hoods in New York for the Harrigan and Hart pieces—'Paddy Duffy's Cart,' 'My Dad's Dinner Pail,' 'The Market on Saturday Night' and many others.

"I received one letter—" and she dimpled prettily — "from an old Irish bar-tender. He took me severely to task for singing 'Maggie Murphy's Home' in too fast a tempo. The song, he explained, should be sung in time to the swinging of beer mugs, and would I please, please sing it slower for I was ruining the disposition of his old cronies from the corner.

"Never do I sing such a song now without a picture in my mind's eye of that speakeasy audience—bless their rugged, old hearts! . . ."

Miss Parsons has found that her audience, however, is more easily moved to tears than to laughter. She is invariably deluged with letters after a particularly sad rendering of such old ballads as "The Baggage Coach Ahead," "Put My Little Shoes Away," or "Why Did They Dig Ma's Grave So Deep!"

She was a close and devoted friend of the late Charles K. Harris, to whom she recently dedicated an entire program during her Columbia system broadcast.

"After the broadcast," Miss Parsons told me, "Mrs. Harris telephoned to me. She was crying, and she told me that surely her Charley had been close to me as I sang."

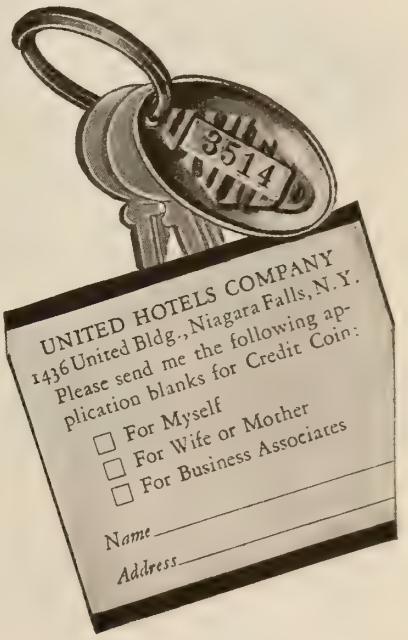
"After the Ball," is, incidentally, one of Miss Parsons' most asked-for selections.

Mrs. Mary F. Brennan, a sister of the late Paul Dresser, who wrote "The Banks of the Wabash," "My Gal, Sal," "The Letter That Never Came," and many others, also writes to Miss Par-

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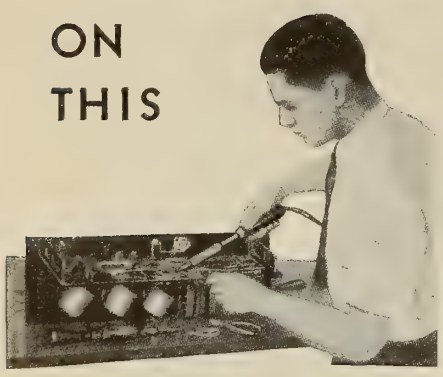
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sons frequently, as does Mrs. Addie Witt Goodstein, the sister of Max S. Witt, who wrote "The Moth and the Flame," "While the Convent Bells Were Ringing," and many others. Paul Dresser, incidentally, was a brother of Theodore Dreiser, the famous novelist, who wrote his biography.

Up in New Haven, in comparative retirement, lives another famous one of another day, and she, too, has thrilled to the songs of the Girl O' Yesterday—so much so that she wrote for her the theme song she now uses: "Sweet Girl O' Yesterday." She is Anita Owen, author and composer of all the old "Daisy songs"—"Sweet Bunch of Daisies," "Daisies Won't Tell" and others. The two women are fast friends and boon companions, each drawing inspiration from the other.

"You have made me live again," wrote Anita Owen to her friend. . . .

Miss Parsons answers every letter sent to her, and keeps a file of all letters and requests. Recently an old couple in New Jersey were amazed on their Golden Wedding day to receive a note from Miss Parsons asking them to tune her in that afternoon. They heard, dedicated to them, "Love's Old Sweet Song," a selection they had requested more than six months before.

Once, too, she nursed via radio two little sick children back to health. One had diphtheria; the other scarlet fever. Their mothers are now devoted followers of yesterday's girl.

Miss Parsons told me of a touching episode, which worked itself out during the recent radio exposition in Madison Square Garden, New York.

"I was standing in a booth, autographing photographs," she said, "when, suddenly, I felt a tugging at my arm. I looked around and there was the loveliest, little old woman imaginable. She gazed up at me, smiling, and said: 'I'm Mrs. B—,' and she smiled again.

"I searched my memory for a moment, and then it came to me—she had been writing to me for months, and I had been answering her, and she had sent me string after string of beautiful beads, all strung while she was on her back in a hospital.

"I had made her well, she said, and, despite her seventy-four years, she had made up her mind she was going to the radio show to see me after reading in the papers that I would be there. . . . It was the first time in six months, she added, that she had been out of the house, and the first time she had ever been in the garden.

"Never was I so touched, and, believe you me, I tried to show her the best time she ever had. . . . I hope I succeeded. . . ."

There was much more we talked about in the quietness of Miss Parsons' New York apartment, and I could not help but let my memory stray back to the lovely cottage where I had spent so happy a summer, and to that dear, little old aunt of mine, who, it seemed to me, had summed up all of Miss Parsons' efforts in—

"She has made me young again. . . ."

Radiographs

(Continued from page 67)

terms with them.

She was born near Strassbourg, in Alsace-Lorraine and the conflicting national influences in that troublous strip of land left their marks on her character before she moved with her family, when still a child, to the United States. She received the balance of her early schooling in Philadelphia. Here she showed marks of real talent and when this was discovered her parents sent her back to Europe.

She went to Germany to study piano with Mannheim masters, but at the same time she grew into the realization that her voice had possibilities for development. Returning to Philadelphia she confessed to vocal ambitions and receiving encouragement from her parents and friends, once again set out for Europe, this time to study with the noted Jean de Reszke.

Under this master's aegis she made her debut three years later at Covent Garden, London. It was evident that the singer's gifts were of the highest calibre, for her success was immediate and emphatic.

Returning to the United States, Miss Maurel made her American debut with the Boston Opera Company as leading contralto. In spite of her youth her repertoire was extremely varied. It included such operas as Tales of Hoffman, Rigoletto, Samson and Delilah, Carmen, Martha and Madame Butterfly.

Concert tours took her to forty-seven of the forty-eight states. Her tremendous energy as well as the strength of her subtly controlled voice enabled her to give fifty to sixty concerts yearly in addition to the making of phonograph records.

Public appreciation of the radio turned Miss Maurel to broadcasting. Her success in that field was also immediate and she has been a featured singer on some of the many programs.

Because of the great demand for popular music, Miss Maurel has stepped out of her so-called high-brow song repertoire and is giving to her radio listeners the melodies they love so well. And that's a concession for any great artist. One of the programs on which she is featured is the Blue Coal Program, every Sunday evening on CBS.



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You may be interested in knowing that not one cent was paid to Miss Harlow to make the above statement. Miss Harlow has been a smoker of LUCKY STRIKE cigarettes for 2 years. We hope the publicity herewith given will be as beneficial to her and to Fox and Columbia, her producers, as her endorsement of LUCKIES is to you and to us.

THE CUNEO PRESS, INC., CHICAGO

Radio Digest

DECEMBER, 1931 No. 1 25 Cents



JESSICA DRAGONETTE, NBC, N. Y.

RADIO FANS BALLOT FOR BEAUTY QUEEN

PYORRHEA

creeps upon its victims unawares



IT is the pernicious nature of pyorrhea to infect the mouth as long as ten years before the victim knows it. This dread disease of the gums comes to four people out of five past forty.

Not content with robbing humanity of half of all adult teeth lost, it also breeds virulent poisons which it sends coursing throughout the entire system to undermine the individual's general health.

Starting at the "tartar line," where teeth meet gums, the infection works *down* the roots; and often before it is recognized, pyorrhea becomes so deeply entrenched that all the skill of your dentist is called for to save your teeth and health.

Don't wait for warning; start using Forhan's now

Usually pyorrhea creeps on us unawares. Don't wait for those fearsome warnings, tenderness and bleeding gums. Once established, pyorrhea cannot be cured by Forhan's or any other toothpaste. That's why it is far wiser to protect and prevent *before* the trouble starts. See your dentist *now,* and visit him at least twice a year regularly.

And in your home, brush your teeth and massage your gums, morning and night, with Forhan's. This remarkable dentifrice is unique in that it contains Forhan's Pyorrhea Astringent, an ethical preparation, developed by Dr. R. J. Forhan, which thousands of dentists use in the treatment of pyorrhea. The Forhan formula was the outgrowth of Dr. Forhan's 26 years of specialization in the treatment of this disease.

FALSE TEETH ARE A GREAT INVENTION *BUT* KEEP YOUR OWN AS LONG AS YOU CAN

Guard the teeth you have

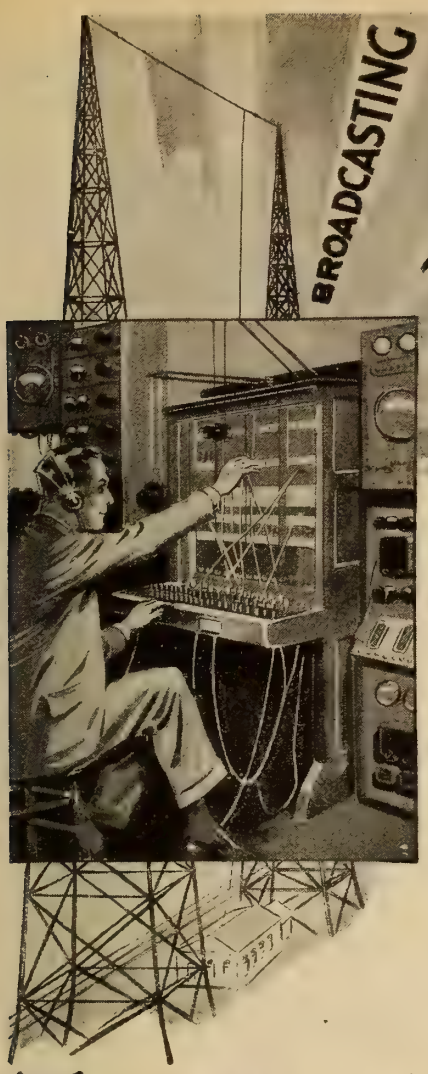
Countless people today are self-conscious and unhappy with false teeth. Don't risk the danger of losing *your* teeth. They are a priceless possession and deserve the finest care. Start with Forhan's today. It is as fine a dentifrice as money can buy. You can make no wiser investment in the health of your mouth and the safety of your teeth. Forhan Company, Inc., New York; Forhan's Ltd., Montreal.



Forhan's

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

False teeth often follow pyorrhea, which comes to four people out of five past the age of 40



TELEVISION
TALKING PICTURES
WIRELESS OPERATING

WIN FAME and FORTUNE in RADIO!

Scores of jobs are open to the Trained Man—jobs as Designer, Inspector and Tester—as Radio Salesman and in Service and Installation work—as Operator, Mechanic or Manager of a Broadcasting station—as Wireless Operator on a Ship or Airplane—jobs with Talking Picture Theatres and Manufacturers of Sound Equipment—with Television Laboratories and Studios—fascinating jobs, offering unlimited opportunities to the Trained Man.

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Come to Coyne in Chicago and prepare for these jobs the QUICK and PRACTICAL way—BY ACTUAL SHOP WORK ON ACTUAL RADIO EQUIPMENT. Some students finish the entire course in 8 weeks. **The average time is only 10 weeks.** But you can stay as long as you please, **at no extra cost to you.** No previous experience necessary.

TELEVISION and Talking Pictures

In addition to the most modern Radio equipment, we have installed in our shops a complete model Broadcasting Station, with sound-proof Studio and modern Transmitter with 1,000 watt tubes—the Jenkins Television Transmitter with dozens of home-type Television receiving sets—and a complete Talking Picture installation for both "sound on film" and "sound on disk." We have spared no expense in our effort to make your training as COMPLETE and PRACTICAL as possible.

Free Employment Service to Students

After you have finished the course, we will do all we can to help you find the job you want. We employ three men on a full time basis whose sole job is to help our students in finding positions. And should you be a little short of funds, we'll gladly help you in finding part-time work while at school. Some of our students pay a large part of their living expenses in this way.

Coyne Is 32 Years Old

Coyne has been located right here in Chicago since 1899. Coyne Training is tested—proven by hundreds of successful graduates. You can get all the facts—FREE. JUST MAIL THE COUPON FOR A FREE COPY OF OUR BIG RADIO AND TELEVISION BOOK, telling all about jobs . . . salaries . . . opportunities. This does not obligate you. **Just mail the coupon.**

H. C. Lewis, Pres. **Radio Division** Founded 1899

Coyne Electrical School

500 S. Paulina Street Dept. 91-9H, Chicago, Illinois

H. C. LEWIS, President
Radio Division, Coyne Electrical School
500 S. Paulina St., Dept. 91-9H Chicago, Ill.

Send me your Big Free Radio, Television and Talking Picture Book. This does not obligate me in any way.

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Address.....

City..... *State*.....

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THE NATIONAL BROADCAST AUTHORITY

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Radio Digest

Printed in U. S. A.

Charles R. Tighe, Associate Editor

Nellie Revell, Associate Editor

Including RADIO REVUE and RADIO BROADCAST

Raymond Bill, Editor



RADIE HARRIS *and what she knows about you, if you're cinematian, she writes and tells. You hear her twice weekly, KHJ, Los Angeles.*

December, 1931

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MADELEINE LOEB, *author of the latest radio novel. Please Stand By. She writes radio scripts and also does a turn at the mike at times.*



MARION HARRIS *(The Harrises have this page.) Marion had a spot with Walter Willtell Winchell singing and chatting, WABC, New York.*



HILDEGARDE, *one handle, that's all; ain't no more. German girl singing her way around America. Is booked for a series over the NBC net.*

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Every day, in all seasons

21 weeks, constant reception record from VK3ME proves SCOTT ALL-WAVE capable of tuning in clear 'round the earth regularly—every day, summer and winter.

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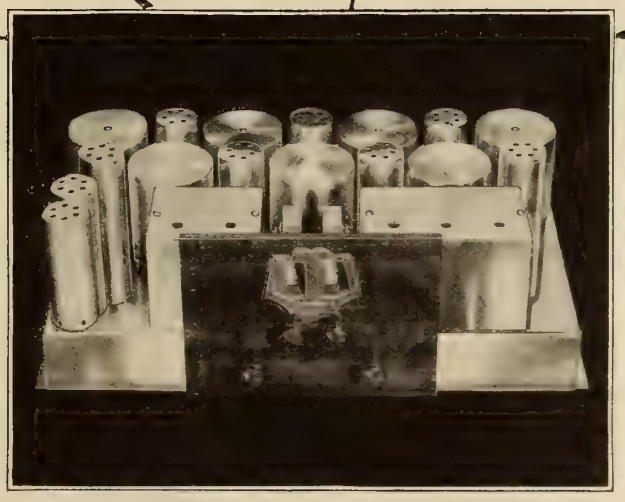
FOR 21 weeks, a Scott All-Wave Receiver, located in Chicago has brought in, *and recorded on disc, every* broadcast from VK3ME, Melbourne, Australia. Each broadcast was received with perfect clarity and full volume—as the disc records decisively prove. Think of it! VK3ME, half way 'round the earth! Not just once in a while. Not just a freak happenstance. As this book goes to press, VK3ME is still being received with perfect regularity, and recorded. With a Scott All-Wave, *you* could get VK3ME and dozens of other foreign phone stations whenever you choose.

When the distance between Melbourne and Chicago is used as a radius, a circle drawn from Chicago as the center, includes practically the entire world. This establishes the range of the Scott All-Wave Receiver, and steady reception from all points north, south, east and west, *at the extremes of the circle,* PROVE the world-wide range of this remarkable instrument.

The reason for the greater range of the Scott All-Wave is the far greater amplification obtained in its intermediate stages. A new type of transformer, in which the primary is shielded from its secondary, provides such an enormous increase in gain per stage that the sensitivity of the receiver is more than adequate for world-wide reception, with the tubes operated below the noise level. Short Wave reception that is ordinarily attended with terrific interference, comes in clearly on the Scott All-Wave—and with beautiful, full, round, natural tone. Reception from VK3ME, from G5SW, Chelmsford, England, from 12RO, Rome and other far off points, invariably has the quality and volume of a local station! Actually, in all truth, the Scott All-Wave gives 'round the world reception *every* day, in all seasons—between 15 and 550 meters.



PROOF—of the world-wide range of the Scott All-Wave Receiver.



The Beautiful Chrome Plated Scott All-Wave Chassis

FIVE YEAR GUARANTEE

The Scott All-Wave is not a factory product. Rather, it is built in the laboratory, by laboratory experts and to laboratory standards. For that reason, we can make the most unusual guarantee ever made on a radio receiver. The Scott All-Wave is *guaranteed for full five years against defective material or workmanship.* Any part that fails within that time will be replaced FREE OF CHARGE.

Mail Coupon Today

Full particulars of the Scott All-Wave will be of immense interest to you. Get them now. Read all about the receiver that challenges the whole realm of radio to any kind of competitive test. The coupon below will bring them. Clip it—fill it in—mail it today.

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(Formerly Scott Transformer Co.)
4450 Ravenswood Avenue - Dept. D12 - Chicago, Ill.

The SCOTT ALL-WAVE

15-550 METER SUPERHETERODYNE

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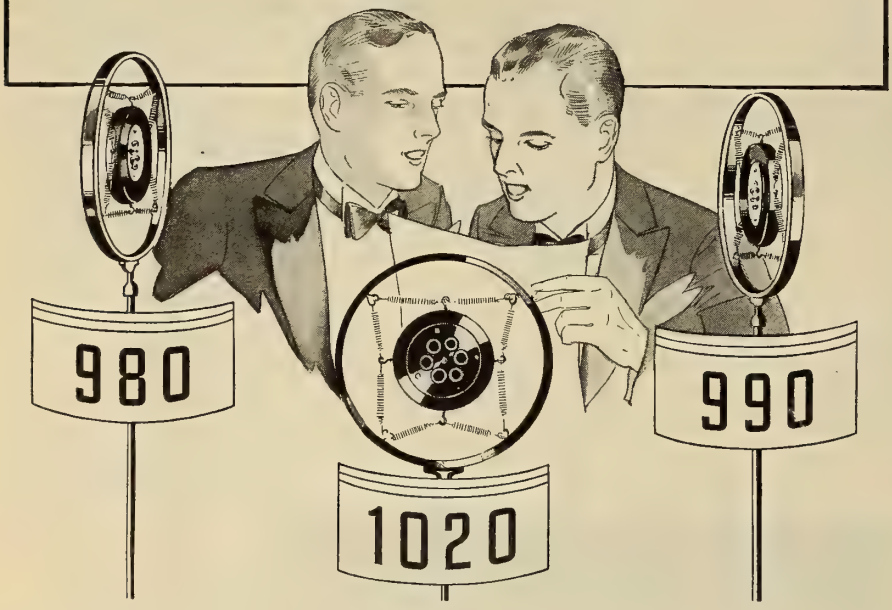
Send me full details of the Scott All-Wave Receiver.

Name .....

Street .....

Town ..... *State* .....

THREE NUMBERS TO REMEMBER WHEN YOU'RE *"tuning in"*



"Get a Westinghouse Radio Station!" A familiar request in countless households today. Words signifying confidence in Westinghouse radio technique . . . knowledge of what is really good radio entertainment!

Since the Harding election returns, broadcast by Westinghouse station KDKA, pioneer radio station of the world, the name Westinghouse has been a symbol of advancement in radio program personality. Three broadcasting headquarters, situated in the center of America's civilization, are within reach of everyone. And those who listen to Westinghouse stations continually hear the highest quality programs that radio has to offer. 980—990—1020 kilocycles! Remember them! Find them the next time you switch on the radio. You won't be disappointed.

WESTINGHOUSE · RADIO · STATIONS

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990 kilocycles
Boston, Mass., Hotel Bradford
Springfield, Mass., Hotel Kimball

KDKA
980 kilocycles
Commercial Offices:
Pittsburgh, Pa., Hotel Wm. Penn

KYW-KFKX
1020 kilocycles
Chicago, Ill., 1012 Wrigley Bldg.
New York, N. Y., 50 E. 42nd St.

News, Views *and* Comment

By Robert L. Kent

JUST returned from the convention of the National Association of Broadcasters in Detroit. The meetings were devoted to a discussion of the problems of radio entertaining. These men got right down to business and plans are under way that should result in better programs in the future. In a ringing talk Frank W. Elliott, Central Broadcasting Association, chairman of the Ethics Committee, voiced the general sentiment of those present when he said: "The public comes first, the radio station second and your job third."

Listened in on an audition of a band at one of the large radio stations recently and was astounded at the lack of interest in arranging the artists so that they gave the best possible performance. This band is good—one of the best in the country and yet the chances of their eventually going on the air were minimized by the lack of preparation for the audition, which was "piped" to the powers that be.

And while we have the hammer out . . . here is another thought: Why do some broadcast sponsors ignore fine talent fighting for a chance to get on the air while they spend huge sums of money to build reputations for artists who lack the ability and stability to make good radio performers.

It has been suggested that we revise the listing of chain programs so that instead of chronological arrangement covering both chains for the entire month, we list the programs by types as well as by dates. For instance: List all dance music under that heading; dramatizations under that head, etc. What do you think? Drop us a postal card. It's your magazine and we want to make it the way the majority of our readers want it.

Interest in television is gaining momentum. NBC is going ahead with its plans for use of the tower of the Empire State Building, the tallest structure in the world. Columbia's television station, W2XAB, is in full swing with some excellent programs, ranging from crooning to prizefights. It's too bad there are so few to see and hear these programs—many of them compare favorably with all-sound broadcasts.

I will train you at home to fill a BIG PAY Radio Job!



Here's Proof



$100 a week

"My earnings in Radio are many times greater than I ever expected they would be when I enrolled. They seldom fall under $100 a week. If your course cost four or five times more I would still consider it a good investment."

E. E. WINBORNE
1267 W. 48th St.,
Norfolk, Va.



Jumped from $35 to $100 a week

"Before I entered Radio I was making $35 a week. Last week I earned $110 servicing and selling Radios. I owe my success to N. R. I. You started me off on the right foot."

J. A. VAUGHN
Grand Radio and Appliance Co.,
3107 S. Grand Boulevard,
St. Louis, Mo.



$500 extra in 6 months

"In looking over my records I find I made $500 from January to May in my spare time. My best week brought me $107. I have only one regret regarding your course—I should have taken it long ago."

HOYT MOORE
R. R. 3, Box 919,
Indianapolis, Ind.,

If you are earning a penny less than $50 a week, send for my book of information on the opportunities in Radio. It is free. Clip the coupon NOW. Why be satisfied with $25, $30 or $40 a week for longer than the short time it takes to get ready for Radio?

Radio's growth opening hundreds of $50, $75, $100 a week jobs every year

In about ten years Radio has grown from a $2,000,000 to a $1,000,000,000 industry. Over 300,000 jobs have been created. Hundreds more are being opened every year by its continued growth. Many men and young men with the right training—the kind of training I give you—are stepping into Radio at two and three times their former salaries.

You have many jobs to choose from

Broadcasting stations use engineers, operators, station managers and pay $1,200 to $5,000 a year. Manufacturers continually need testers, inspectors, foremen, engineers, service men, buyers, for jobs paying up to $7,500 a year. Radio Operators on ships enjoy life, see the world, with board and lodging free, and get good pay besides. Dealers and jobbers employ service men, salesmen, buyers, managers, and pay $30 to $100 a week. There are many other opportunities too. My book tells you about them.

So many opportunities many N. R. I. men make $200 to $1,000 in spare time while learning

The day you enroll with me I'll show you how to do 28 jobs, common in most every neighborhood, for spare time money. Throughout your course I send you information on servicing popular makes of sets; I give you the plans and ideas that are making $200 to $1,000 for hundreds of N. R. I. students in their spare time while studying. My course is famous as the course that pays for itself.

Talking Movies, Television, Aircraft Radio included

Special training in Talking Movies, Television and home Television experiments, Radio's use in Aviation, Servicing and Merchandising Sets, Broadcasting, Commercial and Ship Stations are included. I am so sure that I can train you satisfactorily that I will agree in writing to refund every penny of your tuition if you are not satisfied with my Lessons and Instruction Service upon completing.

64-page book of information FREE

Get your copy today. It tells you where Radio's good jobs are, what they pay, tells you about my course, what others who have taken it are doing and making. Find out what Radio offers you, without the slightest obligation. ACT NOW!

J. E. SMITH, President
National Radio Institute Dept., INR3
Washington, D. C.



Our Own Home

Pioneer and World's Largest Home-Study Radio training organization devoted entirely to training men and young men for good jobs in the Radio industry. Our growth has paralleled Radio's growth. We occupy three hundred times as much floor space now as we did when organized in 1914.

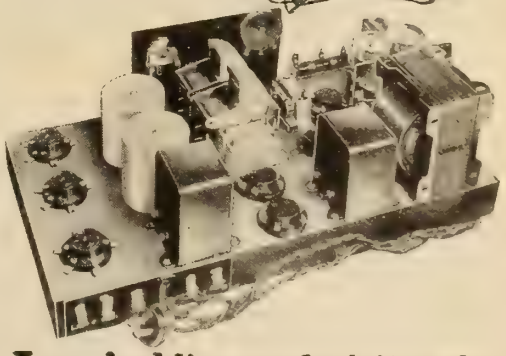


I will give You my new 8 OUTFITS of RADIO PARTS for practical Home Experiments

You can build over 100 circuits with these outfits. You build and experiment with the circuits used in Crosley, Atwater - Kent, Eveready, Majestic, Zenith, and other popular sets. You learn how these sets work, why they work, how to make them work. This makes learning at home easy, fascinating, practical.



Back view of Seven Tube Screen Grid Tuned Radio frequency receiver—only one of many circuits you can build with my outfits.



I am doubling and tripling the salaries of many in one year and less. Find out about this quick way to BIGGER PAY



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Address.....

City..... *State*.....

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PHOTOGRAPH OF YOUR FAVORITE

Radio Star

Personally Autographed



Rudy Vallee

HAVE you a Radio Favorite? Would you like to have an intimate photograph of this artist or announcer? Personally Autographed? This is your opportunity! Act without delay. Take advantage of this offer and select from the list on the opposite page the name of the Radio Star whose autographed photo you want. For the first time Radio Digest makes it possible for its readers to obtain a PERSONALLY AUTOGRAPHED Photo of an outstanding radio personality.



Kate Smith

You can obtain this PERSONALLY AUTOGRAPHED PHOTOGRAPH of your FAVORITE RADIO ARTIST OR ANNOUNCER by filling in the coupon at the bottom of the opposite page. Read the requirements carefully.

You Save Money

THIS offer is open to *all* readers of Radio Digest who join our growing army of subscribers. This is easy medicine to take BECAUSE YOU SAVE A DOLLAR BY SUBSCRIBING and in addition you get the AUTOGRAPHED PHOTOGRAPH. The price of a single copy of Radio Digest is 25 cents, totaling $3.00 per year. THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE IS ONLY TWO DOLLARS.

Also Radio Digest is delivered directly to your home each month. No disappointments because your newsdealer is "sold out." No going out in bad weather to purchase a single copy from your newsdealer.

The Ideal Christmas Gift

A YEAR'S subscription to Radio Digest together with the AUTOGRAPHED PHOTOGRAPH makes an IDEAL CHRISTMAS GIFT. If you want to take advantage of this Christmas offer fill in the coupon and we will send a special gift card to the person for whom the subscription is intended.

Mailing of this card will be so timed that it will reach the recipient of the gift subscription on Christmas Eve.

If you have a friend who enjoys the Radio your Christmas problem is solved, for you will increase his enjoyment of Radio Broadcasts by enrolling him as a subscriber to Radio Digest. Send in Christmas Gift Subscriptions EARLY so that we may make the necessary arrangements to send the announcement of your gift.



Graham McNamee

All Subscribers Can Get a Photo

YOU may obtain an AUTOGRAPHED PHOTOGRAPH of your favorite ARTIST or ANNOUNCER simply by RENEWING your subscription NOW for another year, or—

Introduce Radio Digest to a friend. Send in a subscription and indicate on the coupon the name of the artist whose photo you want. The picture will be mailed either to you or your friend—whomever you designate.

WHICH

Radio Artist ? Radio Announcer

Do you prefer—Select from this list

Ben Alley
Frank Anderson
(The Ne'er-do-Well)
Amos 'n' Andy
Georgia Backus
Don Ball
Pat Barnes
Andre Baruch
Irene Beasley
Ben Bernie
George Beuchler
Billy Jones and Ernie Hare
Ford Bond
William Brenton
Brad Browne
Henry Burbig
Phillips Carlin
Chuck, Ray and Gene
Clara, Lu and Em
Colonel Stoopnagle & Bud
Russ Columbo
Phil Cook
Jesse Crawford
Bing Crosby

Louis Dean
Vaughn de Leath
Three Doctors
Morton Downey
Douglas Evans
Fray & Braggiotti
Gene and Glenn
Irma Glenn
Lois Havrilla
Bill Hay
"Doc." Herrold
George Hicks
Ted Husing
Theo Karle
Jean Paul King
Frank Knight
Landt Trio and White
Ann Leaf
Harriet Lee
Little Jack Little
Vincent Lopez
Mary and Bob (of True Story)
John Mayo
Graham McNamee

Bill Munday
Helen Nugent
Ray Perkins
Nellie Revell
Freddie Rich
Kenneth Roberts
B. A. Rolfe
David Ross
Lanny Ross
Singin' Sam
Sanderson and Crumit
Domenico Savino
Toscha Seidel
Sisters of the Skillet
(East and Dumke)
Kate Smith
Vincent Sorey
Carlyle Stevens
Tastyeast Jesters
Lowell Thomas
Rudy Vallee
James Wallington
Ted Weems
Serg't. "Doc." Wells
Lew White
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Gentlemen: Herewith is remittance for $2.00 ($4.00 in Canada and foreign countries) to cover a year's subscription to Radio Digest. Please start with the (month) ..... issue.

Send PERSONALLY AUTOGRAPHED PHOTO of (Artist or Announcer) .....

Name .....

Street .....

City, State .....

Gift Subscription for

Name .....

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City, State .....

NOTE: Subscription price for two years is $3.00 and entitles you to select two PERSONALLY AUTOGRAPHED PHOTOGRAPHS of your favorite ARTISTS or ANNOUNCERS.

Coming *and* Going

Observations on Events and Incidents in the World of Broadcasting

BOOK literature is following much the same trend in radio that has marked the change in the character of your Radio Digest. At first all that was written seemed to deal only with the technical side of this great subject. The most important man on the Radio Digest staff seven or eight years ago was the skilled engineer who edited the technical pages. All the mail from readers concerned new circuits and requests for diagrams. Books about radio concerned summaries of experiments and theoretical problems.

Then modern business stepped in and organized factories to build radio sets better and cheaper than the amateur ever could hope to do. Technical interest waned. Hundreds of thousands and then millions of receivers were placed in the homes. Syndicated programs of superior talent and quality were organized. Single programs were featured nightly from coast to coast so that millions of people became interested in the personalities of the same group. Radio Digest found the tide of letters from readers had subsided from one element and swept high from another. The change was unmistakable. So the editorial contents changed from what was at first known mainly as a technical magazine to what is now called a "fan" magazine. Its thirty or more contemporary radio magazines who did not follow that tide to the new trend of interest, but remained technical in nature, have practically all vanished from the field.

* * *

AND so it seems appropriate to consider under Coming and Going the correlated changes that are taking place. We now find any number of radio books that sell to a popular market although they do not treat of technical subjects at all.

Peter Dixon is credited with the distinction of creating the first textbook on the art of writing script for broadcasting. The title of his book is *Radio Writing*. It definitely fixes a new technique. Mr. Dixon must be accepted as practical authority for he writes and acts in a skit that is broadcast daily through an NBC network. While Mr. Dixon's book tells you what to do and what not to do when writing for radio, it remained for Fred Smith of *Time Magazine* to write the new literary style into a novel. The novel came out last summer and was called *The Broadcast Murders*. Mr. Smith also created the program, *The March of Time*, which this writer considers the most clearly defined and distinctly radio masterpiece on the air. Both of these works are unique in character and establish a style of literature that never can be called anything else but radio.

Rupert Hughes has a radio novel in Cosmopolitan. It is the same Rupert Hughes in style. J. P. McAvoy's serial in Collier's shows the influence of the author's broadcast script writing more distinctly radio style than the Hughes story. In fact at the beginning McAvoy seemed so radically different that the continuity was a trifle blurred and hard to follow. There's a novel just off the press called *Please Stand By*, written by Madeleine Loeb and David Schenker, which resembles more the staccato style first apparent in the work of Fred Smith. Miss Loeb, we are informed, is an experienced radio script writer. She writes and she broadcasts. This collaborated story is stripped of non-essentials, although one would scarcely call it deep. The distinctive radio style holds you in suspense and creates sketchy pictures with highlight flashes which may be filled in as your own imagination dictates.

* * *

EDUCATION on the Air is perhaps the most serious of recent radio books to reach the public. It does not deal with the engineering phases. This book, edited by Josephine H. MacLatchy is published in co-operation by the Payne Fund, Ohio State University and Ohio Department of Education. While we are not in sympathy with some of the enterprises motivated by the Payne Fund we believe that this book, which is a compilation of many contributions by authoritative individuals is very important for everyone to read. It will especially interest those concerned with the evolution of modern broadcasting from sociological aspects. The book does not *attempt to* solve any of the great problems as how best to use radio to carry educational programs to the people but it certainly covers all the research and study that has been given to the subject. The significance of this book, the first of its kind, is summed up by W. W. Charters in the introduction when he says: "They (*the Institute proceedings*) are herewith presented in what is hoped to be the first volume of the proceedings of a series of annual institutes."

Radio in book form of today will now be found on a different shelf just as the new Radio Digest finds itself with a new community of readers whose interests are broader and more human in character.

Radio Village

IF ONLY Dean Gleason L. Archer had dared to speak to that woman he didn't know. . . . It was some weeks ago. He was taking the boat from Boston to be present for his regular weekly NBC broadcast on Laws That Safeguard Society when he saw her standing by the rail. She was pale. Her eyes were red and staring. "Trouble, trouble, trouble," thought the dean. His attention was distracted for a moment. He heard a splash. She had jumped overboard and was dead when they pulled her out of the water. If only he had spoken—

* * *

MISS Whenthemoon Comesover Themountain accepted an invitation to cross the Hudson and attend a special broadcast at WAAT a few days ago. Quite a gathering of Jersey folk was there to greet her. Some of the boys asked her questions and teased her over the mike but she just laughed and enjoyed it the same as everybody. Kate Smith is about the most popular girl in our village these days.

* * *

WONDER if you ever heard about Phil Dewey's girl who lived on a farm near Macy, Indiana? Phil lived on another farm 'bout half a mile from her. He was crazy about her but lacked courage to propose. They kept company fifteen years before he popped the question. That's how she comes to be Mrs. Dewey today. Phil is baritone with the Revelers and a handsome chap.

* * *

DID you look on pages 6 and 7? "Are you listenin'?"

H. P. B.

The new

General Motors Radio Program

"THE PARADE OF THE STATES"

TWO great forces bind the people of our continent together: transportation and communication. Of these the automobile typifies the first; the radio the second. It is therefore especially fitting that General Motors should devote its radio broadcasts to this new series of programs, designed to promote wider travel and better understanding. Every week through "The Parade of the States" a different state is visited, and for the first time radio draws back the curtain on the Panorama of America.

A large concert orchestra under the direction of Erno Rapee is heard presenting musical numbers suggestive of the state's history and development. The orchestra will be supplemented with special guest artists from week to week. A tribute to the state written by Bruce Barton is read by Charles Webster, noted radio actor. Graham McNamee is guest announcer as in the past.

Copies of the state tributes, as they are broadcast, are available in scroll form suitable for framing, to anyone who may care to receive them.

For the next ten weeks the following states will be featured:

OHIO	December 7th	NEVADA	January 11th
GEORGIA	December 14th	FLORIDA	January 18th
MISSOURI	December 21st	ILLINOIS	January 25th
CALIFORNIA	December 28th	DELAWARE	February 1st
NEW YORK	January 4th	LOUISIANA	February 8th

Every Monday evening at 9:30, E. S. T., over the
WEAF *and* N. B. C. *coast to coast network, sponsored by*

GENERAL MOTORS



Wayne King

BORN down in the mesa country about El Paso Wayne King grew up in a region where the stars seem to come closer to the earth than anywhere else in the world. He has become famous as "The Waltz King of the Air" because of his characteristic interpretation of music in three-four time. He has written several song successes including Beautiful Love and The Waltz You Saved for Me.

"Most Conceited Person I Ever Knew"

Wayne King

Writer Thinks Waltz King Successor to B. A. Rolfe Has High Opinion of Himself and May Be Justified.. He Lives in a Mystic World and Hopes for Big Things

By ANN STEWARD

MANY auditions were held to find the right orchestras to carry on the brilliant fanfare created by B. A. Rolfe. That Wayne King was selected surprised many of his friends. His style is radically different, but there can be no question as to his popularity. Miss Steward's faculty for analyzing and understanding "the works" that make an artist the kind of a man he is has been well demonstrated in this article.

IT WOULD be a well nigh hopeless task and I had discounted all that from the start. To drive Wayne King into a corner for a personal analysis would just naturally demand almost superhuman endurance, tact and determination. I had the determination. Tact and endurance would have to meet the test.

Wayne King, they call him Waltz King in Chicago, now becomes a national figure since he has been signed on that Lucky Strike program. But he has been slaying feminine hearts right and left in the Midwest for the past two or three seasons. As an interviewer I have avoided him. He hates interviewers and Lord knows, we interviewers have enough trouble without going out to hunt for it. Besides it's much pleasanter to go places where they give you the glad hand of welcome, serve tea, caviar and ice cream.

But there was no dodging the Wayne King interview after he had been signed to follow "Bustet Adem" Rolfe, even if he did share the honors with Andy Sanella and Gus Arnheim. I know Destiny had Wayne by the hand. It could not be otherwise for he is a fine musician and has a personal charm that fairly makes you gasp.

He is a great favorite with WGN and KYW audiences. His path is strewn with roses from one swanky ballroom to another around the curve of the lake from Sheridan Park to Woodlawn. But why do they rave over him so? I know. He keeps them guessing. He is desirable but unconquerable. All the arts of women's wile have rolled from his iron armor like water off a duck's back. His heart wears an impenetrable mask. Coquettes turn first to despair then to fury—and Wayne King, dauntless Knight of the Saxophone, laughs in gleeful freedom. A woman's slave? Huh, never!

But I had a deep seated conviction that this merry man had a soul and sallied forth to find it. They ushered me into his presence. After the amenities we settled down and I measured him in a chair about ten feet from mine. He leaned back in a mellow glow of light. His eye lids drooped a bit. He was relaxed although I fancied he was trying bravely to conceal the fact that he was either unutterably bored or was watching the words that came from his mouth that he didn't say the wrong thing that might get into print.

I pried gently and approached the more intimate questions as delicately as I knew how. I learned about his boyhood. He had been orphaned while still very young and had been sent to a military school. From these earliest days he found himself shrouded in a definite veil of loneliness. He had fancies. His thoughts soared to a world of beauty and tranquility far above this mundane sphere. Music appealed to him tremendously. Wings of rhythm and harmony lifted him into a kind of ecstacy which determined him as a child to become a musician.

He joined the school orchestra and learned to play the clarinet, and that first day he sat with his mates in a concert was one that he confessed he never would forget. He liked study. He had a real thirst for more and more knowledge as to the why and wherefore of all things. After he had finished his preliminary training he immediately set himself for college and a degree. Didn't have any money but there was sure to be a way. He graduated from college. Still he had no practical preparation by which he hoped to make a living. In a short time he completed a business course and qualified as a certified public accountant. But this was not his goal.

THE problem of shelter and food was solved and he set apart eight hours a day to attend to that necessity. Wayne King, the boy, was now Wayne King the man. Where were those dreams, those celestial strains that had summoned him and pointed the way to His Career? He listened and they still were calling. Now there were new turrets and minarets to those airy castles. He had been hearing

greater and more wonderful music. And out of the galaxy of brass and wood, yes and sometimes gold and silver bodies of heavenly sound that paraded before his mental eye one stood sweet and lovely above them all. He fell in love with the saxophone.

WHY waste thought on women and wine when this transcendent creation could voice all that the human soul could conceive for expression? He married a saxophone. He had no teacher. After all a teacher would have been something of a third party. He had done his own wooing and he knew he would soon understand. Some of the roomers at the Y. M. C. A. hotel where he lived would rather have seen him less sentimental and more practical in the matter so he muffled his early pipings in the feathery bosom of his bed pillows. Soon those first little marital discords were smoothed away. He acquired the habit of talking words through the instrument. People marveled at this but it was only an outgrowth of his one and only true love finding its own expression.

Somehow in the dusky depths of this room I began to sense the fluttering shadowy existence of the world wherein this strange man moved and spent the hours of his true living. At times he spoke as in a trance and I leaned forward breathlessly to hear words that were barely audible from his lips. In my own heart I felt a flickering joy as of a child being led into a room whence all others had been excluded, a room filled with beautiful treasures wherein one must step on tip-toe and speak not above a whisper.

So I learned presently that the long black books with the dull red backs which had tided him across one phase of his life had folded themselves into bleak drab phantoms and floated away into the mists of memory. With his beloved saxophone he became a member of an orchestra. Intangibles were beginning to assume the forms of tangibles. Dreams were coming true. Wayne King became a minor note in the great ocean of music that floods the world at night.

But Destiny was not satisfied. One sad sweet strain was not enough to fulfill the dreams of youth so the young Knight, Oh yes, he had won his chevrons now, brought together certain kindred souls to play under his magic wand as the Wayne King dance orchestra. They specialized in a distinctive type of presentation. And that is how the name Waltz King came to be known.

Keyed to his pitch I asked him in the same tempo and volume as his own what he considered the peak of his future ambitions. The little words went winging away to the world of his thoughts and soon the answer came sailing back. He hoped to become a creator and leader of some new kind of a symphonic orchestra. A symphony of perfection from melody that touched the masses of humanity—not the cold mathematical classics of the old masters. A master of a new kind of soul stirring music that could stand the test of time because it would touch those basic chords of all human understanding. The voice of yearning desire, sad reflections, bitter disappointment, mastering hope—spoken without words but by sheer blending of tones attuned to the heart strings of all mankind.

Through this moment of reverie I heard a motor horn, a door slam. The seance was ended. I felt as though I had been under hypnotic spell. The skin on my arms felt cold and shivery as though a window had blown open to be followed by a dash of cold rain. I shrugged and settled back in my chair. Wayne King looked at me from the corner of his eye. He was seasoning a saxophone reed with his mouth. The trip to the dream world of Wayne King was over. I had caught a glimpse of the soul of the man as it lived beyond the veil of flesh and bone. Whether I have been able to impart anything of what I saw or felt to you, dear reader, is a question that can be answered only by yourself. The door was closed to me forever, now, although I still had questions to ask; and there was one that I did ask.

WAYNE KING'S indifference to press stories was manifested when he suddenly vaulted into the sky from a Chicago flying field and didn't come down again until he landed in Denver. Few people even knew he had been learning to fly. He owns a five passenger ship in which he loves to travel at great heights detached from all worldly contacts.

"Are you ever happy?" I knew it was too late to get a real answer. His eyes twinkled a bit as he replied:

"Yes, I am happy often—completely happy. Happiness comes when I am most melancholy. You see when a person is melancholy he is wishing for something with all his heart. In this state long enough a man eventually possesses that very thing for which he wishes—then he is happy. Then I am happy."

An Oracle! Make your own interpretation. Personally, judging it by a literal interpretation, I consider the theory pure unalloyed bunk. I have known plenty of people who have wished for things they could never have if they lived a million years and kept on wishing every hour and minute of their lives.

What do I think of Wayne King? He has the most colossal conceit of any person I ever met? He may collect from a butterfly world but he is deep. His literary tastes are for serious books—tomes much too ponderous and philosophical to hold my undivided attention. I forgive him his conceit because he really believes that he is what he thinks he is—and who am I to say whether he is right or wrong? It is obvious he is rising head and shoulders above the general run of leaders. He can compose and has done some very fine things but that kind of fame is not in his scheme. He has just turned thirty. Where will he be next year, the year after that? Take my tip and watch him. It will be like a thrilling continued story of growing success.

FRANK BURKE of the Music Corporation of America contributes the following concise sketch of the Waltz King:

In 1927 orchestra first heard in radio broadcasts over KYW . . . romantic waltz music and his brilliant saxophone solos made orchestra overnight radio sensation . . . bushels of fan mail followed . . . mostly from women . . . many mash notes with requests for more romantic numbers . . . Wayne's orchestra became regular feature over KYW in 1929 and continued until April, 1931, when he began broadcasting over WGN . . . chain broadcasts have been many . . . first commercial over CBS in 1929 . . . next over NBC . . . now featured on a coast-to-coast commercial broadcast each Sunday for Lady Esther account . . . fan mail, mostly feminine handwriting, is tremendous . . . many times referred to as "The Idol of the Radio Networks. . ."

Last Christmas took his bandsmen away from home for the Inter-Collegiate Ball on Christmas day at William Penn Hotel in Pittsburgh . . . hated to deprive his boys of their Christmas festivities at home so arranged specially decorated private car for trip going and coming with all the holiday trimmings . . . played one-night stands last spring in response to requests . . . 25,000 persons danced to his music during four days at Duluth and leading newspaper acclaimed Wayne to be "The Perfect Maestro" . . . opened Netherlands Plaza Hotel, Cincinnati, to greatest ballroom business of year . . . played to turn-away crowds at Schroeder Hotel, Mil-

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Following Gypsy Trail Tom Curtin Finds

WAR THRILLS

By Tom Curtin

Author of Land of the Deepening Shadow, The Edge of the Quicksands and The Tyranny of Power

SINCE I began dramatizing my adventures under the title of "Thrillers" for the National Broadcasting Company on a fifty-two station coast-to-coast hook-up late last August, many listener friends have asked me how I started adventuring.

I won't go back into earlier rovings but will give Frank Edward Allen here the credit for starting me out on the high-powered adventure that was to bring me into the first fighting of the World War down on the Serbian border. Allen was the editor of Travel Magazine at the time and he finally agreed that I might come to New York to talk over my wild desire to go exploring for him.

Down on the boat I came from Boston and during my one full day with him on Manhattan we agreed that Europe had grown altogether too tame.

"Except the remote valleys of the Carpathians for some good first-hand gypsy stories!" he enthusiastically proposed.

We talked about my uncle Jeremiah Curtin, who had been a great source of inspiration to me since childhood. It was Jeremiah Curtin who brought "Quo Vadis" out of its Polish obscurity. He was undoubtedly the greatest linguist of all time. He could not only read and write, but could speak seventy odd languages and dialects including a number of Oriental tongues. Languages just grew on Uncle Jeremiah without effort, but I had to toil hard enough for mine. And so I armed myself with a Hungarian dictionary after considerable search in New York before taking the boat back for Boston to get ready for my lone journey into the land of the gypsies.

Perhaps Editor Allen wanted to dissuade me at the last minute. "It's only fair to tell you," he cautioned, "that the only other man we sent down to the Carpathians to dig up gypsy stories died down there. And we've never heard exactly why."

Well, people die much nearer home than the Carpathians so I didn't see why I should give up the expedition for that reason. Anyway, Frank Edward Allen washed his hands of me by telling me to go into the Hungarian backlands and dig up my gypsies.

In elation I headed for the Fall River boat to return to Boston; and I wasn't on that boat five minutes before I was hard at work on some Hungarian research. Not out of the ship's library, but out of the ship's passengers. I spotted a dumpish figure in a very foreign brown suit with a suggestion of violet hue; and I became interested in the lad when I saw what a hard time he was having with the few words of English that he knew. Whereupon he and I agreed on German as a medium in which to exchange ideas, and I researched him until midnight.



Tom Curtin as he appeared during war days. Lord Northcliffe said Tom Curtin had seen more of the World War than any other living person. He was war correspondent for London newspapers for two years behind the German lines. If his mission had been known he would have been instantly shot as was one of his comrades in a similar position.

It was his first day in New York, which he had entered by way of the steerage and Ellis Island. He was still staring-eyed at the wonders of the new world —and he was most reluctant to give any adverse comment to a native. However, I soon learned that he was disappointed that there were no flowers in the streets of New York, as in his home town. How he did festoon his birthplace with roses and lilies!

"Where is your home town?" I asked, my mind more on gypsies than flowers.

"Czernowitz," he answered laconically.

"Czernowitz?" . . . I had been very proud of my geography, and my trips to Vienna and Budapest, but that was a new one on me.

"Where is Czernowitz?" I was forced to ask.

"In the Bukowina," he replied with an air that seemed to indicate he had told everything, there wasn't any more.

"The Bukowina." It sounded



Hungarian troops secretly photographed by Curtin in early part of the war.

like a new breakfast food; yet here was a human being who said he had come from there. "Just where is the Bukowina?" I apologetically asked and gradually from him I discovered that it was the most distant province of Austria, tucked away in a corner where Rumania and Russia came together—and its capital was Czernowitz. Czernowitz—with "flowers in the streets." Czernowitz, that brought homesick tenderness into the voice of an immigrant lad, and a trace of a mist into his eyes as he talked to me about it.



They never dreamed they were being photographed for the enemy.

By midnight he had made Czernowitz a vividly real and beautiful place to me, though remote and picturesque with its mingling of races in the streets and its fascinating back country which was mysterious and unknown even to him. By the time we were pulling into Boston the next morning I had made up my mind. This round-faced, queerly dressed chap was going to my home town. All right, I'd go to his! I'd head for Czernowitz where homes were homes and not Manhattan skyscrapers; to Czernowitz where I'd walk through streets fragrant and bright-hued with flowers.

IT WAS not a month as I had expected but nearly a year before I walked in the streets of Czernowitz. And I'd have needed more than the imagination of a Jules Verne remotely to have pictured the circumstances under which I should walk those streets.

It happened this way. After arriving in Hungary I decided to explore the gypsies in the southern wing of the Carpathians before moving North and East to Czernowitz. That was fortunate for it enabled Fate to pitch me down on the Serb Frontier to become mixed up with the first fighting of the World War. I had one dominating passion from that July night onwards—and that was to see first-hand everything possible in connection with that war. By early September I had formed an alliance with the one man whose money and power and backing could make this possible for me. That was Lord Northcliffe, owner of the "Times" of London, the "Daily Mail" with its biggest circulation in the world, and other newspapers. He'd supply the guns if I'd go out and get the shells: that was the agreement.

Through a kaleidoscopic succession of months I moved before I entered Czernowitz late in the winter of 1915. Months filled for me with the Hindenberg Campaign in East Prussia, the retreat from Antwerp, the Battle for the Straits of Dover, two trips back into Germany with Daily Mail play-up series of articles following each. I signed nothing for Northcliffe newspapers for more than two years in order to give me a free hand. Through an error my name appeared over one article I had written concerning the first of the Kitchener Army to reach France. It was signed by mistake in Northcliffe's "Evening News," and it nearly cost me my life in Germany. But that's a whole story in itself; so let me finish this one by telling you how I finally reached Czernowitz.

Robert Dunn of the New York Evening Post and I were becoming restless in Bucharest cafés waiting for Rumania to come into the war. We were the only two out-of-town correspondents in those parts. The Russian Minister over the punch bowls of half a dozen parties in different legations had promised to have Petrograd fit me out with a pass to join the South Russian Army, which had invaded the Bukowina, with Czernowitz long in its grasp.





Photographed by tiny concealed camera on streets of Berlin by Mr. Curtin.

Then came the calamity! For me as well as Russia. The South Army, under terrific pressure by Germany and Austria in order to keep Rumania out of the war, began to fall back in the Bukowina. My conscience told me that neither the Russian Staff, nor any other staff, would invite a war correspondent to see a retreating army perform. I hadn't plunged into the retreat from Antwerp because I had been invited to. And how a fool newspaper man does sometimes come face to face with vivid realities when he blunders on to a stage that has not been set for him. I talked this theory over with my new friend Bobby Dunn and found him in adventurous agreement.

Dunn and I went into a huddle and made up our minds that we were going to join that retreating army of the Tsar if we had to chase it out of Rumania into Russia. Our plotting and planning would make a book rather than a short magazine article. In fact Dunn devotes the whole last part of his book called "Five Fronts" to that particular escapade.

Here are some of the high spots. Rumania was one of the tightest policed and tightest frontier-protected countries in Europe. Our idiotic plan was to dash out of Rumania between the lines of the retreating Russians and the advancing Austrians, be captured by the rear guard Russians, and then join forces with them. Our first necessity was to get a unique permit from Panaitescu, Chief of the Rumanian Secret Service, to pass back and forth across the northern frontier at will. The Prime Minister, the gifted Jonescu, fixed us up in this respect with the Secret Service.



Last dress parade in Hungary before donning service uniforms.

The next step was to get some kind of a document to impress the Russians who captured us to take us before superior officers rather than kill us. To secure such a document we worked up a tremendous compassion in our hearts for any Americans who might be in Czernowitz. Our intellects told us there were none, but we stuck to our hearts.

Then we took our hearts around to dear old Charley Vopika, our Legation Minister to Rumania. He had such a big heart himself that our hearts won his sympathy—even though his intellect, like ours, told him there could not possibly be any Americans in Czernowitz. His intellect further told him that since Czernowitz was across the line in Austria it properly came under the jurisdiction of Ambassador Penfield in Vienna, and diplomats must be diplomats.

But war changes all things, and since two battling armies were between Vienna and Czernowitz, Charles Vopika did the humane thing by giving us his authorization to seek out and render succor to any and all American citizens whom we might find in Czernowitz and vicinity. "Vicinity" meant deep into Russia, as far as Dunn and I were concerned. And then the big Legation seal with the American Eagle on a field of red was stamped into the document.



And these gypsies were the real quarry sought by the author when he left America for Czernowitz.

THE night train north out of Bucharest to the end of the railway line! Then a forty-mile journey across the Moldavian hill country with villages of thatch and wattle and mud to the frontier village of Marmornitza. Chapters I could write of the house in which we passed the night and the crossing of the boundary brook in the wintry dawn.

Where were the Russians? They had pulled in their outposts, we concluded, as we plodded the twelve-mile winding road toward Czernowitz. Then came the snowflakes on a ground already white, and through the snowflakes the frowning of artillery on the crests of hills. Dummy guns of wood, we saw, as we stalked up to them. Guns to hold up the advancing Austro-Hungarians a bit—who couldn't be far behind us. A sledge ride for the last five miles into this far-flung capital of the Bukowina

(Continued on page 94)

ANGELS RUSH



Marge

Troupers Myrt *and* *By* STEVE

THERE'S a yarn behind this "Myrt and Marge" five-a-week act over the Columbia network —a yarn proving that those who rush in where angels fear to tread may not be so foolish after all.

Ask Myrt, she's the heroine of this "rushing in" story, and Myrt's mother didn't raise any foolish children.

Chicago is filled with radio experts. Some of them insist the Midwest metropolis is now the radio capital of the nation. In the past two years just about every one of these experts has conceived the Big Idea for Mr. Wrigley, the chewing gum and baseball king, for doesn't Mr. Wrigley discuss million dollar advertising contracts with as much nonchalance as you and I display in driving up to a filling station to order five gallons of common?

WITH most of these experts it wasn't the Big Idea, it was just another idea, an idea dying in the words, "I'll bet Mr. Wrigley would grab that, if he just knew about it." Others actually put the ideas on paper, and Mr. Wrigley's secretaries and advertising representatives probably received, and returned, as many scenarios as did the movie studios back in the days when the public fondly believed anyone could write and sell a motion picture, for a fabulous consideration.

For the accredited representatives of the networks who called on the Wrigley representatives at regular intervals the answer was always the same—"Show us a radio act that is different."

Such was the state of affairs for two long years—then along came Myrt.

Myrtle Vail is her full name, and as late as October, 1931, she didn't know a microphone from a mixing panel. Her professional knowledge concerned another world, floodlights, make-up, chorus rehearsals, the world backstage. Retired from that sphere where she had made her first appearance as a child actress, Miss Vail was sitting in her apartment one evening early in the aforementioned October, drawing her entertainment from the more recent stage, the radio receiver.

Quite abruptly the idea struck. As abruptly the radio set was silenced. Pencils and paper appeared and Miss Vail set to work. For several years prior to her retirement she had written her own vaudeville sketches, so she knew something of the business of putting a brain child on paper.

At 3 a. m. the desk was strewn with penciled sheets of paper. At 4 a. m. the manuscript overflow had reached the floor. At 5 a. m. the apartment was a mess—but Myrt and Marge were on the fanciful stage. They were living there on those scribbled sheets of paper, laughing, wisecracking, crying, awaiting the curtain call.

At 6 a. m. a portable typewriter was pounding out the words in the Vail apartment, and at 7, and at 8—and there stood Myrt and Marge, all dolled up in their street clothes. Neat pages, these; two completed episodes and the plot outline of a dozen more. Up to this point Myrt was just another one of those with "an idea Mr. Wrigley would grab, if he just knew about it." But here the similarity between Myrt and those others ends.

THE accepted manner in reaching millionaire manufacturers is to find someone who knows someone who knows said millionaire's secretary. Myrt hadn't heard about that method.

Instead she gulped a cup of coffee,

IN— Where High Pressure Salesmen Flopped—Sell $1,000,000 Radio Program



Myrt

Marge Make Good TRUMBULL

hastily changed her attire, gathered her manuscript under her arm, walked to the curb, hailed a taxi and said—"Wrigley building!"

Maybe she had learned the trick in crashing the office of theatrical bookers, for it never occurred to anyone to question or halt the young woman with the very confident, I-belong-here-try-to-stop-me air who strode into the manufacturer's office and ordered herself announced to P. K. Wrigley, president of the company.

Of course a secretary came first, but Miss Vail was so confident she had the real idea that soon the secretary, accustomed to insistent persons though she was, believed there might be something behind this particularly insistent person after all. The secretary disappeared for a moment into the inner office. When she re-appeared it was with those magic words—"Come in, Miss Vail."

MYRT will tell you that in the following hour she did the best job of acting of her career. She put on the entire script alone, taking all of the parts, Myrt, Marge, the giggling "chicks" of the chorus, the dumb "Patsy," all of them. And before the hour was half finished she had accomplished what scores of trained radio writers had tried in vain for two years to accomplish. That elusive, different something was there.

The sponsor was "sold." Myrt set out to round up the large supporting cast demanded by the script. Advertising representatives started work on the innumerable details associated with this going on the air business. The Columbia offices in Chicago were busy clearing time over a coast to coast chain of stations—7 to 7:15 p. m. E.S.T. in the east; 10:45 to 11 p. m. E. S. T. for the west.

Miss Vail selected Donna Damerel, with whom she has been associated in the theatre, as "Marge." For the most part the others in the cast are also drawn from those backstage days. Irene Wicker, Bess Johnson and Patricia Manners are the only names previously known among radio listeners. Bobby Brown, veteran in Chicago microphone circles, is directing the productions.

Myrt's courage and unfaltering persistence in working out and carrying through the minute details of her idea are worthy of commendation to many another. She wasn't satisfied with merely talking about what "could be done" she simply performed. It made no difference who had tried and failed.

As one Chicago wag remarked when informed a radio unknown had grabbed off the much sought Wrigley contract—"How does that song go, 'I Found a Million Dollar Contract, in a Five Cent Pack of Gum?"

The 7 to 7:15 p. m. E. S. T. period goes to the following stations: WABC, W2XE, WOKO, WFBL, WGR, WEAN, WDRC, WNAC, WCAU, W3XAU, WJAS, WMAL WCAO WWVA, WADC, WKRC, WSPD, KMOX.

From 10:45 to 11 p. m. E. S. T. they broadcast over these stations: WBBM, WXYZ, KMBC, WLAP, WCCO, KLZ, KDYL, KHJ, KOIN, KFRC, KOL, KFPY, KFBK.



Bonnie Blue

Has chased the blues of radio listeners-in to WBAP, Ft. Worth, Texas; WFAA, Dallas; KPRC, Houston. Has made life happier for Elks, Rotarians, Kiwanians and Lions in the Lone Star State. WBBM and WGN, Chicago also claim this Charming entertainer. And, Oh, yes, Miss Blue was one of the first Television girls—in 1929 at the Chicago Radio Show.

Poor Old Santa, He's Got

ATHLETE'S FOOT

Says Ambrose J. Weems

Mysterious Hilda Drops Her Letters— Funny Christmas for Radio Stars

By Felix Flypaper

GREEN or white all indications point to a funny Christmas around the headquarters of the big chain broadcasting companies. It will be funnier if they get all the funny things they are asking for. But these are the days when a harassed humanity looks most hopefully toward the funny side of life and trusts for better things.

Tomorrow the unalimonied job divorcee must put on his hunting shoes and stalk another chance. In the meantime we have asked some of your favorite smile makers to give you a few Christmas thoughts.

First I strolled into the marble foyer of the National Broadcasting Company and climbed the golden stairs via elevator to the studio floors. Peering about I came to a sad and lonely looking man muttering to himself as he puttered over a new wind-making machine.

"Ambrose J. Weems!" I exclaimed.

"NONE other," said he. "Pardon me if I continue with my research. I've got to find the lost chord that differentiates between spring-zypher-in-the-tree-tops and the fierce-wind-that-howls-down-the-chimney-the-night-before-Christmas. This is vitally important at this time of the year—but don't mind me just keep right on talking. I can hear you at the same time, I'm that way. I hear with one ear and think with the other."

"Oh certainly, I suppose one must think with something—"

"I doubt it. But don't let me interrupt you. You were saying something about Christmas, I believe. Yes, yes,—what should be the Christmas anthem this year? Well, now, that's a real question but in a shortwave radio communication with Santa Claus who summers in Warsaw—"



Ambrose J. Weems disguised as Raymond Knight, Gentleman about 711 Fifth Ave., where NBC keeps open house.

"Warsaw! I thought it was the North Pole—"

"Pardon my interruption. But is it not all the same? Warsaw is in Poland. Be broad minded, perhaps North Warsaw is in North Poland. Why quibble? But excuse me, you were asking—?"

"Is there any Santa Claus?"

"Yes and no."

"Thanks; I'm glad that's settled, I'll be going on—"

"Wait. You should have asked me to elucidate. I'm very busy just now. This wind machine is showing signs of life. I fear a cyclone is brewing—pardon, please excuse my prohibition; I mean the hanky sails are set for a big blow. As I was about to say I'm very busy just now and it looks as though I am going to be busier. Fortunately I have here in my tunic (the contralto one) a paper which I have prepared to read to the Society for the Preservation of White Whiskers of which I have the honor to be president. My own snowy chin curtains, as you will observe, I am preserving for future use when I am less concerned with the ill winds that might blow through them from wind machines thereby creating static and other irritations."

Prof. Weems hurriedly snatched a paper from his tunic, handed it to me and then doubled over the wind machine winding it furiously. The paper follows:

Some Clauses on Santa Claus

By Ambrose J. Weems, alias K. U. Ku, alias Raymond Knight.

SANTA CLAUS is not a myth. He's a Mithter.

If you want to read any more, the president of this society will not be held responsible.

A year ago on Christmas Eve it was a cold and snowy night. I was at home snug and warm busily engaged in filling my stocking. After I got it on, I discovered a hole in the toe and peering out of the hole, in a rather quizzical manner, was Moe, my favorite toe. (I call them—Eeny, Meeny, Miny, Moe, etc.,—.) As I sat gazing sadly at Moe, I heard a crying outside my window. Some one was sobbing not like an adult,



His eyes glistened as he saw the bottle. Tears of gratitude rolled down his whiskers as I soaked his strong athletic foot.

but more like absobbing, Jr. "Ah" said I, "some little child has athlete's foot outside my domicile," and I rushed to the window, threw open the sash—and there huddled on the doorstep was a man.

One of my footmen ran out and assisted the huddled figure into the warmth of the living room where a cheery gas log was crackling in the fireplace. We seated him on a cracker box near the Early American hearth (By Hearth, Schaffner and Marx Brothers) and I brought out a big bottle.

His eyes glistened as he saw the bottle, and there were tears of gratitude in his eyes as I rubbed the liniment on his aching feet.

We took his overcoat off and one of the footmen went thru the pockets. As we unwound the muffler from around his neck, I recognized it as the muffler which had been missing from my car, but the man's condition was so pitiful that I said nothing about it. Next we unfastened the celluloid collar, loosened the collar buttons and—a long white beard popped out!

I fell forward in amazement. My footmen fell backward. (You see, we had had no rehearsal.) I stared at the old man and words sprang to my lips and crept up under my moustache.

"You—you—are—"

He nodded his head dumbly.

"Beatrice Fairfax," I said.

"No!" he shouted, "Santa Claus!"

HOW the footmen laughed. I blushed in confusion. "The drinks are on you," said Santa Claus. "They certainly are," I admitted. So the footmen took them and poured them over my head.

So Santa Claus and I settled down beside the gas log with a mug of foaming acidophilus milk, threw off all our restraint and our waistcoats and sat there like two old cronies.

"Here we are sitting like two old cronies," I remarked to Santa Claus.

"We certainly are," he chuckled—(*you* try to chuckle that), "sitting here like two old cronies."

"There's only one cigar we can smoke then," I exclaimed.

"What's that?" he queried.

"Coronie—Coronie," I ejaculated.

The footmen all gave me their notices and I let them go, not I confess without a sigh of regret. They were old family retainers and had been with me nearly four weeks.

"Come," I said to Santa Claus, "tell me, what were you crying about just now outside my casement window?"

"Nobody believes in me any more," he gulped, with a gulp that reminded me of the Gulp of Mexico.

I STOOD up, drew myself to my full height with a pencil and a piece of paper, and said simply—"Santa, *I* believe in you."

"Yeah," he yeahed, "People tell me you ain't quite bright."

Confidence restored in the old man, I threw another glance on the fireplace and the gas log flared up, momentarily illuminating the room and an old medieval manuscript on a nearby table. As it died down I said to the old man—"Santa, can you give me some message to the world, can you give me something to remember you by?" We sang this quietly for a few minutes and then I repeated my question. "Santa," I repeated, "let me take your message to the world, and then, *then*, they will believe you." Tears welled in his eyes. "Well, well, well," they seemed to say.

Seeing the advantage I had, I shot a question at him. "Tell me why reindeer have horns!" I shot. The shot hit the mark and in a trice he was on his knees before the smouldering gas log, pouring out the whole impassioned story.

"Once upon a time when I first got my reindeer they had no horns. They didn't need them because traffic wasn't as bad as it is today. Well, I had to build a stable for them thar deer and it came to me all of a sudden I could build a trophy room—you know what a trophy is?" he asked me.

"Atrophy is hardening of the arteries," I returned.

He ignored me and continued—"So I built my trophy room and hung up my guns and snowshoes on the walls but I didn't have any heads to hang up. You know what I mean by heads?"

"I had one this morning," I hazarded.

He ignored me and continued—"So I built the eight stables for my eight reindeers around the trophy room, and I cut eight holes in the walls, one into each stable. Then I trained the eight reindeer to stand in the eight stables and put their heads thru the eight holes in the walls, and so I had eight mounted deer heads all around the trophy room at no extra expense. Do you get me?"

"No," I said, "but the goblins'll, ef you don't watch out."

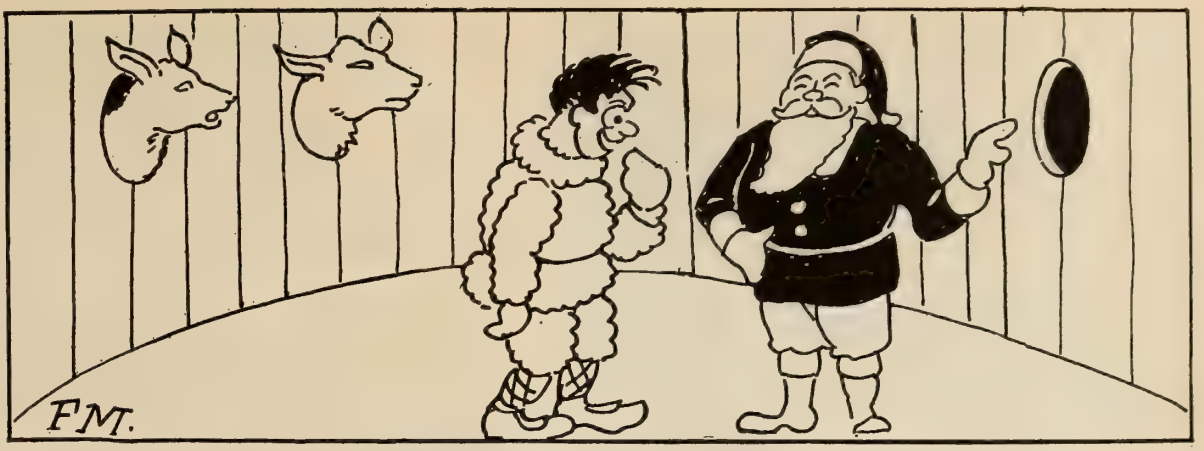
HE ignored me and continued—"But the deer had only two ears on their heads and they could pull back their heads at any time and leave a hole in the wall. You see if I had made them small enough so they couldn't get *out*, they couldn't of got *in*. That was my grandpa's idea—do you agree?"

"Well," I said, "I agree with your grandpa, but not with your grammar."

He ignored me and continued—"You see, it was very embarrassing for me to have one of the local Eskimos in to dinner, to take him into the trophy room, point to the wall and say, 'Now I shot *this* one in Siberia in 1899,' and then find I was pointing to an empty hole."

Christmas at Grandma Stoopnagle's

The Colonel Becomes Reminiscent and Harks Back to the Good Old Days when Grandma entertained—Her Zither concerts were so hot they cooked the turkey. All the ghastly details on page 48.



"See that big brute?"
"Ya-yaya-ya."
"Well I brung him down with one crack up Fleascratch canyon on the Great Levinsky Divide by Halsted street."

"Holes are usually empty, aren't they?" I parried.

He ignored me and continued—"So there I was. If the holes were too *small,* the reindeer couldn't get their heads *into* the frames, and if they were too *big,* they pulled them back at the wrong time. And there I was, on the two horns of a dilemna!"

"Perhaps you should have had the police frame them," I replied.

He ignored me and continued—"But Santa Claus was not to be foiled! I studied the situation and then—it came to me. You see *each deer presented the horns of a dilemna,* so I took the horns of each dilemna and fastened them on each reindeer's head and they couldn't pull them back! And that is why reindeers have horns today!"

I took his long white whiskers and tied him to his chair before the fireplace. Then, drawing a good deep breath, I blew the gas log out.

Before he ignored me, I ignored him.

Moe Also Athletic

THIS seemed to be the end of the treatise. I looked up and Prof. Weems was gurgling and gesticulating wildly as the wind machine uttered a series of curious rips as though the canvas drum was being torn in shreds.

"But—but—" I hesitated. "I don't see where this answers the question whether there is a Santa Claus or not. It doesn't say definitely whether he was asphyxiated or died of athlete's foot."

"Possibly you never heard of my prowess as an athlete," said Prof. Weems. He arose suddenly and advanced toward me brandishing the toe of a thick and well polished shoe. . .

At the bottom of the second flight I almost telescoped a long line of gay and chattering radio stars who were passing before the window of the chief of the Department for Christmas Wants. Concealing myself in an empty mailbag I was smuggled into the room and deposited under the counter beneath the window. As I huddled there I heard each one tell the attendant what was wanted for his or her Christmas stocking. By the light of a pocket flash which I always carry in the end of my fountain pen I was able to write down the answers which were as follows:

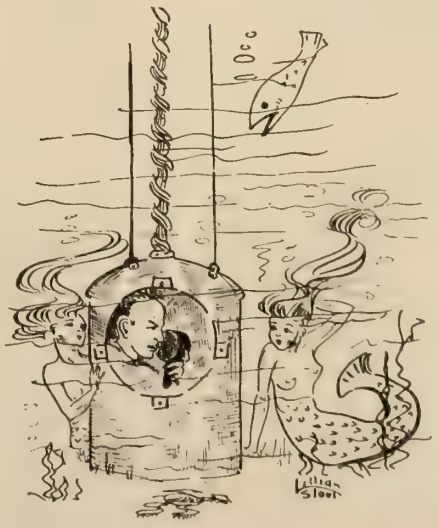
Gertrude Berg, author and co-star of "The Goldbergs" sought Santa Claus to "deposit 100 scripts written in advance" in her Yuletide chiffons.

Jeff Sparks, NBC announcer, prayed for "a one way ticket to Tahiti."

Alice Joy, recent contralto addition to NBC's artist staff, wants a new concert grand piano and is willing to pay cartage to Santa Claus if she gets one. "I'll put the stocking into the piano instead," she added.

Sarah Jordan, heard on the Woman's Radio Review daily program, wants a "tiny house in the country—white—Cape Cod type—picket fence—and an electric range in the kitchen."

"What do I want in my Christmas stocking?" chuckled Nellie Revell, voice of Radio Digest, whose weekly period of intimate studio gossip is heard over an NBC-WEAF network, "why I'd be satisfied with about forty new stations in my hook-up."



Ted Husing says he wants to get some place where he won't have to send out Christmas cards and Miss Lillian Stout (with her tongue sticking out) says he should jump in the ocean. But she pictures him even there surrounded by some kind of belles, if not exactly Christmas bells.

Paul Oliver, singer of love songs, wants a railroad engine in his stocking: Paul's ambition has always been to be a railroad engineer, and nothing he declares, would make his Christmas merrier than a nice little engine to run around his own backyard.

Gladys Rice, soprano, would "just love one of those little pekinese," and Marcella Shields, she of the baby voice on the Dutch Masters program, will be content with a pair of roller skates so she can get from her home in Forest Hills to the studio in time.

Ray Perkins would like two new high notes. "Not like my old one," he explains "Everybody knows about the old one. I want two new ones that I can surprise people with, including myself. And oh yes, I'd like a couple of curliques for my whistle like Morton Downey has and a new face for television."

Erno Rapee wants bigger and better orchestras with himself as director.

Eunice Howard, actress, wants a playmate for "Egbert" her pet tortoise. He has been very lonesome since the death of "Lizzie" a year ago.

James Wallington, announcer, wants a good front lawn before his home at Freeport, L. I.—also wants lots more sleep than he is getting.

George Hicks, announcer, likes the U. S. Navy dirigible so well that he wants a miniature Akron for his private use.

Phil Cook, the one man army of voices, wants more voices to imitate.

AL SIMMONS, NBC dark-skinned hat check boy, says "any gifts gratefully received."

Lowell Thomas wants more and better Tall Stories.

Ross Gorman, versatile musician and the inventor of many variations of con-

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Critics Declare Mills Brothers Quartet

MOST POPULAR FIND

IT DOESN'T make any difference who you are, or what color of skin the good Lord gave you if you've got something new and pleasing as it comes through a radio receiver you are in demand. There is no bar sinister before the mike.

But Mother Mills wasn't entirely sure about this as she proudly surveyed her four big boys down in Cincinnati. She knew something about the show business. She knew a whole lot about harmony. And these four strapping black brothers were born with harmony all matched and bred in the bone for each other.

"You've got something there," said a friendly radio director to Mrs. Mills. "But you'd better take them to New York if you want them to get national recognition."

Goodness to gracious, how was she ever going to get those boys to New York. But she did. And one day they meandered into the Columbia Broadcasting System studios and humbly waited for an audition. Following is the story as Mr. Robert S. Taplinger related it to Radio Digest.

At first no one gave them any particular attention, and they stood around in the reception room of the 19th floor for more than a half-hour. The reception clerk thought they were applicants for jobs as porters, and they could have been except that one carried a small and shabby-looking guitar.

Finally, their presence was brought to the notice of Ralph Wonders, director of the artists division. They said they were the Mills brothers from Cincinnati. They also said they sang together. Wonders took them into a studio, and there they harmonized for him. But they did only one number—Wonders didn't wait to hear the second. He rushed them into a studio which was sending an orchestra audition to the private office of William S. Paley, President of Columbia.

"With your permission, Mr. Paley," Wonders said, "I'd like you to hear the Mills brothers." With that brief introduction he signaled to the somewhat startled boys to sing. They did, and so delighted was the executive with their unique vocal renditions that he sent word to Wonders to have them continue. And for more than an hour the four went from one song to another, dozens of them altogether.

Three days later they were scheduled for their first broadcast. There was no advance ballyhoo. Not a line of print, other than the bare program listing, heralded their network debut. They went on the air "cold," but as soon as their program was half-way completed, those around the studios realized that here was the "hottest" outfit that had come to radio in many Wabash moons.



Just as you see the Mills brothers in this photograph, holding the mail order guitar (price $6.25) is John, the oldest, age 21. Left to right, his brothers are Herbert, 19; Harry, 18; and Don, the baby, just 17. Not long ago they were hod-carrier, bootblack, greenhouse worker, and errand-runner in Cincinnati, now big chain stars.

THE Mills Brothers, the youthful Negro quartet that has overnight inspired applause from a nation-wide radio audience because of their harmonious melodies, seem to be far ahead in the race which will award them the coveted title "radio's most popular find in 1931." Unless a brilliant star peeks up from the radio horizon within the next eight weeks, the Mills Brothers will win the title.

They are endowed with ability and talent that other male quartets on the radio have never discovered. The Mills Brothers are a quartet and a vocal band.

The radio audience has been quick to detect something novel, something new, and natural talent that is worthy of success. The Mills Brothers, if properly directed, and they probably will be, because their mother came from Ohio to New York with them, are destined for great popularity at the microphone. No doubt they will be in demand for theatrical appearances. It's too bad television is not quite ready to empower the audience to look in on them. They entertain the New York area through WABC.—Orrin E. Dunlop, Jr. in New York Times.

And as soon as their fifteen-minute broadcast was over, the telephone switchboard was flooded with calls from listeners. "Who are they?" . . . "What kind of instruments do they use?" . . . "How do they make themselves sound like an orchestra?" . . . "Where are they from?" . . . "When can I hear them again?"

Veteran musicians and orchestra leaders refused to believe that with only their voices they could simulate such musical instruments as the tuba, clarinet, saxophone and trombone. Yet nothing but a guitar accompanied the singing of the Mills brothers.

Their success was immediate. Newspaper and listening public's comments stamped them as the fastest "click" in radio history. They were scheduled for four broadcasts the following week, and definite proof of their literal overnight popularity occurred when a single program was cancelled for a speech of special importance. For forty-five minutes two hostesses were busily answering hundreds of calls with assurances that the Mills brothers would return to the air the following Monday.

The four youths, a bit bewildered by their sudden success in the big city, are really brothers, and only four years separate them. They are John, 21; Herbert, 19; Harry, 18; and Donald, 17. John is the bass, tuba and third trumpet—that's how they call themselves—and, in addition, plays their only instrument, the guitar. This guitar, incidentally is a mail order model and cost $6.25, C. O. D.

Herbert plays, or rather sings, the second trumpet, saxophone and trombone. He is more reticent than the others, and usually remains in the background while the others, particularly Harry, do the talking. Harry does the first trumpet, baritone solos, and "licks"—vernacular for unusual hot intonations. He is stout, almost to fatness, but resents being addressed as "Fats" by the other three. He would rather be

(Continued on page 92)

DISCOVERY *of the* *Street* Singer

By H. Elliott Stuckel



"I make my bow to a wow, Street Singer."

UNCEASING is the search for new radio talent. Just as the big league baseball organizations are combing the country for outstanding talent in the smaller leagues and sand lot nines so the big chains are listening in all sections through the ears of their scouts who percolate into openings of new theatrical productions, night clubs, local stations, church choirs, and institutional musical organizations such as schools and universities.

Sometimes the audition boards overlook good bets who are right at their own doors. These are lost in the army of impossibles who come for a try-out, are heard, registered and forgotten. But a trained scout has an uncanny sense by which he detects the right note that will click with the majority of radio listeners.

Two or three instances have been known during the past few months when almost over-night hits have been discovered at small private house parties. Ed Wolf who has discovered and manages several radio personalities dropped in at a small social gathering near his home in New York early last summer. It was all very casual. He stood chatting with his host when somebody happened to think it was a good time for a song. A girl sat down at a piano in a far corner of the room and began to strum a grand opera air. A young man guest strolled over and joined in with the words.

Wolf stopped chatting and listened.

"Hey! Who's the sweet singer?" he demanded.

"Oh he's one of the boys, Arthur Tracy," replied the host. "But what do you mean 'street singer'?"



As you may imagine him.

"I said 'sweet' not 'street'" laughed Wolf. "But that would be a dandy title for a radio artist. Think I'll have a chat with him."

A few questions revealed that Tracy was just finishing a vaudeville tour, had formerly been in musical comedy, and wasn't particularly interested in radio.

"But there's no harm in taking a test," Wolf suggested.

"Oh probably not," said Tracy, "but I've always heard those auditions are rather farcical."

"Leave it to me," smiled the scout.

A few days later Tracy answered a phone call from Wolf and arranged to come down to the Columbia Broadcasting System studios for an audition. His appointment was for a period late in the afternoon.

All day long members of the studio staff who sit in judgment during auditions had been listening to would-be warblers, assorted dramatic readers, comic skit hopers and what not. It was by no means an auspicious moment when Ed Wolf ushered in his find and introduced him as "The Street Singer."

The staff pianist ran through the introductory bars and the Street Singer hit his first dozen notes.

In a second the cloud of boredom rolled away. Faces smiled. Glances of approval were exchanged.

"Say, this young fellow has something fine and sweet."

"Let's hear some more. That may be the only thing he can do," suggested another.

So The Street Singer was asked to keep on singing until he had gone through quite a number of selections comprised of all varieties of song. The same quality was maintained throughout. Comment grew animated. He was asked if he would return for further auditions the next day. He agreed.

There was an air of expectancy the next morning when a dozen executives joined the regular audition committee to hear Ed Wolf's latest find. Tracy went through a program that was even more lengthy than his first one of the day before. At the conclusion he was asked if he would be willing to sign up for a trial period so that the radio

(Continued on page 92)



Lawrence Tibbett, Metropolitan opera star, who will be a featured soloist on the new General Electric "Song at Twilight" program.

College for Homemakers

TO HEAR the great operatic voices of the world—the rich baritone of Lawrence Tibbett, the delightful soprano of Rosa Ponselle, the exquisite harmonies of the English Singers—singing the simple songs that everyone loves just as they would sing them in their own homes to entertain a group of their personal friends—that is the treat offered on a new series of programs sponsored by the General Electric Company over the Red Network as a regular Sunday afternoon feature. This same company is also inaugurating a group of morning programs under the title of "A College for Homemakers," describing the customs and habits of homemakers of other lands, featuring a different country at each presentation.



Grace Ellis



Rosa Ponselle's soprano voice will be heard during the "Song at Twilight" broadcast on Sunday December 6th.

By Grace Ellis

"A VERITABLE college of the air for homemakers"—that's what one woman of my radio audience called the new Home Circle program of which the General Electric Company has invited me to be Directress. Of course, she was right in a way. It *is* like a college for homemakers, and with an advisory board made up of some of the most prominent women in the country. So I was truly flattered, especially when she went on to explain that she felt that "listening in" to the program was just like going to class again, it was so instructive and educational, and that it was ONE class that she never wanted to cut.

The Home Circle is one of two new broadcasting series the General Electric is inaugurating, which will be sent over the basic Red Network of the National Broadcasting Company and the entire supplemental list of stations. The other is a Sunday afternoon program, "A Song at Twilight" series that will continue throughout the winter, when the world's greatest artists, people like Farrar and Jeritza and McCormack and Tibbett, will present songs that listeners would sing in their own homes.

SOMEHOW, tho, calling the Home Circle a college doesn't exactly express what I feel about it, nor the way I want my listeners to feel about it. A college makes it sound just a little *too* formal, and I don't want to make it stiff or formal at all.

"The women's club of the air" is what I would rather call it. I like to feel that the daily meetings of the General Electric Home Circle are really like a club, you know. A nice, friendly, homey sort of club where women from all over this great country of ours (for with more than 50 stations we do cover the whole country) can get together just as neighbors. We can't actually meet face to face, of course, but we can exchange ideas on all the hundreds of things that go into homemaking. And homemaking, to my mind, is the most important job a woman can have.

I think that, I suppose, because it has always been my job, at least since I got married. But I certainly never thought it would qualify me to direct a big radio program. "Why, you don't want ME!" was the first thing I said when the General Electric officials first suggested it to me. "*I'm* not famous. *I'm* not a radio personality. *I'm* just a wife and mother, like thousands of other women."

"That's exact-

(Continued on page 88)



On December 20th, the English Singers will be the featured artists on the "Song at Twilight" program.



Jeanette Loff

AND here is another lovely lady of the stage whom the Nestlers have brought to the radio audience over the WJZ network. Miss Loff has won many friends as a motion picture star and it was in the making of talking pictures that she was discovered to have a good microphone voice. Her future therefore seems to be an assured success.

A Midnight with Sherlock

By Mark

"OCT. 6.—Just 15-minutes of leisure before Sherlock Holmes (a radio broadcast.) All doors locked and all windows barred in anticipation of exciting time. Then we douse the lights and get deliciously frightened. Isn't it silly—two grown women with the mentality of children? When it's over we're too frightened to go to bed."

ABOVE is the second from the last item in the diary written by Miss Hedvig (Sammy) Samuelson before she herself and her companion were both mysteriously slain, their bodies hacked apart, packed into a trunk and started toward the Pacific to be buried beneath the waves.

No more grewsome case had ever confronted the great Sherlock Holmes in the mind of Conan Doyle, the author.

Discovery of the crime came through the keen observation of a station agent who had the courage and initiative to act on his suspicions when he saw a red trickle from a crack in the trunk and noticed that insects hovered about. All the horror of the Phoenix trunk murders soon became known to the whole world.

Owing to the diary entry unusual interest was manifest in the Sherlock Holmes program. How many others throughout the country were pulling down the blinds and turning out the lights as these two unfortunate women had done. Was this Sherlock Holmes of the air anything at all like the character he seemed to be? Just as I was considering ways and means of finding out the telephone rang and who should be at the other end but my old friend, John Skinner, a New York newspaper reporter.



Richard Gordon

"Certainly, I know Sherlock Holmes," he said. "His name is Dick Gordon, a gentleman, a scholar, and one of the finest fellows I ever knew. Detective? Ha, ha! Say, I'll get you up to one of his midnight parties. You ought to know him—and we'll kill a few steaks at the witching hour, what say?"

"What say?" You know what I said to that. The invitation came a day or two later. I telephoned acceptance and was the first of a score of congenial souls to arrive at the NBC studios on Fifth avenue to attend the regular broadcast as a preliminary to the rendezvous that followed.

I DO not care to spoil any illusions you may have built up for yourself around the startling program by any minute description of what I saw. There is only this to say that Dick Gordon and Sherlock Holmes are two distinctly different personalities although they use the same body in this broadcast. When Gordon is Sherlock Holmes the person known as Gordon is a myth. The body is that of Holmes, lives, breathes, thinks, acts the character that you hear. But with the wave of the hand that signifies the program is ended and the mike is off then Sherlock Holmes is mysteriously dispersed into the shadows of the dimly lighted studio to hide there until the next broadcast the following week.

John brought Gordon over to the gang some of whom he had already met. He stood in the center of the group, somewhat taller than average, broad shouldered, kindly smile wrinkles at corners of his eyes, skin dark and a little tanned, his hair wavy black. Clothes? I think they might be described as "semi-formal" if there is any such thing. At any rate he looked dressed up although my impression is he was not in full evening regalia.

We trundled off to the elevators and soon were splashing through a drizzling rain to the Players Club, a quiet old mansion in Grammercy Park sacred to the shelter of men only. The Players Club had in days of old been the residence of the great master actor, Edwin Booth. Paneled walls, high ceilings, old paintings, luxurious chairs—these we found as we were ushered into the lounge by our host. He told us something about Booth and the traditions of the place. Then he took us up to the third floor where he showed us the holy of holies, the very room and bed where the great actor had closed his eyes in the last scene for him on this earth. All had been meticulously preserved just as he had left it. A book lay open on the table where he had been reading it; nothing had been disturbed.

IMPRESSED and hushed we filed down the stairs to the main floor again and into the long dining room. Here all solemnity was cast aside. Servitors brought in heaps of delicious things to eat. Delicacies and knicknacks were placed about. This tryst with the great detective who made ladies shiver in fright from coast to coast had an auspicious beginning.

"Please try these sugared walnuts," he urged passing a heaped up plate of them. "They were prepared by Emily Anne, just especially for the occasion.

I should have known Emily Anne Wellman but John explained that she was Mrs. Gordon, an actress with many great successes to her record.

"And I'll just bet a million," said John, "she's up there in their home at

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ALTHOUGH Richard Gordon who plays the part of Sherlock Holmes in the NBC broadcast series seems to have such a shrewd understanding of criminology and often is consulted by authorities as to his theories considering real crimes he makes no false claims. It is all a show for him.

This "midnight rendezvous" gives you a picture of Richard Gordon with the mask off. You find him a genial host in the Players Club and much candied walnuts prepared by his devoted wife, Emily Anne Wellman.

Rendezvous HOLMES QUEST



Sherlock Holmes as you probably see him if you are one of the millions of fans who listen to this thrilling program.

Stamford Connecticut imagining everything we are doing here where she is not allowed to come. You can tell—say try some more of these goodies. She fixes them better than anyone I ever knew.

"EMILY ANNE'S a little beauty too. Blonde, with a mind that gets you before you know what you are trying to say yourself. She bubbles over with life and vim. And you ought to sample some of her deep-dish apple pie. No doubt while it's baking she is writing a broadcast sketch for Dick. Dick likes to fuss around in the kitchen with her. He's great on making salads himself. But you know Emily Anne is a superb actress herself. She's going back to the stage again soon for some character specialties similar to the acts performed by Ruth Draper and Cornelia Otis Skinner."



Meet the Missus—Emily Anne Wellman.

It was a long, leisurely dinner. Finally when the dishes were cleared away Dick introduced a magician. Standing up, or elbow to elbow at the table, this miracle worker performed tricks with cards that were simply unbelievable. He even had Sherlock Holmes stumped for deductions.

When the chatting became general I asked Skinner a few things about Dick who was expounding to some of those nearest him what a growing wonder Radio was becoming to him.

"Wait until he gets through and I'll get him to tell you the dope himself. I know the history but it's better coming from him," said John Skinner. We turned to listen.

"Anyone who tells you he understands all about the technique of the microphone pick-up is either kidding himself or simply crazy," said Dick. "I'm frank to say I consider every broadcast I make incomplete if I haven't learned something definite and new about the technique. The fine art of radio drama is just beginning to show. The possibilities of the future are simply beyond imagination. And I don't mean television. For my part I'd rather let visible radio mature a while before taking it up too seriously. But the scope of our studio stage is almost unlimited as it now stands. Skill in producing a bit of sound over the microphone can set a complete stage in the mind's eye almost instantly. A quick flash and that scene is shifted like a wink for another. How simple and yet how effective, for each listener dresses the stage according to his own fancy—"

"Pardon me, Dick," John piped up, "but somebody just asked if you were English."

"English? Heavens, no. However, it may interest you to know that my maternal grandfather was about to take the vows of celibacy in a monastery in Switzerland when he met my grandmother. She, I am told, was then about to enter a nunnery. Instead they fell in love with each other, ran away and got married. Later they came to America. She received License No. 1 as a practicing physician in New York.

"I remember as one of my earliest stage experiences. She was in the audience. I, on the stage, was in a scene where it appeared a hiding villian had marked me for his prey. Just as he was about to shoot there was a commotion below. Grandmother stood up and shouted. 'Dick! Dick! Look out. There he is behind that tree!'"

We could well imagine the consternation that spread over that startled audience.

"There was quite a lot of family discussion," he said later, "before it was decided to let me choose my own career. I had it all fixed up that I was to go to the Philippines for the navy. But when I got to New York from our home in Bridgeport, Connecticut, my uncle balked at the whole idea. I was not so husky at the time and he was afraid my health would give out and I'd never come back alive. He called up my father by long distance and put an end to the whole plan.

"SO that had to be wiped off the slate and I concluded the next best thing for me that I would like to do was to study to become an actor. Quite shortly thereafter I was enrolled as a student at the American Academy Dramatic Arts. Three student comrades joined me when we had graduated and we opened a studio in New York to impart what we had learned to others. We gathered in one pupil who paid us one dollar a week for instruction. My uncle paid the rent. For several weeks that one dollar fed us. We bought 'meat for the dog' for ten cents. With another dime we bought greens. We cooked them together and made soup. Sometimes we did bits of entertaining at a near-by cafe and were given bread for our reward.

"One by one we found niches for ourselves and eventually the little studio

(Continued on page 90)

It Took Lew White to

"ORGANIZE" Natural Bridge

By Harold E. Tillotson

"PROFOUND! Wonderful! And yet—" The tourist was trying to express his impressions as he beheld the wonderful Natural Bridge in Virginia, as it spanned the roadway 217 feet above.

"I hear that from others. It needs something to sort of touch it off don't it?" exclaimed John Temple, manager and one of the owners of the property.

"I get the feeling that comes to me when I attend a great opera—you might say, a feeling of music confined. A peal from the Angelic Choir should come pouring out of those rocks," the tourist continued.

"Now maybe you've hit it, my friend," said Mr. Temple. "But it would have to be something big like a band. Of course we never could afford to keep a band around to complete the picture."

"Bands are all right, sir; but I have a feeling that the deep resonant tones of a mighty organ would be more appropriate. They would fit in with the spectacle of majestic grandeur—"

"Like you hear on the radio. You're right! You're right! Lew White the organist we hear up New York-way over the radio."

As a result of this casual conversation Mr. Temple shortly afterward made a visit to New York and called on various recording artists including Mr. White in his Broadway studios. They discussed ways and means of making a special series of records to be played through powerful amplifiers stationed within the arch and at the approaches of this magnificient exhibit of Mother Nature's architectural handicraft.



Lew White at his studio organ

The Virginian found Mr. White a congenial host as well as an artist. Instead of a great big organ in a crowded Broadway cubicle he found a $200,000 suite of a dozen rooms in the heart of the theatrical district. In a small but luxuriously appointed loft above the other studios and rooms he found the "master weaver of melody," a medium built man a little shorter than average height, who greeted him with all the affable hospitality a visiting Virginian could hope for so far away from his own friendly home.

They went down the little deck stairs to the reception room and met some of the musicians who had been practicing in the studios. From there they passed into the audition room where they could look through a small window, just as in a regular broadcasting station, and see another group of musicians—a complete orchestra in fact, actually broadcasting. The Lew White studios are wired directly to the National Broadcasting Company transmission system.

"Just excuse me for a minute, Colonel," said Mr. White. "I have a solo in there in about five minutes. You can see me through the window at the console, on the other side of the studio. I'll have to be all set to cut in at my cue."

John leaned back in the soft cushions and watched Lew slide into his seat before that amazing terrace of ivory and black which he called a console. Soon Lew's fingers stretched over the keyes and music sprayed into the room. It seemed incredible to John that he could not hear the organ direct for the notes were now pouring out of the amplifier

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Vis-a-Vis

with

BILL SCHUDT, Jr.

Director Television Programs, CBS

REFINEMENT of studio technique has been Columbia's principal contribution to the advancement of television during the last month. Simplification has figured prominently in the various trends at W2XAB.

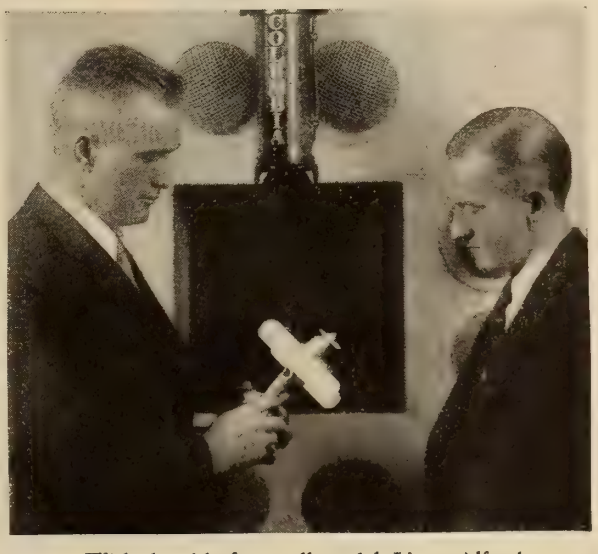
Various sized platforms are being used to bring into focus full length projection. A new three screen drop apparatus has been mounted on the ceiling of the studio and operates on tracks controlled from a far corner of the room.

Black, silver and white curtains, on rollers similar to shades, are mounted on the track and any of the backgrounds are thereby made immediately available for use in projection of any kind of television feature.

These new background screens replace the old type wooden standard with the cumbersome base and rollers. Since the standard only covered a three foot square above the subject's waistline, it was highly impractical for use in the projection of boxing matches, dancing exhibitions and the like. The new screen apparatus covers the entire focal length of the studio and a foot outside at both ends. The silver screen is the least used since it is only useful in rare instances. The blonde with the light dress will always require the black screen while the reverse is for the white screen and so on. Intermediate situations are usually taken care of by the silver drop.

USE of platforms is really nothing to talk about but when the platforms have to be designed mathematically to insure good full focus pictures, that is another story. The CBS special platforms are staggered in size so that certain groups when placed together gives certain heights, which have been found to be proper for full focus. Small orchestral groups and ensembles are set up upon these platforms. Various level platforms are utilized for dancing so that the television camera may be focused on the feet for closeup of special steps.

During the last month it has been noted at CBS that more and more of the talented people who could do nothing for radio sound broadcasting are making an attempt to pioneer for television. They realize fully that there is no remuneration in experimental television but they have CONFIDENCE of an early dawning of commercial visual broadcasting. They are smart people.



With the aid of a small model, Lieut. Alford J. Williams, U.S.N., demonstrates flying manoeuvers before television audience at W2XAB. Tom Truesdale is at right.

Among these is Tashamira. Tashamira, whose real name is Vera Milcinovic, is the famous modernist dancer whose New York performances have created much favorable comment by the press.

Tashamira has been presenting a series of dances over W2XAB which will be continued throughout the Winter. These have been seen at many distant points despite the fact that the dances are projected at a distance of seven feet from the photo-electric cells. Tashamira performs on a small platform and in white costume. Black screens are utilized thus giving direct opposite contrast and making for a clear picture.

Another outstanding contribution to the advancement of the art is the superimposed images process introduced by Edgar Wallace, chief television engineer. His arrangement which has been described in newspapers throughout the country makes it possible to super-impose living images from our studio projector on moving scenes made on small glass slides or film. Working models are now being tested in the Columbia laboratory.

INTEREST has become so intense in the new science that showrooms on Broadway have installed visual receiving apparatus over which most of them pick up CBS television broadcasting and project it out toward the Great White Way for the benefit of the surging millions nightly.

Methods of indirect lighting have also been introduced into Columbia studio technique so that artists may have some light while performing. This is especially advantageous for the boxing exhibitions. Heretofore the only light the fighters could have was that provided by the flying spot.

Charcoal sketch programs have proven to be one of the most effective visual broadcasts. "Follies of Life" a feature presented by Lou Hanlon, prominent illustrator, is considered by many lookers-in to be one of the outstanding programs broadcast over W2XAB. Hanlon, who has a keen sense of humor, arranges each week a series of drawings that can be quickly changed by an artist's technique to designate

(Continued on page 80)

NBC Cuts a Five Candle Cake

'Twas the Fifteenth of November in Twenty-six Broadcasting Was Found in a Heck of a Fix— So they forged the first links of a National chain And gave the dear listeners good programs again

By Thomas Williams

WITH the problem of television dominating the interest of the radio world, a group of leaders in the industry pause at this time of the year to survey the achievement of sound broadcasting during the last five years.

The National Broadcasting Company, pioneer nationwide broadcasting company which was organized primarily to save the radio industry from a chaos brought on by a horde of unregulated upstarts, will remember that though it is great in accomplishment, it is small in the span of its life. The organization that serves half the nation's population with entertainment and instructional broadcasting celebrates a birthday and cuts a cake with only five proudly sputtering candles in a studio high above Fifth Avenue's surging traffic.

Merlin H. Aylesworth, president of the youthful company and moulder of its development, and other contributors take inventory of their work, and undoubtedly heave justifiable sighs of satisfaction as they contemplate the coast-to-coast networks consisting of an association of eighty-three of the nation's leading transmitters, with a supplementary branch across the St. Lawrence in Canada. They doubtless think of the more than $25,000,000 gross business on this fifth year in which these associated stations share. They will think also of the greatly improved broadcast service and the development of greater programs—religious, educational, international rebroadcasts, special broadcast events, sports, varied entertainment. They proudly consider how international boundaries, natural barriers and distances have been eliminated for the radio receiving set owner.

They are remembering how radio has developed since the turn of the century



Merlin H. Aylesworth

when in 1904 Valdimir Poulsen, a Danish engineer, first harnessed the Duddell Musical Arc to a transmitter and projected the human voice some distance through the air.

In 1915 the United States Navy conducted long-distance experiments during which the human voice, projected from Washington D. C., was heard in Paris and Hawaii. The World War gave radio telephony its next great impetus, hastening the development, engineers estimate, by ten years.

AFTER the war amateurs everywhere experimented with radio telegraphy and radio telephony broadcasting and receiving equipment and then one of them, Dr. Frank Conrad, assisted by C. W. Horn, now general engineer for NBC, startled the world by inaugurating the pioneer broadcasting station, KDKA, for the Westinghouse Company in Pittsburgh, by broadcasting the results of the Harding presidential election November 2, 1920.

Immediately after this, other stations sprang up like mushrooms all over the country. Among the leaders were WJZ, the Westinghouse station at Newark, N. J., with a converted cloakroom as the first studio, and WEAF established and operated by the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. These two soon headed the two flimsy networks which were welded solidly by the National Broadcasting Company several years later.

So rapidly were other stations founded that the operators of WEAF, realizing that the available broadcast channels were limited and that the operation expenses were prohibitive for most applicants, suggested that these applicants buy time on the established units and thus share part of the operation costs and at the same time profit by the publicity thus derived from association with a strong and popular transmitter. Thus came the first sponsored program and the American system of the free agent, instead of government monopoly, was created with every one entitled to equal privileges on the air.

Up to 1926 broadcasting was merely a by-product of various business enterprises, chiefly radio manufacturing. As long as the novelty prevailed any sort of program on the air could justify itself but the listening public began to grumble loud and long for improved service in entertainment.

The existing system had reached its limit of service and needed to be supplanted by an improved and progressive agent capable of rescuing the industry from a chaotic condition that threatened the life of all radio business.

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Listeners to Elect

Beauty Queen of American Radio

Readers of Radio Digest to choose most beautiful radio artist in America--Stations from coast to coast, Canada and Mexico represented in search for Queen of Beauty

RADIO DIGEST is seeking the beauty queen of American radio. And we are asking our readers to be the voters.

When we sent an announcement of our plan to radio stations throughout the country we were a bit skeptical that there would be very many feminine artists attractive enough to make this a real race of beauty for the coveted crown.

We knew, of course, that a few stations had for some time been selecting artists with an eye to the possibilities of television, but we were amazed when the stations began to send in their entries of the most attractive girl artists at their respective stations. North, east, south and west, stations have sent us photographs. In the east, the two big chains, as well as the most powerful independent broadcast stations sent in photos. Several of the radio chains in the southwest and in the west also have entered their choice beauties. Canada and Mexico are represented. It is truly a continental campaign.

This is going to be one contest where the readers of a magazine will select the person who in their judgment should head the list of beauties. But before going further here are the details of the entire plan of campaign.

First: Radio Digest asked each radio station to send us the picture of its most beautiful girl. Each station was

Zone One

Edith M. Bowes, CNRH, Halifax, Canada.
Catherine Fields, WEAF, New York City.
Rosalind Greene, WJZ, New York City.
Estelle Happy, WTIC, Hartford, Conn.
Ethelyn Holt, W2XAB, New York City.
Harriet Lee, WABC, New York City.
Verna Osborne, WOR, Newark, N. J.
Mary O'Rourke, WPAW, Pawtucket, R. I.
Lillian Parks, WCDA, New York, City.
Christine Perera, CMBT, Havana, Cuba.
Nina Tonelli, WLWL, New York City.
Mary Williamson, WMCA, New York City.

Zone Two

Nell Cook Alfred, KRMD, Shreveport, La.
Virginia Clarke, WJJD, Chicago.
Donna Damerel, WBBM, Chicago.
Nan Dorland, WENR, Chicago.
Jane Froman, WMAQ, Chicago.
Connie Gates, WGAR, Cleveland, O.
Lena Pope, WCKY, Covington, Ky.
Peggy O'Neil Shelby, WEBO, Harrisburg, Ill.
Constance Stewart, CKNC, Toronto.

Zone Three

Elizabeth Anderson, KTLC, Houston, Tex.
Celeste Rader Bates, KGDM, Stockton, Calif.
Miriam Dearth, WNAD, Norman, Okla.
Alice Holcomb, WFAA, Dallas, Tex.
Hazel Johnson, KFYR, Bismark, N. D.
Rita Lane, KPO, San Francisco, Calif.
Helen Musselman, KGO, San Francisco, Calif.
Julietta Novis, KFWB, Hollywood, Calif.
Nellie Santigosa, KROW, Oakland, Calif.
Madaline Sivyer, KQW, KTAB, San Jose, Calif.
Annabell Wickstead, XEQ, Juarez, Mexico.

limited to one entry, making it necessary for them to stage elimination contests to determine upon the artist who is to represent them. A chain of stations was permitted to enter either one artist to represent the entire chain or to enter an artist from each of the stations owned or controlled by the chain.

THUS, in the case of the National Broadcasting Company, there is an entry from WEAF, WJZ, WMAQ, WENR and other of the stations which it owns. In the case of a chain of stations extending across Canada from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast, one artist was entered for the entire chain.

There are more than thirty entries of beautiful girls and this represents several hundred stations.

In order to simplify the selection of the Beauty Queen of American Radio, the country has been divided into three zones: First, the eastern seaboard; second; from a point approximately the western end of Pennsylvania to the Mississippi; third, from the Mississippi to the west coast. This month the entries from the first zone appear in the first twelve pages of the rotogravure section. The names of all the entries, listed alphabetically according to the zone under which they appear, are given on the preceding page. Their names also appear under their pictures.

The entries from the second zone will appear in the rotogravure section in January Radio Digest.

Entries from the third zone will have their pictures in the February Radio Digest.

You may cast a vote each month for your selection as the Beauty Queen of American Radio. That is you have three votes. There is only one restriction and that is the coupon on this page must be used by voters. This is to prevent unfairness in the voting.

In March we will count the votes cast for each entry and the artist receiving the most votes in each of the three zones will be selected as the most beautiful in that zone. Then in April come the finals.

The three girls who receive the most votes, that is, the girl from each of the three zones receiving the greatest number of votes will be entered in the final and every reader of Radio Digest will have the privilege of making the final selection from the zone winners.

The final votes will then be counted and the artist receiving the greatest number will be declared the Beauty Queen of American Radio. Her picture will be painted by a famous portrait painter and she will adorn the cover of Radio Digest. Then the Beauty Queen will be presented by Radio Digest with the original painting. In the event of a tie, between two or more of the entries, each one will in turn appear as the Radio Digest cover girl and will be presented with the original painting of her portrait.

HAVE you looked at the beauties from Zone One in the first twelve pages of roto-gravure? Well, that's just a starter. Next month Zone Two will have an inning and you'll be dizzy trying to choose the most attractive girl from this bevy. Hold everything until you see the rest of the entries in this unique campaign. And don't forget that the girls of the Golden West (Zone three) have yet to be seen.

As has been mentioned there are absolutely no restrictions on voting with the exception that the special coupon provided for the purpose in the December, January, February and April issues of Radio Digest must be used for that purpose. You may vote for any one of the contestants, whether or not you reside in the zone from which the artist was entered. You may hold your votes until the end of February or you may send them in each month. You may send a letter outlining your reasons for your selection or not, just as you prefer. The coupon is the only vote that counts. There will be no bonus votes of any kind in the election of the queen.

But, and this is important: The preliminary votes—that is the votes on which the three winners in the three zones will be decided—must be mailed so that they arrive at the offices of Radio Digest in New York not later than March 3rd.

When voting in the finals the ballots must be in the New York offices of Radio Digest not later than May 3rd. Be sure to comply with these few simple rules and you will be certain that your votes will count in the selection of the Beauty Queen of American Radio.

This is without question the greatest contest ever staged by Radio Digest. For the first time the readers of a magazine will have the opportunity by popular vote of determining the selection of a beauty queen. There will be no committee of artists or so-called experts to make the selection. You will do that. You are the voters and what you do and how you vote will determine the selection. We only count the ballots you cast.

Do your part to make this election a huge success. Cast your ballots each month or hold them if you want to. But be careful that you don't hold them too long. We are enthusiastic about this search for beauty; the radio stations are all keyed up about it; each hoping that their entry will be the winner. Do your part to make the race a hot one.

REMEMBER the first group of entries—artists in zone one—appear in the first twelve pages of rotogravure in this issue of Radio Digest. The entries from the other two zones will appear in the next two issues. The complete list of entries appears in this issue. It is not necessary for the picture to appear to enable you to cast your vote. You may know the artist or perhaps you have seen her picture and are familiar with her features. In that event, don't wait for the picture. Cast your ballot without delay and do your part to make the girl of your choice Beauty Queen of American Radio.

USE THIS COUPON IN NAMING CHOICE FOR BEAUTY QUEEN OF AMERICAN RADIO

1.

RADIO DIGEST,
420 Lexington Ave.,
New York, N. Y.

My choice for the Beauty Queen of American Radio is

Name of artist..... Station.....

Voters Name .....

Street ..... City, State .....



Edith M. Bowes

DEEP blue eyes and golden hair and a soprano voice that charms listeners at CNRH in the Nova Scotia Hotel, Halifax, a key station of the Canadian National Railways transcontinental network, extending from Nova Scotia to British Columbia.



Catherine Fields

AN accomplished musician is this young lady who entertains over WEAF and the NBC Red Network. She is a soprano soloist and plays the violin as a concert soloist and she is proud of the fact that she won a Juillard scholarship for both.



A PIONEER of the air, whose popularity seems to grow with the passing of time. She is a dramatic artist and she may be heard on Collier's radio hour over WJZ and the NBC Blue Net. She is one of the busiest artists at NBC and appears before the mike in various programs.

Rosaline Greene



Estelle Happy

YES, that's her real name and she lives up to it at WTIC, Hartford, Connecticut. She is considered the most attractive performer of the year at that station.

Ethelyn Holt



FIVE feet four inches of blond beauty. Ethlyn is one of the reasons why the television studios at Columbia, W2XAB, are so popular.



Harriet Lee

HER beautiful contralto voice is heard regularly over WABC and the Columbia net. She was declared Radio Queen at the recent Radio Fair in New York. Miss Lee represents the CBS in Radio Digest's search for the beauty queen of American radio.



Verna Osborne

VERNA is one of the Moonbeam Girls of WOR and also soprano soloist with the Choir Invisible at that station. She won first place in the Atwater Kent contest in 1929; has achieved considerable success on the stage and expects soon to realize another ambition—to become an airplane pilot.



Mary O'Rourke

MARY is a specialist and the listener audience in New England dial WPAW at Providence, Rhode Island, to hear her sing blues numbers . . . imitations of Sophie Tucker, Ruth Etting, Al Jolson and other theatrical celebrities. And can she cook! Umm mm pies 'n' things. Her favorite hobby is sports—baseball, hockey and basketball. What a girl!

Lillian Parks



SHE receives more fan mail than any other artist at WCDA in lower New York. Lillian is less than five feet tall in high heeled shoes and is embarrassed when the mike is lowered for her. Outside of answering personally every fan letter she receives her chief activity is bringing cheer to shut-ins and visiting hospitals.



Christine Perera

BLACK hair, black eyes, black eyelashes — Spanish soprano of Havana. Miss Perera sings at CMBT. One of these days you may hear her on one of the chains. She is studying English and New York is the Mecca of her dreams.



Nina Tonelli

A NEWCOMER to Eastern airlanes who made her Eastern debut at WLWL. She is a lyric coloratura soprano; protege of Geraldine Farrar and appeared with the San Carlos Opera Company. Miss Tonelli established a record in the West by giving the entire performance of Blossom Time in a two and one-half hour radio program.



Mary Williams

MARY, Mary, quite contrary? Don't let that red hair fool you. Look at those grey-blue eyes that seem to have the ghost of a smile buried deep and that quirky mouth. That's the real Mary. Ask anybody at WMCA, where this popular dramatic soprano has endeared herself to everybody at the station and with the dial twisters as well.



The Goofus Becomes Wayne King's Lucky Charm.

Goofy *over* Goofus

ON ANOTHER page Ann Steward tells you of her experience in trying to net the intangible Something that cavorts about the ventricles of a man's heart and makes him either a valiant hero or a darn fool. She picked for her clinic Mr. Wayne King whose sun is now looming over the national horizon. She did a neat job of it, we think; turned him inside out and he'll never look the same again. Offhand we'd say he's better stuff than we thought; but we'd never thought a devil of a lot one way or another about him anyway.

Imagine a man in his position learning to fly and making a grand hop from Chicago to Denver before the newspapers ever got a line of type on it! But this Goofus thing was funny. It seems they tried over and over again to catch it and put it on paper but it always eluded them. Other orchestras were yelping and demanding but just as they thought they had it by the tail with salt an inch thick it flittered into something else. "Give us Goofus," chorused the dancers. So the musicians went Goofus.

What is a Goofus? You couldn't call Wayne King or members of his orchestra Goofuses. But it had to be something. One of his admirers thought it might take substance and being and have a form something like the above. The Waltz King looks noncommittal but not displeased. He probably thinks, "Well at last we've got you, Goofus. And is that the kind of a bird you turned out to be!"

Remote Control *from* Jigget's, S. E.

HOWDY folks, Howdy, howdy. Hello everybody—and you too Mike. Hey! Hey! Looks like a swell evenin' ahead for us here at the Jiggets Dancatorium. And whatta night for fun. Snappy cold outside but cozy as a cricket by the hearth with the boys and girls here at the Jigget's Hippity-hop. Whoopee, there's my old friend Ferdie Snifflebeezer—whoa, steady there Ferd, old boy. And is **he** havin' fun! Hate to keep you waitin' for the band, folks, but they're all down stairs in the cellar havin' an argument whether the Jigget cider is really sweet or has just a touch of zest that makes the world go 'round. It's like a big club here. An' everybody seems to belong. Of course I'm just one of the guests myself an' I don't want to seem presumptuous but I'm sure the Jigget brothers will back me up if I say put on the old wadding and your ear muffs an' toddle over. Better stop in for the girl friend an' say will we have fun! It takes a little coin to keep the instruments oiled so better be prepared with a two spot when they pass the hat, or maybe they'll tag you at the door. Just wanted to remind you. Take no offense. One hates those embarrassments. Ah a little commotion from below. Here comes Yuba the Swede who traded his tuba for a piccolo. And he's been down there takin' part in that cider barrell debate. Why Yuba, you old silly. Well how was it? Sweet? No! Well, I declare, now ain't that tew bad. Oh, you mean it **is** all right. Well what do you mean? You don't have to whisper. So? So? Well I—and Gus stepped through the drum, you say. What did he have it down there for? Speak up, what? Oh, nobody knows. Folks, excuse me for stopping to gab with Yuba. I guess everything's ok now. They're all coming in and they look very musical. Now, will you look who's here—just blew in from the cold outdoors—Irene, all fluffy in a great big fur drift. Sweetest thing you ever saw. Irene! Irene! Don't you hear me calling you, come up here? Yeah, right here, an' sing that little song the—ah, why that Eskimo Love Song—I'll be waiting for you by the old igloo. Goin' to hear Irene sing now, folks, an' the band's all steamed up ready to shove off. The evenin's just starting folks. Room for a few more couples. All right Irene.



"Come on Irene, tell the folks how the hot Eskimos make love. Sing that funny part where she tells him how she makes blubber pie, oh my, he'd sigh—and all that."

The Old Maestro Gives FAIR WARNING

Wants His Foto to Be Lesson to All . . . Ask Ben What Happened to Gene Tunney . . . Mystery of the Iron Finger



DEAR INDI:

AT LAST I have the picture of the Old Maestro I have been waiting for all these years and am sending it to you herewith. I hope you'll like it. I maintain that it is a very striking pose in spite of the fact that some of my friends declare there seems to be something missing. But it is virile and shows me off to good advantage.



So many people think that a violin player is nothing more than a fiddler—just another fiddler fiddling his way through life without getting into the heat of battle and knuckling down to hard realities. But I am different that way as you may see by this picture. Those two brawny dukes can swing something besides a frail little bow. You will remember the iron finger I showed to you and to all the world out there at Hollywood Gardens in Westchester last summer.

Do not forget to tell my dear radio friends that I earned that finger in bloody man-to-man combat. It was no mere thimble as some of my detractors have intimated. A weak fiddler am I? Let the man whose face stopped that steel riveted fist of mine tell you. Just look at those bulging biceps, that powerful right, especially. (Don't pay much attention to the left, please, because it doesn't do me full justice—although the forearm is nothing to be sneezed at with immunity—or should I say impunity?).

The Old Maestro is not given to idle boasting but after all one cannot refrain from refuting insinuations that a violin player is only just a fiddler. Here you see a fiddler without his bow and fiddle though I am told I should blush for also being without various other conventional accoutrements. But here you see a man's man stripped for action—a he-battler out to defend his honor, his home and his nation. I say "nation" advisedly for if a man goes forth to battle he should then of all times show his true colors as I am doing here.

It has come to me that certain people (and let them beware for **I know who they are** and am giving warning here and now) have insinuated other motives for the display of the flag. They say that besides being a fiddler I am a showman and a psychologist; that Old Glory is there simply to arouse a cheer for me. (That's another dastardly lie and I stand ready to break another finger to prove it). What has psychology to do with it? Well the same miscreants say that if I should get into a fight I would kid myself into feeling I have the whole United States army and navy in back of me to see me through; and that furthermore they have even gone so far as to say I have strings attached to the flag so that I can at a moment's notice jerk it to any part of my anatomy which seems to be threatened, believing that my antagonist would stop dead in his tracks before he would dare strike the nation's flag. And while he was hesitating, they say, I would take a coward's advantage and hit him with his defenses down. That is even worse than the insinuation that I had the bright idea that the mere sight of stars on the flag would make my antagonist think of what would happen if he should get a bust in the eye, thus arousing a fear complex making it easy for me to win.

I scarcely think it is necessary for me to deny to readers of Radio Digest, and especially the Indi-Gestians, that such despicable insinuations are utterly without foundation. I believe in a give-and-take philosophy, and in a case of fisticuffs it is better to give than to receive, ha, ha!

After all the Old Maestro's torso deserves a bit of credit as a thing of manly pulchritude, don't you think? As I say, I destest boasting, but one must at times blow the horn as well as play the fiddle. At least that's what I say and I feel that I have a perfect right to say it. Note the erect figure, the broad Dempsey-like shoulders, the staunch foot placement, or "stanch" as



Above is a listener's idea of how the Dear Little Nitwits look

they say on the links. Pay no attention to the canard that I posed this picture as an advertisement for a garter concern—that's just another one of those infamous prevarications intended to reflect on my sacred honor and integrity.

I hope that all my defamers will see this picture and let it be a lesson to them. I have no malicious intentions toward anyone but should occasion require I want it to be perfectly understood I am prepared to act.

Just between us, ladies and gentlemen, and please don't repeat it, but I wonder if any of you have heard much about Gene Tunney doing any fighting lately? What I mean is, since the time I broke my finer in a little brawl that some of the papers have mentioned. I don't mind stating that Gene and I had a slight argument about that time and we haven't been seeing much of each other since. It seems he's through trying to settle disputes with his fists. If you are really my friends you can read between the lines—and I say again, I hope you like it.

Forever and forever yours,
BEN BERNIE
The Old Masterbilt

Nitwits *as a* Fan Fancies Them

DEAR INDI:

WITHOUT ever having seen any of the dear Little Nit-Wits I have drawn my idea as to how they look, just from hearing them over my radio. (The picture is shown above.) First in line at the left is Mrs. Van Rattletrap. I know I have seen people who talk just as she sounds to me. From my mental gallery of pictures of funny people I have met she usually beams around on everybody like that.

Now Snowball is fairly obvious. But you see him more often on the stage than you do in real life—at least that's my opinion as I see the type around here in Washington, D. C. Sandy McTavish has a pipe in his mouth the way I see him, but he's always neat and well dressed for a Scotchman.

As for Brad Browne I've got him pictured as a real smart looking chap rather than a Nitwit. Very gallant, polite and invariably in evening dress (I wonder if he goes to bed with those clothes on). Prof. Muscle-bound—ooh! A hairy chested giant wearing a leopard skin and tossing half-ton weights around like a child plays with blocks. There's a chap I really want to study more because somehow I'm not at all sure whether he has hair on top of his head or not. I fancy it's either shaved off or he is simply bald. How do I get that impression? Don't ask me, I couldn't begin to tell you.

Aphrodite Godiva is nearest what I would call a real Nitwit—a silly little flapper, wonderful to behold but not very strong above the eyebrows. She's not so tall and is rather petulant, if you know what I mean. She likes to show off and tantalize the boys. I have a feeling she's a blonde but of course that's just an impression. She's certainly a good one to play the part and I wonder if she really looks at all like she sounds to me. Maybe she will write me if she sees this and send me her picture as she really looks, I wish she would. I'm just curious, that's all.

There are two more males in the sketch, Indi, and I am going to leave it to you to guess which is which from my idea of how they look. One is Succatash and the other is Gabriel Horn. I have identified them from the way they sound to me and it is up to you to identify them from the way they look to you in this picture. I am sure you have often heard them on the air.

Moka de Polka wouldn't be so bad if it wasn't for her delivery. She sounds like the Old 848 steaming up the grade over Mulberry Mountain. Every time she sings I wonder if she is going to make it or will have to back down and get another running start.

I certainly enjoy the Nitwits and I hope I'll never see them because I want to think of them as I have drawn them in the picture. Of course I make exception to Aphrodite Godiva—if I'm wrong about her I'd like to know it.—J. L. DeWitt, Jr., 1731 Conn. Ave., Washington, D. C.

P. S. I have missed the Nitwits for the past two weeks. Hope I'll be hearing them again soon. J. L. D. W.



Colonel Stoopnagle disguised as Santa Claus brings gifts to some of Columbia's good little boys. From left — Jack Miller, Arthur Tracy and Bing Crosby

Christmas at Grandma STOOPNAGLE'S

By Colonel Lemuel Q. Stoopnagle

THERE'S a certain something about the yule-tide season that sort of gets under my skin. But before I go any further, don't you think that they should show the **backs** of taxi-drivers' heads on their license cards instead of the front? Nobody hardly ever sees them face-to-face. But after all, if we're going to talk about the Xmas (Christmas to you) season, let's get started on it and never mind the taxi-drivers.

As I look back upon my childhood, the thing that stands out most clearly **should** be, since this is a story of Christmas, the regular family gathering at good old Grandma Stoopnagle's. However, if the truth were known, I should confess that this outstanding memory is of a good licking I got with the back of a hairbrush on the back of a young Stoopnagle for squirting fizz-water down my brother Herman's pantleg during the soup course.

We children used to look forward to Christmas dinner at Grandma Stoopnagle's from December 26th until December 24th the next year,—that's how much we looked forward to it. And what a great kick Grandma used to get out of preparing that meal! She'd call in the cook and say something like this: "Nasturtium, the children are coming for dinner tomorrow, as usual. Go out and fetch a whopping turkey and cook it." My, what a kick that dear old lady had out of getting up a Christmas dinner. And then Nasturtium would say: "And what else, Mrs. Stoopnagle?" and Grandma would say: "Oh, figure it out for yourself. What the deuce do you think I'm hiring you for?" And with that, Nasturtium would trip out of the living room, stumble over Beelsby, the butler, and slide into the kitchen on her—well, on her clean linoleum.

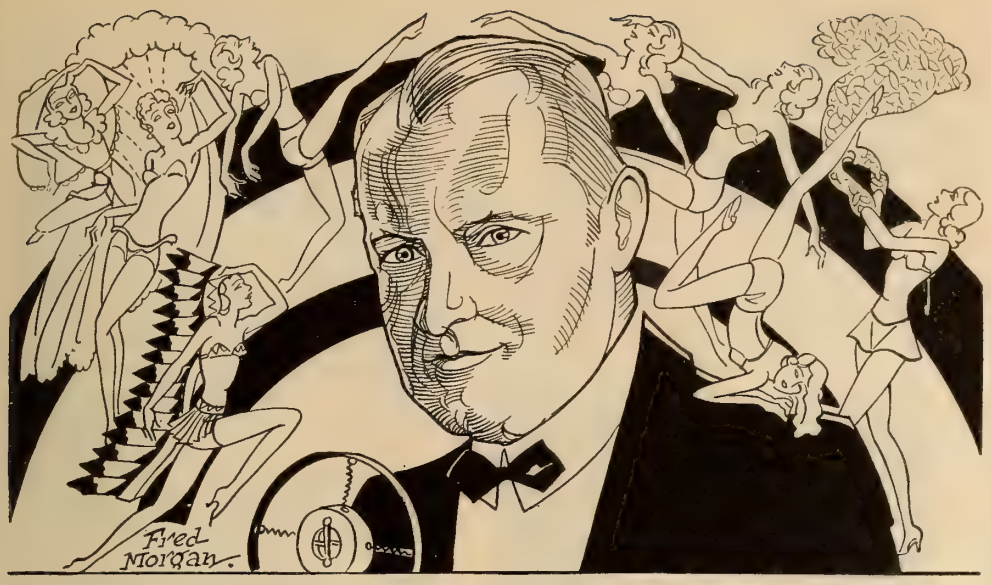
I won't say much more about that dinner except to tell you that it was eaten with a zest. In fact, my brother and I used forks and knives. They couldn't fool us! And afterwards wine was served, but of course not to us children. We snuck out in the pantry and grabbed off a couple of shots of rock and rye on the sly.

After the repast was over, Grandma would sit down at the zither and strike up a ragtime tune, to the strains of which we would all meander into the living room, where what do you think was there? A great big dandy evergreen, resplendent in its tinsel and gretsal, flotsam and jetsam. Grandma herself, we were led to understand, cut down the pretty tree with her own axe. (Since then we have found that Grandma was just joking in her quaint way and that the truth of the matter was that Beelsby did it disguised as Grandma.) Around the base of the tree, neatly tossed in a great pile, were presents for all of us. Neckties, bits of chocolate fudge, collar-buttons, brazil nuts and all manner of surprise goodies. After circling the tree in a circle nineteen times, singing I HEAR A THRUSH AT EVE, we all dived into the pile of stuff at a shot from Grandma's howitzer and the fun was on.

In case it happens you're intrigued at all by this simple little story and want a bid to the next Christmas party, you might as well get the idea right out of your mind. Grandma Stoopnagle died.



TO GET onto the tuba you really have to get into it. Alex Horst at KOA is an old master at tuba tooting. Sometimes he plays two or three at one time. To play the bass and baritone at the same time he has to take off his coat and vest. But when he adds the tenor tuba then he takes off almost everything but his hat and shoes. The wooden shoes give a knobby effect.



There's a kick in the voice of Will Oakland as it comes over the air from WOR, Newark, and Lord knows, there's a reason. He sings from Terrace Garden in the center of things like this.

HITS « QUIPS « SLIPS

By INDI-GEST

Yes Man

BOSS:—"Space? What do you mean more space? Do you think we're running a Ballyhoo or something?"

Indi:—"Yes sir."

Boss:—"That's news to me. How about some space in roto? Would that do?"

Indi:—"Yes sir."

* * *

Of course the Hiquislips didn't get in the other four pages just ahead of this but it all belongs to us Indi-Gestians just the same. Whee! So here we go for the Indi-Scribes.

* * *

A Pore Joke

Comes a letter from the Margaret Hague Maternity Hospital Clifton Place, Jersey City, N. J. "Heard Ruth Jordan say to John Fogarty after he had finished a song on the Sunshine Hour, NBC, 'Thank you, Mr. Fogarty, and do you keep your pores clean?'" If that doesn't agitate your funny bone you'd better consult your doctor about it for the story comes from Adele McCullough, M.D.

Catch That Slip!

THERE'S many a slip twixt the lip and the mike. Next time you hear a good one jot it down and send it to Indi-Gest, care of Radio Digest. We pay contributors from $1 to $5 for material accepted for this department. Indi likes short verses on the same terms. Suggestions welcomed.

Hee, Haw!

Kathleen Nichols writes in from Michigan State College at Lansing and wants to know whether Doc Rockwell and Graham McNamee have come to any decision regarding the respective merits of dunking and crumbling. She wants to know because she thinks the next question to be decided should be whether a freshman who has been dunked in a horse trough becomes a dunkee.

* * *

Score 1 on Ted

Ted Husing announcing the Yale-Army game over CBS: "There goes the gun and the game is over, ending in a scoreless tie 6 to 6." Is my arithmetic wrong, or have they changed things since the good old days of the little red schoolhouse? Jasper B. Sinclair, 318 20th ave., San Francisco, Calif.

* * *

A certain announcer who went from WOOD, Grand Rapids, Mich. to WGN, Chicago and I heard him say from there "This is W-O-O-G-N, Chicago." Just a Slipcatcher, Lorraine Marie Gallant, 350 Diamond ave., N. E., Grand Rapids, Mich.

* * *

I-X-L Ranch Listens

'Twas a lonely place, was the I-X-L
When winter snows came down
Things froze up, the roads blocked
Not a chance to get to town.
The Old Man bought a radio
And that sure makes things swell
For the lonesome days we know no more
The Big Town's close to I-X-L.

Each evening here at the ranch we hear
Every darn bit of the latest news—
Stars from all the Broadway plays,
Hot old jazz and the latest blues;
Then on Sunday we hear the sermon too
And the chant of the old church choir
Just wonderful what that radio can do
Different each night, we never tire.

—From David Francis Bolger, 620 W. Temple st., Los Angeles, Cal.

* * *

Did you hear last night on the Lucky Strike program the announcer when he said, "That's Why Darkies Were Born



It takes Virginia Gardner to put the ax to the bore. Death Valley Days is different, and you are on edge till the last villian bites the dust.

by special permission of the copyright owners?" Miss Bethia Pahnke, 200 Cannon ave., Kankakee, Ill.

* * *

Shucks!

Don't worry if your job is small
And rewards are few
Just remember that the great oak
Was once a nut like you.

So quoth Leila Eppley, 898 Seventh st., Wyandotte, Mich., and she says she heard it over WENR, Chicago.

* * *

Was It You?

Helen Roane, 106 Castro st., Norman, Okla., sends us the following poem, which draws the $5 prize.

Advertiser's Ode to Helen

Helen, thy beauty is to me
Skin deep, for I can see
Your rosy cheeks are of Princess Pat,
And Lucky Strikes have reduced your fat.
Thy lovely skin I love to touch
Is made by Milkweed Cream and such
As the Fleischmann's Yeast you eat so much.
Those tender lips, of Coty's red
Make others jealous, so 'tis said.
There are no circles 'neath your eyes,
For you're Chase and Sanborn's Coffee-wise.
Your fingertips with Cutex shine
And because of Pepsodent your teeth look fine.
You hair is waved with La Gerardine,
And Crisco's used to give it sheen.
All in all, you're quite a queen!

* * *

Shocking!

Dear Indi: A radio announcer over WHO, Des Moines, does not know his Kipling. After he speaks glowingly of the Harvest Season he says he will quote a few lines from Kipling and he said: "The frost is on the corn and the pumpkin is in the shock." Geraldine Cleaver, Anita, Ia.

* * *

Estey and Niagra Nell

Last month we published a page prepared by Niagra Nell and Estey, two of our staunch and loyal Indi-Scribes. But they didn't want to be identified in connection with it. Since then Estey has called on us and we have had a long letter from Niagra Nell. Now it can be told. These two met through the Indi-Gest department. They live in different towns but they have become very close friends. Here is a bit from a letter from Niagra Nell:

> Like Edna I'm ever so indebted to INDI for having forwarded her letter of a year ago to me. Our correspondence ever since then has been one of the big things in my life . . . and she has grown to mean more to me than any other friend whom I have met in the usual manner. Through writing, I think that we have learned to know each other inside out, and far better than two people would ever get to know each other through personal contact. One often *writes* much more of one's true self than one would say.
>
> And since getting so much that is worthwhile from Edna, and having enjoyed the privilege of knowing two invalids through the correspondence route . . . I've conceived the idea of a correspondence club of folks who are interested in radio . . . have many empty hours . . . and enjoy *friendly* contact with fellow-fans . . . well, to me it would be just ideal. But for the life of me I don't know how to go about such a procedure. Doubtless one would run into all sorts of snags . . . but that's life, what?
>
> The two invalids I mention . . . one was "Auntie" of Syracuse, N. Y., perhaps you heard of her. She passed on last spring, and everyone at Columbia felt that going. Mr. Naftzger had asked me to write to her . . . and such a personality as she had!!! The sort one wonders why is often not spared to the living. Mr. Taylor asked me to write to the other invalid . . . a fan of his, whom he had never met . . . and this very afternoon I'm expecting to go out to Hamburg to really truly meet her. Radio is a new lease on life to her, and she does enjoy hearing from Edna and me.
>
> So . . . if Radio Di has any invalid listeners tucked up it's sleeve, that could stand NN-ing . . . do give me their names and addresses. I love to write letters . . . and particularly radio ones!! And if they brighten up a few dull, drab lives . . . it is something worthwhile, isn't it?
>
> Which reminds me: In ST's last letter she writes . . . "no, you're not the least bit like your letters—there's no reconciling the two—impossible." So you see . . . from one who has written to me for over a year, and met me at the end of it . . . NN is after all, just another Jeckyll-Hyde creature! But horrors! Which is which??????
>
> Yours sincerely,
> Niagra Nell,
> Radio Raver.

* * *

God bless Niagra Nell. She practices what she preaches. The foregoing letter was followed by a double post script. The first told of her visit to the invalid lady in which she said: "Just back from Hamburg . . . and if you could but see the poor soul. Don't believe she ever will get out of bed again. And radio . . . it's absolutely the only diversion she has. The set is right beside her bed. She can tune it as she fancies. She dotes on letters, they're next in importance to her radio. Surely there must be hundreds of others who are in the same boat. She is so grateful for everything and she deplores complaints of people who are sour about the advertising."

The second postscript was just a line scribbled on the margin which said: "The aforementioned invalid is not a subscriber to Radio Di. She buys it by the month. Wherefore I enclose my check for her year's subscription. N. N."

Now Estey wrote a nice letter too but we're saving that up for next time. Let's get back to the Hiquislips again.

* * *

The Vamp

Heard over Station KMTR Breakfast Club program. A gentleman having just finished his vocal number, and the audience having applauded, the announcer was heard to say, "Thank you, ladies and gentlemen, that was *Just a Fool Who Loves.*" Miss Florence Rottner, 4915 Wadsworth st., Los Angeles, Calif.

* * *

During the Blue Monday Jamboree broadcast from KGO, San Francisco, I heard the following: A kind hearted gentleman saw a little boy trying to reach the doorbell. He rang the bell for him, then said, "What now, my little man?" The boy answered "Run like everything. That's what I'm going to do." Theron G. Cady, U. S. Veterans Hospital, Palo Alto, Calif.

* * *

Simply Slips

Though Webster all his life did seek
For each and every word
Announcers very often speak
Some Webster never heard.

I'm for the Mike-man, though he shakes
Tschaiskowsky into chow,
He only airs the same mistakes
That I make oft, and how!

—From Bertha Raffetto, 629 Lander st., Reno, Nevada.

* * *

I heard this over WXYX: "Why is a wife called the Mrs.? Because she misses her husband when he's out of an evening but she never misses him when she throws things at him." Sadie Stevens, R.F.D. No. 4, Belleville, Mich.

* * *

"Baby of Mine"

If I could radio Heaven,
To a dear little lad up there.
I'd know just where to find him,
Safe, in the Holy Mother's care.
That morn, when the Angels came for him,
They carried my grief-crazed plea,
Until I too, Crossed over the Bar,
Would she Mother my baby for me.

See, I was afraid he'd be lonely,
The dear little Heavenly guest.
I wondered if the Angels would sing him,
The songs he loved the best.
If I could radio Heaven,
I'd just sing *Ninety and Nine,*
Then he'd know, he was not forgotten,
That dear, blessed baby of mine.

—From Margaret L. Anderson, 530 Cloverdale rd., Montgomery, Ala.

Silhouettes

By CRAIG B. CRAIG

Adele Vasa

ADELE VASA—Truly of royal blood—descended directly from a King.

Concert and operatic soprano. Small girl, just five feet. Weighs but 120. Big brown eyes. Brown hair. Fair complexion with that smooth silky skin.

You've heard her sing. She's just as nice as her voice. One of radio's outstanding sweethearts. When she talks there is a lilt in her voice you can't miss.

Started five years ago, professionally, with Paramount Publix. Her first broadcast was over WEAF with Roxy's Gang when they opened the new theatre.

She'll never forget that first night. Goose pimples as big as goose eggs stood out all over her. She was scared stiff. Even now she's nervous before a broadcast. Lots of rehearsals necessary.

Gets plenty of fan mail and plenty of kick out of it. Answers most of it. Many of the letters are marriage proposals. Most of these from young boys. They're too late. She's married. Married to a big shot in radio too.

HAS done lots of travelling. Been around the world. Likes Berlin best on the other side and New York over here. Every diversion you want can be found here in Gabby Gotham.

Descended directly from Gustavus Vasa, founder of the Vasa line of Kings. The first King of Sweden, Gustavus Adolphus and his descendants ruled for many years Sweden, Denmark and Norway. The last two countries having become independent of comparatively recent years.

Most of her clothes are blues and reds, or those combining these colors. Blue is her favorite color.—Her car is that color too—it's a Rolls-Royce.

Believes there is no better exercise than a stiff game of tennis. She's rather good at it too.—Reads a lot. Romantic stories. Particularly fond of good biographies.



Adele Vasa

Tires of New York night life. Seen it all. It's too strenuous and not worth the grind. Very much overrated. Alright as a novelty but not as a steady diet.

Plays piano but likes violin best—soulful. She's a soulful person. For instance the end of the day makes her sad.—She likes storms. Their power makes you realize what an infinitesimal part you play in the general scheme of things.

Doesn't prepare any special dish, but relishes shell food and can eat shore dinners till the cows come home. Drinks quantities of milk. Smokes occasionally. Not as a habit but rather that those who do may be at ease.

Just lies around for relaxation. Whistles slightly while lounging around. Slightly because she can't do any better.

Goes to bed about midnight. Up at eight sharp.—Has no pajamas. Thinks they're the bunk. Wears nighties. Sleeps on her left side. Very still.

Traffic delays annoy her. Something ought to be done about it. Gets along with cops alright, because she never argues with them. Think what you want but don't say it, as far as they are concerned. It saves time and fines.

Regardless of what others may think, she thinks Newark, N. J., is one great place. The answer being that she was born and raised there. All the credit for her success goes to one Adele Vasa. She pulled a lone oar.

Has a preference for tall men who have lots of personality. Sincerity is their best quality and should be deeply imbedded.

Woman's greatest natural charm lies in a glorious head of hair. They should give it lots of attention to keep it in the pink of condition. Moreover believes in the liberal use of cosmetics for the enhancement of woman's beauty. She herself uses only lipstick.

According to her, radio is as near perfection now as possible. Television will be the next constructive move. Better continuities in the present programs would help.

Her big embarrassing moment occurred once while playing in Atlanta.

(Continued on page 87)

THE author of this series which Radio Digest has christened "Silhouettes" has been closely identified with the growth of radio broadcasting for a number of years. Mr. Craig's acquaintance with radio notables has been more than casual. He gives you an intimate profile of each one, as one friend sees another. We are looking forward to a book on the romance of the growth of radio which Mr. Craig has written and which soon will be issued from the press. Craig B. Craig is known in the financial district as managing editor of the Financial Digest.

Broadcasting from The Editor's Chair

What Will Radio Do to Our Language?

WHAT influence does radio have on the nationally spoken language? Will our sectional dialects disappear? How does our English compare today with what it was five or ten years ago?

These are questions that come up as a result of the annual presentation of the diction award by the American Academy of Arts and Letters. Just as we go to press we are informed that the 1931 medal has been presented to John Holbrook of the National Broadcasting Company at New York.

This is the third medal presented to announcers at 711 Fifth avenue, New York. Can it be possible that this particular locale has really manifested a superior sort of English? We do not have the data by which the awarding committee came to its decision. We do know that young Holbrook—he is only 25—was born in Boston, has lived in Mexico and finished school at Bishops College School in Lennoxville, Que., in 1926.

Hamlin Garland, chairman of the academy's radio committee, in presenting the medal said Holbrook's voice combined the best "English english and American english." He spoke highly of the winner's "taste, pronunciation, grace and authority in the use of words."

"In making our third award," said Mr. Garland, "we have found a decision more difficult for the reason that the general level of announcers has risen."

He declared further that the Anglo-American standardization of English speech by the microphone and the talking screen could not be stopped. "The question which concerns us is whether this standardization is proceeding along the right lines," he said, "The radio is even now the chief educative factor in this process. If standards are to be universally adopted, it is important that they should be fine."

It appears that our best "American english" is located on Fifth avenue, although honorable mention was given to David Ross, whose diction is heard over the Columbia Broadcasting System microphones on Madison avenue, a block to the east. William Abernathy, announcer at Washington, D. C., and Sen Kaney, announcer at Chicago, were also given honorable mention.

Doubtless every announcer in America will be interested in this award. Every announcer will study the diction of Mr. Holbrook and the two previous Fifth avenue winners, Milton J. Cross and Alwyn Bach. Complaints have already been made that some announcers succeed by imitating others. If all the other announcers fall into the Fifth avenue style, and the listeners follow the style of the announcers will the standardization of our American English be strictly Fifth avenue?

What will become of our delightful Jawja drawl, our down East, our Southwest and our Western style? Will local pride keep them alive or will the younger generation consider it smart to speak "Fifthaveneese?"

And this process of language standardization is feeling the touch of radio in other countries and other languages.

"Radio will in time polish off local dialects and at the same time make the common language richer in words, and the use of those words better understood," says Professor Otto von Friesen of the University of Upsala, Sweden in a recent interview. Professor von Friesen is an internationally known linguist and a member of the Swedish Academy which annually picks the winner of the Nobel prize in literature. In Sweden it is a studied purpose to broadcast talks by representatives of all dialects, and, if anything, to foster the use of local dialects. However, this will not deter the broader use of the national language, according to the theory of Professor von Friesen. Forgotten words and words used only in local dialects will be restored to general use.

The same effect is felt in Germany where it is claimed that the German stage had hitherto wielded the greatest influence in common use of the national language.

Big Drive on Eastern Front

EVER since the Columbia Broadcasting System scooped all the newspapers in the country with its on-the-spot narration of the Columbus prison fire the guns of some of the daily newspapers have been bearing toward the line of broadcasting. Open hostility broke out at the newspaper publishers' convention last summer. Small newspapers have been sniping through their editorial columns throughout the country. Except from the standpoint of the advertiser and the public (the two most important parties) a status of "competitive media" has now been reached which augurs little good for anyone.

Meanwhile radio has become so beloved and popular throughout the country, "making the whole world kin," that an open and above-board campaign against it could not react very favorably. In certain quarters, however, every weakness of radio has been eagerly seized upon and exploited to the limit. Radio news has been gradually squeezed out of position. Logical identification of program lists has been curtailed to the annoyance of both reader and the broadcaster.

Perhaps the first open skirmish along a definitely drawn line was related in Radio Digest recently. It involved the broadcast of a murder trial in Los Angeles in which there was a wide public interest. Microphones were placed in the courtroom. The local newspapers brought pressure to bear, according to the broadcasters, and the microphones were ordered out by the judge who forgot to be impartial. They were set up in an adjacent room and again were compelled to move. They were set up again just outside the courthouse —and the first traditions of newscasting were established.

The Western Front has been fairly active ever since.

It was not until the morning of November 12th that the Eastern Front suddenly burst into flame. Mike Porter who conducted a radio column in the New York Journal opened

(Continued on page 86)

GABALOGUE



Samuel Goldwyn and Ronald Colman, welcome Nellie Revell to Filmland.

EVERY Wednesday night at 11 o'clock Miss Revell takes her WEAF mike in hand and rattles off a good old fashioned chinfest about the great and near-great of Radio and stage circles. On this page you will read some of the things she broadcast in case you did not hear her on the NBC network.

By Nellie Revell

The Voice of RADIO DIGEST

HOWDY, friends. Here's where I join the rapidly increasing ranks of the debunkers. Everybody, it seems, is debunking something or other these days, so I guess I've got to toss my Eugenie in the ring, too. It's all because a lady in Schenectady wants to know about the Wild West days of John White, NBC's Lonesome Cowboy of "Frontier Days." To start with, Miss Schenectady, John White is neither a cowboy . . . nor is he lonesome. (I must admit, though, that he certainly sounds that way over the radio . . . when he strums his guitar and sings those plaintive ballads of the Western trails.)

However, John White can claim to be a synthetic cowboy. He once spent a summer on a "dude ranch," in Arizona, but the nearest he ever came to milking a cow, was to open a can of condensed milk. And he never rounded up a steer in his life . . . without somebody gave him a wrong steer. Moreover, the Lonesome Cowboy doesn't even look like a cowboy. He's a dapper, smooth-shaven "city feller" type of man still in his twenties. What's more, instead of spurs, he wears spats.

WHITE is a native of Washington, D. C. He spent most of his life in the Capitol and after being graduated from the University of Maryland, worked as sports writer on a Washington newspaper. In the summer of 1926, he got his first sight of a cowboy when he went to visit his brother's "dude ranch" in Arizona.

These bona fide prairie hounds taught White a number of frontier ballads dating back to the days of Buffalo Bill and Billy the Kid. White came back East with a collection of these melodies . . . also some spurs and a cowboy suit which he donned when he sang at social gatherings. It wasn't long before he applied to the New York studios of NBC for an audition. He clicked . . . and thus was born the Lonesome Cowboy.

I realize that the task of pricking illusions is a thankless one . . . but while I'm in the debunking business, candor compels me to break down and confess that George Frame Brown is a native of Seattle, Washington. Which is just about as far from the scene of his rural sketches as you could possibly go without a passport. And he never saw New England, or the people he so capably portrays until he was 25 years old.

Mr. Brown originally intended being an architect and studied at the University of Washington. The war broke out and he was one of the first 20,000 American troops to set foot in France. When he returned to the States, young Brown became a designer of stage scenery and decorations. It was this association with the theatre that shaped his entire career. He played a small character bit in a play and his career of crime was launched. Oddly enough, George Frame Brown got into the radio while appearing in a play that ridiculed the radio. It was "The Manhatters," produced in New York. Parts of the satire were broadcast and Mr. Brown enjoyed the experience so much that he was "sold" on radio then and there. He spent several summers at Cape Cod and knows personally the characters in "Real Folks." His success as Mayor Matt Thompkins, is now radio history.

MR. BROWN is 35 years of age, is not married, and lives in a penthouse on top of a hotel in midtown New York. He is five feet ten and a half inches in height, weighs about 175 pounds and is an excellent swimmer. He shamelessly admits to having starved in Bryant Park . . . been a night porter in a Fifth avenue building . . . exaggerates a great deal, but believes everything he tells you . . . remembers everything he reads, but forgets where he put his hat . . . and his favorite trick is pretending he's asleep while he listens to what people are saying.

Well, now that you've met Mr. Brown, the Mayor of Thompkins Corners, let's turn to his cabinet . . . before the meeting is adjourned. Virginia Farmer, who plays Matt's wife and also the part of Grandmother Overbrook, is of slight build and looks a lot like you imagine she would from her radio part. That is, not like the grandmother, but like the wife. She is married to Lewis Leverette, an actor. And she is playing on Broadway in "The House of Connelly."

Elsie Mae Gordon plays Mrs. Bessie

(Continued on page 96)

Voice of the

WHO'S AFRAID?!

SO ..... (name deleted, Editor) of Hickman, Ky., was riled because an article about Morton Downey appeared in Radio Digest, instead of Vallee. Now isn't that just too bad! Well, old girl, you're one of that selfish greedy kind that thinks only of yourself and never mind anyone else! Others pay the same price for this magazine thinking they will read something about their favorites same as you, or perhaps you borrow somebody else's when they're through! If you're so crazy about Rudy, why don't you save all your money and buy this magazine's publishing concern, or if not start a radio book with only Rudy as your theme and maybe your sale will be even greater than Radio Digest? And Mr. Editor, I also would like to see pictures of the announcers in the roto section, if possible, of your interesting book, of George Beuchler, Frank Knight and Louis Dean. Do you think you can do me this favor? Or, will you just please a few of your readers and continue publishing Vallee who does not happen to be the only pebble on the beach. I wonder if you will have enough backbone to publish this entire letter in Radio Digest. I guess not, you're afraid. (But not so afraid as you were to sign your name to it.)—A Reader, Huntington, L. I.

* * *

OH, DOCTOR!

I PURCHASED the Radio Digest for the first time and found it very interesting with the exception of Tuneful Topics, written by one Rudy Vallee. I regret to say that this article disgusted me more than anything I ever read. How an article of its caliber, can be published is beyond reason. I counted twenty-five grammatical errors and I possibly missed that many more. The wording conveys very little meaning, and how anyone can misuse and abuse the English language the way Rudy Vallee has, and be a Yale graduate is one grand puzzle. I have listened to Vallee's programs over the radio, and after hearing him attempt to speak and sing I am not greatly surprised that his literary efforts should be such failures.—Leland Bradney, Ph.D., 7130 Jeffery Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

* * *

SAVE A DOLLAR, VIRGINIA

ENJOY your magazine so much that I wouldn't miss a copy for anything. You have given us many fine articles on our favorite radio stars especially Rudy Vallee. Now won't you give us one on his Connecticut Yankees including Manny Lowy who isn't with him just now because of illness? There may be lots of people who don't want to know that their favorites are married, but there are also lots of us who do. While I'm writing, may I add two more requests? First, can't Nellie Revell increase her time on the radio? Her programs are so interesting but oh, so short. Second, set a regular date for publication. I never know just when to look for it and you can imagine my disappointment on sometimes finding the stores all sold out.—Too, let's have a contest to see just who is R. D.'s favorite orchestra leader. —Virginia Aylesworth, 1118-10th Street, Huntington, W. Va.

* * *

WE'RE WILLING LADY

H. H. V. says about 99% are chain in the October issue. Maybe not 99% but haven't you folks in New York ever heard of Nebraska, Iowa, North and South Dakota, Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, Missouri and Kansas? They seldom are in the Digest. I wonder why? Please tell something and show pictures—in general give WJAG, Norfolk, WAAW, Omaha, WOW, Omaha, KOIL, Council Bluffs and KFAB, Lincoln. And who wants Who's Who? We all do! You learn a little about so many that way. I hope we have it in soon again. Radio Digest is dandy, but come West!—Frances Cherry, 605 Logan, Wayne, Neb.

* * *

'TWAS IN NOVEMBER R. D.

WE three Musketeers aren't to be sated by Marcella's thumb-nail sketch of Lew Conrad. He deserves more than that. We should like to see him featured in a full-sized article of the marvelous type that you have given to many other radio artists. And in the meantime, here's to the continued success of Radio Digest and our friend, Lew Conrad!—Musketeer No. 1, 6555 South Mozart Street, Chicago, Ill.

* * *

BING BURNS HIM UP

I AM trusting this letter may find its way to the V. O. L. page, as other attempts have failed. I have always believed in each one for his own taste, but as I read more each month of those wishing even more about Rudy, when I am more than fed up on him as it is, and reading more V. O. L. letters on other subjects, rather than waste so much space raving over Rudy who I fail to find has anything which should cause all the good breaks he received. Both his orchestra and singing, aren't to be considered when thinking of real music. Incidentally, Wayne King and Jack Denny are far ahead of him and many others and regarding Bing Crosby, he is a subject which burns me up. Why he should draw so much applause, I can't conceive unless it is caused by the loud harsh tones which he sends forth, lacking everything that a real musical voice should possess. To link his name with Russ Columbo's, would be like comparing a drum to the sweet tones of a violin. Mr. Columbo surely does possess those qualities which can impress his listeners deeply.—C. M. Crosby, Amesbury, Mass.

* * *

DON'T ALL RUSH!

WILL you please publish this for the sake of some avid Vallee fan? I have collected a few items of interest concerning the golden crooner and also some pictures, not very many, but I thought they might appeal to one of his fans. I will be glad to send them to the first person who writes to me for them. It seems a pity to throw these things away, all things considered. Don't blame my lack of interest entirely on Rudy's marriage. I was becoming sated even before that event by the monotonous type of songs he sang. I can stand just so many torch songs and love-sick ballads and slow fox trots, but enough's enough. But whatever his shortcomings, there are two qualities he possessses which I shall always admire. The first is his beautiful diction, and the second is his singing voice which is unmatched anywhere for pure sweetness of tone.—Jamie F. Hess, 315 Jacob Street, Louisville, Ky.

* * *

NOW FOR SOME BALM

THIS is just a line to ask you if you land in the pages of V. O. L. once, is that the last you can? You published the first poem I sent. It was an acrostic of Rudy Vallee's name, and it appeared in your July issue. I am sending another acrostic. This time of Bing Crosby.

B-ing, bing. How this child did shoot
I-ndians. We can't dispute
N-oting how that nickname's stuck
G-uess it must have brought him luck.

C-ritically we listen to
R-ising singers. All but few
O-ffer us what Rudy does.
S-till he sets the world a-buzz.
B-ing I know will go quite far,
Y-es a new and shining star.

—Eldora Bruning, 57 Lincoln Road, Brooklyn, N. Y.

* * *

I AM a reader of Radio Digest and have been reading it since Mr. Vallee started writing Tuneful Topics. I enjoy reading the magazine very much. It tells you all about radio. I think radio is one of the most wonderful inventions, and now television is on its way. I think Mr. Vallee has the best orchestra on the air. I wish it could be made possible for him to be on more often. I think he is a wonderful person. He has such a clear voice that when he sings and talks over the air you can understand every word he says. I hope Mr. Vallee will have success for many more years in his work.—Catherine Finnigan, 1004 S. 12th St., Fort Smith, Ark.

* * *

DOLLY LIKES FAY

YOU brought this letter on yourself, so don't blame me. You said, "Don't let your ideas get stale—air them," didn't you? Well, here are mine. First and foremost, why don't you do as Mary Kane and Lucile Grahm of Glen Head, N. Y. suggested—put Rudy Vallee's picture on the cover. We'd all love that, and you would profit, too. Look at the great number of magazines you'd sell. We are getting tired of women on the cover. They're not so hot. Let's have Rudy. Who's with me? I guess you realize by this time I'm for Rudy, first, last and always. And as for his marriage knocking him out with me, not on your life. I am one (and there are countless others), I am 17, not an old maid, who likes him more, if possible. And I like Fay also, so there! In my opinion there isn't anything Rudy can't do. He's the best orchestra leader the best saxophone player, the best crooner, the best looking, and by a long shot, the best man there ever was. I am ready for all arguments.—Dolly, 4567 Page Blvd., St. Louis, Mo.

* * *

JUST received my copy of the September issue of Radio Digest. The most interesting section in it was "The Voice of the Listener." Of course, Rudy Vallee is always interesting, and he told about the

Listener

songs of the month in a very nice way. If some people think that Rudy is not very popular since he got married, they should read the Radio Digest. Don't let any scandals enter the Radio Digest. I hope we soon have an interview or an article about Rudy and his beautiful wife.—Mary Hanlon, 417 Kingsboro St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

* * *

IT'S great to read the Voice of the Listener and find that there are still many admirers of Rudy since his marriage. I'm glad to see that he has some true fans and not just silly fickle ones. Anyone interested in joining the Vallee Enthusiasts which is a club organized to boost Rudy, just write to me and I will send your name to the president of the club.—Agatha Filyysellis, 215 East Walnut Street, Long Beach, N. Y.

* * *

THE WHOLE SIMPHIS FAMILY

THIS is my first letter to your very fine, interesting Digest. I enjoy it immensely as do the other members of my family—my wife and seven children who are all over 18 years of age. I would like to know why it is that so many of the columnists on the New York papers and magazines are so anxious and so eager for Rudy Vallee to lose his popularity. It is getting quite boresome. It is the battle cry of N. Y. columnists. That is all you read in the papers since the boy got married. They are hounding him all the time. After three years of night club work and six shows a day, working night and day, why can't a man get married and be happy. He sure made a lot of people happy with his fine broadcasts. If he does lose some of his popularity it will only be some silly flappers who don't know any better. This is a tribute from my family.—P. S. Simphis, Hampton Market, Albany, N. Y.

* * *

SEE SEPTEMBER R. D.

IN ONE of your magazines you asked what was wrong that you had no kicks from "helpful critics." So here's one for you. Why never have a picture of, or tell us anything about Coon-Sanders and *always* have a picture of the most disgustingly, egotistical entertainer on the air (Rudy Vallee in case you don't know who I mean. I really wouldn't mind that so much if you would give Coon-Sanders' fans—and they are many—a break too.—M. M. S., Box 336, Crookston, Minn.

* * *

WANTS A RUDY PAGE

I HAVE been reading the new issue of Radio Digest and realizing that Rudy's Corner is so very very inadequate—so little space for so many Rudy admirers to occupy, I'm going to take the liberty of suggesting a Vallee page devoted exclusively to news of Rudy and letters from his fans. I should be honored if you would accept my voluntary services to provide just such a page every month. As the president of one of his clubs, I have been putting out a weekly newspaper consisting of two sheets of news which we send to all Rudy fans all over the country. I am sure you would have the undying gratitude of all Vallee admirers if you inaugurated such a feature. —Dorothy Yosnow, 446 St. Johns Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

* * *

CALL FOR MR. PERKINS!

REFERRING to the article on page 4 of the Summer Issue on Scandals and Divorces, please do not put either of them in Radio Digest. That is one magazine that is clean of such literature—now—so please do not spoil it. I'm sure we can live without hearing whether our favorite artist or announcer is divorced or not. That won't make us laugh and I'm sure many of the listeners will agree with me in that line. Rather put in more of Broadcaster Oil by Ray Perkins and Sisters of the Skillet by Jean Paul King along with what you have. That will be a fine cure for homesickness and make it more interesting. I always look forward to Radio Digest each month.—Beulah A. Teick, Fresno, Cal. I have been buying Radio Digest for one year now and certainly think it's the best magazine on the market. Every month that I get it, it seems to become better. Don't you ever put any scandal in the Radio Digest or you will ruin it. I agree with Mary Krane and Lucille Graham of New York about putting more articles and pictures of Rudy Vallee in this magazine. Here's hoping I get in the column. Three cheers for Radio Digest.—Margaret Welsh, 1053 9th Street, Lorain, Ohio.

* * *

THE GOAT! THE VOL-GOAT!

DOES a letter to you make me a member of the V. O. L.? If so I'm mighty glad to be a member for I think you have the best little magazine going. I'm very much interested in all Radioland and its people and I always enjoy reading about them all. You really have some of the grandest articles. The thing that gives me the biggest kick, however, is the way you talk about my favorite—of course, you've guessed it—Rudy Vallee. So many of the papers and magazines seem to think they have to knock him because the girls like him. How do they get that way. From the looks of his "Corner" however, which is the biggest in comparison to any other stars you wouldn't have much chance to knock him without being squelched the next month. And by the way, here is an invitation to any out of town Rudy Fans who want some information. If you're thinking of forming a fan club, any of you, perhaps I might be able to think up some suggestions for you, as I know of the work of lots of the other clubs. Once again, hurrah for Radio Digest. Long may it be the best radio magazine afloat.—(Her name must have been lost in the mails—so we'll call her a Rudy Fan), address is 2601 Farragut Road, Brooklyn, N. Y.

* * *

VOLCOME TO V. O. L.

THIS is the first time I'm writing to you because I'd like to join the Voice of the Listener. The main reason is I'd like you to put a picture of Pit and Pat of WOR Minstrels in one of your issues. I'd sure like to see what they look like. I wouldn't miss them for anything in the world. They beat Amos 'n' Andy by a mile. Your magazine is the best of them all. All these people who write in about Radio Digest not being good, are crazy.—Peter Chovan, 1719 Columbia Street, Bethlehem, Pa.

* * *

CHEERS FOR KDLR

I HOPE you will not think I am taking too much of a liberty in writing a comment in your magazine, but I enjoy reading it from cover to cover. We frequently read a great deal about the talented ladies and gentlemen, also announcers, etc. for the larger stations, but not very much about the smaller ones. But in my estimation a smaller one needs a cheer, I would like to say, "Three Cheers for KDLR, Devils Lake, North Dakota. Whoever the manager is he deserves great credit for the programs we receive. Also a cheer for Mr. Bert Wicke with his cheery ready wit as an announcer for KDLR."—M. M., Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada.

* * *

LONG MAY EARL LIVE

WHERE are all you Earl Burtnett fans? Now here is an orchestra with more than the usual ability. The theme which identifies them, *The Hour of Parting,* ushers in a period of sparkling, rhythmic dance melodies at WGN. With the vocal talent of such stars as (All-American Quarterback) Jesse Kirkpatrick, the orchestra has established itself firmly in the hearts of radio fans everywhere. The Chicago Tribune Station can well be proud of this musical aggregation from the coast, playing nightly from the Blackhawk Restaurant. Let the name of Earl Burtnett stand out in praise on the pages of V. O. L. and give us some pictures of them, please. How about it fans? And remember, you can hear them every Sunday afternoon as the Yeast Foamers.—A. & M. K., Utica, Ill.

* * *

WHO WRITES WHOM?

I AM greatly interested in the different types of radio programs and how the stations estimate what the public wants. I am not interested in beauty hints or crooners, for example, but I realize that if a certain percentage of the public wants these they are entitled to have them. I would like to see a tabulated estimate of the public's appreciation of radio programs. In choosing examples for this, it would be necessary to pick items which have the save volume of audience—that is, examples from the great broadcasting chain programs. How many letters come in after a Rudy Vallee broadcast? How many after a Paul Whiteman program? What response does the public make to a Houbigant program, Pryor's Band or the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra? What response is there to the singing of Redfern Hollinshead as compared with Russ Columbo? What response does Sophie Breslau get from her Sunday audiences? If the making up of programs is governed by analysis of fan mail, is this a fair test? Is it not possible that the people who like Rudy Vallee's program are more likely to write letters than those who appreciate a concert by Reinald Werrenrath? In Canada we are seriously considering changing our broadcasting system. If advertisers who control programs do not meet with more public approval this privilege is likely to be taken away from them. On the other hand state controlled programs will be subject to political influence. If preferences expressed in letters to stations are basis for program making would it not be well

for stations to invite such letters.—Harold H. Metcalfe, 246 Desmarchais Blvd., Verdun, P. Q.

* * *

DXERS ALWAYS WELCOME HERE

I HAVE just finished reading the September issue and think it was just great. How about some articles on Short Wave transmission. Let me explain my real reason for writing. Many of your readers write in about their DX-ing. Well, here is a chance for them to join a real DX Radio Club. There are two departments to this club. Short Wave and Regular Wave. Anyone wishing to become a member can write to me and a membership card will be sent absolutely free.—Jack Geiger, 38 West 29th Street, Bayonne, N. J.—Just a few words in regard to DX. Have been DX-ing since March 1931 and to date have logged 201 stations with 41 verified and 30 in process. Will answer any letter received. Wishing for a bigger and better DX Department. (Turned your letter over to Marcella)—J. R. Pruett, Shelby, N. C.

* * *

XER NO. 2—VILLA ACUNA

On Sunday evening, October 11, while listening in on my radio I tuned in a station of what I would say was 740 kilocycles. It was not clear to any perfection and I found difficulty in distinguishing the call letters which seemed to be XER. I did, however, hear the announcer say that it was "The Sunshine Station between the Nations." In your October issue of Radio Digest, XER is listed as 650 kilocycles and its location as Mexico City. Thanking you in advance for your trouble in securing for me this information and pledging my vote for Radio Digest every time.—J. L. McCarthy, 211 Park Street, St. Peterboro, Ont., Canada.

* * *

R. D. DX FAN IN N. Z.

I AM in receipt of a letter from A. Greening, Inglewood, Taranaki, New Zealand. Mr. Greening states that he has heard about my DXing and would like to hear about DXing in this country. Undoubtedly it was taken from the June issue of your magazine. Hope other DXers will also write Mr. Greening.—D. Anastasio, 8306 Panola Street, New Orleans, La.

* * *

NOT QUITE "PERFECT"

ON October 29th, WLW's announcer for the Southern Singers, Arthur Ainsworth, announced the song, *When You Come to the End of the Day* coming from the pen of the celebrated Carrie Jacobs Bond. The author of this song is Frank Wesphal, orchestra director and composer. Have taken Radio Digest for two years and have never missed an issue. Surely do enjoy Radio Digest from cover to cover.—Mrs. Frank A. Hoagland, Swayzee, Ind.

* * *

MAY WISHES COME TRUE

I HAVE before me the Summer Number of the Radio Digest. I enjoyed the sketch of Little Jack Little. Isn't it strange how the early struggles blossom out into lovely flowers as one approaches wealth and popularity. Every knock is a boost. If Rudy Vallee had never had the grapefruit episode, many would not have known so much about him. Glad that Rudy writes. That is the way to be a writer. Write about your own work. Now about the big wave grab. I like it best the way I found it just a year ago. I am very partial to certain stations and don't want them turned off. I don't think it best to have the foreign people regulate the radio and take away our Rudy. Even the advertising can be made interesting. Wishing our dear radio success and Radio Digest many million new subscribers.—Mrs. Charlotte B. Leasure, State Hospital, Moline, Ill.

* * *

SASKATCHEWAN SPEAKS

WHERE are the artists and authors gone who can write songs worth while? Of all the slushy soft sentimental nothingness in the way of songs that we get at the present time. Brainless stuff like *—I Don't Know Why I Love You Like I Do*—same words repeated over and over again (probably the author did not have the brain power to compose more) and this sung in that sickening whine called "crooning." Rudy Vallee may have his admirers but here is one who would be glad if he and his kind were never heard again. —A Lover of Music, Melville, Sask.

* * *

DARTMOUTH, NOT YALE

TALK about "boners." To quote from your article, "McNamee Recalls Grid Thrills" appearing in your October issue, page 95: "Marsters, however, was injured, his playing career ended, and Yale sent in Longnecker in the fourth quarter as a final hope. Deep in his own territory, he prepared to pass and slipped on his knee, but successfully shot a spiral to Hoot Ellis, the fastest man on the field. Many Dartmouth men tried catching him but none succeeded. The final score, Yale, 16, and Dartmouth 12." How can you let a thing like that get by you? If my memory has not failed me, the late "Tommy" Longnecker was a Dartmouth substitute quarterback and was sent in in the last minutes of that game amid the rain and mud with instructions to pass. He did so but slipped on one knee, the pass being far short, was intercepted by the ever-present Hoot Ellis at Yale. It seems as if the late Tommy Longnecker who was killed in an automobile accident this summer was misunderstood and unjustly criticized enough without being called a Yale man. This is really surprising, too, coming from a man who is supposed to know as much as McNamee. I trust this will be corrected out of respect to Dartmouth's little quarterback, Dartmouth, Yale and all others concerned.—David H. Steven, 30 Roger Avenue, W. Concord, N. H.

* * *

SOME BOUQUETS FOR RADIO DIGEST

THE Radio Digest is sure one good Radio Magazine. I don't know how you would improve it. However, I do agree with James H. Harrison of Texas in wishing you would start the "Who's Who in Broadcasting." You can't have too many pictures. When it comes to DXing, especially late at night, the few stations on the air won't give call letters. I have listened several times as long as 45 minutes waiting for call letters and then have to give up. I wish the guilty announcers would read this and remember to give call letters after each number. I like for announcers to give their own names too. About this Wave Grab, what can the listening public do about it? We sure don't want the plan they have in England. I wish you would tell us through the Radio Digest in plain words what we can do to prevent such a plan. (Write to your Senator and Congressman.) I'm a shut-in and an ardent radio fan and have read the Radio Digest for three years.—Clarence Swafford, Pratt, Kans.

NEW FOUND FRIEND

THROUGH one rising radio artist I've heard of your magazine. Today I bought my first copy, and can't get over what I've missed. I enjoyed it very much and read everything in it. I like the column of Voice of the Listener very much. Some people have the nerve of writing in stating the magazine is bunk. How do they get that way. What other magazine is there to bring you any closer to the radio world. I boost Radio Digest. I like Marcella's column, Coming and Going, and the first thing I turn to is Gabalogue. I will be impatient for my next copy. More power to Radio Digest.—Marie Ross, 1229 Sec Avenue, Coraapolis, Pa.

* * *

RUDY'S PROMISED IT

YOUR magazine is great, especially this issue. Couldn't you find a little space to give to the boys in Rudy's band—say a small picture of each one with it a short article told by himself? I have read so many remarks on his article "Night Clubs" I should like to read it. Is there any way I could get a back number containing it? (Yes a few of February, 1931 copies are available.) Think Bing Crosby, Russ Columbo, also that sweet child, "Martha" Downey just so much "hooey." Like your magazine motto. If you can't say anything good about a person, say nothing at all. (Your request about Ben Sutter has been turned over to Marcella.) Oh yes, and I want to know where Manny Lowy, violinist with the original Yankees is. Has he ever recovered? Here's for every success to you.—A Constant Reader, The Plaza, St. Charles Place and Pacific Avenue, Atlantic City, N. J.

* * *

I PURCHASED my first copy of Radio Digest this month and must say it is what I've been looking for, lo these many months. Why don't announcers give the names of theme songs? The Chase and Sanborn and Maxwell House Coffee programs have the saddest, most haunting theme songs I've ever heard, but I do not know their titles. The article about Ted Husing in the October issue was great. Here's a big bouquet to him.—Leta Lee, Clear Lake, Iowa.—Allow me to congratulate you upon issuing such a fine magazine. There is nothing on the market today can equal Radio Digest in pleasing its many readers. May I ask that you some time in the future print a picture and little story about Helen Janke who has been on the Hymn Sing program for several weeks.—Mrs. J. C. H.—Have read Radio Digest for several months now. I like it because it's so personal—so direct and so homey, if you see what I mean. Especially enjoy reading the V. O. L. Appreciated the picture and write-up of Bing Crosby very much. Also the one of Rudy Vallee and the "Mrs." Hurry up some more stories and pictures of Bing Crosby, please. Here's a faithful reader hoping Radio Digest will grow fatter and fatter.—Margaret Wear, San Antonio, Texas.

* * *

BATTLE OF THE BLUES

AS WE have not been constant readers of Radio Digest during the past, we have no way of knowing whether you've ever done a radiograph about our favorite, Will Osborne in one of the past issues of Radio Digest. From now on, we will read Radio Digest every month, because we want to know more about him. (Photo of Mr. and Mrs. Osborne in Oct., 1930, Radio Digest.) Jean Anderson, 623 East 141st Street, Bronx, N. Y.

Station Parade

Pageant of Personalities and Programs as they Appear Across the Continent for the Biggest Show on Earth

Choristers Featured at WJAX Jacksonville

THE Whiddon Choristers are one of the most popular features in the Southeast with radio listeners. The program is broadcast each Friday night at 8:30 p. m. over WJAX, Jacksonville, Florida, and during the half-hour broadcast nothing but the old time sacred hymns are sung. The Choristers have been on the air for the past two years and their singing has drawn thousands of letters from listeners throughout the country. Judging their mail from Pennsylvania, radio fans in this section of the country are particularly fond of sacred music.

The members of the Choristers are the pick of the finest voices in Jacksonville. Billy Williams, tenor, is choir director of the Riverside Park Methodist church and also soloist at the Jewish Temple; Mrs. Berte Long Knocke, contralto is soloist at the First Baptist Church and former concert singer of Chicago; Joseph Schreiber, bass, is choir director of the Church of the Immaculate Conception (Catholic) and also bass soloist at the Jewish Temple; and Mrs. Jack Briggs, is soprano soloist at the Riverside Park Methodist church and a former choir director. The accompanist is Mrs. C. H. Lake, organist, who has played at some of the principal churches in Jacksonville and Carlton Robinson, vibraharp soloist, also plays the chimes on the programs of the Choristers. Outstanding violinists and other instrumental soloists are used from time to time on the program.

The Choristers use nothing but the old time hymns although the singers have all sung oratorios, difficult anthems and other important works. They find that the simple hymns with their tuneful harmony strike a responsive chord in the hearts of their listeners. They have frequent requests for such familiar numbers as "Old Rugged Cross," "In the Garden," "When They Ring the Golden Bells," "When the Roll is Called Up Yonder" and others of a similar vein.

A small portable organ is used in all of the broadcasts and it registers well over the radio.

The Choristers present the hymns of all denominations and frequently devote a large portion of their program singing the hymns of some particular faith such as, Christian Science, Baptist, Catholic, Methodist, Jewish, Presbyterian, Episcopalian, Christian, Latter Day Saints and other churches.



Betty Ryan, of the station staff at WTIC gets a big earful from the tuba of "Tiny" Berman, bass player of the Connecticut station's dance band, the Merry Madcaps.

Welcome Back WFIW!

Dear Digest:

I FEEL sure that many listeners throughout our territory will be in-



A group of the boys who make the air waves merry with their dance harmonies over WLBW.

terested in knowing that our station, WFIW, will return to the air on the 15th of November after being silent since the 28th day of July, when our plant was completely destroyed by fire. Our new plant will consist of the finest and most up-to-date equipment that can be bought.

We have a feature that we carry on our station that received between 350,000 and 400,000 letters during last fall. This feature is known as—Hiram Skrunch and His Happy Family From Gobblers Knob. This feature brought mail to our station from all over the U. S., Canada, Cuba, Mexico and as far as New Zealand. It consists of an old time string band with announcements in country dialect. This feature will no doubt be one of the most popular on our station this fall.

HARRY McTIGUE,
Acting Manager, WFIW,
Hopkinsville, Ky.

Three cheers for the comeback! And watch out for "shorts" in the future—or how did it start, anyway?

A New Radio Personality Arrives

A YOUNG man on stationWNBR, Memphis, Tenn., has been broadcasting there slightly better than a year. His program is called "Jack Frost and His Magic Carpet." His real name is George L. Ransom. Holding an anniversary party recently in the ball room of the hotel where the studios are located, some fifteen hundred admirers of the program turned out in force to see what it was all about. They had a very enthusiastic evening during a special broadcast. All this is beating around the bush, the real story is that Jack Frost himself has just joined the rank of fathers. He had contemplated naming the offspring Jack Frost Ransom but has discovered he will have to call the child Jean instead.

In The American Manner

WDZ makes a practice of starting its Sunday morning programs with a rendition of the "Star Spangled Banner." In case you're not fan enough to realize it, this Tuscola Illinois station is one of the oldest on the air, having been broadcasting since 1921.

Meet "Neighbor Wes" and "Nancy Lee" at KFLV

WES. W. WILCOX, baritone soloist of concert and recital stage, writer critic, and announcer, is general manager for KFLV in Rockford, Illinois. Wilcox is featured in regular week-day broadcasts of *Poet's Corner,* poetry and song; *Farm Flashes,* educational and timely talks to the farmers in the character of NEIGHBOR WES; and *Twilight Vespers,* old favorite hymns and the reading of favored Scriptural passages.

Another popular member of the KFLV family member is Ethel B. Fisher, who as "Nancy Lee," each morning conducts one of the most interesting and beneficial Homemaker's Club programs on the air today. Possessed with a wealth of radio personality, and charm, a voice of inspiring quality, excellent diction, and a load of real recipes and household hints for each and every broadcast, Ethel is deserving of a place on the honor roll of conductresses of women's programs throughout the country.



Hello, everybody! I'm Patricia Lou Pope. My dad, "Bill" Pope is WLBW's manager and sports announcer. Folks tell me he's a mighty good one, and while I'm not one to brag, I believe they're right!

A Rare Combination--- Talent and Executive

NOT only is Miss Katherine McIntyre gifted with musical talents bordering on genius but she also has unusual qualifications as an executive and business woman. It is seldom indeed that these two qualities are found in one individual, but leave it to Miss McIntyre to be different. Yes, it's her innate desire for the original that has been the contributing factor in her rise from "just another fiddler" to the executive in charge of all programs originating from the studios of Station KMOX the Voice of St. Louis.

Miss McIntyre began the study of music at the age of five at the old Horner Institute of Music in Kansas City Missouri, where she attracted so much attention that at the age of 16 she was taken on a concert tour which lasted for about five years, in which time she visited every state in the union and played in most of the large cities in the United States, Canada and Mexico.

Miss McIntyre lived in Europe for over two years studying and making personal appearances in the larger cities of the old continent. One day in Vienna she heard that KMOX was to be organized, and right then and there came

the decision to enter the field of radio broadcasting. Quickly she sailed for home and came to St. Louis to become a staff violinist of KMOX the voice of St. Louis.

Her career as a staff artist was short lived for the Managers of KMOX saw in this lady possibilities that were more valuable to them than her musical talents. So Katherine was made studio director, a position of responsibility which required real executive ability.

Soon came the "break" that gave Katherine her big opportunity. George Junkin who was then program director of KMOX resigned and went to his home back East. Katherine was the logical person to succeed him and she was instantly appointed as program director, a position she has since held. Under her direction many new and highly entertaining programs have been created, both local and national. It is she who is responsible for the musical portion of the "Voice of St. Louis Program" which is broadcast for a full hour every Sunday morning at 10:30 over the coast to coast network of the Columbia Broadcasting System.

"Nightingale of the Southwest"

THE place to take the true measure of a man is not the street corner or the amen-corner, nor the Forum or the field, but at his fireside, with the men and women who associate with him daily, and know the innermost secrets of his heart. To his intimates he lays aside his mask and you may learn just what he is, by what his every day associates think of him.

And this is true in every profession, in every walk of life. If his daily associates rejoice at his coming to the office or place of business, if they are glad to see him, and happy and contented in his presence, you may bet he's gold all through.

And by this same token have the radio artists at KFH, Wichita, Kans.,



Born in Australia, of Spanish parentage, Senora Rita Cavaliery, is one of KDKA's foremost radio personalities.

and the radio fans over the Southwest, throughout KFH's territory, placed their stamp of approval, their love and appreciation on Sue Fulton, program director, and announcer of the ladies matinee of the station.

When Sue Fulton returned from Chicago where she goes each summer for a two months musical course in the Chicago Musical college, she found her office, and the entire station blocked with flowers from fans, not only in Wichita, but throughout her radio territory.

But the big surprise came the next day, just 15 minutes before she was to go on the air for her matinee program. The artists of the station, with whom she had been in daily contact in her work, assembled in the studio, with a special program, all for Sue.

The program opened with an original song, a parody, perhaps, which was sung by Jack Owens, to accompaniment of the piano, played by Miss Ethel Buck, piano, Russel Low on violin following an announcement by manager J. Leslie Fox which told to the fans of the Southwest that Sue Fulton was home again, and ready to go on the air.

The thing that took Sue off her feet, was her life story, told by Kent Eubank, who puts on a program of old time stories each day.

And this is the story Eubank told:

"A few short years ago a proud mother took her little eight year old daughter by the hand, and they wandered down the lane to the little Brown church in the vale, where the little girl was to sing her first song in public.

"Eight years later, at the age of 16, that same little girl, with her mother, strolled into the First Methodist church in Wichita, and when the choir started the song, she joined in the singing from a seat far back in the audience.

"Mrs. Walter Scott Priest, the choir leader, recognized the young voice as something out of the ordinary—something wonderful. The little girl, wrapped up in her song, was oblivious of her surroundings.

"Mrs. Priest left her choir, came back in the audience, sought out the singer, and to her surprise found only a little girl, with dangling curls, whose voice was untutored and untrained, but as sweet and gentle as the winds that sing through the fields of corn.

"That night the little country girl with the dangling curls sat in the choir of the biggest church she had ever seen



Here are the Whiddon Choristers, whose Friday evening programs of sacred songs are popular with WJAX listeners. From left to right: Joseph Schreiber, bass; Mrs. Jack Briggs, soprano; Carlton Robinson, vibraharp and chimes; Mrs. C. H. Lake, organist; Billy Williams, tenor and Mrs. Berte Long Knocke, contralto.



The Sod Busters played hookey from WNAX one day last summer and went to the circus. This is what happened! From left to right we have: Rufus, Uncle Ezra Hawkins, The Shepherd, Zeb and Eph!

and charmed the large congregation with her melody, and without knowing what she had done, more than that she was singing with the crowd, a thing she dearly loved to do.

"A few years later this same little girl married the man of her choice, and although he possessed little of this world's goods, he possessed a heart as true and beautiful as the voice of the woman he took as a wife. He realized that her voice needed training, and although sometimes the wolf howled around the door, Sue wanted to give up her lessons to make the burden of a livelihood easier for the man she loved, he encouraged her, and pointed to the days when she would be a wonderful singer and lead the church choir and sing in public concerts. But her husband, even in his wildest dreams, never realized what was in store for the little girl he had taken to his bosom, and that her audience and admirers would some day reach throughout the great Southwest.

"The little girl with the dangling curls has reached far greater heights than she ever hoped in her girlhood days. She has sung in concerts, at hundreds of funerals for her friends. She has charmed the Southwest with her melodious voice, for there is nothing that soothes or enchants like a beautiful song, floating out on the air, especially when that song comes from the throat of a nightingale in human form.

"This little girl has gone far in the musical world. Thousands of men, women and children, for the past five years have listened to her, and sat enchanted as the rippling words floated over the air.

"But during the past week this same little girl with the silvery voice, has reached the top—no not the top, for there is no top for such as she—but the highest pinnacle ever dreamed of by her friends. During the past week she has spread the gospel of KFH and of Wichita, to every corner of the United States. She has refused to leave her beloved city, for a greater position in one of the larger musical colleges in America, but has returned to her old job of entertaining the friends she loved.

"It is this little girl, who is our own beloved program director and announcer of the ladies matinee each afternoon, none other than the Nightingale of the Southwest—Sue Fulton."

A'Round-The-World Song-Bird at KDKA

GLOBE Trotter! That's Senora Rita Cavaliery, Spanish soprano heard in broadcasts from Westinghouse Radio Station KDKA at Pittsburgh. Born in Australia, the senora has sung in several countries, including Italy, Australia, Mexico, England and France. She intends to make America her home. She was only 12 when she made her first public appearance. Among her diversified roles was that of taking the part of a Russian soprano in Australia.

New Technician at WLW Cincinnati

RUSSEL S. HOFF, expert radio technician and specialist in studio pickup, is the most recent addition to the technical staff of WLW, according to the announcement of Joseph Chambers, Technical Director of that station.

The Show Must Go On!

JOSEPH CHERNIAVSKY refusing to consider himself "out" while confined recently in a local hospital with an infected hand and unwilling to trust his Syncopators—who are literally the apple of his eye—to other hands during their broadcasts over WLW and the NBC network, had attendants install a loud speaker and a telephone at his bedside.

Through a direct telephone line to his assistant director on the floor of the Florentine Room, this popular maestro of jazz conducted his concerts without a hitch.

It "Sounds" Easy, But Jimmie Says "No!"

TAKE it from Jimmie Jewell, radio dramatist at WXYZ, in addition to being a writer of dialogue, is also a property boy. For just like the property boy on the stage, he has to run around looking for stage effects. Only



Here's a chap who, though only 20 years old is a recording artist and also Chief Announcer for WIBA out in Madison, Wisconsin. His name is John L. Olson.

this time they must all have a sound! Or they just don't work on the radio.

In the old days of the movie serials authors had to build up pictorial suspense. But your radio dramatist today has to build a picture in your mind, with conversation and sound effects, has to create the characters, and a plot, and always keep up the suspense!

First a character and subject must be thought of that will have general appeal, then a situation must be created that tells a story which can continue to interest listeners, then sound and voice must be so controlled as to build up a following.

For every fifteen minute Lulu and Leander program over WXYZ, four rehearsals and two auditions are held, and five sound experts listen in. First the dialogue has to be written, the "props" secured. Then an audition is held that emanates from the Maccabee building studios and comes down town on a special "audio" receiver into the spacious downtown audition room of WXYZ in the Madison theatre building.

Model "News" Broadcast Over WTMJ

AFTER considerable experiment The Milwaukee Journal has developed a newspaper-radio tie-up radio program that appears to be flawless in so far as it has attracted and held thousands of readers and listeners, has received their enthusiastic approval through the mail and by phone and telegram and has thus far received no complaints, kicks or criticism.

This near-perfect Journal program is called "Tribute to Wisconsin Cities," and is actually a superfine musical program which includes only five minutes of conversation of such tremendous interest to Wisconsin people that it is at least as welcome as the music.

"Tribute to Wisconsin Cities" is broadcast every Sunday evening at 8:00 o'clock and lasts for one-half hour. Each Sunday a different Wisconsin city or town is featured. The program consists of a short booster talk by a speaker selected by the featured town's chamber of commerce, two vocal or instrumental solos by a similarly selected local artist and, to lend weight and balance to the program, a leading WTMJ orchestral group presents a well balanced program of symphonic and semi-classical numbers.



A lady of exceptional talent and wide experience in the musical world is Katherine McIntyre, program director of Radio Station KMOX, the "Voice of St. Louis."



Verne Leslie Steck, prominent in musical circles the country over, is a recent addition to the staff of KFBB in Great Falls, Montana.

Here's One From WDGY

Dear Digest:

YOU know, I hate conceit in a person, but there surely isn't any sin in being proud.

After receiving your friendly letter, asking for a line from station WDGY, Minneapolis, I just couldn't resist confiding to you folks that I am feeling pretty proud these days of our programs.



From footlights to microphone has been a short and most successful step for this young California beauty, Zeta Harrison of KPO, San Francisco.

The "two Ernies," old timers at this business, are going over bigger and better all of the time with their songs.—And speaking of fan mail, they surely are keeping the government busy.

Undoubtedly you have heard of Stan Thompson, the boy with the melodious voice. He is our studio director and an announcer that does not try to mimic Tony Won or anyone else. He is a type unto himself and always conforms to the original.

Now the next isn't bologna—it is with deepest sincerity I state that the RADIO DIGEST, as ever, rates Ace high with WDGY and I don't mean maybe.

Well, now that I've tried to tell you what I think of your magazine, Hal, I'll just sign off with best wishes for your continued success.

Cordially yours,
Dr. George W. Young,
President.

Many thanks, Doctor Young, for the little boost! And you're right about this "proud" business! I'm with you 100% on that.

KMA Writes Us A Note From Iowa

Dear Digest:

WE KNOW that you are more or less swamped with radio stories from every radio station in the country, but nevertheless we are going to send in a sample of our literary efforts one of these days, and trust that you



This picture is of little Anuhea Brown, an eight-year-old miss from Hawaii, who plays her native steel guitar like an expert before KGU's microphone.

will have the available space to sneak it in someplace in your issue. With all good wishes to you and to your entire staff of workers, we are

Yours very truly,

Irmah Carmean.

Swamped nothing, Miss Carmean! Send it along. We've always got space for KMA and the big boy. Tell Mr. May we miss his breezy calls since moving to New York.

Radio Coins A New Word

A NEW word has been coined as a direct result of the influence of broadcasting upon the people of this age. It comes from the studios of KDYL at Salt Lake City, Utah.

According to Philip G. Lasky, manager of KDYL, "inventor" of the word, Radioligion will soon be in universal use to thoroughly describe and define that fast growing institution of religious broadcasting.

Radioligion—another word added to ever growing vocabulary of the modern day wonder.

They're All Sod Busters!

THE Sod Busters, favorite radio stars of the Northwest, wish to advise their many radio friends that their noticeable absence from WNAX, Yankton, S. D., is due to the fact that they have been called back to "Bar Nothin'" Ranch to husk corn and herd chickens. To put it in Ezra's words—"By Cracky, we'll be back with ye jist as soon as we git plinty of dirt thrown around the walls of our old ranch house, heh, heh, heh!"

Noted Maestro "Goes" Montana with KFBB

VERNE LESLIE STECK, used to be with WTAM but he has recently accepted a position at KFBB as a feature staff artist and is already occupied with the organization of a string ensemble to work under his direction. Steck has a brilliant record as a violinist, a teacher of violin, and as conductor of several orchestras in some of the finest theaters in the country.

Steck completed the course in violin offered by the Wesleyan University of Nebraska while still in his 'teens. Then followed three years as an instructor of violin in western states. In 1913 Steck went to Minneapolis where he studied with Maxmilian Dick, a pupil of Wieniaski, at the same time filling the position of assistant director of the violin department at the Northwestern Conservatory of Music. Mr. Steck has completed the entire Sevcik course.

Steck has had two years with the Chicago Symphony under Frederick Stock and one year with the Little Symphony of Chicago under the baton of George Dach.

As former director of music at the Martha Lee schools of Cleveland coupled with two years of work with the Cleveland Festival Orchestra; conductor of the Rialto and Madison Theater orchestras at Aurora, Ill.; concert master with the WTAM symphonic en-

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They call her the "Nightingale of the Southwest" but her real name is Sue Fulton and she's Program Director for KFH.

Tuneful Topics

By RUDY VALLEE

You Try Somebody Else

HERE we have Messrs. DeSylva, Brown and Henderson at their best, and their best has always been a unique ability to write what the mass public wants. They show how unusually clever they are in writing the story and songs for such a clever picture as Gloria Swanson's epic, *Indiscreet,* But this type of song shows that they still have a finger on the public pulse, and that the *Sonny Boy* type of song flows as easily from their pens as the more sophisticated type of thing.

The lyrics are suspiciously those of Lew Brown, as I believe by this time I have become a connoisseur of the Lew Brown touch. Who conceived the idea for the song is another matter, and whether Ray Henderson conceived most of the melody may still be cause for wonderment. But what is most intriguing in the way of reflection, is how the three gentlemen manage to write a song together, with Buddy DeSylva out on the Coast writing for pictures, and Messrs. Brown and Henderson anchored here in New York.

The boys have written under all sorts of conditions, such as on board a train en route to California; half-way out they conceived and furnished the idea of *My Sin.* They wired it back in telegraphic form to Bobby Crawford, general manager of the firm.

Usually the three boys have gone to Atlantic City, and in an elaborate suite at one of the best hotels there they have finished the ideas and songs for a smash Broadway hit. In fact, it was while they were writing a show there that Jolson called them from California telling them that he needed a song for the *Jazz Singer* picture, and after describing the type of song he needed the boys wrote, more as a gag than anything else, *Sonny Boy.* On returning from Cuba several months later, they were more surprised than anyone else to find the song was a sensation all over the country.

Dame Rumor would have you believe that the boys had parted for good, but this song gives the lie to all that, as it shows they are still writing together, and furthermore, still writing hit songs!

The song is one of the best they have done in a long time, having just the right swing and common-place thought that go with the big public. Although the cleverest contribution from a lyric standpoint are the lines:

You start painting the town
I'll try acting the clown.

The idea of the song is that after each has gone their separate ways, apparently happy, true love will find them reunited.

We play this song at about 50 seconds to the chorus, quite snappily and in staccato time. It is published by DeSylva, Brown & Henderson.



Rudy Vallee as seen in Scandals

Old Playmate

AS IS ever the case when an individual or individuals conceive and present anything which is termed successful, they attempt to follow-up their first success, but rarely does the follow-up product compare with the original. Such was the case with the boys who wrote *S'posin'*, and here in the case of *Old Playmate* is a song supposed to be a worthy successor to *I'm Thru With Love.*

With Whiteman being in Chicago, those of his boys who incline to song-writing find a ready demand for their efforts. Matt Malneck, Whiteman's very clever hot violinist, vocalist, and humorist, could have allied himself with no greater lyric writer than Gus Kahn, of whom we have already raved considerably in past issues. Kahn, whose batting average is exceptionally high, followed *Dream a Little Dream of Me* with *I'm Thru With Love,* the musical contribution probably being the work of Matt Malneck.

While I honestly believe that they have not written as great a song as *I'm Thru With Love,* yet I sincerely feel that *Old Playmate* is a creditable follow-up to it. I believe that Bing Crosby has made an excellent Brunswick record of it, and I feel that if anyone could do it justice, that gentleman is the one.

It is published by Robbins, Inc., and we play it at about one minute a chorus.

By the Sycamore Tree

NOT since *Swinging in a Hammock* and *Crying Myself to Sleep* has Pete Wendling, old-time writer of a long list of creditable hits—and whose name I somehow always associated with Walter Donaldson, inasmuch as both were writing hit songs when I was just beginning to fool around with snare drums and cornets, in my last years of grammer school and my first years of high school—not since these last two songs has Mr. Wendling offered to the musical public at large such a delightful melody.

While the first few measures are hauntingly reminiscent of *She's Not Worth Your Tears,* a tune from Billy Rose's *Sweet and Low* revue, a tune which was once the delight of yours truly, yet in no way is there any suggestion of plagiarism. The main part of the song, the part which is probably the hit part of the song (since very often just a certain phrase makes the song a success), is the part which is entirely unique, different and refreshing. For me to try to describe these few measures is futile: they must be heard to be appreciated. By the time this ar-

ticle appears, I am quite sure, if you listen to your favorite dance band at all, that you will know just the phrase of which I speak.

Wendling, who is now a staff writer with the firm of Irving Berlin, Inc., collaborated with Haven Gillespie, who evidently is free lancing. Gillespie is best know, perhaps, for his contribution to *Honey*, though he is quite a prolific song-writer.

I predict a rosy future for *By the Sycamore Tree,* especially if the bands will play it at a tempo varying between fifty seconds and one minute per chorus, thereby enabling them to get the best out of it. It may be played both legato and staccato. I imagine the Lombardos will do a great job with this song, as it is, in the language of Broadway, "right up their alley."

It is published by Irving Berlin, Inc.

Faded Summer Love

THERE are about three publishers in Tin Pan Alley who are not seeing red these days. Till some adjustment is made between radio stations, hotel owners, and the general public itself, toward contributing properly for the privilege of playing popular dance music, most of the publishers will continue to lose thousands of dollars a month, as the sheet music sale has come to be pretty much of a joke. Eddie Cantor says that even those who do not intend to pay are not buying, and in the same way, even the hit songs, admittedly smash hit songs, are not selling enough to warrant the tremendous cost of exploitation. It takes more than two hundred and fifty and three hundred thousand sheet copies to pay the terrific overhead and high expense of maintenance of a music publishing firm, cost of the orchestrations and the contact men who visit orchestra leaders nightly in their respective locales to urge them to broadcast the songs.

In the meantime, there are two or three of the major publishers who have been fortunate enough to have two or three hits riding simultaneously, which are perhaps permitting them at least to break even. The firm of Leo Feist, headed by Rocco Vocco, is one of them. Although my pianist, Cliff Burwell, thinks that the lyric of *I Don't Know Why* is the most hideous repetition of that phrase, still it is a blessing to the firm of Leo Feist, as the song is doing exceptionally well. While Feist has other songs which are selling as well as songs do sell, none of their songs are any more lovely in thought than this very poetic type of song which Rocco took from a certain Phil Baxter.

Just who Mr. Baxter is I don't know; he sounds suspiciously like an amateur, yet it may be a professional with a nom de plume. At any rate, Mr. Baxter has done a creditable job with his poetic thought, in which he likens a fading love to the fading leaves of Fall. Perhaps that will be the major fault of the song—that it is just a little too beautiful. It is quite "rangey" too. Still, as I have often said, many a song finds mention within these columns not so much for its potential hit qualities as for its being a creditable job on the part of those who wrote it.

We play the song quite slowly, taking about a minute and ten seconds for the chorus.

Freddie the Freshman

CLIFF FRIEND is at it again! This time he allies himself with Dave Oppenheim, millionaire owner of a chain of beauty shops. Oppenheim writes as a hobby, and does a darn good job of it. Friend is a dyed-in-the-wool song-writer with a long list of songs and hits to his credit.

With the coming of the Fall season, song-writers in general feel impelled to crash through with something savoring of football, college, freshmen, or what have you. Years ago two young college students gave us *Collegiate.* Though they have not duplicated their success over a period of six years, theirs has always been the shining example for all other song writers, even the most blasé of the Tin Pan Alley group.

Thus it was, in the Fall of 1928, the Connecticut Yankees and I had as one of our first Velvatone recordings *Doin' the Raccoon,* and the same writer, J. Fred Coots, has written another of the same type, working with Ray Klages on the former, and with Charles Newell on this, which is called *A Hot Dog, a Blanket and You,* which Eddie Cantor introduced on our Fleischmann program a few weeks ago.

But Messrs. Oppenheim and Friend have really gone in for effect in the writing of *Freddie the Freshman.* The song should be great material for the bands that seek novelty tunes, Waring's Pennsylvanians, Mall Hallett, Horace Heidt and his orchestra, Hall Kemp and his boys, Ben Bernie; in fact, the bands who dare to step out of the rut of saccharine love ballads and straight rhythmic compositions to present crazy novelties, these bands will enjoy doing *Freddie the Freshman.*

It has the usual applesauce and nonsense of raccoon coats, and even worse than that it, too, puns the Greek fraternity naming system. Still, it will make a good lively spot on anyone's radio program.

Needless to say, *Freddie the Freshman* is played brightly, and written in 2/4 time; it is published by Witmark, Inc.

THOSE CONNECTICUT YANKEES—We are sorry, and no less sorry is Rudy, that we could not have the special article about the orchestra members in this issue of Radio Digest. Mr. Vallee paid a glowing tribute to each of his men at the birthday party presented by the Fleischmann Hour aboard the S. S. Stuttgart. Radio Digest asked for the comment for its readers. Rudy thought it could be done. But every hour of his day and evening is scheduled far ahead. It was physically impossible for him to revise the script in time for this issue. You will doubtless see it here later.—Editor.

Time on My Hands

AT ONE time the name of Vincent Youmans was a name to conjure with; it was on everyone's lips. The night he dropped into the Savoy Hotel in London, while I was playing with the Savoy Havana Band in 1924, we were all agog to see the young man who had written such a successful musical comedy with such an outstanding hit as *Tea for Two.* He had come over to supervise the staging of *No, No, Nanette,* and it was probably he, as much as anyone else, who saw to it that *Tea for Two* was not played around in London until the show had properly opened. The theory has always been, among producers of musical comedies, that to permit the indiscriminate playing of feature songs from a musical comedy or revue while the show is playing, or when it is about to open, is the surest way to shorten the life of the show itself, and this theory would seem to be not far from correct. It is quite obvious that the songs have become distasteful through the constant hammering of them in people's ear drums, and few people will go to a show in which they know they must hear the songs again. Hence it was that restraining injunctions were used against various bands, including the Savoy Band, to prevent them from playing *Tea for Two,* even though the patrons nightly clamored for the song.

Tea for Two, both in thought and melody is one of the loveliest things Youmans has ever written, though he has since followed his first success with *Hit the Deck,* from which came *Hallelujah,* and *Sometimes I'm Happy.* Although his show, *Great Day,* was considered a flop, the music from it was one of the loveliest groups of musical compositions ever published.

Superstitious persons attribute Youman's list of show failures to luck. However, it does seem unfortunate that since *Hit the Deck* both *Great Day* and *Smiles* should not have enjoyed the same great success of his first two ef-

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RADIOGRAPHS

Intimate Personality Notes Gleaned from the Radio Family of America's Great Key Stations

Emery Deutsch

By Anne B. Lazar

I ENTERED the studio just ten minutes before the program was to be broadcast. Six or seven musicians were sparring with one another. An innocent member of the orchestra was suddenly awakened from his reverie by a poke in the ribs with a violin bow. Then there was a scramble of arms and legs. A pair of these animated, anatomical appendages belongs to Emery Deutsch—the leader of this group of men on a quarter-hour holiday. The minute hand moves quickly and there are just sixty seconds left before the program starts. How in the world will Emery Deutsch and his musicians step out of this mood of play in time to get set for the broadcast! But Ed Cullen, the announcer, is not perturbed. He probably knows from experience that Emery can organize his men for any important program in the twinkle of an eye. A signal from the control room separated from the large studio by a glass window, sends Sidney Raphael to the piano. Maurice Brown is, by some magic stroke, already at his 'cello, and the other members of the orchestra, Elias Tanzer, bass, who by the way is a genuine gypsy, Mr. Lifschey, viola player, and Mr. Gross, the man who manipulates the cymbolon, are all ready to go.

Then the gypsy measures, untrained and undisciplined by the theory of music, fret your fingers to snap and induce your toes to do a nimble dance. These haunting strains conjure up for you some woodland scene sprinkled with the colorful costumes of the gypsies and the musical clicking of castanets. But although Emery Deutsch is able to build up for you such a merry scene with the genuine gypsy flavor, he himself is not a member of that Nomadic Tribe.

His genius for remembering a tune and giving it a civilized twist and turn is the key to his success, and the early recollections of his youth have stood him in good stead.

There is probably no parallel to the childhood of Emery Deutsch. As a little bit of a shaver, all dressed up in velvet breeches and waistcoat, with extravagant silken ruffles around neck and wrists, young Emery was a frequent visitor at the lavish night clubs in Hungary. No, it was not that he prematurely developed a penchant for night life. But these cafes were sort of nurseries for him, a part of his home background. His aunt was the Texas Guinan of Hungary, but she operated on a much larger scale. In fact, Emery says she had a monopoly on these nocturnal palaces of wine and song. "But those were night clubs, why, nothing you have here can compare with them," said Emery Deutsch not without a trace of scorn at what we deign to call night clubs.

"My nurse used to take me around to these different places located in various parts of Budapest—you see my mother sang in the opera in Vienna, and I would catch the tunes played by real gypsy musicians." These snatches of song were stored up in Emery's mind and the lively selections you hear during his many programs over the Columbia Broadcasting System are variations and developments of these early musical seedlings.

Emery is twenty-seven years of age—quite young to have about forty programs a week over a large network. And there is never a trace of fatigue, never a scowl, never an air of self-importance. He is just a good, young, hard-working orchestra leader, part and parcel of the Columbia Broadcasting System. He lives at home with his parents, and has two brothers and a sister. Emery has played before the most fashionable sets at the resorts of the elite—but that mischievous twinkle in his eyes fortells that no glamor or great height of success will ever go to his head.



Emery Deutsch

Frank La Forge

By Mark Stevens

HE PLAYS those marvelous piano accompaniments for Mme. Frances Alda every Wednesday and Friday evening. In fact, he has accompanied and assisted most of the famous opera and concert stars for the past twenty years, including Mme. Alda, Schumann-Heink, Sembrich, Matzenauer and many others.

He has discovered and taught a host of young singers who became famous under his guidance, including Lawrence Tibbett. His

beautiful and spacious studio at 14 West 68th Street is filled from morning till night with opera and concert stars in the making.

HE HAS found time to be one of America's most noted composers and many artists sing his songs frequently over the radio. Lawrence Tibbett has probably summed it up in a beautiful tribute on an autographed photograph which hangs in the studio. The inscription reads: "To Frank La Forge, a great American, the greatest of teachers, the finest and best of friends, gratefully and sincerely, Lawrence Tibbett."

With all of his accomplishments, Frank La Forge is one of the most modest of men. He absolutely hates to talk about himself and passes over such things as his remarkable memory, for instance, as though they were nothing. La Forge is probably the only accompanist who never uses music when he plays for a singer. He has over five thousand songs committed to memory. I asked him how he did it.

"Well, I have always memorized naturally," he said. "My sister, Mrs. Ruth La Forge Hall gave me my first piano lessons and she was very strict. From the beginning I committed every piece I played to memory feeling that whatever was worth doing at all was worth memorizing. Soon it became a habit. Anyone can have a good memory who uses it regularly. It is like a muscle; it improves with exercise.

"An amusing incident occurred when I was playing for Mme. Sembrich at a concert in Berlin. At the time scheduled for the concert a man appeared behind the scenes saying he was a page-turner. I to'd him that since I used no notes I would not need his services. He seemed unable to comprehend an accompanist without notes, probably thought I was joking and so he went out on the stage with me for the first number. When he saw no music in evidence anywhere, he beat a hasty and confused retreat. Later on in the wings a somewhat downcast page-turner told me he received three marks for such services as he rendered. I gave him that amount and told him to take a holiday which he did with evident joy."

IT HAS become a tradition that soloists should commit their music to memory but this is not expected of accompanists. Nevertheless, this La Forge trait saved the day at one concert at least.

Mr. La Forge was playing a recital with a famous 'cellist in the large auditorium at Leland Stanford University, Palo Alto, California. They had just begun on a long number which lasts over fifteen minutes when suddenly, without any apparent cause, every light in the place was extinguished.



Frank La Forge
When asked as to the primary requisites for success as a singer Mr. LaForge said first it was by all means imperative to have a voice capable of culture and development, then, "an unusual capacity for work, a right method of study and a fixed determination to get ahead."

BARRING accident by shipwreck at sea or crackup by ship of the air you are going to see some interesting and unusual pictures in the January Radio Digest pertaining to the first broadcast from Honolulu on the Night of November 15th last. It was the momentous occasion when KGU of Honolulu became a member of the NBC network. Just after midnight a program of almost irresistible charm swept over the country from that station. If you were up your imagination must have had a treat as you heard the seductive voices from these musical people—the native Hawaiians. Pictures especially for Radio Digest are winging here as these lines are written. Don't miss that feature next month.

"A quite audible gasp ran through the house," he said, "the audience probably thinking that the number would have to come to an abrupt halt until the lights could be switched on again. But when they found that the total darkness made absolutely no difference in the performance, the effect was quite magical. Oddly enough, just as we were concluding, all the lights came on again as if we had planned it so. It looked like a piece of good showmanship although it was entirely unforseen on our part.

Once a famous Russian baritone wanted to sing several American songs which La Forge was playing for him in Vienna. This incident occurred when he was studying with Leschetizky. The songs could not be purchased in the city so La Forge wrote them out from memory and gave them to the astonished baritone. Furthermore, this singer could not understand why an accompanist should not use music. In fact, he thought it would look better if music were placed on the piano rack while he was singing. This was done to please him although the music on the rack had no resemblance to the music the baritone was singing.

THAT is one of the secrets of Mr. La Forge's perfect accompaniments. Instead of looking at the music, he watches the lips and movements of the singer and is able to anticipate every mood and whim.

Frequently Frank La Forge has the joy of discovery. Back in the Fall of 1922 a tall young man from the western wilds walked into his studio and wanted to study voice.

"Let's hear you sing," said Mr. La Forge, going to the piano and playing over a few chords. Soon the young man was singing of wide open spaces, of hardship and struggle, of life and love. He lived his song as he sang.

"What a thrill it gave me," said Mr. La Forge, "when I realized that here was a voice, one of unusual possibilities. Of course I urged the young man to make the most of it."

So Lawrence Tibbett began to study with La Forge and some time later made one of the most sensational triumphs ever accorded a singer at the Metropolitan Opera House. Tibbett was made overnight.

"I can never forget that night," said Mr. La Forge. "After it was all over and Tibbett was still in a daze from all the curtain calls, we went to a restaurant across the street and Tibbett had his usual bowl of cornflakes and glass of milk. Imagine eating cornflakes and drinking milk when one has just been swept into fame and fortune. But that is just like Tibbett."

I asked Mr. La Forge what were the chief requirements of the successful singer.

"A voice," he said, "an unusual capacity for work, a right method of study and a fixed determination to get ahead no matter what the obstacles.

MARCELLA

Little Bird Knows All—Tells All—Ask Her about the Stars You Admire

EVERY Monday morning, Toddles (Presiding Pigeon of Graybar Court) and I scamper hurriedly along Madison Avenue and reach the Columbia Broadcasting System in time to hear every part of Radio Digest's program, *Front Page Personalities.* Which is just as good a way as any of opening the story about our amiable friend, Edward Cullen, who announces R. D.'s feature over CBS. Toddles, my dears, is simply wild about the boy—well—I shouldn't say boy—he's 32, and I have a most awful time tearing her away from him at the finish of each program. What they talk about—this very handsome young man of five feet eleven and a half, and this mite of a bird, Toddles, as they stand there in the center of this very large studio, is quite beyond me. But her chief ambition in life, being to pull television from around that old corner, I am beginning to think that she has enlisted Edward to help her drag this elusive subject to just the place where she thinks it ought to be. But he's told her all about his travels in London, Ireland and Italy. That he was born in Buffalo—that he has toured the country several times—and that he has appeared in many successful Broadway productions. That once while he appeared on the same bill with Babe Ruth in Keith's Vaudeville Theatre, in Washington, General Marshal Foch who had been sitting in a box during the performance, was brought back stage by the manager to meet the "Sultan of Swat." The Sultan waxed nervous, his strong hand trembled and he rebelled against meeting the famous General. "But I can't speak French," stammered Babe, as the manager was egging him on to meet the General. Finally, with beads of perspiration strung heavily across his brow, The Sultan found himself in the presence of the War Hero. "H-have you been in the w-war," stuttered the striker of home-runs. Which all goes to prove what Shakespeare said, "The things that I do, I would not—" or was it Brad Browne? When Ed Cullen came to radio, the theatre firmament lost a bright star, and radio listeners will be fortunate if producers fail to persuade Ed to take leads in big productions. For he has played with Nat Goodwin, Jane Cowl, George Cohan, Mary Boland, and Lorette Taylor. His hobbies are golfing and swimming. A recent triumph was his success in turning out cookies with the assistance of Ida Bailey Allen.



Ed Cullen

* * *

ANNOUNCERS in one respect at least are not any different from other human beings. They don't like to get up in the morning. Knowing this Ma and Pa NBC employ an eight o'clock morning program as a cat o' nine tails for their delinquent boys who for some reason or another miss a program. This rod of great affliction has proved very effective according to results.

When Rudy married, a million feminine hearts deflated. Now here's some news that won't help the depression in the Vallee fan quarters. Hold your breath, girls—Mrs. Rudy attends the performance of *George White's Scandals* every night—isn't that enough to turn every eye the shade of Erin? Her going has two purposes, one—to be near her crooning husband—the other to check up on the audience's reaction.

A press release from CBS says that Toscha Seidel's hobby is mountain climbing but that he hasn't a chance to do that sort of thing in Manhattan. Perhaps he's resting after that terrific climb to the Peak of Fame.



Louis Dean

* * *

IN 1901, Valley Head, a small village in Alabama, added one more human being, at least, to its census, in the person of Louis Dean, now announcer over in the CBS camp. Mr. Dean is an astute business man and got his early training at the general store owned by his grandfather. One department with which it is said he was particularly well acquainted was the Confectionery Division and here he spent a great deal of time inspecting with keen eye and open lips generous samples of molasses candy and chocolates. Whenever Louis could be induced from the candy counter where he would station himself with a vengeance, his mother gave him piano lessons. Later he took a course at the Randolph-Macon Institute of Music at Danville, Virginia. Before this he had attended Washington and Lee University and during the war joined the nav-vy. His interest in radio had its beginning during his connection with the Brunswick Company where he worked with microphones. Louis believes that it is his background of salesmanship rather than his training in music that is his important asset. He plays a nice drawn-out game of golf, and reads over the biographies of great men during his spare hours.



Howard Claney

* * *

TODDLES and I were attending the last radio performance of the Lucky Strike program to be directed by B. A. Rolfe before he sailed for Europe. And between running from one studio where Weber and Fields were trying to make the water in a shallow basin sound like a big fish pond, and the other studio where B. A. Rolfe and his musicians were assembled, we had quite a busy time. But we did manage to get a few moments with Howard Claney, one of NBC's star announcers. And both Toddles and I heaved a sigh of relief to know that just in case the depression should happen to hit radio, Howard Claney could be a success in at least four professions—architecture, sculpture, painting and the theatre. He appeared in such successful productions on Broadway as *Cyrano de Bergerac*, *Liliom* and *June and the Paycock*. His early training in architecture, drawing and painting fitted him for the work of stage designer for many productions. Mr. Claney was born in Pittsburgh, April 17th, 1898, where he received his grammar and high school education and attended the Carnegie Institute of Technology. He is fair, has bright blue eyes and blond hair. During the Lucky Strike Hour, we whispered "hello's" to

Kelvin Keech, Walter Preston, and Frank Parker. Helene Handin, the girl announcer, who extolled the virtues of Lucky's product, sat right next to us, and this chatter of women's voices formed the background that is so essential to any good program.

* * *

PHYLLIS TINDALE, M. Z. Fischer and others interested in Rudy's broadcast schedule will find it listed under the heading *Throughout the Week* in Chain Calendar Features. Mrs. F. A. E., Dorothy Wise, Evelyn Arledge and the rest of Gene Arnold's admirers may expect a full page story about Gene, Chuck and Ray in the January issue. Address Bob MacGuinsey in care of the National Broadcasting Company, 711 Fifth Avenue, New York City; Laurentine Reine and Josephine Brunier can reach Lucille Wall at the same place.

* * *

TREMLETTE TULLY? Yes, that's her real name. Doesn't the very sound of it make you want to leave your old desk and typewriter, or frying pan or whatever constitutes the backbone of your daily existence for a tramp in the woods, for a rest under the sheltering arms of a tree and the tip toe flow of a quiet stream. But before we find ourselves too far in the woods and unable to come back in time to get this copy off to the Printer, it might be well to point out that Tremlette Tully—my, but great is the temptation to wander off again—is Director of Woman's Activities of WKRC, the Gruen Watch Makers Guild Station. And her Numerological Chart foretells a bright future for this little auburn-haired girl from the south.



Trem Tully

* * *

IF YOU have any fish stories up your sleeve, never try them on Howard Petrie, the announcer with the deepest voice on NBC. For Howard was brought up in too many fishing towns along the Atlantic Coast to give credence to the most subtle fish story. He was born in Beverly, Mass., November, 1906, and for nine full years his family moved from town to town, until finally they settled down in Somerville, Mass. Until he was fourteen he sang in the choir of the Cathedral of St. Paul in Boston. When he finished high school he worked for a Boston bank and during his leisure hours studied voice in the New England Conservatory of Music. He started at WBZA as announcer and in June, 1930, was graduated to the NBC ranks. Being the tallest of all NBC announcers, his great concern is taking care of a hasty assignment where he hasn't time to adjust the microphone. Is a member in the choir of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church in New York City.



Howard Petrie

* * *

DOUG EVANS is a comparatively new announcer over at CBS having been drafted there from WMCA some time in May. A recent accident to his eyes prevented his recognizing Toddles and myself, and Toddles particularly was very much chagrined because she had put on her best smile. Evans was born some twenty-seven years ago in Newport News, Va. His father and grandfather having been army men, a military career was laid out for Doug and with this end in view, was groomed for West Point. He passed all the necessary exams but at the last moment changed his mind. He had always been interested in the stage and when the opportunity came he joined the road company of *Naughty Riquette* with Mitzi. Later he took important parts in *Peggy Ann* and *A Connecticut Yankee.*



Doug Evans

* * *

YES, C. L. Swafford of Pratt, Kans., Cecil and Sally are married, that is, I suspect they are. They never have committed themselves. They broadcast via electrical transcription. No, I'm not Helene Handin's partner, although I've been seeing her so often these days, that I'm beginning to think I am.

* * *

CAROLINE KOCH will find a double page story about Lowell Thomas in the February issue, and a picture of Floyd Gibbons in June, page 50. *Always a Digest Fan* and Inquisitive from N. D. will find an interesting article about Gene and Glenn in October, 1930, issue of R. D. Other pictures and short items about this team have appeared in Radio Digest from time to time. October, 1930, issue also has a Radiograph about Ann Leaf, Adelaide, and one of these days we'll have more than a few words about Jesse Crawford.

* * *

LANNIE ROSS is so popular, that his radio fans would league themselves against me forever if we did not invite him into our columns this month. First of all he is a Yale man—and maybe that's why he has the key to so many hearts. He's twenty-five, inherited his voice from his parents who were vaudeville singers and is a skillful painter. He's a great athlete, and to perpetuate the memories of his athletic activities, Yale Gymnasium has pictures on its wall of Lanny. He's six feet tall.



Lanny Ross

* * *

OF Glen Ellison, KNX, Hollywood, the late Mr. Edison once said that he had the finest recording voice of any of his artists and that his records showed a larger sales record than many of them. Mr. Ellison was born on the Highlands of Scotland and the "unusual" in his voice and songs has won for him an enviable reputation. In London at the Royal Academy of Music he won many prizes, scholarships and medals for singing, opera and drama. He played leading roles in some of Shaw's plays. In Australia he stepped into grand opera where he took leading parts in *Faust, Il Trovatore, Lily of Killarney, Bells of Normandy* and other English operas. When he came to New York he made successful tours in vaudeville. Mr. Ellison is of medium height, with broad, heavy shoulders, and a smile that never wears off. Being Scotch he plays his game of golf, of course.



Glenn Ellison

* * *

EVER since that first picture of Henry Edward Warner, Toddles and I have been deluged with letters for more about him. So Toddles, chastising me for being a very cold, unsympathetic creature, and shaking her head so vigorously that the feather on her Empress Eugenie hat stood in imminent danger of falling, wrote a letter to Uncle Ed of WCAO and we both got the following note. I'm going to take the liberty of quoting the letter without waiting first to write to Uncle Ed for his permission, for I do want Marcellians to get something of the exquisite beauty of his philosophy. "You know my personal Sunday hour is based on love, sympathy, understanding and kindness, and at my age (83 next January, or thereabout) I get a big kick out of actually doing good. Last Sunday I broadcast an answer to the question: 'What is Love' and incidental to my definition and discussion of the subject, I said: 'If you can think of love as something which has to do with the fact of Life itself, you will be very near to the truth. The scientist has not been able to isolate the beginning of Life, nor to explain whence comes consciousness, nor thought, nor volition, nor the conception of ideas, but when he does isolate that thing, whatever it is, he will find it to be inseparable from the essence of what my Dream Children and

I call Love. . . And that intangible but vital principle is the only thing that holds this world of helpless humans together; it is the thing that binds the corners of the universe, the thing that sends the sun to paint its glories over western hills; it is the one thing that differentiates man from all other creation, that gives him Faith in the darkness of despair and lifts him to comradeship with the gods. Strip man of all his possessions and set him down in the desert, rob him of wealth and visit him with sorrow, but if in his heart he holds Love, he shall read the secret of the heavens, and the stars shall sing his story until Time has taken its weary way to the dormitories of Eternity." Certainly this epitome of Love should be given a rare setting and can be with full justice compared to Henry Drummond's volume on that subject. It seems to me that these truths are just a bit different from some of the sob and sniffling kind of so-called homely philosophy dished out to the poor mortals called radio listeners. I'd like to quote a few more lines from that wonderful letter which Toddles will cherish forever and ever. "I don't accept a cent for my Sunday broadcast, and give up my Sunday, traveling 60 miles round trip from my home to do it, just because the least we humans can do is to contribute our helpfulness to others, thus to justify our own existence. In other words, at my age, I have my one big job: To take from my life experiences all that is good, and from my talents all that is worthy, and give it to the world without charge for humanity's sake." Here's a good opportunity for NBC or CBS to invite Mr. Warner to give some real, genuine impartations of wisdom over a chain of stations.

* * *

HENRY RING of WLW has announced such important orchestras as those of Vincent Lopez, Jan Garber, Johnny Hamp, Ted Weems, Don Bigelow, Ben Bernie, Bernie Cummins and many others, and possesses a collection of autographed photographs from these band leaders that would warm the cockles of your hearts for many a year. Persistence got Henry Ring his job as an announcer. It was a round about way, but he finally got there. First he managed to be hired in the Crosley Radio Corporation's factory. And every lunch hour he spent in the WLW control room, his mental eye all the time being glued to the microphone. In other words he was conspicuous by his presence—and finally an opening "opened" for a radio operator. Ring got the place and a few conversations in which he convinced those in charge that he could announce, resulted in his becoming an announcer.



Henry Ring

* * *

IN the sear and yellow leaf period of life, Elliott Shaw, baritone member of the Revelers, one of the best loved quartets on the air, looks forward to spending his days as a country gentleman. He is married, collects pewter as a hobby, avoids silent or talking pictures, seldom attends concerts, and has only a passing interest in the theatre. He is tall and slender, has light brown hair and a fair complexion. Comes from Des Moines, Iowa and an idea of his boyhood days can be obtained from the stories of Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn. Days just brimful of adventure and daring up along the Mississippi. And behind his quiet laugh, one gets glimpses of his real boyish nature, the Tom Sawyer spirit that never leaves a man once it settles within him.



Elliott Shaw

* * *

JACK REID, chief announcer of Stations WGBS and W2XCR (Television) is one of the most cheerful individuals around radio stations. But don't ever let Jack get to your sugar bowl. When Jack sees sugar he has only one thought and that thought is so impelling, that he empties the bowl into his pockets and cares not for the consequences. Hotel keepers, club owners and restaurateurs shrink with dread as Jack Reid enters for they know only too well the dearth of sweetening which follows these visits. But what can you do with a man whose love for horses is so great that he pilfers sugar for them. His heart also goes out to stray cats which he brings home with him. Drinks 36 cups of coffee a day, and his pet aversion is being photographed (hence his absence in the flesh in this column). Is a graduate of McGill University, Montreal, and during the War, was an officer in the Royal Flying Corps. Is an honorary member of the DOX crew, and has flown in every big ship with the exception of the new Army Bomber and the Dirigible Akron. Confidentially, there's a girl out in Cleveland—well—to use his own words "I wish she would hurry back to New York or that they could move Cleveland nearer to this city." His broadcasting activities cover every sort of event that has gone over the air from championship matches to presidential elections, and can't wait for the time when boxing and wrestling matches will be given via television. Secretly hopes to be the first one to announce such an event.

* * *

AND while we're around W2XCR, I might mention that I saw a good-looking young man with blond hair and fair complexion place his arm surreptitiously around Marcia Stewart who has been accompanist for that station for some years. I sort of gulped a minute or two and then the illuminating thought occurred to me that, the boy being Mr. Stewart, and the woman being Mrs. Stewart—maybe they were related. You know you begin to connect up ideas like that if you hang around Toddles very long. Well, I ventured in as tactful a manner as possible and asked the question. Of course they were related. Mr. Stewart is Mrs. Stewart's son.

Marian Canniff, so sorry, but all my photographs are gone. Maybe some day I can get Toddles and myself again to sit still long enough to have our portrait done and we'll remember you. Sure we forgive you for your delay so please don't get gray hairs.

Sid Goodwin, NBC announcer out on the Coast, was born in Chicago, was reared in Oregon and obtained his education at the University in that state. Was a leader in amateur theatricals. Before he was 20, he had played in vaudeville, pictures and rep. shows. As a newspaper man he covered police, drama and radio news for the Portland Oregon. Mr. Goodwin is married, and has a 13-year-old daughter. His only aberration—I mean—hobby, is golf.



Sid Goodwin

Lester Spencer, formerly of stations KFJF in Oklahoma City, and WCAH in Columbus, is now broadcasting over WOWO, Fort Wayne. He hails from Sidney, Ohio, has blond hair, blue eyes and a very pleasing disposition. All fan letters answered personally, informs Charlotte King, of WOWO's Publicity Department.

Sorry, Jules Allester, no personal addresses of radio stars given. Letters forwarded to stations are always turned over to the artists, unless the Fan Mail Department happens to have been out late the night before.

Yes, F. M. Miller, the theme song of the Amos 'n' Andy programs is broad cast by musicians and not via record.

Cheerio is Charles K. Field and Franklin Bauer is not broadcasting at the present time. I'm doing my best to find out where he's hiding out, Elizabeth Whiting.

(Continued on page 87)



Mrs. Petch in Norwegian peasant costume every stitch of which is sewn by hand. (Harold Stein)

Blondes Preferred

But—

Where Are They?

Why, in Norway, of course, says Mrs. Petch, and they're just as modern as our American girls.

Mrs. Gladys Petch, author of this article, is on her fourth broadcasting trip to the United States where she has been lecturing on the traditions, customs, literature and present day life of Norway. Her film, "The Top of the Old World," which ran for three weeks at Roxy's Theatre in New York, is the first short travelogue, and her talks about this fascinating country have been the delight of American audiences.

BEAUTIFUL fair women can be found all the world over, but if you want the real ash blonde, then you must come to Norway. Take a walk down the Carl Johan, the chief street in Oslo the capital, with a beautiful park on one side, and the Royal Palace standing at the top, at about two o'clock and stand in the park near the band stand, where the military band plays every day from two to three. You will find, that eight out of ten girls have the beautiful ash gold hair that is the real blonde.

And perhaps this will give rise to a question from your side "What is the Norwegian girl and woman like?"

Well let's have a chat about her. As a rule she keeps herself very much in the background, but all the same she is a very active partaker in the affairs of her country.

The Norwegian woman has experienced the multitude of changes that came to her, as it did to her sisters of other lands, with the changing times, with the speeding up of travel, with co-education, and with modern dances.

Emancipation of women came early to Norway, and it has not proved derogatory to her character. When Olive Schreiner wrote the story of a South African farm the Norwegian woman was already waking. Camilla Collet was the pioneer of the movement in Norway. She was the sister of the poet Wergeland, and was herself a clever authoress. The *Amtmands daughter* is her most popular work and in it she makes a fierce attack on the demoralizing habit of regarding marriage as a "woman's" sole breadwinning business. She died at the age of eighty-two, having for many years been the champion of the woman's cause in Norway. No other woman in Norway has stood out so prominently as she, indeed it does not seem to be characteristic of them to care to come individually to the front, in the mass perhaps they make an impression on their country, but alone they are modest and retiring.

Now in public life the Norwegian women made rapid strides. From 1901 and 1912 government posts were open to her. She can fill high positions, she can sit with the lawgivers, she can rise to a place in the cabinet, she can heal the sick, she can defend the criminal, but she cannot mount the pulpit in the church.

The great war has naturally changed the outlook of the average young woman. But even before the Great War Norwegian girls were accustomed to choose some special line in which they could earn a living. At school they ask each other "What are we going to be" as regularly as their brothers. Marriage with them is always a possibility and not an expected thing, but this I think is the case with most girls of the present day.

THE day of betrothal is festive and serious as the wedding day. Breach of promise is practically unknown, divorce is easy and common, but it is arranged unostentatiously and on business lines. There is no ill will apparently, and they meet later on each with a new partner, at a dance or bridge party with no indication of discomfort or animosity. Olav enjoys the privilege of playing on the edge of a volcano, he must be careful of his attentions to Ragna, must watch his personal appearance and behaviour. And Ragna on her side will never endure that Olav shall ever be led to form an impression that after all, it might be that Solveig, would have suited him better as a partner for life. So divorce itself may be an unpleasant business, but the contemplation of the risk of it has a certain modify-

(Continued on page 83)

The AWFUL TRUTH

Veracity should be tempered with kindness and tact---else its purpose will die on the wing

By Frances Ingram

Consultant on Care of the Skin heard on NBC every Tuesday morning.

THE virtues of truth have been extolled so long and so vehemently that it is small wonder that the "awful truth" has gained a tenacious foothold in this century. Truth is a virtue, of course, but not always.

Caustically truthful people frequently excuse their frankness by remarking sagely that of course "the truth hurts." It does indeed. For this reason the civilized person refrains from unpleasant veracity.

For instance, take two people who are seeing for the first time a room which a friend has done over according to her own ideas of interior decoration. We'll grant the results of her talent are not beautiful. The truthful person says at once that the room is terrible. The civilized person finds, somewhere in the room, a bit of really good grouping or some pleasing combination of colors and waxes enthusiastically about that.

Telling the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth is, nine times out of ten, really nothing more or less than nervousness. It's a mental letting-go similar to such physical exhibitions as St. Vitus' dance or the popular 1931 "jitters." Truth that hurts is therefore often a sign of weakness rather than strength.

There are times when the truth is called for, naturally—for a vitally necessary understanding, for the ultimate happiness of some friend. But under ordinary circumstances there is no excuse for truth merely for truth's sake. Consider the bitterly truthful woman who tells her acquaintances unpleasant things about the style of hats they wear or the diet they choose for their children or the way they acted at the Literary Club. Can you honestly admire her penchant for truth?

When I was in school I had a roommate whose mother was one of these caustic truth-tellers. Ruth used to look forward to letters from home, but invariably they left her depressed and morose. Mrs. Wilson had a habit of telling her daughter the truth about every member of the family and about all the family's friends, too. When Father had a little cold, when Mother had one of her sick headaches, when the next door neighbor made an unpleasant remark about higher education for women, Ruth heard about it as soon as the postal service could get her mother's letter to her. Mrs. Wilson told the truth in her letters, but I've never been able to believe that her brand of truth was of the virtuous kind. It didn't accomplish anything useful—it merely depressed.

There were other truths in that household, I'm sure, interesting, amusing, witty truths. Mrs. Wilson saw the "bad news" type of truth. Her error lay in her selection of truths.

Mrs. Wilson and other chronic truth-tellers have simply fallen into the habit of choosing the wrong truths. Women everywhere fall into this common fallacy even in regard to themselves.



Marcella Shields—Yes Helene Handin, the other Trouper is around somewhere—broadcasting over NBC
(Courtesy Harold Stein)

MISS BROWN looks at herself in the mirror and sees but one truth—a small insignificant mole. In time she may write to a number of beauty specialists, demanding to be told how she can remove this mole which she insists is ruining her whole life. A more sensible truth-finder sees a mole on her face and decides to make of it a beauty mark, pointing out the lovely texture and clearness of her skin. Or she decides that her skin is not in good condition but that she will improve it so that her mole can be an accentuation of skin beauty. All a matter of selection, you see.

It's sensible to see yourself truthfully. It's foolish to let one truth color your perspective of yourself. The intelligent thing to do is to see yourself truthfully, but with imagination, too. Accept the truth about yourself,

(Continued on page 83)

Chain Calendar Features

See Index to Network Kilocycles on page 79

Throughout Week

TOWER HEALTH EXERCISES—(Daily except Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
6:45 a.m.	5:45	4:45	3:45
WEAF	WEEI	WFI	WGY
WCAE	WRC	WBEN	CKGW

JOLLY BILL AND JANE—(Daily except Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:45 a.m.	6:45	5:45	4:45
WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	KDKA	WJR	WLW

ON THE 8:15—Landt Trio and White. (Daily except Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:00 a.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	KDKA
WGAR	WJR	WRVA	WSM

MORNING DEVOTIONS—(Daily except Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:00 a.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WKBW
WCAU	W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL
WDBJ	WBT	WDAE	WSPD
WDOD	WLAC	WBRC	WDSU
KMOX	KOIL	KFH	KFJF

GENE AND GLENN—Quaker Early Birds. (Daily except Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:00 a.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WTAM	WEAF	WTIC	WJAR
WTAG	WEEI	WCSH	WFI
WRC	WGY	WCAE	WBEN
WTAM			

SOMETHING FOR EVERYONE—(Daily except Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:15 a.m.	7:15	6:15	5:15
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WKBW
WLBZ	WCAU	W3XAU	WJAS
WMAL	WDBJ	WBT	WQAM
WDBO	WDAE	WXYZ	WSPD
WDOD	WREC	WLAC	WBRC
WDSU	WTAQ	WCCO	KMOX
KMBC	KFH	KFJF	KRLD
KTSA	KDYL	CFRB	

MORNING DEVOTIONS—(Daily except Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:15 a.m.	7:15	6:15	5:15
WEAF	WTIC	WRC	WCAE
WGY	WHAS	WWJ	WPTF
WTAG	WBEN	WRVA	WIOD
WFLA	WSUN	WJDX	WJAR
WOW	WCSH	WGN	KFYR
WFI	WCKY	WJAX	WIBA

CHEERIO—(Daily except Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:30 a.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30
WEAF	WTIC	WEEI	WRC
WCKY	WWJ	KPRC	WFI
WSB	WSM	WJAX	WPTF
WTAG	WOAI	WBEN	WRVA
WIOD	WHAS	CKGW	WFLA
WSUN	WTAM	WJDX	WJAR
WGY	WOW	WCAE	WCSH
WSMB	WDAF	KSTP	WGN
WDAY-KFYR		WAPI	

OLD DUTCH GIRL—(Mon., Wed. and Fri.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:45 a.m.	7:45	6:45	5:45
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WKBW
WEAN	WAAB	WCAU	W3XAU
WJAS	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WBT
WGST	WXYZ	WSPD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WDSU	WISN
WOWO	WBBM	WCCO	KMOX
KMBC	KOIL	KFH	KFJF
KRLD	KTSA	KDYL	KLZ
CFRB	CKAC		

THE COMMUTERS—Emery Deutsch, Conductor. (Daily except Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:00 a.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WGR	WAAB	WPG	WHP
WIP-WFAN		WJAS	WLBW
WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ	WWVA
WADC	WQAM	WDBO	WDAE
WXYZ	WBCM	WLAP	WDOD
WREC	WLAC	WBRC	WDSU
WTAQ	WOWO	KSCJ	WMT
KMOX	WNAX	KOIL	KFH
KFJF	KDYL	CFRB	

TOM BRENNIE—"The Laugh Club." (Daily except Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:00 a.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WJZ	WBAL	WFAA	WIOD
WGN	KOA		

TONY'S SCRAP BOOK—Conducted by Anthony Wons. (Daily ex. Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:30 a.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WKBW	WDRC	WAAB
WORC	WPG	WCAU	W3XAU
WHP	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WDBJ	WWVA	WADC	WQAM
WDBO	WDAE	WXYZ	WBCM
WSPD	WDOD	WREC	WLAC
WDSU	WTAQ	WGL	KSCJ
WMT	KMOX	WNAX	KOIL
KFJF	KDYL	KLZ	CFRB
WLAP			

"BEAUTIFUL THOUGHTS"—(Daily except Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:30 a.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	KDKA	WGAR	WLW
KWK	WREN	KFAB	KSTP
WEBC	WDAY	KFYR	WRVA
WPTF	WJAX	WHAS	WSM
WAPI	WSMB	WJDX	KTHS
WBAP	KPRC	WKY	

MELODY MUSKETEERS—Male Trio. (Mon., Thurs. and Sat.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:45 a.m.	8:45	7:45	6:45
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WKBW	WDRC	WAAB
WPG	WCAU	W3XAU	WHP
WLBW	WMAL	WCAO	WDBJ
WWVA	WADC	WBT	WQAM
WDBO	WDAE	WXYZ	WBCM
WSPD	WDOD	WREC	WLAC
WDSU	WTAQ	WOWO	WBBM
KSCJ	KMOX	KMBC	KOIL
KFJF	KRLD	KLZ	CFRB

OUR DAILY FOOD—Col. Goodbody (Daily ex. Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:45 a.m.	8:45	7:45	6:45
WEAF	WTIC	WJAR	WTAG
WCSH	WRC	WGY	WCAE
WTAM	WWJ	WOC	KSD
WHO	WDAF	WTMJ	WEBC
WRVA	WPTF	WIOD	WFLA
WSUN	WHAS	WSM	WMC
WOAI	WSB	WSMB	WJDX
WIBO	WKY	WBEN	KSTP
WEEI	WGN	WOW	KPRC
WFI	WFAA	WAPI	WJAX
WSAI			

MORNING MINSTRELS — (Tues., Wed., Fri. and Sat.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:45 a.m.	8:45	7:45	6:45
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WKBW
WDRC	WAAB	WPG	WCAU
W3XAU	WHP	WLBW	WMAL
WCAO	WDBJ	WWVA	WADC
WHK	WBT	WTOC	WQAM
WDBO	WDAE	WBCM	WSPD
WLAP	WDOD	WREC	WLAC
WDSU	WTAQ	WOWO	WBBM
KSCJ	KMOX	KMBC	KOIL
KFJF	KRLD	KLZ	CFRB
WOKO			

MRS. BLAKE'S RADIO COLUMN—(Daily except Sat.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:00 a.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WEAF	WTIC	WTAG	KYW
WJAR	WCSH	WFI	WEEI
WRC	WGY	WBEN	WCAE
WSAI	KSD	WOC	WHO
WWJ	WDAF		

BREEN AND DE ROSE—(Tues., Thurs. and Sat.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:15 a.m.	9:15	8:15	7:15
WEAF	WFI	WGY	WBEN
WCAE	WTAM	KSD	WOC
WHO	WDAF	KSTP	WRVA
WFLA	WSUN	WHAS	WMC
WAPI	WJDX	WFAA	WKY

BEATRICE MABIE — (Mon. and Thurs.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:15 a.m.	9:15	8:15	7:15
WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	KDKA	WGAR	WJR
WIBO	KWK	WREN	KFAB
CKGW	CFCF		

DR. ROYAL S. COPELAND

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:15 a.m.	9:15	8:15	7:15
WEAF	WTIC	WTAG	WEEI
WCSH	WFI	WRC	WGY
WBEN	WCAE	WTAM	WWJ
WSAI	KYW	WOW	WDAF
WIBA	WEBC	KFYR	WRVA
WPTF	WJAX	WIOD	WFLA
WHAS	WSM	WMC	WSB
WAPI	WKY	KOA	KGO
KFI	KTAR	KFSD	KOMO
KHQ			

SOCONY PROGRAM—(Tues. and Thurs.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:30 a.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30
WEAF	WEEI	WTIC	WJAR
WTAG	WCSH	WGY	WBEN

MELODY PARADE—(Daily except Sat. and Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
11:00 a.m.	10:00	9:00	8:00
WOKO	WHEC	WKBW	WLBZ
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WPG
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WDBJ	WWVA	WBT
WQAM	WDAE	WXYZ	WBCM
WSPD	WLAP	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WDSU	WISN	WTAQ
WOWO	WFBM	KSCJ	KMBC
KLRA	KFJF	KTSA	WACO
KOH	KVOR	WABC	W2XE

RADIO HOUSEHOLD INSTITUTE—(Tues, Wed. and Thurs.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
11:15 a.m.	10:15	9:15	8:15
WEAF	WTIC	WWJ	WEEI
WBEN	KSTP	WJAR	WCSH
WLIT	WRC	WGY	WCAE
WSAI	KFKX	KSD	WTAM
WOAI	WMC	KTHS	WTAG
WOC	WHO	WTMJ	WEBC
WHAS	WSM	WSB	WAPI
WSMB	KVOO	KPRC	WOW
WBAP	KYW	WDAF	

STAGE AND SCREEN STARS—(Tues. and Thurs.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
11:45 a.m.	10:45	9:45	8:45
WABC	W2XE	WNAC	WCAU
W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL	WKRC
WXYZ	WBBM	WCCO	KMOX
KMBC	CFRB		

DON BIGELOW'S YOUNG'S ORCHESTRA—(Daily ex. Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
12 Noon	11:00	10:00	9:00
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WGR
WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WORC	WPG	WIP-WFAN	WHP
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WDBJ	WWVA	WADC
WBT	WQAM	WDBO	WDAE
WXYZ	WLAP	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WDSU	WISN
WTAQ	WCCO	KSCJ	WMT
KMBC	KOIL	KFJF	WACO
KOH	KVOR	KVI	KFPY
KFRC	KHJ	KLZ	

PAT BARNES IN PERSON—(Daily except Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
12:15 p.m.	11:15	10:15	9:15
WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	KDKA	WGAR	WJR
WLW	WENR	WTMJ	KSTP
WEBC			

NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR—(Daily except Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
12:30 p.m.	11:30	10:30	9:30
WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	KDKA	WLW	WGAR
WJR	KYW	KWK	WREN
KFAB	WRC	KSTP	WEBC
WDAY	WIBA	WRVA	WPTF
WJAX	WIOD	WFLA	WHAS
WSM	WMC	WSB	WAPI
WSMB	WJDX	KTHS	KVOO
KPRC	KOA	WOC	WHO
WOW	WDAF		

COLUMBIA REVUE—(Daily ex. Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
12:30 p.m.	11:30	10:30	9:30
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WGR	WDRC	WNAC
WORC	WPG	WIP-WFAN	WHP
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WTAR
WWVA	WADC	WQAM	WDBO
WXYZ	WBCM	WSPD	WLAP
WDOD	WREC	WLAC	WBRC
WDSU	WISN	WTAQ	WOWO
KSCJ	WMT	KMOX	KMBC
KOIL	KFH	KFJF	WACO
KOH	KVOR	KOL	KVI
KFPY	KFRC	KHJ	KDYL
CFRB			

HOTEL TAFT ORCHESTRA—(Daily except Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
1:00 p.m.	12:00	11:00	10:00
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WHEC
WGR	WEAN	WDRC	WAAB
WORC	WPG	WCAU	WHP
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	W3XAU
WADC	WHK	WBT	WTOC
WQAM	WDBO	WDAE	WXYZ
WBCM	WSPD	WLAP	WBRC
WDSU	WISN	WTAQ	WOWO
KSCJ	WMT	KMOX	KMBC
KOIL	KFH	KFJF	WACO
KOH	KVOR	KOL	KVI
KFPY	KFRC	KHJ	KDYL
CFRB			

COLUMBIA FARM COMMUNITY NETWORK PROGRAM—(Daily except. Sat. & Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
1:15 p.m.	12:15	11:15	10:15
WDRC	WWVA	WDAE	WBCM
WLAP	WDOD	WTAQ	WBBM
WCCO	KSCJ	WMT	KMBC
KFH	KFJF	WACO	KOH
KVOR	KFRC	KHJ	KYDL

HARRY TUCKER AND HIS BARCLAY ORCHESTRA—(Mon. and Fri.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
1:30 p.m.	12:30	11:30	10:30
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WHEC
WGR	WLBZ	WDRC	WORC
WPG	WJAS	WLBW	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ	WADC
WBT	WTOC	WQAM	WDBO
WDAE	WXYZ	WBCM	WSPD
WDOD	WLAC	WBRC	WDSU
KFJF	CFRB		

ANN LEAF AT THE ORGAN—(Mon. & Wed.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
2:00 p.m.	1:00	12:00	11:00
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WGR	WLBZ	WDRC
WNAC	WLBW	WORC	WPG
WJAS	WDBJ	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WTOC	WWVA	WADC
WBT	WXYZ	WQAM	WDBO
WDAE	WDOD	WBCM	WSPD
WLAP	WDSU	WREC	WLAC
WBRC	WFBM	WISN	WTAQ
WGL	KMBC	WCCO	KSCJ
WMT	KTSA	KLRA	KOIL
KFJF	KFPY	KOH	KVOR
KVI	KLZ	KHJ	CFRB
KFH			

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF THE AIR—(Daily except Sat. & Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
2:00 p.m.	1:00	12:00	11:00
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WHEC
WGR	WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC
WNAC	WORC	WPG	WCAU
W3XAU	WHP	WJAS	WLBW
WMAL	WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ
WWVA	WADC	WBT	WTOC
WQAM	WDBO	WDAE	WXYZ
WBCM	WSPD	WLAP	WDOD
WREC	WLAC	WBRC	WDSU
WISN	WTAQ	WGL	WFBM
WCCO	KSCJ	WMT	KMOX
KLRA	KOIL	KFH	KFJF
KTSA	KOH	KVOR	KVI
KFPY	KFRC	KHJ	KDYL
KLZ	CFRB	KMBC	

PRINCESS OBOLENSKY—(Tues. & Thurs.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
2:45 p.m.	1:45	12:45	11:45
WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	KDKA	WGAR	WJR
KYW	KWK	WREN	KFAB
CKGW	CFCF	WTMJ	WIBA
KSTP	WEBC	WDAY	WRVA
WPTF	WJAX	WIOD	WFLA
WHAS	WSM	WMC	WSB
WAPI	WSMB	WJDX	KVOO
WBAP	KPRC	WOAI	WKY
KOA	KSL	KGO	KECA
KGW	KHQ	KFSD	KTAR

COLUMBIA SALON ORCHESTRA—(Mon., Tues., Wed. & Thurs.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
3:00 p.m.	2:00	1:00	12:00
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WGR	WLBZ	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WORC	WPG
WIP-WFAN	WHP	WLBW	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ	WWVA
WADC	WHK	WBT	WTOC
WQAM	WDBO	WDAE	WXYZ
WBCM	WSPD	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WDSU	WISN
WTAQ	WGL	WFBM	WCCO
KSCJ	WMT	KMBC	KLRA
KOIL	KFJF	KRLD	KTSA
WACO	KOH	KVOR	KOL
KVI	KFPY	KDYL	KLZ
CFRB	WLAP		

WOMAN'S RADIO REVIEW—(Daily except Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
3:00 p.m.	2:00	1:00	12:00
WEAF	WTIC	WEEI	WJAR
WSAI	KYW	KSD	WOC
WTAG	WCSH	WFI	WHO
WRC	WGY	WBEN	WCAE
WTAM	WWJ	WOW	WDAF

PHIL SPITALNY—(Daily except Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
4:30 p.m.	3:30	2:30	1:30
WEAF	WTAG	WJAR	WCAE
WGY	WTAM		

THE LADY NEXT DOOR—(Daily except Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
5:00 p.m.	4:00	3:00	2:00
WEAF	WRC	KSD	WTAG
WJAR	WENR	WBEN	

CAFE DE WITT ORCHESTRA—(Mon.; 3:45 Wed.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
5:00 p.m.	4:00	3:00	2:00
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WGR	WDRC	WAAB
WORC	WPG	WIP-WFAN	WHP
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WDBJ	WBT	WTOC
WQAM	WDBO	WDAE	WBCM
WSPD	WLAP	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WDSU	WTAQ
WGL	WBBM	WCCO	KSCJ
WMT	KMBC	KOIL	KFH
KFJF	KRLD	KTSA	KOH
KVOR	KDYL	KLZ	CFRB

FRANK ROSS, Songs—(Tues.; Thurs. 6 p.m.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
5:00 p.m.	4:00	3:00	2:00
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WHEC
WGR	WDRC	WAAB	WORC
WPG	WIP-WFAN	WHP	WJAS
WLBW	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WDBJ	WBT	WTOC	WQAM
WDBO	WDAE	WBCM	WSPD
WLAP	WDOD	WREC	WLAC
WBRC	WDSU	WTAQ	WBBM
WCCO	KSCJ	WMT	KOIL
KFH	KFJF	KRLD	KTSA
WACO	KOH	KVOR	KVI
KFPY	KDYL	KLZ	CFRB

CHATS WITH PEGGY WINTHROP—(Mon. and Wed.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
5:00 p.m.	4:00	3:00	2:00
WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	KDKA	WGAR	WLW
KYW	KWK	WREN	KFAB
WTMJ	KSTP	WEBC	WRVA
WHAS	WSB	WAPI	WSMB
KVOO	KPRC	WKY	KOA
KSL			

RINSO TALKIE—(Tues. and Thurs.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
5:30 p.m.	4:30	3:30	2:30
WEAF	WTIC	WSAI	WEEI
WJAR	WTAG	WCSH	WLIT
WRC	WBEN	WCAE	KYW
KSD	WDAY	WOC	WHO
WGY	WDAF	KSTP	WEBC
WTAM	WWJ	WOW	WTMJ
KFYR			

SALTY SAM, THE SAILOR—(Tues., Wed. and Thurs.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
5:30 p.m.	4:30	3:30	2:30
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WGR
WAAB	WCAU	W3XAU	WCAO
WHK	WXYZ	WSPD	WBBM
WCCO	KMOX	KMBC	

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE—(Daily except Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
5:45 p.m.	4:45	3:45	2:45
WJZ	WBAL	WHAM	WGAR
WLW	WRVA	WPTF	WJAX
WIOD	WFLA		

RAISING JUNIOR—(Daily ex. Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
6:00 p.m.	5:00	4:00	3:00
WJZ	WBAL	WHAM	WGAR
KYW			

VAUGHN DE LEATH—(Mon., Tues. and Thurs.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
6:30 p.m.	5:30	4:30	3:30
WEAF	WJAR	WFI	WRC
WCAE	WWJ	KSD	WOW
WDAF	WJAX	WIOD	

REIS AND DUNN—(Mon.; 7:30 Sat.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
6:30 p.m.	5:30	4:30	3:30
WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WKBW
WLBZ	WDRC	WAAB	WORC
WHP	WJAS	WLBW	WMAL
WDBJ	WWVA	WBT	WTOC
WQAM	WDBO	WDAE	WXYZ
WBCM	WSPD	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WDSU	WGL
WFBM	KSCJ	KMOX	KMBC
KLRA	KFJF	KRLD	KOH
KVOR	KLZ		

HOTEL TAFT ORCHESTRA—(Wed.; 4:30 Thurs.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
6:30 p.m.	5:30	4:30	3:30
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WKBW	WLBZ	WDRC
WAAB	WORC	WHP	WJAS
WLBW	WDBJ	WWVA	WHK
WBT	WTOC	WQAM	WDAE
WXYZ	WBCM	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WDSU	WISN
WTAQ	WFBM	WBBM	KSCJ
KMOX	KMBC	WNAX	KFJF
KRLD	KOH	KVOR	KLZ

SWIFT PROGRAM—(Daily except Sat. and Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
6:45 p.m.	5:45	4:45	3:45
WEAF	WCAE	WTIC	WTAG
WEEI	WJAR	WCSH	WFI
WRC	WGY	WBEN	WDAF

LITERARY DIGEST TOPICS IN BRIEF—LOWELL THOMAS—(Daily except Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
6:45 p.m.	5:45	4:45	3:45
WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	KDKA	WJR	WLW

VERMONT LUMBER JACKS—(Mon. and Thurs.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:00 p.m.	6:00	5:00	4:00
WEAF	WTAG	WEEI	WJAR
WCSH	WLIT	KFBR	WGY
WBEN	WCAE	WWJ	WSAI
WENR	WTIC		

THE PEPSODENT PROGRAM — AMOS 'N' ANDY—(Daily except Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:00 p.m.	6:00	5:00	4:00
WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	KDKA	WGAR	WJR
WLW	WCKY	WRC	CKGW
CFCF	WRVA	WPTF	WJAX
WIOD	WFLA		

MYRT AND MARGE—(Daily except Sat. and Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:00 p.m.	6:00	5:00	4:00
WABC	W2XE	WADC	WCAO
WNAC	WGR	WKRC	WCAU
W3XAU	WJAS	WEAN	KMOX
WFBL	WSPD	WMAL	WOKO
WDRC			

10:45 p.m. on following stations:

WBBM	WXYZ	KMBC	WLAP
WCCO	WLAP	KLZ	KDYL
KHJ	KOIN	KFRC	KOIL
KFPY	KVI	KFBK	

BING CROSBY—(Daily except Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:15 p.m.	6:15	5:15	4:15
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WHEC
WGR	WLBZ	WDRC	WAAB
WORC	WCAU	W3XAU	WJAS
WLBW	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WDBJ	WWVA	WADC	WBT
WTOC	WQAM	WDBO	WDAE
WBCM	WLAP	WDOD	WREC
WBRC	WDSU	WISN	WTAQ
WOWO	WGL	WFBM	WCCO
WMT	KLRA	WNAX	KFH
KFJF	WACO	KOH	KVOR
KOL	KVI	KFRC	KHJ
KDYL	KLZ	CFRB	WLAC

TASTYEAST JESTERS — (Mon., Thurs. and Sat.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:15 p.m.	6:15	5:15	4:15
WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	KDKA	WGAR	WCKY
WREN	WRVA	WPTF	WJAX
WIOD	WFLA		

KALTENBORN EDITS THE NEWS—(Tues. and Thurs.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:30 p.m.	6:30	5:30	4:30
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WGR
WDRC	WNAC	WAAB	WCAU
W3XAU	WJAS	WLBW	WADC
WHK	WKRC	WXYZ	WSPD
WFBM	WBBM	WCCO	KMOX
KMBC	KOIL		

PRINCE ALBERT QUARTER HOUR —(Daily except Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:30 p.m.	6:30	5:30	4:30
WEEI	WTAG	WJAR	WCSH
WTAM	WRC	WGY	WSAI
WBEN	WRVA	WWJ	WIAX
WIOD	WFLA	WIS	WWNC
WEAF			

PHIL COOK—THE QUAKER MAN—(Daily except Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:30 p.m.	6:30	5:30	4:30
WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	KDKA	WGAR	WENR
WREN			

THE CAMEL QUARTER HOUR—(Daily except Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:45 p.m.	6:45	5:45	4:45
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WGR	WLBZ	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WORC	WCAU
W3XAU	WHP	WJAS	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ	WWVA
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WCAH
WWNC	WBT	WGST	WTOC
WQAM	WDBO	WDAE	WXYZ
WSPD	WLAP	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WNOX	WBRC	WDSU
WISN	WFBM	WMAQ	WCCO
KSCJ	WMT	KMOX	KMBC
KLRA	WNAX	KOIL	WIBW
KFH	KFJF	KRLD	KTRH
WACO	WSJS	WBIG	

THE GOLDBERGS—(Daily ex. Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:45 p.m.	6:45	5:45	4:45
WEAF	WSAI	WWJ	WCAE
WENR	WGY	WBEN	

ESSO PROGRAM—(Wed. & Fri.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:45 p.m.	6:45	5:45	4:45
WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	KDKA	WRVA	WPTF

CREMO PROGRAM—(Daily ex. Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:00 p.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WABC	WOKO	WFBL	WHEC
WGR	WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC
WNAC	WORC	WCAU	W3XAU
WHP	WJAS	WLBW	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ	WADC
WHK	WKRC	WCAH	WBT
WTOC	WQAM	WDBO	WDAE
WXYZ	WSPD	WBIG	WMBG
WKBN			

GOODYEAR PROGRAM—(Tues. and Sat.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:30 p.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30
WRC	WFI	WEEI	WTIC
WJAR	WJDX	WSMB	WRC
WSM	WDAF	WHAS	WSB
WTAG	WCSH	WGY	WBEN
WCAE	WTAM	WWJ	WSAI
KSD	WOC	WOW	KYW
WHO	WMC	WEAF	

LA PALINA PRESENTS KATE SMITH AND HER SWANEE MUSIC—(Mon., Wed., Thurs. & Sat.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:30 p.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30
WABC	WFBL	WHEC	WGR
WCAU	W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL
WCAO	WADC	WHK	WKRC
WCAH	WXYZ	WBCM	WSPD

7:30 p. m. on following stations:

WLAP	WISN	WOWO	WFBM
WMAQ	WCCO	KMOX	KMBC
KOIL			

SISTERS OF THE SKILLET—(Tues., Thurs., and Fri.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:45 p.m.	7:45	6:45	5:45
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
KDKA	WLS	KWK	WREN
KFAB	WTMJ	KSTP	WEBC
WDAY	WIBA	KFYR	KVOO
WBAP	KPRC	WOAI	WKY

LUCKY STRIKE DANCE ORCHESTRA—(Tues., Thurs. and Sat.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WEAF	WTIC	WEEI	WJAR
WTAG	WCSH	WFI	WRC
WCAE	WWJ	WSAI	KSD
WOC	WHO	WTMJ	WEBC
WRVA	WJAX	WIOD	WFLA
WSUN	WMC	WSB	WSMB
WJDX	WOAI	KOA	KGO
WKY	KGW	KHQ	KOMO
KTAR	KFSD	WTAM	WBEN
WDAY	KFI	KSL	KFYR
KSTP	WENR	KPRC	WGY
WIBA	WFBR	WWNC	WIS

(WFAA on 10:00-10:30)
(WAPI WSM on 10:30-11:00)

CLARA, LU AND EM—(Daily except Sun. and Mon.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:30 p.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30
WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	KDKA	WGAR	WJR
WGN	KWK	WREN	

STREET SINGER—(Mon., Wed. and Fri.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
11:00 p.m.	10:00	9:00	8:00
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WKBW	WLBZ	WDRC
WAAB	WORC	WIP-WFAN	WHP
WJAS	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WDBJ	WADC	WBT	WTOC
WQAM	WDBO	WDAE	WXYZ
WBCM	WLAP	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WDSU	WISN
WTAQ	WGL	WFBM	WCCO
WMT	KLRA	WNAX	KFH
KFJF	KTSA	WACO	KOH
KVOR	KFPY	KDYL	KLZ
WLBW			

CREMO PROGRAM—(Daily ex. Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
11:15 p.m.	10:15	9:15	8:15
WOWO	KMBC	KOIL	KMOX
KHJ	KOIN	KFRC	KOL
KFPY	KVI	KFBK	KMJ
WBT	WBCM	WBRC	WDOD
KLZ	WTAQ	KTRH	WFBM
WLAP	WCCO	WISN	WREC
WNOX	WLAC	WDSU	WLBW
KFJF	KTSA	KOH	KSCJ
KDYL	WIBW	WACO	WMT
KFH	WNAX		

RUSS COLUMBO—(Daily ex. Mon.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
11:30 p.m.	10:30	9:30	8:30
WJZ	WGAR	WENR	KFAB
KFYR	WIBA	KPRC	WREN
WBAL	WHAM	KDKA	WJR

JESSE CRAWFORD, POET OF THE ORGAN—(Daily ex. Fri. and Sat.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
11:30 p.m.	10:30	9:30	8:30
WEAF	WJAR	WFBR	WRC
WGY	WTAM	WWJ	WOC
WHO	WOW	WENR	WDAF

GUY LOMBARDO AND HIS ROYAL CANADIANS—(Thurs. and Sat.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
12:00 Mid.	11:00	10:00	9:00
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WKBW	WEAN	WNAC	WCAU
W3XAU	WHP	WLBW	WWVA
WHK	WDAE	WBCM	WSPD
WDOD	WISN	WGL	WCCO
WMT	KMBC	WNAX	KOIL
KFJF	KOH	KDYL	

RUDY VALLEE AND HIS CONNECTICUT YANKEES—(Tues. and Sat.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
12:00	11:00	10:00	9:00
WEAF	WTIC	WGY	WBEN
WTAM	KSD	WWJ	WOW
WMC	KPRC	KOA	WRC
WDAY	WIBA		

PAUL WHITEMAN AND HIS ORCHESTRA—(Tues and Sat.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
12:15 a.m.	11:15 p.m.	10:15	9:15
WJZ	KDKA	WGAR	KYW
WREN			

NOCTURNE, ANN LEAF AT THE ORGAN—(Daily)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
12:30 a.m.	11:30	10:30	9:30
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WKBW	WEAN	WNAC	WCAU
W3XAU	WLBW	WSPD	WDOD
WDSU	WISN	WGL	WCCO
WMT	KMOX	KMBC	WNAX
KOIL	KFJF	KOH	KOL
KFPY	KDYL	KLZ	

Sunday

MORNING MUSICALE—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:00 a.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WTAR
WDBJ	WBT	WTOC	WQAM
WDBO	WDAE	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WDSU	WNAX	KFJF

TONE PICTURES—LEW WHITE—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:00 a.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WJZ	WBAL	WGAR	WJR
WIBO	KWK	WSB	

LAND O' MAKE BELIEVE—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:00 a.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WLBZ	WAAB	WORC
WPG	WHP	WMAL	WCAO
WDBJ	WWVA	WHK	WBT
WTOC	WDBO	WDAE	WXYZ
WBCM	WSPD	WLAP	WDOD
WREC	WLAC	WDSU	WISN
WTAQ	WFBM	WMT	KMOX
KMBC	WNAX	KOIL	KFH
KFJF	KTSA	KDYL	

COLUMBIA CHURCH OF THE AIR—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:00 a.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WLBZ	WDRC	WORC	WHP
WJAS	WMAL	WCAO	WDBJ
WWVA	WBT	WTOC	WDBO
WDAE	WBCM	WLAP	WDOD
WREC	WLAC	WDSU	WISN
WTAQ	WOWO	WMAQ	WCCO
KSCJ	WMT	KMBC	KLRA
WNAX	KOIL	KFJF	KTSA
KVOR	KDYL	KLZ	

QUIET HARMONIES — EMERY DEUTSCH—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:30 a.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WPG	WCAU	W3XAU	WHP
WJAS	WMAL	WTAR	WDBJ
WWVA	WBT	WTOC	WQAM
WDBO	WDAE	WSPD	WLAP
WDOD	WREC	WLAC	WDSU
WISN	WTAQ	WCCO	KSCJ
WMT	KMBC	KLRA	WNAX
KOIL	KFH	KFJF	KTSA
WACO	KVOR	KDYL	KLZ
CFRB			

JULIA MAHONEY AND CHARLES CARLISLE—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
11:00 a.m.	10:00	9:00	8:00
WOKO	WFBL	WDRC	WHP
WMAL	WCAO	WDBJ	WHK
WTOC	WQAM	WDBO	WDAE
WLAP	WDOD	WREC	WLAC
WDSU	WISN	WTAQ	KSCJ
WMT	KMBC	KLRA	WNAX
KOIL	KFJF	KTSA	WACO
KVOR	KOL	KVI	KFRC
KDYL	KLZ		

MORNING MUSICALE—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
11:30 a.m.	10:30	9:30	8:30
WJZ	WBAL	KDKA	WREN
WTMJ	WMC	WAPI	WKY
WLW	WGN	KWK	KFAB
WDAY	WHAS	KGO	KECA
KGW	KOMO	KFSD	WPTF
WIOD	WFLA	WSM	KVOO
KOA			

VOICE OF ST. LOUIS—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
11:30 a.m.	10:30	9:30	8:30
WOKO	WGR	WDRC	WHP
WPG	WMAL	WCAO	WDBJ
WWVA	WQAM	WDBO	WDAE
WXYZ	WLAP	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WDSU	WISN
WTAQ	WCCO	KSCJ	WMT
KMOX	KMBC	KLRA	WNAX
KOIL	KFJF	KRLD	KTSA
WACO	KVOR	KOL	KFRC
KHJ	KDYL	KLZ	

ECHOES OF THE ORIENT—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
12:15 p.m.	11:15	10:15	9:15
WEAF	WGY	WTAM	WCSH
WTIC	WLIT	WOC	WHO
WCAE	WENR	WRC	WJAR
WFBR			

BIBLICAL DRAMA—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
12:30 p.m.	11:30	10:30	9:30
WEAF	WTIC	WJAR	WCAE
WCSH	WRC	WGY	WOC
WHO	WDAF	WENR	WTAG
WFBR	WBEN		

INTERNATIONAL BROADCAST—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
12:30 p.m.	11:30	10:30	9:30
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WGR	WLBZ	WDRC	WAAB
WORC	WPG	WIP-WFAN	WCAU
KOL	W3XAU	WHP	WJAS
WLBW	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WDBJ	WWVA	WADC	WHK
WBT	WQAM	WDBO	WDAE
WXYZ	WBCM	WSPD	WLAP
WDOD	WLAC	WDSU	WISN
WTAQ	WCCO	KSCJ	WMT
KMBC	WNAX	KOIL	KFJF
KTSA	KOH	KVOR	KVI
KFPY	KDYL	KLZ	CFRB

CAFE BUDAPESTH—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
12:45 p.m.	11:45	10:45	9:45
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WGR	WLBZ	WDRC	WAAB
WORC	WCAU	W3XAU	WHP
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WDBJ	WWVA	WADC
WBT	WTOC	WQAM	WDBO
WDAE	WXYZ	WBCM	WSPD
WLAP	WDOD	WLAC	WDSU
WISN	WTAQ	WOWO	WCCO
KSCJ	WMT	KMBC	KOIL
KFJF	KTSA	KOH	KVOR
KOL	KVI	KDYL	CFRB
KFPY	KLZ		

NBC ARTISTS' SERVICE PROGRAM

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
1:00 p.m.	12:00	11:00	10:00
WEAF	WTIC	WTAG	WJAR
WRC	WBEN	WTAM	WHAS
WSM	KOA	KGO	KGW
KOMO	KSL	WFI	WFAA
WDAY	KFYR	WIOD	KSTP
WFBR	WCAE	WWJ	CFCF
WENR	CKGW	WFLA	WAPI
WSMB	WJDX	KPRC	KFSD
WEBC	WDAF		

CATHEDRAL HOUR—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
1:00 p.m.	12:00	11:00	10:00
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WGR	WLBZ	WDRC
WAAB	WORC	WPG	WHP
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WDBJ
WWVA	WADC	WBT	WTOC
WQAM	WDBO	WDAE	WXYZ
WBCM	WLAP	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WDSU	WISN
WTAQ	WCCO	KSCJ	WMT
KMBC	KOIL	KFJF	KRLD
KTSA	KOH	KOL	KVI
KFPY	KDYL	KLZ	CFRB

CARVETH WELLS—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
1:30 p.m.	12:30	11:30	10:30
WEAF	WTIC	WOC	WHO
WGY	WBEN	WCAE	WTAM

OLD COMPANY'S PROGRAM—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
1:45 p.m.	12:45	11:45	10:45
WEAF	WTIC	WTAG	WEEI
WJAR	WRC	WGY	WBEN
WCSH	WFI	CKGW	CFCF

SONS OF ELI—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
2:00 p.m.	1:00	12:00	11:00
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WGR
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WCAU
W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL	WCAO
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WBT
WLAC	WBRC	WDSU	WOWO
WBBM	WCCO	KMOX	KMBC
KOIL	KRLD		

SUNDAY BRIGHT SPOT—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
2:15 p.m.	1:15	12:15	11:15
WEAF	WTIC	WTAG	WEEI
WJAR	WCSH	WLIT	WRC
WGY	WTAM	WWJ	WSAI
KYW	KSD	WOW	WOC
WHO	WBEN	CFCF	CKGW
KSTP	WEBC	WDAY	KFYR
WRVA	WPTF	WJAX	WIOD
WFLA	WHAS	WSM	WSB
WAPI	WSMB	WJDX	WFAA
WKY	KOA	KSL	KPO
KGW	KHQ	KTAR	KFSD
KECA	KPRC	WTMJ	WCAE
WDAF	WMC	KVOO	WOAI
WFBR			

COLUMBIA CHURCH OF THE AIR—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
2:30 p.m.	1:30	12:30	11:30
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WKBW	WLBZ	WDRC
WAAB	WORC	WPG	WIP-
WFAN	WHP	WJAS	WLBW
WMAL	WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ
WWVA	WADC	WBT	WTOC
WQAM	WDBO	WDAE	WXYZ
WBCM	WLAP	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WDSU	WISN	WTAQ
WGL	WFBM	WMAQ	WCCO
KSCJ	WMT	KMBC	KLRA
KOIL	KFH	KFJF	WACO
KOH	KVOR	KOL	KFPY
KFRC	KDYL	KLZ	CFRB

YEAST FOAMERS—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
2:30 p.m.	1:30	12:30	11:30
WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WHAM
KDKA	WGAR	WJR	WLW
KYW	KWK	WREN	KFAB
WTMJ	KSTP	WFBC	WRVA
WPTF	WIOD	WFLA	WJAX
WHAS	WSM	WMC	WSB
WAPI	WJDX	WSMB	KTHS
KVOO	WFAA	KPRC	WOAI
WKY	KOA	KSL	KPO
KECA	KGW	KHQ	KTAR
KFSD	WWNC	WIS	WBZA

MOONSHINE AND HONEYSUCKLE—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
2:30 p.m.	1:30	12:30	11:30
WEAF	WTIC	WOW	WWJ
KSD	WRC	WCSH	WDAF
WEEI	WTAG	WJAR	WGY
WCAE	WTAM		

NATIONAL YOUTH CONFERENCE—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
3:00 p.m.	2:00	1:00	12:00
WJZ	KDKA	WRVA	WPTF
WWNC	WIS	WIOD	WFLA
KSL	KGO	KFI	KOMO
KHQ	KFSD		

WAYNE KING'S ORCHESTRA—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
3:00 p.m.	2:00	1:00	12:00
WEAF	WTIC	WTAG	WEEI
WJAR	WCSH	WLIT	WRC
WGY	WBEN	WCAE	WTAM
WWJ	WSAI	KYW	KSD
WOC	WHO	WOW	WDAF

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
3:00 p.m.	2:00	1:00	12:00
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WHEC
WKBW	WLBZ	WIP-WFAN	WORC
WHP	WJAS	WLBW	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ	WWVA
WADC	WBT	WTOC	WQAM
WDBO	WDAE	WXYZ	WBCM
WSPD	WLAP	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WDSU	WISN
WTAQ	WGL	WFBM	WMAQ
WCCO	KSCJ	WMT	KMOX
KMBC	KLRA	KOIL	KFH
KFJF	WACO	KOH	KVOR
KOL	KVI	KFPY	KFRC
KHJ	KDYL	KLZ	CFRB

DR. S. PARKES CADMAN—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
3:30 p.m.	2:30	1:30	12:30
WEAF	WTIC	WEEI	WJAR
WCSH	WGY	WJAX	WRC
WBEN	WRVA	KSD	WPTF
WCAE	WTAM	WIBA	WIS

THE WONDER PROGRAM—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
4:30 p.m.	3:30	2:30	1:30
WEAF	WTIC	WTAG	WEEI
WJAR	WCSH	WRC	WGY
WBEN	WCAE	WTAM	WWJ
WSAI	KSD	WOC	WHO
WOW	WDAF	WFBR	WENR

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN GEMS—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
5:00 p.m.	4:00	3:00	2:00
WEAF	WTIC	WJAR	WCSH
WTAG	WOW	WRC	WGY
WWJ	WFI	WBEN	WTAM
WSAI	WOC	WHO	WDAF
WCAE	WEEI	WFBR	

NATIONAL VESPERS—DR. HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
5:00 p.m.	4:00	3:00	2:00
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WRVA
WPTF	WIS	WMC	WJAX
WIOD	WFLA	KGO	KGW
KTAR			

REV. DONALD GREY BARNHOUSE—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
5:00 p.m.	4:00	3:00	2:00
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WGR
WAAB	WCAU	W3XAU	WJAS
WADC	WKRC	WBT	WSPD
WLAC	WOWO	WMAQ	WCCO
KOIL	KFH	KRLD	

BLUE COAL RADIO REVUE—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
5:30 p.m.	4:30	3:30	2:30
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WGR	WEAN	WDRC
WAAB	WORC	WCAU	W3XAU
WHP	WCAO	CFRB	

GENERAL ELECTRIC TWILIGHT PROGRAM—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
5:30 p.m.	4:30	3:30	2:30
WEAF	WTIC	WTAG	WEEI
WJAR	WCSH	WFI	WFBR
WRC	WGY	WBEN	WCAE
WTAM	WWJ	WSAI	WENR
KSD	WOC	WHO	WOW
WBAP	WIBA	WTMJ	KSTP
WEBC	WDAY	KFYR	WRVA
WPTF	WJAX	WIOD	WFLA
WHAS	WMC	WSB	WSMB
WJDX	KVOO	WBAP	KPRC
WOAI	WKY	KOA	

RAISING JUNIOR—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
6:00 p.m.	5:00	4:00	3:00
WJZ	WBAL	WHAM	WGAR
WJR	KYW		

CHICAGO KNIGHTS—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
6:00 p.m.	5:00	4:00	3:00
WWVA	WLAP	WDOD	WISN
WTAQ	WFBM	KSCJ	WMT
KOIL	KFJF	KRLD	WACO
KOH	KVOR	KOL	KVI
KFPY	KFRC	KHJ	KDYL
KLZ	WBBM		

THE WORLD'S BUSINESS — DR. JULIUS KLEIN—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:00 p.m.	6:00	5:00	4:00
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WGR	WEAN	WPG
WHP	WJAS	WLBW	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ	WWVA
WADC	WBT	WTOC	WDBO
WDAE	WBCM	WLAP	WDOD
WREC	WLAC	WDSU	WISN
WGL	WFBM	WCCO	KSCJ
WMT	KMBC	KLRA	WNAX
KOIL	KFH	KFJF	KRLD
KOH	KVOR	KOL	KVI
KFPY	KFRC	KHJ	KDYL
KLZ			

WILLYS-OVERLAND ORCHESTRA—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:00 p.m.	6:00	5:00	4:00
WJZ	WBAL	WGAR	WCKY
KYW	KWK	WREN	WTMJ
KSTP	WEBC	WDAY	KFYR
WIBA	KOA	KGO	KFI
KGW	KOMO	KHQ	KTAR
KFSD	KDKA		

JOLLY TIME REVUE—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:15 p.m.	6:15	5:15	4:15
WJZ	WBAL	WHAM	WGAR
WLW	WLS	KWK	WREN
WTMJ	KSTP	WEBC	WDAY
KFYR	KVOO	KPRC	WOAI
WKY	KOA	KSL	KGO
KFI	KGW	KOMO	KHQ
KTAR	KFSD		

THE SWISS YODELERS—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:15 p.m.	6:15	5:15	4:15
KOIL	KHJ	KOIN	KFRC
KOL	KFPY	KVI	KGB
KVOR	KRLD	KLZ	KTRH
KFJF	KOH	KSCJ	KTSA
KDYL	WIBW	WACO	KFH
WNAX			

THE THREE BAKERS

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:30 p.m.	6:30	5:30	4:30
WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	KDKA	WGAR	WJR
WLW	KYW	KWK	WREN
WTMJ	KSTP	WEBC	WDAY
KFYR	WIBA	WRVA	WPTF
WIOD	WFLA	WHAS	WSM
WMC	WSB	WSMB	WJDX
KVOO	WFAA	KPRC	WOAI
WKY	KOA	KSL	KGO
KFI	KGW	KTAR	KFSD
WWNS	WIS		

LUDENS NOVELTY ORCHESTRA—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:30 p.m.	6:30	5:30	4:30
WABC	W2XE	WGR	WNAC
WCAU	W3XAU	WMAL	WCAO
WHK	WKRC	WGST	WXYZ
WREC	WDSU	WMAQ	WCCO
WNAX	KMOX	KMBC	KOIL
KRLD	KDYL	KLZ	

IODENT CLUB OF THE AIR—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:30 p.m.	6:30	5:30	4:30
WEAF	WBEN	WWJ	WSAI
WLS	WDAF	WJAR	WTAG
WCSH	WLIT	WRC	WGY
WCAE	WTIC	WTAM	WOC
WHO	KSD		

CHASE AND SANBORN—Eddie Cantor—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:00 p.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WEAF	WTIC	WJAR	WTAG
WCSH	WRC	WGY	WCAE
WSAI	KSD	WOW	WIOD
KSTP	WHO	WOC	WHAS
WEBC	WMC	WSB	WSMB
KTHS	KPRC	WTAM	WJDX
WFLA	WSUN	WDAF	WBEN
CFCF	WOAI	WKY	WLIT
WLS	KVOO	WFAA	CKGW
WTMJ	WWJ		

ENNA JETTICK MELODIES—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:00 p.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	KDKA	WGAR	WJR
WLW	KYW	KWK	WREN
KFAB	CFCF	CKGW	WTMJ
KSTP	WEBC	WDAY	KFYR
WIBA	WRVA	WPTF	WIOD
WFLA	WHAS	WSM	WMC
WSB	WSMB	WJDX	KTHS
WFAA	KPRC	KVOO	WOAI
WKY	KOA	KSL	KPO
KFI	KGW	KOMO	KHQ
KTAR	KFSD		

COLLIER'S RADIO HOUR—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:15 p.m.	7:15	6:15	5:15
WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	KDKA	WGAR	WJR
WLW	KYW	KWK	WREN
KOA	KSL	KPO	KFI
KGW	KOMO	KHQ	

PALAIS HAWAIIAN SERENADERS—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:45 p.m.	7:45	6:45	5:45
KHJ	KOIN	KFRC	KOL
KFPY	KVI	KGB	KVOR
KRLD	KLZ	KTRH	KFJF
KOH	KTSA	KDYL	WIBW
WACO	KFH		

AROUND THE SOMOVAR—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WABC	WOKO	WFBL	WHEC
WGR	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WCAU	W3XAU	WMAL	WCAO
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WXYZ
WSPD	WOWO	WFBM	WBBM
WCCO	KMOX	KMBC	KOIL

BAYUK STAG PARTY—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:15 p.m.	8:15	7:15	6:15
WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
KDKA	WGAR	WJR	WLW
KYW	KWK	WREN	

THE AMERICAN ALBUM OF FAMILIAR MUSIC—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:15 p.m.	8:15	7:15	6:15
WEAF	WTAG	WJAR	WCSH
WFI	WRC	WGY	WBEN
WENR	KSD	WOC	WHO
WOW	WDAF	CKGW	CFCF
WTMJ	WEBC	WDAY	KFYR
WCAE	WTAM	WWJ	WSAI
WFBR	WJAX	WIOD	WFLA
WHAS	KTHS	WSM	WMC
WSB	WAPI	WSMB	WJDX
KPRC	WOAI	WKY	KOA
KFI	KGO	WIBA	KSTP
WRVA	KGW	KOMO	KHQ
KTAR	KFSD		

ROMANCES OF THE SEA—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WABC	WFBL	WGR	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WCAU	W3XAU
WJAS	WMAL	WCAO	WADC
WKRC	WXYZ	WSPD	WOWO
WBBM	KMOX	KMBC	KOIL
KOL	KFPY	KOIN	KFRC
KHJ	KDYL	KLZ	CFRB

THRU THE OPERA GLASS—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:45 p.m.	8:45	7:45	6:45
WEAF	WTAG	WEEI	WJAR
WCSH	WFI	WGY	WBEN
WENR	WCAE	WTAM	WWJ
KPRC	WOW	KSTP	WSB
KFSD	KYW	KGO	KHQ
WRC			

KELLOGG SLUMBER MUSIC—Ludwig Laurier's string ensemble—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:45 p.m.	8:45	7:45	6:45
WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	KDKA	WGAR	WJR
WLW	KYW	KWK	WREN

ERNEST HUTCHESON—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WKBW	WLBZ	WDRC
WORC	WPG	WHP	WJAS
WLBW	WMAL	WTAR	WDBJ
WADC	WBT	WTOC	WQAM
WDBO	WDAE	WXYZ	WSPD
WLAP	WDOD	WREC	WLAC
WDSU	WISN	WFBM	WMT
KMOX	KMBC	KLRA	WNAX
KOIL	KFH	KFJF	KTSA
KOH	KVOR	KFPY	KDYL
KLZ			

TED WEEM'S ORCHESTRA

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:15 p.m.	9:15	8:15	7:15
WEAF	WEEI	WTIC	WJAR
WTAG	WCSH	WFI	WRC
WGY	WBEN	WCAE	WTAM
WWJ	WSAI	KYW	WOC
WHO	WOW	WDAF	WTMJ
KSTP	WEBC	WHAS	WSM
WSB	WAPI	WSMB	WJDX
WOAI	WKY	KOA	WDAY
KFYR	KGO	KOMO	KHQ
KTAR	KFSD	KFI	WMC

HARBOR LIGHTS—Sea Drama.

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:15 p.m.	9:15	8:15	7:15
WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	KDKA	WGAR	WENR
WREN	KFAB	CKGW	WFLA

THE GAUCHOS

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:30 p.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WKBW	WLBZ	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WORC	WCAU
W3XAU	WHP	WJAS	WLBW
WMAL	WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ
WADC	WHK	WBT	WTOC
WQAM	WDBO	WDAE	WXYZ
WSPD	WLAP	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WDSU	WISN
WFBM	WMT	KMOX	KMBC
KLRA	WNAX	KOIL	KFH
KFJF	KRLD	KOH	KVOR
KOL	KFPY	KDYL	KLZ
CFRB			

SUNDAY AT SETH PARKER'S—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:45 p.m.	9:45	8:45	7:45
WEAF	WEEI	WCSH	WRC
WGY	WDAF	CKGW	WTMJ
KSTP	WCAE	WTAM	WWJ
KYW	WOW	WHO	WEBC
WMC	WIOD	WHAS	WSM
WJDX	KPRC	WKY	KOA
KGO	KGW	KTAR	WSB
KSD	WRVA	KFSD	WJAX
WOC	WFLA	WSUN	KECA
WFI	WBEN	WJAR	WAPI
WDAY	KFYR	KHQ	WPTF
WOAI	WFAA	KSL	WSAI
WIBA	WSMB		

CONTINENTAL STRING QUARTET—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
11:00 p.m.	10:00	9:00	8:00
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WKBW	WLBZ	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WPG	WCAU
W3XAU	WHP	WLBW	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ	WADC
WHK	WBT	WTOC	WQAM
WDBO	WDAE	WXYZ	WSPD
WLAP	WDOD	WREC	WLAC
WBRC	WDSU	WISN	WGL
WFBM	WMT	KLRA	WNAX
KOIL	KFH	KFJF	KRLD
KOH	KVOR	KOL	KFPY
KFRC	KHJ	KDYL	KLZ
CFRB			

RALPH KIRBERY—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
11:15 p.m.	10:15	9:15	8:15
WEAF	WFI	WRC	WGY
WWJ	WOW	WSB	KOA
WOC	WHO	WHAS	WMC
KTHS			

SOUTH SEA ISLANDERS—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
11:45 p.m.	10:45	9:45	8:45
WJZ	WBAL	WHAM	KDKA
WJR	WENR	KWK	WREN
KFAB	KSTP	KFYR	WIBA
WSB	WKY		

HENRY THEIS AND HIS ORCHESTRA—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
12:00	p.m. 11:00	10:00	9:00
WLW	WJZ	WGAR	WJR
WEBC	WENR	WREN	KFAB
KFYR	KPRC		

Monday

CHATTING WITH IDA BAILEY ALLEN—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:00 a.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WHEC
WKBW	WLBZ	WEAN	WAAB
WCAU	W3XAU	WHP	WJAS
WLBW	WMAL	WDBJ	WWVA
WBT	WQAM	WDBO	WDAE
WXYZ	WBCM	WSPD	WDOD
WREC	WLAC	WDSU	WISN
WTAQ	KSCJ	KMBC	KLRA
KOIL	KFJF	KVOR	CFRB

HARMONIES AND CONTRASTS—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:15 a.m.	9:15	8:15	7:15
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WKBW	WLBZ	WEAN
WDRC	WAAB	WORC	WCAU
W3XAU	WHP	WJAS	WLBW
WMAL	WCAO	WDBJ	WADC
WBT	WQAM	WDBO	WXYZ
WBCM	WSPD	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WDSU	WISN
WTAQ	WCCO	KSCJ	KMOX
KMBC	KLRA	KOIL	KFH
KFJF	KRLD	KTSA	KVOR
KDYL	CFRB		

FORD AND WALLACE—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:45 a.m.	9:45	8:45	7:45
WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	WREN	WIBA	KFYR

THE MADISON SINGERS—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
11:15 a.m.	10:15	9:15	8:15
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WKBW	WLBZ	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WORC	WPG
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WDBJ	WWVA	WBT
WTOC	WQAM	WDBO	WDAE
WXYZ	WBCM	WSPD	WLAP
WDOD	WREC	WLAC	WBRC
WDSU	WISN	WTAQ	WOWO
KSCJ	KMOX	KMBC	KLRA
KOIL	KFJF	KTSA	WACO
KOH	KVOR		

ANNE LAZAR, "Front Page Personalities." Radio Digest.

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
11:30 a.m.	10:30	9:30	8:30
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WKBW	WLBZ	WEAN
WNAC	WORC	WPG	WCAU
W3XAU	WHP	WJAS	WLBW
WMAL	WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ
WBT	WTOC	WQAM	WDBO
WDAE	WXYZ	WSPD	WLAP
WDOD	WLAC	WISN	WTAQ
WOWO	KSCJ	WMT	KMBC
KLRA	KOIL	KFJF	KTSA
WACO	KOH	KVOR	KDYL
CFRB			

THE AMBASSADORS—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
11:45 a.m.	10:45	9:45	8:45
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WKBW	WLBZ	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WORC	WPG
WIP-WFAN		WHP	WJAS
WLBW	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WDBJ	WTOC	WQAM	WDBO
WDAE	WXYZ	WSPD	WLAP
WDOD	WREC	WLAC	WDSU
WISN	WTAQ	KSCJ	WMT
KMOX	KLRA	KOIL	KFH
KFJF	KTSA	WACO	KOH
KVOR	KFRC	CFRB	

CURRENT EVENTS—Merwin K. Hart

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
3:15 p.m.	2:15	1:15	12:15
WJZ	WHAM	KDKA	WJR
WLS	WREN	WSM	WJDX
KPRC			

BEN AND HELEN—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
3:45 p.m.	2:45	1:45	12:45
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WGR	WLBZ	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WORC	WPG
WCAU	W3XAU	WHP	WLBW
WMAL	WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ
WWVA	WADC	WHK	WBT
WTOC	WQAM	WDBO	WDAE
WXYZ	WBCM	WSPD	WLAP
WDOD	WREC	WLAC	WBRC
WDSU	WISN	WTAQ	WGL
WCCO	KSCJ	WMT	KMOX
KLRA	KOIL	KFJF	WACO
KOH	KVOR	KVI	KFPY
KDYL	KLZ	CFRB	

KATHRYN PARSONS—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
5:30 p.m.	4:30	3:30	2:30
WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WGR
WLBZ	WDRC	WAAB	WORC
WPG	WCAU	W3XAU	WJAS
WLBW	WMAL	WTAR	WBT
WTOC	WDBO	WDAE	WXYZ
WBCM	WSPD	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WDSU	WTAQ
WGL	KSCJ	WMT	KMOX
KMBC	KOIL	KFH	KFJF
KRLD	KTSA	KOH	KVOR
KVI	KDYL	KLZ	CFRB
WCAO	WHP		

CURRENT EVENTS—H. V. Kaltenborn.

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
6:00 p.m.	5:00	4:00	3:00
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WAAB
WHP	WLBW	WWVA	WDAE
WBCM	WLAP	WDOD	WTAQ
WGL	WBBM	KSCJ	WMT
KOIL	KFH	KFJF	KRLD
KTSA	KOH	KVOR	

DON BIGELOW AND HIS YOENG'S ORCHESTRA—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
6:15 p.m.	5:15	4:15	3:15
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WGR
WLBZ	WDRC	WAAB	WHP
WLBW	WWVA	WADC	WDAE
WBCM	WLAP	WDOD	WREC
WTAQ	WGL	KSCJ	KLRA
KOIL	KFJF	KRLD	KTSA
KOH	KVOR		

SOCONYLAND SKETCHES—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:00 p.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WEAF	WTIC	WTAG	WEEI
WJAR	WCSH	WBEN	WGY

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
VOICE OF FIRESTONE—			
8:30 p.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30
WEAF	WGN	WTIC	WTAG
WEEI	WJAR	WCSH	WLIT
WRC	WGY	WBEN	WCAE
WTAM	WWJ	WSAI	KYW
KSD	WOC	WHO	WOW
WDAF	CKGW	CFCF	WRVA
WPTF	WJAX	WIOD	WFLA
WSM	WMC	WSB	WJDX
WSMB	KTHS	KVOO	KPRC
WOAI	WWNC	WIS	
DEATH VALLEY DAYS—			
8:30 p.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30
WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	KDKA	WGAR	WLS
KWK	WREN	KFAB	KSTP
WEBC	KFYR	WIBA	KOA
KSL	KGO	KFI	KGW
KOMO	KHQ	KTAR	KFSD
OZIE AND GEORGE—			
8:45 p.m.	7:45	6:45	5:45
KOIL	KHJ	KOIN	KFRC
KOL	KFPY	KVI	KGB
KVOR	KRLD	KLZ	KTRH
KFJF	KOH	KSCJ	KTSA
KDYL	WIBW	WACO	KFH
WNAX			
POMPEIAN MAKE-UP BOX—			
9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WABC	WFBL	WKBW	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WCAU	W3XAU
WJAS	WMAL	WCAO	WADC
WHK	WKRC	WXYZ	WSPD
WOWO	WMAQ	KMOX	KMBC
KOIL	CFRB		
RHYTHM AIRES—			
9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
KHJ	KOIN	KFRC	KOL
KFPY	KVI	KGB	KVOR
KRLD	KLZ	KTRH	KFJF
KOH	KTSA	KDYL	WIBW
WACO	KFH		
MAYTAG ORCHESTRA—			
9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	KDKA	WGAR	WJR
WLW	WLS	KWK	WREN
KSTP	WEBC	WDAY	KFYR
WSM	WMC	KVOO	WFAA
KPRC	WOAI	WKY	KOA
KSL	KGO	KECA	KGW
KOMO	KHQ		
A. & P. GYPSIES—			
9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WEAF	WTIC	WEEI	WTAG
WJAR	WCSH	WLIT	WRC
WGY	WOC	KSD	WHO
WOW	WDAF	WTAM	WBEN
WWJ	WSAI	WCAE	WGN
PARADE OF THE STATES—(General Motors)			
9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WEAF	WTIC	WEEI	WJAR
WCSH	WTAG	WLIT	WGN
KSTP	WMC	WSB	WJDX
KPRC	WOAI	WKY	KOA
KSL	KGO	KGW	KSD
WOC	WOW	WDAF	WHAS
WSM	WFAA	KOMO	KFYR
KFI	KHQ	WRC	WGY
WBEN	WCAE	WTAM	WWJ
WSAI	WHO	WTMJ	KTAR
BOURJOIS—AN EVENING IN PARIS—			
9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WABC	WFBL	WHEC	WKBW
WEAN	WNAC	WCAU	W3XAU
WJAS	WMAL	WCAO	WADC
WHK	WKRC	WBT	WGST
WXYZ	WSPD	WDSU	WOWO
WBBM	WCCO	KMOX	KMBC
KOIL	KFJF	KRLD	KOL
KFPY	KOIN	KFRC	KHJ
KDYL	KLZ		
MUSICAL DOMINOS—			
9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	KDKA	WGAR	WJR
WLW	KYW	KWK	WREN
ROBERT BURNS PANATELA PROGRAM—			
10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WABC	WFBL	WKBW	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WCAU	W3XAU
WJAS	WMAL	WCAO	WADC
WHK	WKRC	WXYZ	WSPD
WOWO	WFBM	WMAQ	WCCO
KMOX	KMBC	KOIL	KFJF
KRLD	KTRH	KTSA	KOL
KFPY	KOIN	KFRC	KHJ
KDYL	KLZ		
TRUE STORY—			
10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WEAF	WTAG	WEEI	WJAR
WCSH	WRC	WLIT	WFBR
WGY	WBEN	WCAE	WTAM
WWJ	WSAI	WENR	KSD
WOC	WHO		
GOLD MEDAL EXPRESS—			
10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	KDKA	WGAR	WJR
KYW	KWK	WREN	WTMJ
KSTP	WEBC	WRVA	WJAX
WIOD	WFLA	WSM	WMC
WSB	WBAP	WOAI	WKY
KOA	KSL	KGO	KFI
KGW	KOMO	KHQ	KFSD
KTAR			
CHESEBROUGH REAL FOLKS—			
10:30 p.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30
WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	KDKA	WGAR	WJR
WLW	KYW	WREN	WTMJ
WEBC	WDAY	KFYR	WIBA
WRVA	WJAX	WIOD	WFLA
WHAS	WSM	WSB	WAPI
WSMB	WJDX	KTHS	WBAP
KPRC	WOAI	KOA	KGO
KFI	KGW	KOMO	KHQ
KFSD	KTAR	KWK	

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
TOSCHA SEIDEL—			
10:30 p.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30
WABC	WOKO	WFBL	WHEC
WKBW	WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC
WAAB	WORC	WIP-WFAN	
WHP	WJAS	WLBW	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ	WADC
WHK	WBT	WTOC	WQAM
WDBO	WDAE	WXYZ	WBCM
WSPD	WLAP	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WDSU	WISN
WTAQ	WFBM	WCCO	WMT
KMBC	KLRA	WNAX	KOIL
KFJF	KTSA	WACO	KOH
KVOR	KOL	KFPY	KDYL
KLZ	CFRB		
THE SIMONIZ GUARDSMEN—			
10:45 p.m.	9:45	8:45	7:45
WEAF	WTIC	WEEI	WJAR
WCSH	WLIT	WWJ	WRC
WGY	WBEN	WSAI	WTAM
WENR	WOC	WHO	WOW
WDAF	CFCF	WTAG	WCAE
WWJ	KSD	WFBR	
COON-SANDERS AND THEIR ORCHESTRA—			
11:00 p.m.	10:00	9:00	8:00
WEAF	WFBR	WLS	
PAUL WHITEMAN AND HIS ORCHESTRA—			
12:00 m.	11:00	10:00	9:00
WEAF	WRC	KYW	WSM
WOW	WSB	WGY	WAPI
WWJ	WDAY	KFYR	WIBA
KSD	KSTP		

Tuesday

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
COLUMBIA MIXED QUARTET—			
10:45 a.m.	9:45	8:45	7:45
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WKBW	WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC
WAAB	WORC	WCAU	W3XAU
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WDBJ	WWVA	WADC	WBT
WTOC	WQAM	WDBO	WDAE
WXYZ	WBCM	WSPD	WLAP
WDOD	WREC	WLAC	WBRC
WDSU	WISN	WTAQ	WOWO
KSCJ	WMT	KMOX	KMBC
KLRA	KOIL	KFJF	KTSA
KVOR	CFRB	WHEC	
"YOUR CHILD"—			
11:00 a.m.	10:00	9:00	8:00
WEAF	WTAG	WJAR	WCSH
WRC	WGY	WBEN	WCAE
WWJ	WSAI	KSD	WDAY
KFYR	WRVA	WPTF	WJAX
WSB	WIOD	WHAS	WSM
WSMB	KTHS	WSUN	WKY
KOA	WTIC	WLIT	KYW
WOC	WHO	WDAF	WEBC
WFLA	KPRC	WOAI	
THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS—			
11:30 a.m.	10:30	9:30	8:30
WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	KDKA	WGAR	WJR
WLW	KYW	KWK	WREN
KFAB	CKGW	WTMJ	WEBC
WDAY	KFYR	WIBA	WRVA
WJAX	WIOD	WFLA	WHAS
WSM	WMC	WSB	WAPI
WSMB	WJDX	KTHS	WFAA
KVOO	KPRC	WOAI	WKY
MUSIC IN THE AIR—Piano Lessons			
3:00 p.m.	2:00	1:00	12:00
WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
KDKA	WGAR	WJR	WLW
WIBO	KWK	WREN	KFAB
CKGW	WTMJ	WIBA	WEBC
WDAY	WRVA	WPTF	WJAX
WIOD	WFLA	WSM	WMC
WSB	WAPI	WSMB	WJDX
KTHS	KVOO	WBAP	KPRC
WKY	KOA		
PHIL FISHER AND HIS TEN EYCK HOTEL ORCHESTRA—			
4:30 p.m.	3:30	2:30	1:30
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WGR
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WORC
WPG	WIP-WFAN		WHP
WLBW	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WDBJ	WWVA	WADC	WBT
WTOC	WQAM	WDBO	WDAE
WXYZ	WBCM	WSPD	WLAP
WDOD	WREC	WLAC	WBRC
WDSU	WISN	WTAQ	WCCO
KSCJ	WMT	KMBC	KFJF
KRLD	WACO	KOH	KVOR
KOL	KFPY	KFRC	KDYL
KLZ			
"MEET THE ARTIST"—			
5:15 p.m.	4:15	3:15	2:15
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WHEC
WGR	WDRC	WAAB	WORC
WIP-WFAN		WHP	WJAS
WLBW	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WDBJ	WBT	WTOC	WQAM
WDBO	WDAE	WBCM	WSPD
WLAP	WDOD	WREC	WLAC
WBRC	WDSU	WTAQ	WGL
WCCO	KSCJ	WMT	KMOX
KMBC	KOIL	KFH	KFJF
KRLD	KTSA	WACO	KOH
KVOR	KDYL	KLZ	WFBL
CONNIE BOSWELL—			
6:15 p.m.	5:15	4:15	3:15
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WGR	WLBZ	WDRC	WAAB
WORC	WHP	WLBW	WCAO
WTAR	WDBJ	WWVA	WBT
WTOC	WQAM	WDAE	WBCM
WLAP	WDOD	WREC	WLAC
WBRC	WDSU	WTAQ	WGL
WCCO	KSCJ	KMOX	KMBC
KLRA	KOIL	KFH	KFJF
KRLD	KOH	KVOR	

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
MID-WEEK FEDERATION HYMN SING—			
7:00 p.m.	6:00	5:00	4:00
WEAF	WTIC	WTAG	WFI
KSD	WJDX	KGO	KECA
KGW	WEEI	WBEN	WCAE
WSAI	WIBO	WPTF	WIOD
WFLA	WSUN	WSB	WAPI
WKY	WSM		
FLIP AND SKIP—			
7:15 p.m.	6:15	5:15	4:15
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WGR
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WCAU
W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL	WCAO
WDBJ	WADC	WKRC	WBT
WXYZ	WSPD	WREC	WBBM
KMOX	KMBC	KOIL	
BACK OF THE NEWS IN WASHINGTON—William Hard			
7:45 p.m.	6:45	5:45	4:45
WJZ	WREN	WRC	WEBC
KFYR	WIOD	WFLA	WHAS
WSM	WSMB	WJDX	KPRC
KOA	KGO	KECA	KFSD
ARMSTRONG QUAKERS—			
8:00 p.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	KDKA	WJR	WLW
WLS	KWK	WREN	KFAB
ORGANALITIES—Organ and Piano Duo			
8:15 p.m.	7:15	6:15	5:15
KHJ	KOIN	KFRC	KOL
KFPY	KVI	KGB	KVOR
KRLD	KLZ	KTRH	KFJF
KOH	KTSA	KDYL	WIBW
WACO	KFH		
RED GOOSE ADVENTURES—			
8:30 p.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30
WABC	WGR	WJAS	WLBW
WMAL	WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ
WWVA	WADC	WHK	WKRC
WCAH	WKBN	WWNC	WBT
WIS	WGST	WTOC	WQAM
WDBO	WDAE	WXYZ	WBCM
WSPD	WLAP	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WNOX	WBRC	WDSU
WISN	WTAQ	WOWO	WMAQ
WCCO	KSCJ	WMT	KMOX
KMBC	WNAX	KOIL	WIBW
KFH	KFJF	WRR	KTRH
KTSA	KOH	KGB	KOL
KFPY	KOIN	KFRC	KHJ
KDYL	KLZ	WMBG	WOBU
WALTER WINCHELL—			
8:45 p.m.	7:45	6:45	5:45
WABC	WFBL	WGR	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WCAU	W3XAU
WJAS	WMAL	WCAO	WADC
WHK	WKRC	WXYZ	WSPD
WOWO	WJJD	KMOX	KMBC
KOIL			
BOBBY BLUES AND HER BOY FRIENDS—			
8:45 p.m.	7:45	6:45	5:45
KOIL	KHJ	KOIN	KFRC
KOL	KFPY	KVI	KGB
KVOR	KRLD	KLZ	KTRH
KFJF	KOH	KSCJ	KTSA
KDYL	WIBW	WACO	KFH
WNAX			
BEN BERNIE AND HIS BLUE RIBBON ORCHESTRA			
9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WABC	WFBL	WEAN	WDRC
WNAC	WCAU	W3XAU	WJAS
WMAL	WCAO	WADC	WHK
WKRC	WKBN	WBT	WXYZ
WSPD	WLAC	WBRC	WDSU
WOWO	WBBM	WCCO	KMBC
KOIL	KFH	KFJF	KMJ
KFBK	KOL	KFPY	KOIN
KFRC	KHJ	KDYL	KLZ
McKESSON MUSICAL MAGAZINE—			
9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WEAF	WTIC	WTAG	WEEI
WJAR	WCSH	WFI	WRC
WBEN	WCAE	WTAM	WWJ
WSAI	WLS	KSD	WOC
WHO	WOW	WDAF	WTMJ
WEBC	WDAY	KFYR	WRVA
WJAX	WIOD	WFLA	WSUN
WHAS	WSM	WMC	WSB
WSMB	WJDX	KTHS	KVOO
KPRC	WOAI	WKY	KOA
KSL	KGO	KTAR	KFSD
KGW	KHQ	KFI	KOMO
THE FULLER MAN—			
9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WEAF	WTIC	WJAR	WTAG
WCSH	WFI	WRC	WBEN
WGY	WTAM	WWJ	KSD
WOC	WHO	WOW	WDAF
KOA	WTMJ	WEBC	WBAP
WSB	WKY	WOAI	WEEI
WSAI	KYW	KSTP	KSL
KGO	KECA	KGW	KHQ
KOMO	KVOO	WCAE	
ROMANCES OF THE SEA—			
9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WABC	WFBL	WKBW	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WCAU	W3XAU
WJAS	WMAL	WCAO	WADC
WHK	WKRC	WXYZ	WSPD
WOWO	WMAQ	KMOX	KMBC
KOIL	CFRB		
CHIC SCROGGINS ORCHESTRA—			
9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
KHJ	KOIN	KFRC	KOL
KFPY	KVI	KGB	KVOR
KRLD	KLZ	KTRH	KFJF
KOH	KTSA	KDYL	WIBW
WACO	KFH		

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
THE MILLS BROTHERS—Negro Quartet			
10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WABC	WOKO	WFBL	WKBW
WLBZ	WEAN	WAAB	WORC
WCAU	W3XAU	WHP	WJAS
WLBW	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WDBJ	WADC	WBT	WTOC
WQAM	WDBO	WDAE	WXYZ
WBCM	WSPD	WLAP	WDOD
WREC	WLAC	WBRC	WDSU
WISN	WFBM	WCCO	KSCJ
WMT	KLRA	WNAX	KOIL
KFH	KFJF	KRLD	KOH
KVOR	KFPY	KFRC	KHJ
KDYL	CFRB		
STAR BRAND SHOEMAKERS—			
10:15 p.m.	9:15	8:15	7:15
WABC	WKBW	WCAU	W3XAU
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WDBJ	WADC	WHK
WKRC	WCAH	WKBN	WWNC
WBT	WIS	WGST	WTOC
WQAM	WDBO	WDAE	WXYZ
WBCM	WSPD	WLAP	WDOD
WREC	WLAC	WNOX	WBRC
WDSU	WISN	WOWO	WFBM
WBBM	WCCO	KSCJ	WMT
KMOX	KMBC	WNAX	KOIL
WIBW	KFH	KFJF	KRLD
KTRH	KOH	KGB	KOL
KFPY	KOIN	KFRC	KHJ
KDYL	KLZ	WMBG	
ROUND TOWNERS—			
10:15 p.m.	9:15	8:15	7:15
WLBZ	WDRC	WAAB	WORC
WJAS	WMAL	WDAE	WXYZ
WDOD	WISN	KMBC	KLRA
KFJF			
ARABESQUE—Desert Play			
10:30 p.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30
WABC	WOKO	WFBL	WHEC
WKBW	WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC
WAAB	WORC	WPG	WIP-
WFAN	WHP	WJAS	WLBW
WMAL	WCAO	WDBJ	WWVA
WADC	WBT	WTOC	WQAM
WDBO	WXYZ	WBCM	WSPD
WLAP	WDOD	WREC	WLAC
WBRC	WDSU	WISN	WFBM
WCCO	KSCJ	WMT	KMBC
KLRA	WNAX	KFH	KFJF
KRLD	WACO	KOH	KVOR
KFPY	KDYL	KLZ	CFRB
ASBURY PARK CASINO ORCHESTRA			
11:30 p.m.	10:30	9:30	8:30
WABC	W2XE	WLBZ	WDRC
WAAB	WORC	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WDBJ	WBT	WTOC
WQAM	WDBO	WDAE	WDOD
WREC	WLAC	WBRC	WDSU
KLRA	KFJF		
JACK DENNY AND HIS ORCHESTRA			
11:30 p.m.	10:30	9:30	8:30
WEAF	WTIC	WFI	WBEN
WEEI	CFCF	KSTP	WJAR
WRC	WGY	WOW	WJAX
KSD			
RUDY VALLEE AND HIS CONNECTICUT YANKEES			
12:00 m.	11:00 p.m.	10:00	9:00
WEAF	WTIC	WRC	WDAF
WBEN	WWJ	WIBA	KFYR
WHAS	WFBR	KSTP	WSB
WGY	WOW	KSD	KPRC
JOE MOSS DANCE ORCHESTRA			
12:30 a.m.	11:30 p.m.	10:30	9:30
WEAF	WTIC	WRC	WGY
WWJ	WENR	WOW	KSTP
KOA	WSM	KSD	WFBR

Wednesday

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
DR. ROYAL S. COPELAND—Health Clinic.			
9:15 a.m.	8:15	7:15	6:15
WEAF	WTIC	WTAG	WEEI
WJAR	WCSH	WLIT	WRC
WGY	WBEN	WCAE	WTAM
WWJ	WSAI	WLS	KSD
WOC	WHO	WOW	KSTP
WEBC	WDAY	KFYR	WRVA
WPTF	WJAX	WIOD	WSM
WMC	WSB	WSMB	WJDX
KTHS	KVOO	WFAA	KPRC
WOAI	WKY	KOA	KSL
FLYING FINGERS			
9:30 a.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WTAM	WEAF	WTIC	WJAR
WLIT	WCAE	WWJ	WEEI
WGY	WRC	WFBR	
MARY HALE MARTIN'S HOUSEHOLD PERIOD			
10:00 a.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	KDKA	WGAR	WCKY
WLS	KWK	WREN	KFAB
KSTP	WEBC	WHAS	WSM
WMC	WSB	WAPI	WSMB
JANE GRANT'S STEERO PROGRAM			
10:15 a.m.	9:15	8:15	7:15
WEAF	WJAR	WFI	WGY
WOC	WHO	WTIC	WEEI
WCSH	WRC	WBEN	WTAM
WWJ	KYW	WTAG	WSAI
WCAE			
WILDROOT CHAT			
10:45 a.m.	9:45	8:45	7:45
WEAF	WTIC	WCAE	WEEI
WJAR	WTAG	WCSH	WFI
WRC	WWJ	WSAI	WBEN
WTAM	WGY	KSD	KYW
WFBR			

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
RHYTHM RAMBLERS—Nat Brusiloff, Conductor			
11:00 a.m.	10:00	9:00	8:00
WOKO	WFBL	WHEC	WKBW
WABC	W2XE	WLBZ	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WPG	WJAS
WLBW	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WDBJ	WWVA	WBT	WTOC
WQAM	WDAE	WBCM	WSPD
WLAP	WDOD	WREC	WLAC
WDSU	WISN	WTAQ	KSCJ
KMBC	KOIL	KFH	KFJF
KTSA	WACO	KOH	KVOR
WXYZ			
THREE MEN IN A TUB			
11:15 a.m.	10:15	9:15	8:15
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WKBW	WLBZ	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WORC	WPG
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WDBJ	WBT	WTOC
WQAM	WDBO	WDAE	WXYZ
WBCM	WSPD	WLAP	WDOD
WLAC	WBRC	WDSU	WISN
WTAQ	WCCO	KSCJ	KMOX
KOIL	KFJF	KTSA	WACO
KOH	KVOR	KMBC	
MUSICAL ALPHABET			
11:30 a.m.	10:30	9:30	8:30
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WKBW	WLBZ	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WORC	WPG
WIP-WFAN		WHP	WJAS
WLBW	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WDBJ	WBT	WTOC	WQAM
WDBO	WDAE	WXYZ	WSPD
WLAP	WDOD	WLAC	WDSU
WISN	WTAQ	KSCJ	WMT
KOIL	KFH	KFJF	KTSA
WACO	KOH	KVOR	KDYL
CFRB			
RITZ CARLTON HOTEL ORCHESTRA			
1:30 p.m.	12:30	11:30 a.m.	10:30
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WGR	WLBZ	WDRC	WAAB
WORC	WPG	WCAU	W3XAU
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WDBJ	WADC	WHK
WBT	WTOC	WQAM	WDAE
WBCM	WSPD	WDOD	WLAC
WBRC	WDSU	KFJF	CFRB
EDNA WALLACE HOPPER			
3:00 p.m.	2:00	1:00	12:00
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WGR	WLBZ	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WORC	WCAU
W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WDBJ	WADC	WHK
WKRC	WCAH	WBT	WGST
WXYZ	WSPD	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WNOX	WBRC	WDSU
WISN	WOWO	WFBM	WCCO
KSCJ	KMOX	KMBC	KLRA
KOIL	WIBW	KFJF	KRLD
KTRH	KTSA	KOL	KVI
KFPY	KOIN	KFRC	KHJ
KDYL	KLZ	CFRB	CKAC
PACIFIC VAGABONDS			
4:00 p.m.	3:00	2:00	1:00
WJZ	WBAL	WHAM	WJR
WREN	KSTP	WIBA	KFYR
WSM	WMC	WAPI	WKY
KOA	KGO	KECA	KTAR
JOLLY JUGGLERS			
5:45 p.m.	4:45	3:45	2:45
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WKBW	WLBZ	WAAB
WORC	WPG	WCAU	W3XAU
WHP	WJAS	WLBW	WCAO
WTAR	WBT	WTOC	WQAM
WDBO	WREC	WLAC	WBRC
WDSU	WTAQ	WCCO	KSCJ
WMT	KMOX	KMBC	KOIL
KPH	KFJF	KRLD	KTSA
KOH	KVOR	KDYL	KLZ
CFRB	WDAE	WXYZ	WLAP
WDOD			
"BILL SCHUDT'S GOING TO PRESS"			
6:00 p.m.	5:00	4:00	3:00
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WAAB	WHP	WLBW	WWVA
WADC	WDAE	WBCM	WLAP
WDOD	WTAQ	KSCJ	WMT
KOIL	KFH	KFJF	KRLD
KTSA	KOH	KVOR	
SNOOP AND PEEP			
7:15 p.m.	6:15	5:15	4:15
WEAF	WJAR	KSD	KOA
KECA	WBEN	KFYR	WSM
WJDX			
SILVER FLUTE			
8:00 p.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WEAF	WTAG	WEEI	WJAR
WCSH	WLIT	WFBR	WRC
WGY	WBEN	WTAM	CKGW
CFCF			
GUY ROBERTSON			
8:15 p.m.	7:15	6:15	5:15
WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	WGAR	WJR	WCKY
KYW	KWK	WREN	KFAB
KSTP	WEBC	WDAY	KFYR
WIBA	WRVA	WPTF	WJAX
WIOD	WFLA	WHAS	WSM
WMC	WSB	WSMB	WJDX
KVOO	WFAA	WBAP	KPRC
WOAI	WKY	KOA	KSL
JACK FROST'S MELODY MOMENTS			
8:30 p.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30
WJZ	WBAL	WHAM	KDKA
WGAR	WJR	WLW	WLS

Blue Ribbon Chain

Throughout the Week

8:00 a.m.—WEAF—Gene and Glenn, the Quaker Early Birds, whose comedy songs and mirthful chatter are designed to cheer the early hour. (Daily ex. Sun.)

9:30 a.m.—WABC—Tony's Scrapbook. Tony Wons with bits of curious facts, poetry and so forth. (Daily ex. Sun.)

9:30 a.m.—WEAF—Beautiful Thoughts, featuring Chuck, Ray and Gene, a harmony trio, with Irma Glenn, organist, and Gene Arnold, narrator. (Montgomery Ward & Co.) (Daily ex. Sun.)

10:00 a.m.—WJZ—Ray Perkins, the Old Topper himself, who worships satire and gives a whimsical touch to matters of not-too-much importance. (Libby, McNeil & Libby.) (Thurs. and Fri.)

2:30 p.m.—WABC—American School of the Air. Education alluringly offered to young and old. (Daily ex. Sat. and Sun.)

6:45 p.m.—WJZ—Lowell Thomas, voice of Literary Digest, scholar, author and adventurer, who gives and interprets the daily news. (Daily ex. Sun.)

7:00 p.m.—WJZ—Amos 'n' Andy, giving their superbly human act and still entangled in the sityations. (The Peposodent Company.) (Daily ex. Sun.)

7:00 p.m. and 10:45 p.m.—WABC—Myrt and Marge. Adventures of two ladies of the chorus. (Wrigley's Chewing Gum.) (Daily ex. Sat. and Sun.)

7:15 p.m.—WABC—Bing Crosby. The he-man barytone who won fame over night. (Cremo Cigars.) (Daily ex. Sun.)

7:45 p.m.—WABC—Camel Quarter-Hour. Morton Downey's voice, Tony Wons announcing and Jacques Renard's music make fifteen minutes all too short. (Camel Cigarettes.) (Daily ex. Sun.)

7:45 p.m.—WEAF—The Goldbergs give one an intimate peek into the struggles and ambitions of Jewish families. (The Pepsodent Co.) (Daily ex. Sun.)

8:30 p.m.—WABC—La Palina Presents Kate Smith and Her Swanee Music. The spot to turn to for those "memory songs." (La Palina Cigars.) (Mon., Wed., Thurs. and Sat.)

8:45 p.m.—WJZ—Sisters of the Skillet, as originated and presented by Eddie East and Ralph Dumke. (Proctor & Gamble Co.) (Tues., Thurs. and Fri.)

10:00 p.m.—WEAF—The Lucky Strike Dance Orchestra, biggest on the air, presents a solid hour of new arrangements in danceable tempo. (American Tobacco Co.) (Tues., Thurs. and Sat.)

10:30 p.m.—WJZ—Clara, Lu and Em, just three brilliant college girls in roles of rural characters analyzing international problems. (Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co.) (Daily ex. Sun. and Mon.)

11:30 p.m.—WJZ—Russ Columbo, the voice of the Golden West, whose originality in phrasing popular sentimental songs has won him instant fame. (Daily.)

Sunday

10:00 a.m.—WABC—Columbia's "Church of the Air," with the most eminent Protestant preachers in the country.

12:30 p.m.—WABC—International Broadcast. Always worth watching for.

3:00 p.m.—WABC—New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra. The day's outstanding music.

8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Chase and Sanborn gives everybody Eddie Cantor, humorist and self-made presidential candidate, and Dave Rubinoff's orchestra. (Standard Brands, Inc.)

8:15 p.m.—WJZ—Collier's Radio Hour always provides an array of talent in music and drama with an outstanding guest speaker. John B. Kennedy, master of ceremonies. (Crowell Publishing Company.)

9:45 p.m.—WJZ—Kellogg Slumber Music presents Ludwig Laurier and his string ensemble playing many delightful old classics. (Kellogg Company.)

10:15 p.m.—WEAF—Best Sellers with Ted Weems Orchestra and Ilo May Bailey, vocalist. (S. C. Johnson & Co.)

10:45 p.m.—WEAF—Sunday at Seth Parker's, the largest religious class known to history. Typifies the wholesome religious services of Down East neighbors.

Monday

11:30 a.m.—WABC—Radio Digest Front Page Personalities in which Anne B. Lazar, Woman's Feature Editor gives interviews about well known people she has met.

8:30 p.m.—WJZ—Death Valley Days, another of the most popular dramatic programs, portraying the hardships and grim humor of the early American frontier. (Pacific Coast Borax Co.)

9:00 p.m.—WEAF—A. & P. Gypsies featuring Harry Horlick's Orchestra and Veronica Wiggins, contralto, and Frank Parker, tenor, in numbers that give one the wanderlust. (Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co.)

10:00 p.m.—WEAF—True Story in which Cecil Secrest and Nora Sterling, as Mary and Bob, add weight to the old adage that truth is stranger than fiction. (Macfadden Publishing Co.)

10:00 p.m.—WABC—Robert Burns Panatela Program. Guy Lombardo and the Royal Canadian's enchanting music.

10:30 p.m.—WABC—Toscha Seidel with his magic violin, accompanied by a concert orchestra.

10:30 p.m.—WJZ—Chesebrough Real Folks, presenting the realistic rural characters of Thompkins Corners as written by George Frame Brown. (Chesebrough Manufacturing Co.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
MOBILOIL CONCERT—Gladys Rice			
8:30 p.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WCSH
WTAG	WLIT	WRC	WSAI
KSD	WOW	WTAM	KOA

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
KVOO	WFAA	WOAI	WKY
WTIC	KSD	WGY	WEBC
WDAF	WCAE	WHO	WOW
WWJ	WBEN	KSTP	WTMJ
WDAY	KFYR	KYW	WIBA

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
THE MILLS BROTHERS—			
8:45 p.m.	7:45	6:45	5:45
WABC	WFBL	WGR	WLBZ
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WORC

Features

Selected by the Editors

To provide you with the outstanding features for each day of the week the RADIO DIGEST *program editor has selected the programs indicated as Blue Ribbon. Do you agree with her selections? (For stations taking the programs, see adjoining list.)*

Tuesday

5:15 p.m.—WABC—Meet the Artist. Bob Taplinger persuades Broadway and radio celebrities to tell all.

7:00 p.m.—WEAF—Mid-Week Federation Hymn Sing features a mixed quartet composed of Muriel Savage, soprano; Helen Janke, contralto; Richard Maxwell, tenor, and Arthur Billings Hunt, baritone and director.

8:00 p.m.—WJZ—Armstrong Quakers, a dance orchestra under the direction of Don Voorhees and Lois Bennett, soprano, and May Hopple, contralto, and a male quartet. (Armstrong Cork Co.)

8:45 p.m.—WABC—Walter Winchell. Inside information by our most tireless gossiper. (La Gerardine.)

9:00 p.m.—WABC—Ben Bernie still the old maestro with his Blue Ribbon Orchestra. (Blue Ribbon Malt.)

9:30 p.m.—WEAF—The Fuller Man comes knocking at your door and invites you to listen to Mabel Jackson, soprano, and Earle Spicer, baritone, and a lively orchestra. (Fuller Brush Co.)

Wednesday

8:30 p.m.—WJZ—Jack Frost's Melody Moments offers Eugene Ormandy's orchestra and Oliver Smith, tenor. (National Sugar Refining Co.)

8:30 p.m.—WEAF—Mobiloil Concert, Nathaniel Shilkret's orchestra and two prominent vocalists, Gladys Rice, soprano, and Douglas Stanbury, baritone. (Vacuum Oil Co.)

9:00 p.m.—WJZ—Adventures of Sherlock Holmes, an artistic dramatization of the world famous detective stories; acted by Richard Gordon, Leigh Lovel, Joseph Bell and Edith Meiser. (G. Washington Coffee Refining Co.)

9:00 p.m.—WABC—Gold Medal Fast Freight. Words and music from Minneapolis. (Gold Medal Flour.)

10:00 p.m.—WABC—Vitality Personalities. Magnificoes of the stage and screen as guest artists with Freddie Rich's Orchestra. (Vitality Shoes.)

10:30 p.m.—WABC—Columbia Concerts Corporation Program. Watch this one for real stars of the concert and operatic worlds.

1100 p.m.—WEAF—Nellie Revell, the Voice of Radio Digest, describes favorite radio personalities as she knows them.

Thursday

3:30 p.m.—WABC—Miriam Ray. Columbia's sensational new "blues singer."

5:00 p.m.—WJZ—Coffee Matinee offers Michel Gusikoff, an accomplished violinist, with a marimba orchestra and Scrappy Lambert, tenor. (Brazilian American Coffee Promotion Committee.)

8:00 p.m.—WJZ—Dixie Spiritual Singers, a chorus of colored folk from the heart of Dixieland. (Larus & Bros. Co.)

9:00 p.m.—WEAF—Arco Dramatic Musicale offering the delightful male group of singers known as the Rondoliers Quartet. (American Radiator Co.)

9:30 p.m.—WJZ—Maxwell House Ensemble with Don Voorhees' orchestra and a brilliant guest artist.

10:45 p. m.—WABC—Peters Parade. Musical comedy and operetta hits by Irene Beasley, Ken Christie Trio and orchestra. (Peters Shoes.)

Friday

11:00 a.m.—WJZ—NBC Music Appreciation Hour presents the classics for young and old alike with the master tutor and symphonic orchestral leader—Walter Damrosch.

5:00 p.m.—WABC—Curtis Institute of Music. Classical music program of high order.

7:00 p.m.—WEAF—Major Bowes' Family, direct from the Capitol Theater, with orchestra under the direction of Yasha Bunchuk.

8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Cities Service featuring the lovable Jessica Dragonette, soprano, and the Cavaliers Quartet. (Cities Service Co.)

8:30 p.m.—WABC—March of Time. News of the day dramatized into a program of punch and thrills. (Time Magazine.)

10:00 p.m.—WJZ—Paul Whiteman's Paint Men are as colorful as Whiteman's bands of old, and Mildred Bailey, blues singer, leads a group of talented singers. (Allied Quality Paint Group.)

10:30 p.m.—WEAF—RKO Theatre of the Air offers a myriad of stars of the stage and Milton Schwarzwald's orchestra. (Radio-Keith-Orpheum Circuit.)

10:45 p.m.—WABC—Fray and Braggiotti, showing what great skill and art can accomplish with two pianos.

Saturday

7:15 p.m.—WABC—The Political Situation in Washington Tonight. Frederick William Wile's expert exposition of what's going on at the Capital.

8:30 p.m.—WEAF—National Advisory Council on Radio in Education, presenting outstanding authorities in many fields of thought.

9:30 p.m.—WEAF—Club Valspar with William Wirges' orchestra and a guest vocalist. (Valspar Corp.)

10:00 p.m.—WJZ Cuckoo, radio's burlesque program with Raymond Knight as Station Master Ambrose J. Weems of KUKU.

10:00 p.m.—WABC—Hank Simmons Show Boat. The villain always gets his just desserts and the hero the pretty gal in these old melodramas with Harry C. Browne and his able cohorts.

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
HALSEY STUART PROGRAM—			
9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WTAG
WCSH	WLIT	WRC	WGY
WCAE	KOA	KSL	KGO
KGW	KOMO	KHQ	WSAI
KSD	WOC	WHO	WOW
WWJ	WSMB	KPRC	WOAI
WTMJ	KSTP	KYW	WSM
WHAS	WRVA	WMC	WSB
WBEN	WTAM	KFI	CKGW
WJAX	KVOO	WFBR	
GOLD MEDAL FAST FREIGHT—			
9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WABC	WOKO	WFBL	WKBW
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WCAU
W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL	WCAO
WDBJ	WADC	WHK	WKRC
WXYZ	WSPD	WOWO	WFBM
WMAQ	WCCO	KSCJ	WMT
KMOX	KMBC	KOIL	KFH
ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES—			
9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	KDKA	WGAR	WJR
WLS	KWK	WREN	
DUTCH MASTERS PROGRAM—			
9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	KDKA	WGAR	WJR
WENR	KWK	WREN	
ENO CRIME CLUB—			
9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WABC	WFBL	WKBW	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WCAU	W3XAU
WJAS	WMAL	WCAO	WADC
WHK	WKRC	WXYZ	WSPD
WOWO	WMAQ	KMOX	KMBC
KOIL	CFRB		
PALMOLIVE HOUR—Olive Palmer, Soprano			
9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WEAF	WTIC	WEEI	WJAR
WTAG	WCSH	WLIT	WRC
WGY	WCAE	WSAI	WGN
KSD	WOC	WOW	WSMB
WTMJ	KSTP	WHAS	CKGW
WSM	WMC	WDAF	WHO
WSB	WOAI	KOA	KSL
KGW	KOMO	WDAF	KHQ
WWJ	WTAM	WBEN	KFI
KVOO	KPRC	WIBA	KGO
(WFAA on 10:00)		WIS	WWNC
SALONESQUE—			
9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
KHJ	KOIN	KFRC	KOL
KFPY	KVI	KGB	KVOR
KRLD	KLZ	KTRH	KFJF
KOH	KTSA	KDYL	WIBW
WACO	KFH		
ROCHESTER CIVIC ORCHESTRA—			
10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WJZ	WBAL	WHAM	KDKA
WGAR	WJR	WCFL	WREN
WIOD	WFLA	WHAM	
VITALITY PERSONALITIES—			
10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WABC	WOKO	WFBL	WKBW
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WCAU
W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL	WCAO
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WCAH
WBT	WGST	WXYZ	WSPD
WLAP	WREC	WLAC	WBRC
WDSU	WISN	WOWO	WFBM
WBBM	WCCO	KMOX	KMBC
KLRA	KOIL	KFJF	KRLD
KTRH	KTSA	KOL	KVI
KFPY	KOIN	KFRC	KHJ
KDYL	KLZ		
WEED TIRE CHAIN PROGRAM—			
10:15 p.m.	9:15	8:15	7:15
WABC	WADC	WCAO	WNAC
WKBW	WGN	WKRC	WHK
WXYZ	WOWO	WDRC	KMBC
KOIL	WCAU	W3XAU	WJAS
KMOX	WFBL	WSPD	WMAL
WLBZ	KRLD	KLZ	WCCO
CKAC	KFJF	KDYL	
COCA COLA—			
10:30 p.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30
WEAF	WEEI	WTIC	WTAG
WCSH	WLIT	WRC	WSAI
WOC	WCAE	WEBC	WKY
KYW	KSD	WRVA	KFSD
WHAS	WJAX	KSTP	WIOD
WSM	KPRC	WOAI	KOA
KSL	KGO	KGW	KHQ
KOMO	WDAF	WTAM	WHO
WOW	WMC	WPTF	WSB
WWJ	WBEN	WAPI	KFI
WGY	WTMJ	WJAR	WFLA
WSUN	KTAR	CFCF	WSMB
WBAP	KTHS		
COLUMBIA CONCERTS CORPORATION PROGRAM—			
10:30 p.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30
WABC	WOKO	WFBL	WKBW
WLBZ	WDRC	WAAB	WORC
WPG	WIP-WFAN		WHP
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WDBJ	WADC	WBT
WTOC	WQAM	WDBO	WDAE
WXYZ	WBCM	WSPD	WLAP
WDOD	WREC	WLAC	WBRC
WDSU	WISN	WTAQ	WFBM
WCCO	WMT	KMBC	WNAX
KOIL	KFJF	KTSA	WACO
KOH	KFPY	KFRC	KDYL
CFRB	WHEC	KVOR	
RADIO'S GREATEST LOVER			
10:45 p.m.	9:45	8:45	7:45
WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	KDKA	WGAR	WJR
WENR	KWK	WREN	

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
WCAU	W3XAU	WJAS	WCAO
WADC	WHK	WCAH	WXYZ
WSPD	WDSU	WFBM	WMAQ
WCCO	KMOX	KMBC	

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
WAHDEMNA CHORAL CLUB			
8:45 p.m.	7:45	6:45	5:45
KOIL	KHJ	KOIN	KFRC
KOL	KFPY	KVI	KGB

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
KVOR	KRLD	KLZ	KTRH
KFJF	KOH	KSCJ	KTSA
KDYL	WIBW	WACO	KFH
WNAX			

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
"THE VOICE OF RADIO DIGEST"—Nellie Revell			
11:00 p.m.	10:00	9:00	8:00
WEAF	KSD	WRC	WJAR
WCSH	WIBO	WOW	WTAM
WGY	WWJ		
VINCENT LOPEZ AND HIS ORCHESTRA—			
11:30 p.m.	10:30	9:30	8:30
WEAF	WRC	WEEI	WTAM
WDAF	WWJ	WOC	WHO
WAPI	WOAI	WOW	WIOD
WENR			
LEW CONRAD'S ORCHESTRA—			
12:00 m.	11:00	10:00	9:00
WEAF	WRC	WEEI	

Thursday

RAY PERKINS, THE PRINCE OF PINEAPPLE—			
10:00 a.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WJZ	WBZ	WHAM	WBZA
KDKA	WGAR	WCKY	WLS
KWK	WREN		
MACHINE AGE HOUSEKEEPING—			
10:15 a.m.	9:15	8:15	7:15
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WKBW
WAAB	WCAU	W3XAU	WJAS
WCAO	WHK	WKRC	WXYZ
WOWO	WBBM	WCCO	KMOX
KMBC	KOIL	KRLD	
L'HEURE EXQUISE			
11:00 a.m.	10:00	9:00	8:00
WEAF	WJAR	WGY	WOC
WHO	WDAF	WRVA	WHAS
WSM			
HELPS FOR POULTRY AND STOCK FEEDERS—			
1:00 p.m.	12:00	11:00	10:00
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WGR
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WCAU
W3XAU	WHP	WJAS	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ	WADC
WHK	WKRC	WWNC	WBT
WXYZ	WSPD	WISN	WOWO
WBBM			
THE SINGING VAGABOND—ARTELLS DICKSON—			
2:00 p.m.	1:00	12:00	11:00
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WGR	WLBZ	WDRC
WORC	WPG	WCAU	W3XAU
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WDBJ	WWVA	WADC
WBT	WTOC	WQAM	WDBO
WDAE	WXYZ	WBCM	WSPD
WLAP	WDOD	WREC	WLAC
WBRC	WDSU	WISN	WTAQ
WGL	WFBM	WCCO	KSCJ
WMT	KMBC	KLRA	KOIL
KFH	KFJF	KTSA	KOH
KVOR	KVI	KFPY	KDYL
KLZ	CFRB		
LA FORGE BERUMEN MUSICALE—			
3:00 p.m.	2:00	1:00	12:00
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WGR	WLBZ	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WORC	WPG
WHP	WIP-WFAN	WLBW	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ	WWVA
WADC	WHK	WBT	WTOC
WQAM	WDBO	WDAE	WXYZ
WBCM	WSPD	WLAP	WDOD
WREC	WLAC	WBRC	WDSU
WISN	WTAQ	WGL	WFBM
WCCO	KSCJ	WMT	KMOX
KMBC	KLRA	KOIL	KFJF
KTSA	WACO	KOH	KVOR
KOL	KVI	KFPY	KDYL
KLZ	CFRB		
MIRIAM RAY—			
3:30 p.m.	2:30	1:30	12:30
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WGR	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WORC	WPG	WLBW	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WADC	WBT
WQAM	WBCM	WSPD	WBRC
WDSU	WISN	WTAQ	WMT
KMBC	WIBW	KFJF	WACO
KOH	KVOR	KGB	KVI
KDYL	KLZ	CFRB	
VIRGINIA ARNOLD, Pianist—			
3:45 p.m.	2:45	1:45	12:45
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WGR	WLBZ	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WORC	WPG
WCAU	W3XAU	WHP	WLBW
WMAL	WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ
WWVA	WADC	WBT	WTOC
WQAM	WDBO	WDAE	WXYZ
WBCM	WSPD	WLAP	WDOD
WREC	WLAC	WBRC	WDSU
WISN	WTAQ	WGL	WCCO
KSCJ	WMT	KLRA	KOIL
KFJF	WACO	KOH	KVOR
KVI	KFPY	KDYL	KLZ
CFRB			
MELODY MAGIC—Emery Deutsch's Orchestra with Female Trio			
4:00 p.m.	3:00	2:00	1:00
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WGR	WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC
WNAC	WORC	WPG	WCAU
W3XAU	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WDBJ	WWVA	WADC
WBT	WTOC	WQAM	WDBO
WDAE	WXYZ	WBCM	WSPD
WLAP	WDOD	WREC	WLAC
WBRC	WDSU	WISN	WTAQ
WBBM	WCCO	KSCJ	WMT
KMOX	KMBC	KOIL	KFJF
WACO	KOH	KVOR	KOL
KVI	KFPY	KFRC	KDYL
KLZ	CFRB		

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
INTERNATIONAL BROADCAST FROM LONDON—			
4:20 p.m.	3:20	2:20	1:20
WEAF	WTIC	WTAG	WJAR
WCSH	WFI	WRC	WGY
WBEN	WTAM	CKGW	KGO
KECA	KBW	KOMO	
CARVETH WELLS—			
5:00 p.m.	4:00	3:00	2:00
WEAF	WTIC	WTAG	WJAR
WRC	WBEN	WCAE	WTAM
WWJ	KSD	WENR	WHAS
WSM	WJDX	KOA	
COFFEE MATINEE—Marimba Orchestra			
5:00 p.m.	4:00	3:00	2:00
WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	KDKA	WGAR	WLW
KYW	KWK	WREN	KVOO
HOTEL BOSSERT ORCHESTRA—			
6:15 p.m.	5:15	4:15	3:15
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WGR	WLBZ	WDRC	WAAB
WORC	WHP	WLBW	WTAR
WDBJ	WWVA	WADC	WBT
WTOC	WQAM	WDBO	WDAE
WXYZ	WBCM	WSPD	WLAP
WDOD	WREC	WLAC	WBRC
WDSU	WTAQ	WGL	WFBM
WCCO	KSCJ	KMBC	KLRA
KOIL	KFH	KFJF	KRLD
KTSA	KOH	KVOR	CFRB
BETWEEN THE BOOK ENDS—			
7:30 p.m.	6:30	5:30	4:30
KHJ	KOIN	KFRC	KOL
KFPY	KGB	KVOR	KRLD
KLZ	KTRH	KFJF	KOH
KTSA	KDYL	WIBW	WACO
KFH	KVI		
"FAMOUS FALLACIES OF BUSINESS"—Merle Thorpe			
7:45 p.m.	6:45	5:45	4:45
WJZ	WHAM	WRC	WRVA
WPTF	WLS	WIOD	WFLA
KGO	KECA	KOMO	KHQ
KFSD	KTAR	WRC	
DIXIE SPIRITUAL SINGERS—			
8:00 p.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	KDKA	WCKY	WLS
WENR	KWK	WREN	KFAB
WRVA			
FLEISCHMANN HOUR—Rudy Vallee's Orchestra			
8:00 p.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WEAF	WTIC	WEEI	WTAG
WJAR	WJDX	WJAX	WFI
WCSH	WRC	WGY	WHO
WOW	WWJ	WHAS	WMC
WSAI	WSB	WSMB	WEBC
KOA	WRVA	KTHS	KSL
KOMO	WOAI	WSM	WOC
WAPI	KGO	KHQ	WTAM
KECA	KSD	CKGW	WGN
KGW	WBEN	KPRC	WTMJ
WIOD	WPTF	WFLA	WSUN
WCAE	CFCF	KSTP	WKY
WBAP	WFBR	KTAR	WDAF
KGO			
RIN TIN TIN THRILLER—			
8:15 p.m.	7:15	6:15	5:15
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
KDKA	WGAR	WLW	WLS
KWK	WREN	KFAB	
PICKARD FAMILY—			
8:30 p.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30
WJZ	WLS		
ARCO DRAMATIC MUSICALE—			
9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WEAF	WTIC	WEEI	WJAR
WTAG	WBBH	WFI	CKGW
WRC	WGY	WSM	WIOD
WJAX	WOAI	WKY	KOA
WBAP	WRVA	WWJ	WSAI
KSD	WDAF	KYW	WEBC
WOW	WSM	WJDX	WOC
WHO	KGO	KECA	WAPI
KOMO	KHQ	KGW	WAPI
WTAM	WBEN	KTAR	KFSD
WSB	KSTP	WMC	WPTF
KSL	WHAS	WCAE	WFBR
WTMJ	WSMB		
EUGENE ORMANDY PRESENTS—			
9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WABC	WOKO	WFBL	WKBW
WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WORC	WCAU	W3XAU	WHP
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WDBJ	WTAR	WBT	WTOC
WQAM	WDBO	WDAE	WXYZ
WBCM	WLAP	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WDSU	WOWO
WFBM	KSCJ	WMT	KMBC
WNAX	KOIL	KFH	KFJF
KTSA	KOH	KVOR	KOL
KFPY	KFRC	KHJ	KLZ
CFRB			
BLACKSTONE PLANTATION—			
9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	KDKA	WCKY	
LOVE STORY HOUR—			
9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WABC	WFBL	WKBW	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WCAU	W3XAU
WJAS	WMAL	WCAO	WADC
WHK	WKRC	WXYZ	WSPD
WOWO	WBBM	KMOX	KMBC
KOIL			
CHIC SCROGGINS ORCHESTRA—			
9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
KHJ	KOIN	KFRC	KOL
KFPY	KVI	KGB	KVOR
KRLD	KLZ	KTRH	KFJF
KOH	KTSA	KDYL	WIBW
WACO	KFH		

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES—			
9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WEAF	WTIC	WTAG	WJAR
WGN	KSD	WEEI	WBEN
WTAM	WOC	WHO	WOW
WDAF	CFCF	WCSH	CKGW
WFI	WRC	WGY	WWJ
WSAI			
MAXWELL HOUSE ENSEMBLE—			
9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	KDKA	WJR	WLW
KYW	KWK	WREN	WTMJ
KSTP	WEBC	WRVA	WJAX
WIOD	WFLA	WHAS	WSM
WMC	WSB	WAPI	WJDX
WSMB	WBAP	KPRC	WOAI
WKY	KOA	KSL	KGO
KECA	KGW	KOMO	KHQ
KTAR	KFSD		
A. & P. GYPSIES—			
10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	KDKA	WGAR	WJR
WLW	KYW	KWK	WREN
HART, SCHAFFNER AND MARX TRUMPETERS—			
10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WABC	WFBL	WEAN	WDRC
WAAB	WCAU	W3XAU	WJAS
WMAL	WCAO	WADC	WHK
WKRC	WGST	WXYZ	WSPD
WLAP	WDSU	WOWO	WBBM
WCCO	KMOX	KMBC	KOIL
KFJF	KRLD	KLZ	
TITO GUIZAR—			
10:30 p.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30
WABC	WOKO	WFBL	WHEC
WKBW	WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC
WAAB	WORC	WPG	WIP-
WFAN	WHP	WJAS	WLBW
WMAL	WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ
WWVA	WADC	WHK	WBT
WTOC	WQAM	WDBO	WDAE
WXYZ	WBCM	WSPD	WDOD
WREC	WLAC	WBRC	WDSU
WISN	WOWO	WFBM	WCCO
KSCJ	WMT	KMBC	KLRA
WNAX	KOIL	KFJF	KRLD
WACO	KOH	KLZ	CFRB
PETERS PARADE—			
10:45 p.m.	9:45	8:45	7:45
WABC	WKBW	WJAS	WLBW
WCAO	WDBJ	WADC	WHK
WKRC	WCAH	WKBN	WWNC
WBT	WIS	WGST	WTOC
WQAM	WDBO	WDAE	WXYZ
WBCM	WSPD	WLAP	WDOD
WREC	WLAC	WBRC	WDSU
WISN	WOWO	WBBM	WCCO
KSCJ	WMT	KMOX	KMBC
WNAX	KOIL	WIBW	KFJF
KTRH	KOH	KGB	KOL
KFPY	KOIN	KFRC	KHJ
KDYL	KLZ	WMBG	
RADIO ROUNDUP—			
11:30 p.m.	10:30	9:30	8:30
WABC	W2XE	WLBZ	WDRC
WAAB	WORC	WCAU	W3XAU
WMAL	WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ
WBT	WTOC	WQAM	WDBO
WDAE	WDOD	WREC	WLAC
WBRC	WDSU	KLRA	KFJF
WWNC			

Friday

RAY PERKINS—			
10:00 a.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	KDKA	WGAR	WLS
KWK	WREN	KFAB	
BOND BREAD PROGRAM—Frank Crumit and Julia Sanderson			
10:15 a.m.	9:15	8:15	7:15
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WGR	WEAN	WDRC
WAAB	WORC	WCAU	W3XAU
WMAL	WCAO	WTAR	WWVA
WADC	WHK	WCAH	WXYZ
WSPD	WDSU	WFBM	KMOX
KMBC	KOIL	KFH	KFJF
DON AND BETTY—			
10:45 a.m.	9:45	8:45	7:45
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WHEC
WGR	WLBZ	WAAB	WCAU
W3XAU	WJAS	WDBJ	WHK
WKRC	WCAH	WXYZ	WREC
WOWO	WBBM	WCCO	KSCJ
KMOX	KMBC	KFH	
SAVORY KITCHEN INSTITUTE—			
10:45 a.m.	9:45	8:45	7:45
WEAF	WTIC	WEEI	WGY
WRC	WJAX	WTAG	WCSH
WWJ	WCAE	WFI	WSAI
WTAM	KFKX	WBEN	
NBC MUSIC APPRECIATION HOUR—Walter Damrosch, Director			
11:00 a.m.	10:00	9:00	8:00
WEAF	WJZ	WTIC	WTAG
WEEI	WJAR	WCSH	WLIT
WRC	WGY	WBEN	WCAE
WTAM	WWJ	WSAI	WGN
KYW	WENR	WIBO	KSD
WOC	WHO	WOW	WDAF
CKGW	CFCF	WIBA	WEBC
WTMJ	KSTP	WDAY	KFYR
WRVA	WPTF	WJAX	WIOD
WFLA	WSUN	WHAS	WMC
WSB	WAPI	WSMB	WJDX
KTHS	KVOO	WBAP	KPRC
WOAI	WKY	KOA	KSL
WBAL	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
KDKA	WJAR	WJR	KWK
WREN	KFAB	KFYR	

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
RHYTHM KINGS — Nat Brusiloff, Conductor			
11:00 a.m.	10:00	9:00	8:00
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WKBW
WLBZ	WJAS	WLBW	WCAO
WTAR	WDBJ	WWVA	WBT
WTOC	WQAM	WDAE	WXYZ
WBCM	WLAP	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WDSU	WISN	WTAQ
WOWO	KSCJ	KMBC	KLRA
KFJF	KTSA	WACO	KOH
KVOR	KDYL		
BLUE MOONLIGHT — Ida Bailey Allen			
11:15 a.m.	10:15	9:15	8:15
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WKBW
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WCAU
W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL	WCAO
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WXYZ
WSPD	WOWO	WBBM	WCCO
KMOX	KMBC	KOIL	
COLUMBIA EDUCATIONAL FEATURES—			
3:45 p.m.	2:45	1:45	12:45
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WGR	WLBZ	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WORC	WPG
WCAU	W3XAU	WHP	WLBW
WMAL	WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ
WWVA	WADC	WBT	WTOC
WQAM	WDBO	WDAE	WXYZ
WBCM	WSPD	WLAP	WDOD
WREC	WLAC	WDSU	WISN
WTAQ	WGL	WCCO	KSCJ
WMT	KLRA	KOIL	KFJF
WACO	KOH	KVOR	KOL
KVI	KFPY	KDYL	KLZ
CFRB			
LIGHT OPERA GEMS—			
4:00 p.m.	3:00	2:00	1:00
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WGR	WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC
WNAC	WORC	WPG	WCAU
W3XAU	WHP	WLBW	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ	WWVA
WADC	WBT	WTOC	WQAM
WDBO	WDAE	WXYZ	WBCM
WDOD	WREC	WLAC	WBRC
WDSU	WISN	WTAQ	WGL
WFBM	KSCJ	KMOX	KMBC
KLRA	KFJF	KRLD	KOH
KVOR	KLZ		
MAJOR BOWES' FAMILY—			
7:00 p.m.	6:00	5:00	4:00
WEAF	WJAR	WCSH	WCAE
WWJ	WENR	WOC	WHO
KOA	WSMB	WOW	KSD
WDAF	KFYR		
JOHN KELVIN—Irish Tenor			
6:30 p.m.	5:30	4:30	3:30
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WLBZ
WDRC	WAAB	WORC	WHP
WJAS	WLBW	WCAO	WDBJ
WWVA	WBT	WTOC	WQAM
WDBO	WDAE	WXYZ	WBCM
WDOD	WREC	WLAC	WBRC
WDSU	WISN	WTAQ	WGL
WFBM	KSCJ	KMOX	KMBC
KLRA	KFJF	KRLD	KOH
KVOR	KLZ		
FIRESIDE SONGS—			
5:15 p.m.	4:15	3:15	2:15
WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WJR	WREN	WRC	KFYR
KFAB	WSM	WJDX	
FOOTBALL FORECASTS—			
5:45 p.m.	4:45	3:45	2:45
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WHEC
WKBW	WLBZ	WDRC	WAAB
WCAU	W3XAU	WHP	WJAS
WLBW	WCAO	WTAR	WBT
WTOC	WQAM	WDBO	WDAE
WXYZ	WBCM	WLAP	WDOD
WREC	WLAC	WBRC	WDSU
WTAQ	WGL	WCCO	KSCJ
WMT	KMBC	KOIL	KFH
KFJF	KRLD	KTSA	KOH
KVOR	KDYL	KLZ	
RADIO GUILD—Drama			
4:15 p.m.	3:15	2:15	1:15
WJZ	WBAL	WHAM	WGAR
WJR	WREN	KFAB	CKGW
WRC	WIBA	KSTP	WEBC
WDAY	WRVA	WPTF	WJAX
WSM	WMC	WSB	WAPI
WJDX	KVOO	KPRC	WOAI
WKY	KOA	KSL	
CURTIS INSTITUTE OF MUSIC PROGRAM—			
5:00 p.m.	4:00	3:00	2:00
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WGR	WDRC	WAAB
WORC	WPG	WIP-WFAN	
WHP	WJAS	WLBW	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ	WBT
WTOC	WQAM	WDBO	WDAE
WBCM	WSPD	WLAP	WDOD
WREC	WLAC	WBRC	WDSU
WTAQ	WGL	WBBM	WCCO
KSCJ	WMT	KMOX	KMBC
KOIL	WIBW	KFH	KFJF
KRLD	KTSA	KOH	KVOR
KOL	KDYL	KLZ	CFRB

CITIES SERVICE CONCERT ORCHESTRA AND THE CAVALIERS—
Jessica Dragonette

Eastern 8:00 p.m.	Central 7:00	Mountain 6:00	Pacific 5:00
WEAF	WTIC	WEEI	WRC
KTHS	KGO	WGY	WLIT
WCAE	WJAR	WCSH	WOW
KYW	WDAF	KSD	WKY
WOC	WEBC	KOA	WOAI
KOMO	KGO	KHQ	WTAG
KSL	CKGW	WSAI	WHO
KECA	WTAM	WBEN	WWJ
WFAA	KTAR	KSTP	WTMJ
KVOO	KTHS		

NESTLE'S PROGRAM—

Eastern 8:00 p.m.	Central 7:00	Mountain 6:00	Pacific 5:00
WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	KDKA	WGAR	WJR
WCKY	WLS	KWK	WREN
KFAB			

THE SONGSMITHS—

Eastern 8:15 p.m.	Central 7:15	Mountain 6:15	Pacific 5:15
KOIL	KHJ	KOIN	KFRC
KOL	KFPY	KVI	KGB
KVOR	KRLD	KLZ	KTRH
KFJF	KOH	KSCJ	KTSA
KDYL	WIBW	WACO	KFH
WNAX			

MARCH OF TIME—

Eastern 8:30 p.m.	Central 7:30	Mountain 6:30	Pacific 5:30
WABC	WFBL	WGR	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WCAU	W3XAU
WJAS	WMAL	WCAO	WADC
WHK	WKRC	WBT	WXYZ
WSPD	WLAC	WDSU	WMAQ
WCCO	KMOX	KMBC	KOIL
KOL	KVI	KOIN	KFRC
KHJ	KDYL	KLZ	KFPY

RADIO REPRODUCTIONS—

Eastern 9:00 p.m.	Central 8:00	Mountain 7:00	Pacific 6:00
WABC	WFBL	WKBW	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WCAU	W3XAU
WJAS	WMAL	WCAO	WHK
WKRC	WXYZ	WBBM	KMOX
KMBC			

BARN DANCE VARIETIES—

Eastern 9:00 p.m.	Central 8:00	Mountain 7:00	Pacific 6:00
KOIL	KHJ	KOIN	KFRC
KOL	KFPY	KVI	KGB
KVOR	KRLD	KLZ	KTRH
KFJF	KOH	KSCJ	KTSA
KDYL	WIBW	WACO	KFH
WNAX			

THE CLICQUOT CLUB—

Eastern 9:00 p.m.	Central 8:00	Mountain 7:00	Pacific 6:00
WEAF	WTIC	WEEI	WJAR
WTAG	WCSH	WLIT	WRC
WOW	WCAE	WSAI	KSD
WIBO	WWJ	WDAF	WOC
WHO	WGY	WBEN	

INTERWOVEN PAIR—

Eastern 9:00 p.m.	Central 8:00	Mountain 7:00	Pacific 6:00
WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	KDKA	WGAR	WJR
WCKY	KYW	KWK	WREN
WTMJ	KSTP	WEBC	WRVA
WJAX	WIOD	WHAS	WSM
WMC	WSB	WAPI	WSMB
WFAA	KPRC	WOAI	WKY
KOA	KSL	KGO	KFI
KGW	KOMO	KHQ	KFSD
KTAR			

LIBERTY MAGAZINE HOUR—

Eastern 9:15 p.m.	Central 8:15	Mountain 7:15	Pacific 6:15
WABC	WFBL	WKBW	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WCAU	W3XAU
WJAS	WMAL	WCAO	WADC
WHK	WKRC	WXYZ	WSPD
WOWO	WMAQ	KMOX	KMBC
KOIL			

ARMOUR PROGRAM—

Eastern 9:30 p.m.	Central 8:30	Mountain 7:30	Pacific 6:30
WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	KDKA	WGAR	WJR
WLW	KYW	KWK	WREN
WTMJ	KSTP	WEBC	WRVA
WJAX	WIOD	WHAS	WSM
WMC	WSB	WAPI	WJDX
WSMB	KPRC	WOAI	WKY
KOA	KSL	KGO	KGW
KOMO	KHQ	KFI	

POND'S DANCE PROGRAM—

Eastern 9:30 p.m.	Central 8:30	Mountain 7:30	Pacific 6:30
WEAF	WTAG	WJAR	WCSH
WLIT	WRC	WCAE	WBNR
KSD	WOC	WHO	WOW
WGY	WBEN	WTAM	WWJ

FRIENDLY FIVE FOOTNOTES—

Eastern 9:45 p.m.	Central 8:45	Mountain 7:45	Pacific 6:45
WABC	WFBL	WKBW	WEAN
WNAC	WCAU	W3XAU	WJAS
WMAL	WCAO	WHK	WKRC
WBT	WGST	WXYZ	WLAP
WREC	WLAC	WNOX	WBRC
WDSU	WMAQ	WCCO	WMT
KMOX	KMBC	KFJF	KRLD
KLZ			

PILLSBURY PAGEANT—Featuring Toscha Seidel

Eastern 10:00 p.m.	Central 9:00	Mountain 8:00	Pacific 7:00
WABC	WOKO	WFBL	WKBW
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WORC
WCAU	W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ	WADC
WHK	WKRC	WGST	WXYZ
WSPD	WREC	WOWO	WMAQ
WCCO	KMOX	KMBC	KFJF
KRLD			

PAUL WHITEMAN'S PAINT MEN—

Eastern 10:00 p.m.	Central 9:00	Mountain 8:00	Pacific 7:00
WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	KDKA	WGAR	WJR
KYW	KWK	WREN	WTMJ
KSTP	WEBC	WDAY	KFYR
WRVA	WJAX	WIOD	WFLA
WHAS	WSM	WMC	WSB
WSMB	WJDX	KVOO	WBAP
KPRC	WOAI	WKY	KOA
KSL	KGO	KFI	KGW
KOMO	KHQ	KFSD	KTAR

FLORSHEIM FROLIC—

Eastern 10:00 p.m.	Central 9:00	Mountain 8:00	Pacific 7:00
WEAF	WEEI	WTAG	WJAR
WCSH	WLIT	WRC	WGY
WBEN	WCAE	WTAM	WWJ
WSAI	WOC	WHO	WOW
WDAF	WFBR	KSD	

RKO THEATER OF THE AIR—

Eastern 10:30 p.m.	Central 9:30	Mountain 8:30	Pacific 7:30
WEAF	WTIC	WJAR	WTAG
WLIT	WGY	WOC	WJDX
KGO	WOAI	WKY	WRC
WCSH	WTMJ	KOA	KGO
KFI	KHQ	KOMO	KTAR
KFSD	WHO	WOW	WTAM
KSL	WFLA	WSUN	WBEN
WDAY	KFYR	WEEI	WPTF
WENR	WHAS	WIBA	
(WMC off 10:45)			

FRAY AND BRAGGIOTTI—

Eastern 10:45 p.m.	Central 9:45	Mountain 8:45	Pacific 7:45
WABC	WOKO	WFBL	WHEC
WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC	WORC
WCAU	W3XAU	WHP	WJAS
WLBW	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WDBJ	WADC	WHK	WTOC
WQAM	WDBO	WDAE	WXYZ
WBCM	WSPD	WLAP	WDOD
WREC	WLAC	WBRC	WDSU
WISN	WTAQ	WCCO	WMT
KLRA	WNAX	KOIL	KFJF
KTSA	WACO	KOH	KVOR
KFPY	KFRC	KDYL	KLZ
CFRB			

SONATA RECITAL—

Eastern 10:30 a.m.	Central 9:30	Mountain 8:30	Pacific 7:30
WEAF	WTAG	WEEI	WCSH
WFI	WFBR	WWJ	WRC
WGY	WSAI		

ADVENTURES OF HELEN AND MARY—

Eastern 11:00 a.m.	Central 10:00	Mountain 9:00	Pacific 8:00
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WKBW	WLBZ	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WORC	WPG
WJAS	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WDBJ	WBT	WTOC	WQAM
WDBO	WDAE	WXYZ	WBCM
WSPD	WLAP	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WDSU	WISN	WTAQ
WGL	WFBM	WCCO	KSCJ
KMBC	KLRA	KOIL	KFJF
KTSA	WACO	KOH	KVOR
CFRB			

KEYS TO HAPPINESS—

Eastern 11:30 a.m.	Central 10:30	Mountain 9:30	Pacific 8:30
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WTAG
WFLA	WSUN	WCSH	WLIT
WRC	WBEN	WCAE	WTAM
WWJ	WOAI	KFKX	KSTP
CKGW	WRVA	WHAS	WSM
WAPI	WSMB	WJDX	KVOO
WKY	CFCF	WTMJ	WEBC
WPTF	WDAF	KOA	KSD
WDAY	KFYR	WFAA	WTIC
WGY	WIOD	KTHS	

INDEX TO NETWORK KILOCYCLES

National Broadcasting Company

	Kc.		Kc.
CFCF	1030	WENR	870
CKGW	840	WFAA	800
KDKA	980	WFBR	1270
KECA	1340	WFI	560
KEX	1180	WFLA	620
KFAB	770	WGAR	1450
KFI	640	WGY	790
KFKX	1020	WHAM	1150
KFSD	600	WHAS	820
KFYR	550	WHO	1000
KGA	1470	WIBA	1280
KGB	1330	WIOD	1300
KGO	790	WIS	1010
KGW	620	WJAR	890
KHQ	590	WJAX	900
KJR	970	WJDX	1270
KOA	830	WJR	750
KOMO	920	WJZ	760
KPO	680	WKY	900
KPRC	920	WLIT	560
KSD	550	WLS	870
KSL	1130	WLW	700
KSTP	1460	WMAQ	670
KTAR	620	WMC	780
KTHS	1040	WOAI	1190
KVOO	1140	WOC	1000
KWK	1350	WOW	590
KYW	1020	WPTF	680
WAPI	1140	WRC	950
WBAL	1060	WREN	1220
WBAP	800	WRVA	1110
WBEN	900	WSAI	1330
WBZ	990	WSB	740
WBZA	990	WSM	650
WCAE	1220	WSMB	1320
WCFL	970	WSUN	620
WCKY	1480	WTAG	580
WCSH	940	WTAM	1070
WDAF	610	WTIC	1060
WDAY	940	WTMJ	620
WEAF	660	WWJ	920
WEBC	1290	WWNC	570
WEEI	590		

Columbia Broadcasting System

	Kc.		Kc.
CFRB	960	WFAN	610
CKAC	730	WFBL	1360
KDYL	1290	WFBM	1230
KFH	1300	WFIW	940
KFJF	1480	WGL	1370
KFPY	1340	WGN	720
KFRC	610	WGR	550
KGB	1330	WGST	890
KHJ	900	WHEC	1440
KLRA	1390	WHK	1390
KLZ	560	WHP	1430
KMBC	950	WIBW	580
KMOX	1090	WIP	610
KOH	1380	WISN	1120
KOIL	1260	WJAS	1290
KOIN	940	WJJD	1130
KOL	1270	WKBN	570
KRLD	1040	WKBW	1480
KSCJ	1330	WKRC	550
KTRH	1120	WLAC	1470
KTSA	1290	WLAP	1200
KVI	760	WLBW	1260
KVOR	1270	WLBZ	620
WAAB	1410	WMAL	630
WABC	860	WMT	600
WACO	1240	WNAC	1230
WADC	1320	WNAX	570
WAIU	640	WNOX	560
WBBM	770	WOKO	1440
WBCM	1410	WORC	1200
WBRC	930	WOWO	1160
WBT	1080	WPG	1100
WCAH	1430	WQAM	560
WCAO	600	WREC	600
WCAU	1170	WRR	1280
WCCO	810	WSPD	1340
WDAE	1220	WTAQ	1330
WDBJ	930	WTAR	780
WDBO	1120	WTOC	1260
WDOD	1280	WWVA	1160
WDRC	1330	WXYZ	1240
WDSU	1250	W2XE	6120
WEAN	780		
W3XAU	6060—9590		

VINCENT LOPEZ AND HIS ORCHESTRA—

Eastern 11:00 p.m.	Central 10:00	Mountain 9:00	Pacific 8:00
WEAF	WOC	WHO	WDAY
WOW 11:45		WGY	WCAE
WTAM	KSD	WWJ	WSB
KVOO	WEEI	WBEN	KFYR
WDAF	WFLA	WSUN	

Saturday

JEWISH ART PROGRAM—

Eastern 10:00 a.m.	Central 9:00	Mountain 8:00	Pacific 7:00
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WLBZ	WDRC	WAAB
WORC	WCAU	W3XAU	WHP
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WDBJ
WWVA	WADC	WHK	WBT
WTOC	WQAM	WDBO	WDAE
WXYZ	WBCM	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WDSU	WISN
WTAQ	WGL	WFBM	WCCO
KSCJ	KMOX	KMBC	KLRA
KOIL	KFH	KFJF	KRLD
KVOR	KDYL	CFRB	WKBW

NEW WORLD SALON ORCHESTRA—

Eastern 10:30 a.m.	Central 9:30	Mountain 8:30	Pacific 7:30
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WKBW	WLBZ	WDRC
WAAB	WIP-WFAN		WJAS
WMAL	WDBJ	WADC	WHK
WBT	WTOC	WQAM	WDBO
WXYZ	WBCM	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WDSU	WISN
WTAQ	WOWO	WGL	WFBM
KSCJ	WMT	KMOX	KLRA
KOIL	KFJF	KRLD	KTSA
KVOR	CFRB		

SCHOOL ATHLETIC PROGRAM—

Eastern 12:45p.m.	Central 11:45a.m.	Mountain 10:45	Pacific 9:45
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WHEC
WGR	WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC
WNAC	WORC	WIP-WFAN	
WHP	WJAS	WLBW	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ	WWVA
WADC	WBT	WQAM	WDBO
WDAE	WXYZ	WBCM	WLAP
WDOD	WREC	WLAC	WBRC
WDSU	WISN	WTAQ	WFBM
WCCO	KSCJ	WMT	KMBC
KOIL	KFH	KFJF	WACO
KOH	KVOR	KOL	KVI
KFPY	KFRC	KHJ	KDYL
KLZ	WPG		

TEDDY BLACK'S ORCHESTRA—

Eastern 1:00 p.m.	Central 12:00 m.	Mountain 11:00	Pacific 10:00
WEAF	WTAG	WEEI	WJAR
WGY	WCAE	WTAM	WDAF
WRVA	WIOD	WWJ	WIBO
KSD			

RHYTHMIC LUNCHEON CONCERT—Paul Whiteman.

Eastern 1:30 p.m.	Central 12:30	Mountain 11:30 a.m.	Pacific 10:30
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
KSTP	KDKA	CKGW	WIOD

TROPIC-AIRE PROGRAM—

Eastern 5:45 p.m.	Central 4:45	Mountain 3:45	Pacific 2:45
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WKBW	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WCAU	W3XAU	WJAS	WCAO
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WCAH
WXYZ	WSPD		

ANTHONY TRINI AND HIS VILLAGE INN ORCHESTRA—

Eastern 6:00 p.m.	Central 5:00	Mountain 4:00	Pacific 3:00
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WGR	WLBZ	WDRC
WAAB	WORC	WIP-WFAN	
WHP	WLBW	WCAO	WTAR
WDBJ	WWVA	WADC	WBT
WTOC	WQAM	WDBO	WDAE
WBCM	WLAP	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WDSU	WISN
WTAQ	WGL	WCCO	KSCJ
WMT	KLRA	KOIL	KFH
KFJF	KRLD	KTSA	KOH
KVOR	KVI	KFPY	CFRB

MR. BONES AND COMPANY—

Eastern 6:30 p.m.	Central 5:30	Mountain 4:30	Pacific 3:30
WEAF	WTIC	WTAG	WENR
WJAR	WFI	WFBR	WRC
WGY	WCAE	WTAM	WSAI
WIBO	CKGW	WOC	WOW
WHO	WIS	WIOD	WSM
WJDX	KGO	KECA	KGW

THE POLITICAL SITUATION IN WASHINGTON TONIGHT — Frederic William Wile

Eastern 7:15 p.m.	Central 6:15	Mountain 5:15	Pacific 4:15
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WGR	WLBZ	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WORC	WCAU
W3XAU	WHP	WJAS	WLBW
WMAL	WTAR	WDBJ	WWVA
WADC	WQAM	WDBO	WDAE
WXYZ	WBCM	WSPD	WLAP
WDOD	WREC	WLAC	WDSU
WISN	WTAQ	WGL	WFBM
WMT	KMOX	KLRA	WNAX
KOIL	KFH	KFJF	KTSA
WACO	KOH	KVOR	KVI
KFPY	KDYL		

LAWS THAT SAFEGUARD SOCIETY

Eastern 7:15 p.m.	Central 6:15	Mountain 5:15	Pacific 4:15
WEAF	WJAR	WTAG	WCSH
WFI	WGY	WBEN	WOC
WHO	WEBC	WOAI	KOA
KGO	WEEI	KECA	KOMO
KTAR	WTIC	WJDX	WDAY
WENR	WOW		

CIVIC CONCERTS SERVICE PROGRAM—

Eastern 8:00 p.m.	Central 7:00	Mountain 6:00	Pacific 5:00
WEAF	WTIC	WTAG	WGY
WCAE	KSD	WOC	WHO
WOW	WEEI	WWJ	WSAI
WDAF	WJAR	WCSH	WFI
WBEN	WTAM		

DANGER FIGHTERS—

Eastern 8:00 p.m.	Central 7:00	Mountain 6:00	Pacific 5:00
WJZ	KSTP	KFAB	WTMJ
KDKA	KGO	KFI	KFSD
KTAR	KSL	KGW	KOMO
KHQ			

NATIONAL ADVISORY COUNCIL ON RADIO IN EDUCATION—

Eastern 8:30 p.m.	Central 7:30	Mountain 6:30	Pacific 5:30
WEAF	WTIC	WGY	KSD
WDAF	WOW	WJAR	WWJ
WSAI	WTAG	WCSH	WFI
WEEI	WFBR	WRC	WCAE
WTAM	WGN	WOC	WTMJ
WIBA	KSTP	WEBC	WDAY
KFYR	WRVA	WMC	WIS
WIOD	WFLA	WHAS	WSM
WSB	WSMB	KOMO	WJDX
KPRC	KOA	KSL	KGO
KFI	KGW	KFSD	KTAR

CLUB VALSPAR—

Eastern 9:30 p.m.	Central 8:30	Mountain 7:30	Pacific 6:30
WEAF	WTIC	WJAR	WTAG
WCSH	WFI	WRC	WGY
WBEN	WCAE	WTAM	WWJ
WSAI	WEEI	WOC	KSD
WHO	WDAF	KSTP	WEBC
WRVA	WJAX	WHAS	WMC
WSB	WAPI	WSMB	WBAP
KPRC	WOAI	WOW	WTMJ
CKGW	CFCF	WPTF	WIOD
WFLA	WSUN	WKY	WJDX
WDAY	KFYR	KFBR	

NATIONAL RADIO FORUM—From Washington, D. C.

Eastern 9:30 p.m.	Central 8:30	Mountain 7:30	Pacific 6:30
WABC	WOKO	WHEC	WKBW
WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WORC	WPG	WCAU	W3XAU
WHP	WJAS	WLBW	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ	WBT
WTOC	WQAM	WDBO	WDAE
WXYZ	WBCM	WSPD	WLAP
WDOD	WLAC	WDSU	WISN
WGL	WFBM	WMAQ	WCCO
KSCJ	WMT	KMOX	KMBC
WNAX	KOIL	KFH	KFJF
KTSA	KOH	KVOR	KFPY
KDYL	KLZ		

THE FIRST NIGHTER—

Eastern 9:30 p.m.	Central 8:30	Mountain 7:30	Pacific 6:30
WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	KDKA	WGAR	WJR
WLW	KYW	KWK	WREN
WTMJ	KSTP	WEBC	WDAY
KFYR	KOA	KSL	KGO
KFI	KGW	KOMO	KHQ
KFSD	KTAR		

HANK SIMMONS' SHOW BOAT

Eastern 10:00 p.m.	Central 9:00	Mountain 8:00	Pacific 7:00
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WKBW	WLBZ	WDRC
WAAB	WORC	WPG	WCAU
W3XAU	WHP	WJAS	WLBW
WMAL	WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ
WWVA	WADC	WHK	WBT
WTOC	WQAM	WDBO	WDAE
WXYZ	WBCM	WSPD	WLAP
WDOD	WREC	WLAC	WBRC
WDSU	WISN	WGL	WFBM
WCCO	KSCJ	WMT	KMBC
KLRA	WNAX	KOIL	KFH
KFJF	WACO	KOH	KVOR
KOL	KFPY	KFRC	KHJ
KDYL	KLZ	CFRB	WEAN

CUCKOO Burlesque Skit.

Eastern 10:00 p.m.	Central 9:00	Mountain 8:00	Pacific 7:00
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
WGAR	WJR	WCKY	WIBO
KWK	WREN	CKGW	CFCF

State and City Index

Compiled from latest issue of Federal Radio Commission Bulletin. However, as changes take place almost daily, our readers are asked to report any inaccuracies that they may be checked against our regular sources of information.—EDITOR

Alabama

Anniston .....WFDW
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
Birmingham .....WAPI
110 w.—1140 kc.—263 m.
Birmingham .....WBRC
500 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
Birmingham .....WKBC
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Gadsden .....WJBY
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Huntsville .....WBHS
50 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
Mobile .....WODX
500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
Montgomery .....WSFA
500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.

Alaska

Anchorage ..... .KFQD
100 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
Juneau ..... .KFIU
10 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Ketchikan ....KGBU
500 w.—9000 kc.—333.1 m.

Arizona

Flagstaff .....KFXY
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
Jerome ....KCRJ
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Phoenix .....KTAR
500 w.—620 kc.—483.6 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
Phoenix .....KOY
500 w.—1390 kc.—215.7 m.
Prescott ..... .KPJM
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
Tucson ..... KVOA
500 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.
Tucson .....KGAR
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
250 w. until local sunset

Arkansas

Blytheville .....KLCN
50 w.—1290 kc.—232.4 m.
Fayetteville ..... KUOA
1000 w.—1390 kc.—215.7 m.
Fort Smith .....KFPW
50 w.—1340 kc.—223.7 m.
Hot Springs .....KTHS
10,000 w.—1040 kc.—288.3 m.
Little Rock .....KLRA
1000 w.—1390 kc.—215.7 m.
Little Rock .....KGHI
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
Little Rock ..... KGJF
250 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
Paragould ..... .KBTM
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.

California

Berkeley ....KRE
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Beverly Hills ..... KMPC
500 w.—710 kc.—422.3 m.
Burbank .....KELW
500 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.
Culver City.....KFVD
250 w.—1000 kc.—299.8 m.
El Centro..... KXO
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
Fresno .....KMJ
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Hayward .....KZM
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Hollywood ..... KFWB
1000 w.—950 kc.—315.6 m.
Hollywood .....KNX
5000 w.—1050 kc.—285.5 m.
(C. P. to increase power to 50,000 w.)
Holy City..... KFQU
1000 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
Inglewood .....KMCS
500 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
Long Beach.....KGER
1000 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
Long Beach.....KFOX
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
Los Angeles.....KECA
1000 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.
Los Angeles.....KFAC
1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
Los Angeles.....KFI
50,000 w.—640 kc.—468.5 m.
Los Angeles..... .....KFSG
500 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
Los Angeles.....KGEF
1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
Los Angeles.....KGFJ
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
Los Angeles.....KHJ
1000 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
Los Angeles.....KMTR
500 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
Los Angeles.....KTM
500 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
Oakland ..... .KLX
500 w.—880kc.—340.7 m.
Oakland .....KLS
250 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
Oakland .....KROW
500 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
Pasadena ..... KPPC
50 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Pasadena ..... KPSN
1000 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
Sacramento .....KFBK
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
San Bernardino.....KFXM
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
San Diego.....KFSD
1500 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
San Diego.....KGB
500 w.—1330 kc.—225.4 m.
(C. P. to increase power to 500 w.)
San Francisco.....KGO
7500 w.—790 kc.—379.5 m.
San Francisco.....KFRC
1000 w.—610 kc.—491.5 m.
San Francisco.....KGGC
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
San Francisco.....KFWI
500 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.
San Francisco.....KJBS
100 w.—1070 kc.—280.2 m.
San Francisco.....KPO
5000 w.—680 kc.—440.9 m.
San Francisco.....KTAB
1000 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
San Francisco.....KYA
1000 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
San Jose.....KQW
500 w.—1010 kc.—296.8 m.
Santa Ana.....KREG
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
Santa Barbara.....KDB
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
(C. P. to move transmitter and studio to Bakersfield, Cal.)
Santa Maria.....KSMR
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
Stockton .....KGDM
250 w.—1100 kc.—272.6 m.
Stockton ..... KWG
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.

Colorado

Colorado Springs.....KVOR
1000 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
Denver .....KPOF
500 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.
Denver .....KFUP
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Denver .....KFEL
500 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.
Denver .....KFXF
500 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.
Denver .....KOA
12,500 w.—830 kc.—361.2 m.
Denver ....KLZ
1000 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
Grand Junction.....KFXJ
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
(C. P. to increase power to 100 w.)
Fort Morgan.....KGEW
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
Greeley .....KFKA
500 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
Pueblo .....KGHF
250 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.
500 w. until local sunset
Trinidad .....KGIW
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
Yuma .....KGEK
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.

Connecticut

Bridgeport ..... WICC
250 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.
500 w. until local sunset
Hartford ..... .WTIC
50,000 w.—1060 kc.—282.8 m.
Hartford ....WDRC
500 w.—1330 kc.—225.4 m.
Storrs ....WCAC
250 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.

Delaware

Wilmington .....WDEL
250 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
500 w. until local sunset
Wilmington .....WILM
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.

District of Columbia

Washington .....WOL
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Washington .....WMAL
250 w.—630 kc.—475.9 m.
500 w. until local sunset
Washington .....WRC
500 w.—950 kc.—315.6 m.

Florida

Clearwater ..WFLA-WSUN
1000 w.—620 kc.—483.6 m.
2500 w. until local sunset
Gainesville .....WRUF
5000 w.—830 kc.—361.2 m.
Jacksonville .....WJAX
1000 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
Miami .....WQAM
1000 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
Miami ....WIOD-WMBF
1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
Orlando .....WDBO
500 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
Pensacola .....WCOA
500 w.—1340 kc.—223.7 m.
Tampa .....WDAE
1000 w.—1220 kc.—245.8 m.
Tampa .....WMBR
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.

Georgia

Athens .....WTFI
500 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
Atlanta .....WGST
250 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
500 w. until local sunset
Atlanta .....WSB
5000 w.—740 kc.—405.2 m.
Augusta .....WRDW
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
Columbus ..... .WRBL
50 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
Macon .....WMAZ
500 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
500 w. until local sunset
Rome .....WFDV
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Savannah ....WTOC
500 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.
Thomasville .....WQDX
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Tifton ....WJTL
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.

Hawaii

Honolulu .....KGU
1000 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
Honolulu .....KGMB
250 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.

Idaho

Boise .....KIDO
1350 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
Idaho Falls. .....KID
250 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.
500 w. until local sunset
Nampa .....KFXD
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
Pocatello ....KSEI
250 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
Sandpoint .....KGKX
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
Twin Falls.....KTFI
250 w.—130 kc.—227.1 m.
500 w. until local sunset

Illinois

Batavia .....WCHI
5000 w.—1490 kc.—201.2 m.
Carthage .....WCAZ
50 w.—1070 kc.—280.2 m.
Chicago .....KYW-KFKX
10,000 w.—1020 kc.—293.9 m.
Chicago ....WAAF
500 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.
Chicago .....WBBM-WJBT
25,000 w.—770 kc.—428.3 m.
Chicago ..... WCFL
1500 w.—970 kc.—309.1 m.
Chicago .....WCRW
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Chicago .....WEDC
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Chicago .... WENR-WBCN
50,000 w.—870 kc.—344.6 m.
Chicago ..... WGES
500 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
1000 w. until local sunset—On Sunday
Chicago .....WGN-WLIP
25,000 w.—720 kc.—416.4 m.
Chicago ..... WIBO
1000 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
1500 w. until local sunset
Chicago .....WLS
50,000 w.—870 kc.—344.6 m.
Chicago ..... WMAQ
5000 w.—670 kc.—447.5 m.
Chicago ..... .WMBI
5000 w.—1080 kc.—277.6 m.
Chicago ....WPCC
100 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
Chicago .... WSBC
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Cicero ....WHFC
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
Cicero .....WKBI
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
Decatur ....WJBL
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
Evanston .....WEHS
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
Galesburg .....WKBS
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Harrisburg .....WEBQ
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Joliet ....WCLS
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Joliet ..... WKBB
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
La Salle.....WJBC
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
Mooseheart .....WJJD
20,000 w.—1130 kc.—265.3 m.
Mount Prospect.....WJAZ
5000 w.—1490 kc.—201.2 m.
Peoria Heights.....WMBD
500 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
Quincy ....WTAD
500 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
Rockford .....KFLV
500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
Rock Island.....WHBF
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Springfield ....WCBS
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Springfield .....WTAX
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Tuscola .....WDZ
100 w.—1070 kc.—280.2 m.
Urbana .....WILL
250 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
500 w. until local sunset
Zion .....WCBD
5000 w.—1080 kc.—277.6 m.

Indiana

Anderson .....WHBU
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Connersville ..... WKBV
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
150 w. until local sunset
Culver .....WCMA
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
Elkhart .....WJAK
50 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Evansville .....WGBF
500 w.—630 kc.—475.9 m.
Fort Wayne.....WGL
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Fort Wayne.....WOWO
10,000 w.—1160 kc.—258.5 m.
Gary ....WJKS
1000 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
1250 w. until local sunset
Hammond .....WWAE
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
Indianapolis ..... WFBM
1000 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
Indianapolis ..... WKBF
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
Muncie ....WLBC
50 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
South Bend.....WFAM
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
South Bend.....WSBT
500 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
Terre Haute.....WBOW
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
West Lafayette.....WBAA
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.

Iowa

Ames .....WOI
5000 w.—640 kc.—468.5 m.
Boone .....KFGQ
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Cedar Rapids.....KWCR
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Clarinda .....KSO
500 w.—1380 kc.—217.3 m.
Council Bluffs.....KOIL
1000 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.
Davenport .....WOC
5000 w.—1000 kc.—299.8 m.
Decorah .....KGCA
50 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
Decorah .....KWLC
100 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
Des Moines.....WHO
5000 w.—1000 kc.—299.8 m.
Fort Dodge.....KFJY
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Iowa City.....WSUI
500 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.
Marshalltown .....KFJB
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
Muscatine .....KTNT
5000 w.—1170 kc.—256.3 m.
Ottumwa .....WIAS
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
Red Oak..... KICK
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
Shenandoah ..... KFNF
500 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
Shenandoah .....KMA
500 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
Sioux City.....KSCJ
1000 w.—1330 kc.—225.4 m.
2500 w. until local sunset
Waterloo .....WMT
500 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.

Kansas

Dodge City.....KGNO
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Kansas City.....WLBF
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
Lawrence ....KFKU
500 w.—1220 kc.—245.8 m.
Lawrence .....WREN
100 w.—1220 kc.—245.8 m.
Manhattan .....KSAC
500 w.—580 kc.—516.9 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
Milford .....KFBI
5000 w.—1050 kc.—285.5 m.
Topeka .....WIBW
1000 w.—580 kc.—516.9 m.
Wichita .....KFH
1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.

Kentucky

Covington .....WCKY
5000 w.—1490 kc.—201.2 m.
Hopkinsville .....WFIW
1000 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
Louisville .....WHAS
10,000 w.—820 kc.—365.6 m.

Louisville .....WLAP
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset
Paducah ..... .WPAD
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.

Louisiana

Monroe .....KMLB
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
New Orleans.....WABZ
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
New Orleans.....WDSU
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
New Orleans.....WJBO
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
New Orleans.....WJBW
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
(C. P. to increase power to 100 w.)
New Orleans.....WSMB
500 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.
New Orleans.....WWL
5000 w.—850 kc.—352.7 m.
Shreveport .....KRMD
50 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Shreveport .....KTBS
1000 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
(C. P. to move transmitter and studio to Laurel, Miss.)
Shreveport .....WTSL
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Shreveport .....KWEA
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Shreveport .....KWKH
10,000 w.—850 kc.—352.7 m.

Maine

Augusta .....WRDO
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Bangor .. ..WABI
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
Bangor .....WLBZ
500 w.—620 kc.—483.6 m.
Portland .....WCSH
1000 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
Presque Isle.....WAGM
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.

Maryland

Baltimore .....WBAL
10,000 w.—1060 kc.—282.8 m.
(1060 kc. during daytime Sun., Mon., Wed. and Friday and during evening on Tues., Thurs. and Sat. At all other times dial 760 kc. The change from one wave to the other is made at 7:30 p.m. on Sun. and at 4 p.m. week days.)
Baltimore .....WCAO
250 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.
Baltimore .....WCBM
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
250 w. until local sunset
Baltimore .....WFBR
500 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
Cumberland .....WTBO
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
250 w. until local sunset

Massachusetts

Boston .....WAAB
500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
Boston .....WBZ
15,000 w.—990 kc.—302.8 m.
Boston .....WEEI
1000 w.—590 kc.—508.2 m.
Boston ..... .WHDH
1000 w.—830 kc.—361.2 m.
Boston .....WLOE
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset
Boston .....WNAC-WBIS
1000 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
Boston .....WSSH
500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
Fall River .....WSAR
250 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
Lexington .....WLEY
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
250 w. until local sunset.
Needham .....WBSO
500 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.
New Bedford.....WNBH
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
South Dartmouth....WMAF
500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
Springfield .....WBZA
1000 w.—990 kc.—302.8 m.
Worcester ....WORC-WEPS
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
Worcester .....WTAG
250 w.—580 kc.—516.9 m.

Michigan

Battle Creek.....WELL
50 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
(C. P. to increase power to 100 w.)
Bay City.....WBCM
500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
Calumet .....WHDF
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
250 w. until local sunset
Detroit .....WXYZ
1000 w.—1240 kc.—241.8 m.
Detroit .....WJR
5000 w.—750 kc.—399.8 m.
Detroit .....WMBC
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
Detroit .....WWJ
1000 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.
East Lansing.....WKAR
1000 w.—1040 kc.—228.3 m.
Flint ..... .WFDF
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Grand Rapids.....WASH
500 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
Grand Rapids.....WOOD
500 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
Highland Park.....WJBK
50 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Jackson .....WIBM
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Kalamazoo .....WKZO
1000 w.—590 kc.—508.2 m.
Lapeer .....WMPC
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
Ludington .....WKBZ
50 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
Marquette .....WBEO
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Royal Oak.....WEXL
50 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.

Minnesota

Fergus Falls.....KGDE
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset
Minneapolis .....WCCO
5000 w.—810 kc.—370.2 m.
Minneapolis .....WDGY
1000 w.—1180 kc.—254.1 m.
Minneapolis ...WLB-WGMS
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
Minneapolis .....WRHM
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
Moorhead .....KGFK
50 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
Northfield .....KFMX
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
Northfield .....WCAL
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
St. Paul.....KSTP
10,000 w.—1460 kc.—205.4 m.

Mississippi

Greenville .....WRBQ
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
250 w. until local sunset
Gulfport .....WGCM
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Hattiesburg .....WRBJ
10 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
(C. P. to increase power to 100 w.)
Jackson .....WJDX
1000 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
Meridian .....WCOC
500 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
Tupelo ....WDIX
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
Vicksburg .....WQBC
500 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.

Missouri

Cape Girardeau.....KFVS
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Columbia ..... .KFRU
500 w.—630 kc.—475.9 m.
Grant City.....KGIZ
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
Jefferson City.....WOS
500 w.—630 kc.—475.9 m.
Joplin .....WMBH
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
250 w. until local sunset
Kansas City.....KMBC
1000 w.—950 kc.—315.6 m.
Kansas City.....KWKC
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Kansas City..... WDAF
1000 w.—610 kc.—491.5 m.
Kansas City.....WHB
500 w.—860 kc.—348.6 m.
Kansas City.....WOQ
1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
St. Joseph.....KFEQ
2500 w.—680 kc.—440.9 m.
St. Joseph.....KGBX
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
St. Louis .....KFUO
1000 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.
St. Louis.....KFWF
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
St. Louis..... .....KMOX
50,000 w.—1090 kc.—275.1 m.
St. Louis.....KSD
500 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.
St. Louis.....KWK
1000 w.—1350 kc.—222.1 m.
St. Louis.....WEW
1000 w.—760 kc.—394.5 m.
St. Louis.....WIL
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset

Montana

Billings ....KGHL
1000 w.—950 kc.—315.6 m.
Butte .....KGIR
500 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
Great Falls.....KFBB
2500 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.
Kalispell .....KGEZ
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Missoula .....KGVO
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
Wolf Point.....KCGX
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset

Nebraska

Clay Center.... .....KMMJ
1000 w.—740 kc.—405.2 m.
Lincoln .....KFOR
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
250 w. until local sunset
Lincoln .....KFAB
5000 w.—770 kc.—389.4 m.
250 w. until local sunset
Lincoln .....WCAJ
500 w.—590 kc.—508.2 m.
Norfolk .....WJAG
1000 w.—1060 kc.—282.8 m.
North Platte.....KGNC
500 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.
Omaha ..... WAAW
500 w.—660 kc.—454.3 m.
Omaha .....WOW
1000 w.—590 kc.—508.2 m.
Ravenna .....KGFW
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
(C. P. to move transmitter and studio to Kearney, Neb.)
Scottsbluff .....KGKY
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
York .....KGBZ
500 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.

Nevada

Las Vegas..... .. ..KGIX
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
Reno .....KOH
500 w.—1380 kc.—217.3 m.

New Hampshire

Laconia .....WKAV
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Manchester ....WFEA
500 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.

New Jersey

Asbury Park.....WCAP
500 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.
Atlantic City.....WPG
5000 w.—1100 kc.—272.6 m.
Camden .....WCAM
500 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.
Hackensack .....WBMS
250 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
Jersey City.....WAAT
300 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
Jersey City..... ....WHOM
250 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
Jersey City.....WKBO
250 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
Newark .....WAAM
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
2500 w. until local sunset
(C. P. to increase power to 2500 until local sunset.)
Newark .....WGCP
250 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
Newark .....WNJ
250 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
Newark ..... WOR
5000 w.—710 kc.—422.3 m.
Paterson .....WODA
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
Red Bank .....WJBI
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Trenton .....WOAX
500 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.
Zarephath .....WAWZ
250 w.—1350 kc.—222.1 m.

New Mexico

Albuquerque .....KGGM
250 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
500 w. until local sunset
Raton ....KGFL
50 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
State College.....KOB
20,000 w.—1180 kc.—254.1 m.

New York

Albany ....WOKO
500 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
Auburn .....WMBO
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Binghamton ....WNBF
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
Brooklyn ..... WBBC
500 w.—1400 kc.—215.2 m.
Brooklyn .....WBBR
1000 w. -1300 kc.—230.6 m.
Brooklyn .....WCGU
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
Brooklyn .....WCLB
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
Brooklyn .....WFOX
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
Brooklyn .....WMBQ
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
Brooklyn .....WMIL
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
Buffalo .....WBEN
1000 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
Buffalo .....WEBR
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
200 w. until local sunset
Buffalo .....WGR
1000 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.
Buffalo .....WKBW
5000 w.—1480 kc.—202.6 m.
Buffalo .....WMAK
1000 w.—1040 kc.—288.3 m.
Buffalo ....WSVS
50 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Canton ....WCAD
500 w.—1220 kc.—245.8 m.
Freeport .....WGBB
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Glens Falls.....WBGF
50 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Ithaca .....WEAI
1000 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
Ithaca .....WLCI
50 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Jamaica ....WMRJ
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Jamestown .....WOCL
50 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Long Island City... ..WLBX
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
New York....WABC-WBOQ
50,000 w.—860 kc.—348.6 m.
New York.....WBNX
250 w.—1350 kc.—222.1 m.
New York.....WCDA
250 w.—1350 kc.—222.1 m.
New York.....WEAF
50,000 w.—660 kc.—454.3 m.
New York.....WEVD
500 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
New York..... ..WGBS
500 w.—1180 kc.—254.1 m.
New York.....WHAP
1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
New York.....WHN
250 w.—1010 kc.—296.8 m.
New York.....WJZ
30,000 w.—760 kc.—394.5 m.
New York.....WLWL
5000 w.—1100 kc.—272.6 m.
New York.....WMCA
500 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
New York.....WMSG
250 w.—1350 kc.—222.1 m.
New York.....WNYC
500 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
New York .....WOV
1000 w.—1130 kc.—265.3 m.
New York.....WPCH
500 w.—810 kc.—370.2 m.
New York....WQAO-WPAP
250 w.—1010 kc.—296.8 m.
New York.....WRNY
250 w.—1010 kc.—296.8 m.
Patchogue .....WPOE
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Poughkeepsie .....WOKO
500 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
Rochester .....WHAM
5000 w.—1150 kc.—260.7 m.
Rochester ....WHEC-WABO
500 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
Saranac Lake.....WNBZ
50 w.—1290 kc.—232.4 m.
Schenectady .....WGY
50,000 w.—790 kc.—379.5 m.
Syracuse .....WFBL
1000 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
2500 w. until local sunset
Syracuse ....WSYR-WMAC
250 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
Troy ..... WHAZ
500 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
Tupper Lake.....WHDL
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
2500 w. until local sunset
Utica ....WIBX
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
300 w. until local sunset
Woodside .....WWRL
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
Yonkers ....WCOH
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.

North Carolina

Asheville ....WWNC
1000 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
Charlotte .....WBT
5000 w. 1080 kc.—277.6 m.
Gastonia .....WSOC
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Greensboro .....WBIG
500 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
Raleigh .....WPTF
1000 w.—680 kc.—440.9 m.
Wilmington .....WRAM
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Winston-Salem ....WSJS
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.

North Dakota

Bismarck .... KFYR
1000 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.
2500 w. until local sunset
Devils Lake..... ..KDLR
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Fargo .....WDAY
1000 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
Grand Forks..... KFJM
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Mandan .....KGCU
250 w.—1240 kc.—241.8 m.
Minot ....KLFM
250 w.—1240 kc.—241.8 m.

Ohio

Bellefontaine .....WHBD
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Canton .....WHBC
10 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
Cincinnati .....WFBE
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset
Cincinnati .....WKRC
1000 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.
Cincinnati .....WLW
50,000 w.—700 kc.—428.3 m.
Cincinnati .....WSAI
500 w.—1330 kc.—225.4 m.
Cleveland .....WGAR
500 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
Cleveland ....WJAY
500 w.—610 kc.—491.5 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
Cleveland .....WHK
1000 w.—1390 kc.—215.7 m.
Cleveland .....WTAM
50,000 w.—1070 kc.—280.2 m.
Columbus .....WAIU
500 w.—640 kc.—468.5 m.
Columbus .....WCAH
500 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.
Columbus .....WEAO
750 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
Columbus .....WSEN
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Dayton .....WSMK
200 w.—1380 kc.—217.3 m.
Mansfield ....WJW
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Steubenville .....WIBR
50 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
Tallmadge .....WADC
1000 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.
Toledo .....WSPD
1000 w.—1340 kc.—223.7 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
Youngstown .....WKBN
500 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
Zanesville ..... WALR
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.

Oklahoma

Chickasha .....KOCW
250 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
500 w. until local sunset
Elk City.....KGMP
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Enid .....KCRC
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
250 w. until local sunset
Norman .....WNAD
500 w.—1010 kc.—296.8 m.
Oklahoma City.....KFJF
5000 w.—1480 kc.—202.6 m.
Oklahoma City.....KFXR
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset
Oklahoma City.....KGFG
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Oklahoma City .....WKY
1000 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
Ponca City.....WBBZ
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
Shawnee ....KGFF
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
South Coffeyville.....KGGF
500 w.—1010 kc.—296.8 m.
Tulsa .....KVOO
5000 w.—1140 kc.—263 m.

Oregon

Astoria ....KFJI
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Corvallis .....KOAC
1000 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.
Eugene .....KORE
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
Marshfield .....KOOS
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Medford .....KMED
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Portland .....KBPS
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
Portland .....KEX
5000 w.—1180 kc.—254.1 m.
Portland .....KFJR
500 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
Portland .....KGW
1000 w. 620 kc.—483.6 m.
Portland .....KOIN
1000 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
Portland .....KTBR
500 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
Portland .....KWJJ
500 w.—1060 kc.—282.8 m.
Portland .....KXL
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.

Pennsylvania

Allentown .....WCBA
250 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
Allentown .....WSAN
250 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
Altoona .....WFBG
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
(C. P. to increase power to 250 w.)
Carbondale .....WNBW
10 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
Elkins Park .....WIBG
25 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.

Erie .....WEDH
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
Grove City.....WSAJ
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Harrisburg .....WBAK
500 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
Harrisburg .....WCOD
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
Harrisburg .....WHP
500 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
Johnstown .....WJAC
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Lancaster .....WGAL
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Lancaster .....WKJC
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
Lewisburg .....WJBU
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Oil City .....WLBW
500 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.
100 w. until local sunset
Philadelphia .....WCAU
10,000 w.—1170 kc.—256.3 m.
Philadelphia .....WELK
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
250 w. until local sunset
Philadelphia .....WFAN
500 w.—610 kc.—491.5 m.
Philadelphia .....WFI
500 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
Philadelphia .....WHAT
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Philadelphia .....WIP
500 w.—610 kc.—491.5 m.
Philadelphia .....WLIT
500 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
Philadelphia .....WPEN
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset
Philadelphia .....WRAX
250 w.—1020 kc.—293.9 m.
Philadelphia .....WTEL
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Pittsburgh .....KDKA
50,000 w.—980 kc.—305.9 m.
Pittsburgh .....KQV
500 w.—1380 kc.—217.3 m.
Pittsburgh .....WCAE
1000 w.—1220 kc.—245.8 m.
Pittsburgh .....WJAS
1000 w.—1290 kc.—232.4 m.
2500 w. until local sunset
Pittsburgh .....WWSW
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
Reading .....WEEU
1000 w.—830 kc.—361.2 m.
Reading .....WRAW
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Scranton .....WGBI
250 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.
Scranton .....WQAN
250 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.
Silver Haven .....WNBO
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
State College.....WPSC
500 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
Wilkes-Barre .....WBAX
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Wilkes-Barre .....WBRE
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Williamsport .....WRAK
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.

Porto Rico

San Juan.....WKAQ
250 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.

Rhode Island

Newport .....WMBA
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
Pawtucket .....WPAW
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Providence .....WEAN
250 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.
500 w. until local sunset
Providence .....WJAR
250 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
400 w. until local sunset
Providence .....WPRO
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.

South Carolina

Charleston .....WCSC
500 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
Columbia .....WIS
500 w.—1010 kc.—296.8 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
Spartanburg .....WSPA
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
250 w. until local sunset

South Dakota

Brookings .....KFDY
500 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
Huron .....KGDY
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
Mitchell .....KDGA
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Pierre .....KGFX
200 w.—580 kc.—516.9 m.
Rapid City .....WCAT
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
Sioux Falls.....KSOO
2500 w.—1110 kc.—270.1 m.
Vermillion .....KUSD
500 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
Watertown .....KGCR
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Yankton .....WNAX
1000 w.—570 kc.—526.0 m.

Tennessee

Bristol .....WOPI
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
Chattanooga .....WDOD
1000 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.
2500 w. until local sunset
Jackson .....WTJS
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset
Knoxville .....WFBC
50 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
Knoxville .....WNOX
1000 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
2000 w. until local sunset
Knoxville .....WROL
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Memphis .....WGBC
500 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.
Memphis .....WHBQ
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Memphis .....WMC
500 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
Memphis .....WNBR-WGBC
500 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.
Memphis .....WREC-WOAN
500 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
Nashville .....WLAC
5000 w.—1470 kc.—204.0 m.
Nashville .....WSM
5000 w.—650 kc.—461.3 m.
Springfield .....WSIX
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.

Texas

Abilene .....KFYO
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
250 w. until local sunset
Amarillo .....KGRS
1000 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
Amarillo .....WDAG
1000 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
Austin .....KUT
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
Beaumont .....KFDM
500 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
Brownsville .....KWWG
500 w.—1260 kc.—238.0 m.
College Station.....WTAW
500 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
Corpus Christi.....KGFI
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset
Dallas .....KRLD
10,000 w.—1040 kc.—288.3 m.
Dallas .....WFAA
50,000 w.—800 kc.—374.8 m.
Dallas .....WRR
500 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.
Dublin .....KFPL
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
El Paso.....KTSM
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
El Paso.....WDAH
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Fort Worth .....KFJZ
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Fort Worth.....KTAT
1000 w.—1240 kc.—241.8 m.
Fort Worth.....WBAP
50,000 w.—800 kc.—374.8 m.
(licensed at present for 10,000 w.)
Galveston .....KFLX
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Galveston .....KFUL
500 w.—1290 kc.—232.4 m.
Greenville .....KFPM
15 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Harlingen .....KRGV
500 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.
Houston .....KPRC
1000 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.
2500 w. until local sunset
Houston .....KTLC
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Houston .....KTRH
500 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
Houston .....KXYZ
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
San Angelo.....KGKL
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
San Antonio.....KMAC
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
San Antonio.....KONO
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
San Antonio.....KABC
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
San Antonio.....KTSA
1000 w.—1290 kc.—232.4 m.
2500 w. until local sunset
San Antonio.....WOAI
50,000 w.—1190 kc.—252 m.
Tyler .....KGKB
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
Waco .....WACO
1000 w.—1240 kc.—241.8 m.
Wichita Falls.....KGKO
250 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
500 w. until local sunset

Utah

Ogden .....KLO
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
Salt Lake City.....KDYL
1000 w.—1290 kc.—232.4 m.
Salt Lake City.....KSL
5000 w.—1130 kc.—265.3 m.

Vermont

Burlington .....WCAX
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
Rutland .....WSYB
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
Springfield .....WBNX
10 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
St. Albans.....WQDM
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Waterbury .....WDEV
50 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.

Virginia

Alexandria .....WJSV
10,000 w.—1460 kc.—205.4 m.
Danville .....WBTM
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Emory .....WEHC
500 w.—1350 kc.—222.1 m.
Lynchburg .....WLVA
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Newport News .....WGH
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Norfolk .....WTAR-WPOR
500 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.
Petersburg .....WLBG
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset
Richmond .....WBBL
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Richmond .....WMBG
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Richmond .....WRVA
5000 w.—1110 kc.—270.1 m.
Roanoke .....WDBJ
250 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.
500 w. until local sunset
Roanoke .....WRBX
250 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.

Washington

Aberdeen .....KXRO
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Bellingham .....KVOS
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
Everett .....KFBL
50 w.—1270 kc.—218.7 m.
Lacey .....KGY
10 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
Pullman .....KWSC
1000 w.—1220 kc.—245.8 m.
2000 w. until local sunset
Seattle .....KJR
5000 w.—970 kc.—309.1 m.
Seattle .....KOL
1000 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
Seattle .....KOMO
1000 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.
Seattle .....KPCB
100 w.—650 kc.—461.3 m.
Seattle .....KRSC
50 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
Seattle .....KTW
1000 w.—1220 kc.—245.8 m.
Seattle .....KVL
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Seattle .....KXA
500 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
Spokane .....WFIO
100 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
Spokane .....KFPY
1000 w.—1340 kc.—223.7 m.
Spokane .....KGA
5000 w.—1470 kc.—204 m.
Spokane .....KHQ
1000 w.—590 kc.—508.2 m.
2000 w. until local sunset
Tacoma .....KMO
500 w.—860 kc.—348.6 m.
Tacoma .....KVI
1000 w.—760 kc.—394.5 m.
Walla Walla.....KUJ
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Wenatchee .....KPQ
50 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
Yakima .....KIT
50 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.

West Virginia

Bluefield .....WHIS
250 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
Charleston .....WOBU
250 w.—580 kc.—516.9 m.
500 w. until local sunset
Fairmont .....WMMN
250 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
500 w. until local sunset
Huntington .....WSAZ
250 w.—580 kc.—516.9 m.
Wheeling .....WWVA
5000 w.—1160 kc.—258.5 m.

Wisconsin

Eau Claire.....WTAQ
1000 w.—1330 kc.—225.4 m.
Fond du Lac.....KFIZ
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
Green Bay.....WHBY
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
Janesville .....WCLO
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
La Crosse.....WKBH
1000 w.—1380 kc.—217.3 m.
Madison .....WHA
750 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
Madison .....WIBA
500 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
Manitowoc .....WOMT
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Milwaukee .....WHAD
250 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
Milwaukee .....WISN
250 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
Milwaukee .....WTMJ
1000 w.—620 kc.—483.6 m.
2500 w. until local sunset
Poynette .....WIBU
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Racine .....WRJN
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Sheboygan .....WHBL
500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
South Madison.....WISJ
250 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.
500 w. until local sunset
Stevens Point.....WLBL
2000 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
Superior .....WEBC
1000 w.—1290 kc.—232.4 m.
2500 w. until local sunset

Wyoming

Casper .....KFDN
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.

The following list of Mexican, Cuban and Canadian stations has been corrected from the latest report of the Department of Commerce, Washington, D. C., Aug. 1, 1931.

Canada

CFAC-CNRC..Calgary, Alta.
500 w.—690 kc.—435 m.
CFBO.....St. John, N. B.
500 w.—890 kc.—337 m.
CFCA-CKOW..Toronto, Ont.
500 w.—840 kc.—357 m.
CFCF.....Montreal, P. Q.
500 w.—1030 kc.—291 m.
CFCH.....North Bay, Ont.
50 w.—930 kc.—328 m.
CFCL-CKCL-CKNC.....
.....Toronto, Ont.
500 w.—580 kc.—517 m.
CFCN.....Calgary, Alta.
10,000 w.—690 kc.—435 m.
CFCO.....Chatham, Ont.
100 w.—1210 kc.—248 m.
CKCR.....Waterloo, Ont.
50 w.—1010 kc.—297 m.
CFCT.....Victoria, B. C.
50 w.—630 kc.—476 m.
CFCY.Charlottetown, P. E. I.
250 w.—580 kc.—517 m.
CFJC.....Kamloops, B. C.
15 w.—1120 kc.—268 m.
CFLC.....Prescott, Ont.
50 w.—930 kc.—323 m.
CFNB....Fredericton, N. B.
500 w.—1210 kc.—248 m.
CFQC-CNRS.....
.....Saskatoon, Sask.
500 w.—910 kc.—330 m.
CFRB-CNRX.....
.....King, York Co., Ont.
4000 w.—960 kc.—313 m.
CFRC.....Kingston, Ont.
50 w.—930 kc.—323 m.
CHCK.Charlottetown, P. E. I.
100 w.—1010 kc.—297 m.
CHCS.....Hamilton, Ont.
500 w.—1010 kc.—297 m.
CHGS..Summerside, P. E. I.
100 w.—1120 kc.—268 m.
CHMA.....Edmonton, Alta.
250 w.—580 kc.—517 m.
CHML.....Hamilton, Ont.
50 w.—880 kc.—341 m.
CHNS.....Halifax, N. S.
500 w.—910 kc.—330 m.
CHRC.....Quebec, P. Q.
100 w.—645 kc.—465 m.
CHWC.....Regina, Sask.
500 w.—960 kc.—313 m.
CHWK.....Chilliwack, B. C.
100 w.—665 kc.—451 m.
CHYC.....Montreal, P. Q.
5000 w.—730 kc.—411 m.
CJCA-CNRE.....
.....Edmonton, Alta.
500 w.—930 kc.—323 m.
CJCB.....Sydney, N. S.
50 w.—880 kc.—341 m.
CJCJ-CHCA ..Calgary, Alta.
500 w.—690 kc.—435 m.
CJGC-CNRL... London, Ont.
5000 w.—910 kc.—330 m.
CJGX.....Yorkton, Sask.
500 w.—630 kc.—476 m.
CJOC.....Lethbridge, Alta.
100 w.—1120 kc.—268 m.
CJOR.....Sea Island, B. C.
50 w.—1210 kc.—248 m.
CJRM.....Moose Jaw, Sask.
500 w.—600 kc.—500 m.
CJRW.....Fleming, Sask.
500 w.—600 kc.—500 m.
CJRX.....Winnipeg, Man.
2000 w.—11,720 kc.—25.6 m.
CKAC-CHYC-CNRM.....
.....St. Hyacinth, Quebec
5000 w.—730 kc.—411 m.
CKCE-CHLS.....
.....Vancouver, B. C.
50 w.—730 kc.—411 m.
CKCI.....Quebec, P. Q.
100 w.—880 kc.—341 m.
CKCK-CJBR-CNRR.....
.....Regina, Sask.
500 w.—960 kc.—313 m.
CKCL.....Toronto, Ont.
500 w.—580 kc.—517 m.
CKCO.....Ottawa, Ont.
100 w.—890 kc.—337 m.
CKCR.....Waterloo, Ont.
50 w.—645 kc.—465 m.
CKCV-CNRQ..Quebec, P. Q.
50 w.—880 kc.—341 m.
CKFC.....Vancouver, B. C.
50 w.—730 kc.—411 m.
CKIC.....Wolfeville, N. S.
50 w.—1010 kc.—297 m.
CKGW-CJBC-CJSC-CPRY
.....Toronto, Ont.
5000 w.—910 kc.—330 m.
CKLC-CHCT-CNRD.....
.....Red Deer, Alberta
1000 w.—840 kc.—357 m.
CKMC.....Cobalt, Ont.
100 w.—1210 kc.—248 m.
CKMO.....Vancouver, B. C.
50 w.—730 kc.—411 m.
CKNC.....Toronto, Ont.
500 w.—580 kc.—517 m.
CKOC.....Hamilton, Ont.
1000 w.—1010 kc.—297 m.
CKPC.....Preston, Ont.
50 w.—1210 kc.—248 m.
CKPR.....Midland, Ont.
50 w.—930 kc.—323 m.
CKUA.....Edmonton, Alta.
500 w.—580 kc.—517 m.
CKWX.....Vancouver, B. C.
100 w.—730 kc.—411 m.
CKX.....Brandon, Man.
500 w.—540 kc.—556 m.
CKY-CNRW.Winnipeg, Man.
5000 w.—780 kc.—385 m.
CNRA.....Moncton, N. B.
500 w.—630 kc.—476 m.
CNRH.....Halifax, N. S.
500 w.—930 kc.—323 m.
CNRO.....Ottawa, Ont.
500 w.—600 kc.—500 m.
CNRV.....Vancouver, B. C.
500 w.—1030 kc.—291 m.
10AE.....Bowmanville, Ont.
1199 kc.—250 m.
10BQ .....Brantford
1199 kc.—250 m.
10AK .....Stratford
1199 kc.—250 m.
10BP .....Wingham
1199 kc.—250 m.
10BU.....Canora, Sask.
1199 kc.—250 m.
10CB .....Liverpool
1199 kc.—250 m.
10AB.....Moose Jaw
1199 kc.—250 m.
10BI.....Prince Albert
1199 kc.—250 m.
10AY .....Kelowna
1109 kc.—250 m.

Cuba

CMAA .....Guanajay
30 w.—1090 kc.—275 m.
CMAB.....Pinar del Rio
20 w.—1249 kc.—240 m.
CMBA .....Havana
50 w.—1345 kc.—223 m.
CMBC .....Havana
150 w.—965 kc.—311 m.
CMBD .....Havana
150 w.—965 kc.—311 m.
CMBF .....Havana
7½ w.—1345 kc.—223 m.
CMBG .....Havana
130 w.—1070 kc.—280 m.
CMBH .....Havana
30 w.—1500 kc.—200 m.
CMBI .....Havana
30 w.—1405 kc.—213 m.
CMBJ .....Havana
15 w.—1285 kc.—233 m.
CMBK .....Marianao
15 w.—1405 kc.—213 m.
CMBL .....Havana
15 w.—1500 kc.—200 m.
CMBM .....Havana
15 w.—1285 kc.—233 m.
CMBN:.....Los Pinos
30 w.—1405 kc.—213 m.
CMBP .....Havana
15 w.—1500 kc.—200 m.
CMBQ .....Marianao
50 w.—1500 kc.—200 m.
CMBR.....Arroyo Apolo
15 w.—1500 kc.—200 m.

CMBS .....Havana
150 w.—790 kc.—380 m.
CMBT .....Havana
150 w.—1070 kc.—280 m.
CMBW .....Marianao
150 w.—1010 kc.—297 m.
CMBX .....Havana
30 w.—1405 kc.—213 m.
CMBY .....Havana
100 w.—1405 kc.—213 m.
CMBZ .....Havana
150 w.—1010 kc.—297 m.
CMC .....Havana
500 w.—840 kc.—357 m.
CMCA .....Havana
150 w.—1225 kc.—245 m.
CMCB .....Havana
150 w.—1070 kc.—280 m.
CMCD .....Havana
15 w.—1225 kc.—245 m.
CMCF .....Havana
250 w.—890 kc.—337 m.
CMCG .....Guanabacoa
30 w.—1345 kc.—223 m.
CMCH .....Havana
15 w.—1285 kc.—233 m.
CMCJ ..... Havana
250 w.—550 kc.—545 m.
CMCM .....Marianao
15 w.—1500 kc.—200 m.
CMCN .....Marianao
250 w.—1225 kc.—245 m.
CMCO .....Marianao
225 w.—660 kc.—454 m.
CMCQ .....Havana
600 w.—1150 kc.—260 m.
CMCR .....Havana
20 w.—1285 kc.—233 m.
CMCT .....Guanabacoa
5 w.—1500 kc.—200 m.
CMCU .....Havana
50 w.—1345 kc.—223 m.
CMCW .....Havana
150 w.—1285 kc.—233 m.
CMCX .....Marianao
250 w.—1010kc.—297 m.
CMCY .....Havana
15 w.—1345 kc.—223 m.
CMGA .....Colon
100 w.—834 kc.—360m.

CMGB .....Matanzas
7½ w.—1185 kc.—253 m.
CMGC .....Matanzas
30 w.—1063 kc.—282 m.
CMGD .....Matanzas
5 w.—1140 kc.—263 m.
CMGE .....Cardenas
30 w.—1375 kc.—218 m.
CMGF .....Matanzas
50 w.—977 kc.—307 m.
CMGH .....Matanzas
60 w.—780 kc.—385 m.
CMGI .....Matanzas
30 w.—1094 kc.—274 m.
CMHA .....Cienfuegos
200 w.—1154 kc.—260 m.
CMHB.....Sagua la Grande
10 w.—1500 kc.—200 m.
CMHC .....Tuinucu
500 w.—791 kc.—379 m.
CMHD .....Caibarien
250 w.—926 kc.—325 m.
CMHE .....Santa Clara
20 w.—1429 kc.—210 m.
CMHH .....Cifuentas
10 w.—870 kc.—345 m.
CMHI.....Santa Clara
15 w.—1110 kc.—270 m.
CMHJ .....Cienfuegos
40 w.—645 kc.—465 m.
CMJA .....Camaguey
10 w.—1332 kc.—225 m.
CMJB.....Ciego de Avila
20 w.—1276 kc.—235 m.
CMJC .....Camaguey
15 w.—1321 kc.—227 m.
CMJE .....Camaguey
20 w.—856 kc.—350 m.
CMK .....Havana
3150 w.—730 kc.—411 m.
CMKA.....Santiago de Cuba
20 w.—1450 kc.—207 m.
CMKB.....Santiago de Cuba
15 w.—1200 kc.—250 m.
CMKC.....Santiago de Cuba
150 w.—1034 kc.—290 m.
CMKD ....Santiago de Cuba
20 w.—1100 kc.—272 m.
CMKE ....Santiago de Cuba
250 w.—1249 kc.—240 m.

CMKF ....Holguin
30 w.—1363 kc.—220 m.
CMKG....Santiago de Cuba
30 w.—1176 kc.—255 m.
CMKH.....Santiago de Cuba
250 w.—1327 kc.—226 m.
CMQ .....Havana
250 w.—1150 kc.—261 m.
CMW .. ..Havana
700 w.—588 kc.—510 m.
CMX .. ..Havana
500 w.—900 kc.—333 m.

Mexico

XEA.....Guadalajara, Jal.
100 w.—1000 kc.—300 m.
XEB.....Mexico City
1000 w.—1000 kc.—300 m.
XEC .....Toluca
50 w.—1000 kc.—300 m.
XED..... Reynosa, Tamps
10,000 w.—977 kc.—307 m.
XEE.....Linares, N. L.
10 w.—1000 kc.—300 m.
XEF.....Oaxaca, Oax.
100 w.—1000 kc.—300 m.
XEFA.....Mexico City
250 w.—1250 kc.—240 m.
XEFE Nuevo Laredo, Tamps
1000 w.—1000 kc.—300 m.
XEG..... ...Mexico City
2000 w.—910 kc.—330 m.
XEH .....Monterrey
1000 w.—1132 kc.—265 m.
XEI .....Morelia
100 w.—1000 kc.—300 m.
XEJ..... C. Juarez, Chih.
100 w.—1000 kc.—300 m.
XEK.....Mexico City
100 w.—1000 kc.—300 m.
XEL.....Saltillo, Coah.
10 w.—1000 kc.—300 m.
XEM.....Tampico Tamps
500 w.—730 kc.—411 m.
XEN.....Mexico City
1000 w.—711 kc.—422 m.
XEO.....Mexico City
5000 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
XEP..Nuevo Laredo, Tamps
200 w.—1500 kc.—200 m.

XEQ....Ciudad Juarez, Chih.
1000 w.—1000 kc.—300 m.
XER.....Mexico City
100 w.—650 kc.—461 m.
XES.....Tampico, Tamps
500 w.—890 kc.—337 m.
XET.....Monterrey, N. L.
1500 w.—630 kc.—476 m.
XETA.....Mexico City
500 w.—1140 kc.—263 m.
XETF.....Vera Cruz
500 w.—680 kc.—441 m.
XEU.....Vera Cruz, Ver.
100 w.—1000 kc. —300 m.
XEV.....Puebla, Pue.
100 w.—1000 kc.—300 m.
XEW.....Mexico City
5000 w.—780 kc.—385 m.
XEX..... Mexico City
500 w.—1210 kc.—248 m.
XEY.....Merida, Yucatan
100 w.—1000 kc.—300 m.
XEZ.....Mexico City
500 w.—598 kc.—510 m.
XETA .....Mexico City
500 w.—1140 kc.—263 m.
XETY..... Mexico City
2000 w.—1300 kc.—231 m.
XFA.....Mexico City
50 w.—(n-21,429 kc.—0-14 m.)
(7,143-6,977 kc.—42-43 m.)
(600-500 kc.—500-600 m.)
XFC .....Aguascalientes
350 w.—805 kc.—373 m.
XFD..... Mexico City
50 w.—(9,091 kc.—33 m.)
(11,111 kc.—27 m.)
(6,667 kc.—45 m.)
XFE.....Villahermosa Tab.
350 w.—804 kc.—373 m.
XFF.....Chihuahua, Chih.
250 w.—915 kc.—328 m.
XFG.....Mexico City
2000 w.—638 kc.—470 m.
XFH.....Mexico City
250 w.
XFI.....Mexico City
1000 w.—818 kc.—367 m.
XFX..... Mexico City
500 w.—860 kc.—349 m.

XFZ .....Mexico City
500 w.—860 kc. 349 m.

Television Stations

Channel 2000 to 2100 kc.
W3XK.....Wheaten, Md.
5000 w.
W2XBU.....Beacon, N. Y.
100 w.
W2XCD.....Passaic, N. J.
5000 w.
W9XAC.....Chicago, Ill.
500 w.
W2XAP....Jersey City, N. J.
250 w.
W2XCR....Jersey City, N. J.
5000 w.
Channel 2100 to 2200 kc.
W3XAD.....Camden, N. J.
500 w.
W2XBS....New York, N. Y.
5000 w.
W3XAK.Bound Brook, N. J.
5000 w.
W8XAV.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
20,000 w.
W2XCW.Schenectady, N. Y.
20,000 w.
W9XAP.....Chicago, Ill.
1000 w.
Channel 2750 to 2850 kc.
W2XBC.....L. I. City, L. I.
500 w.
W9XAA.....Chicago, Ill.
1000 w.
W9XC...W. LaFayette, Ind.
1500 w.
Channel 2850 to 2950 kc.
W1XAV.....Boston, Mass.
500 w.
W2XR.....L. I. City, L. I.
500 w.
W9XR.....Chicago, Ill.
5000 w.
W9XAO.....Chicago, Ill.
1000 w.

The Awful Truth

(Continued from page 71)

but think it out clearly and plus imagination and see what can be done. Be discriminating in your selection of truths. Have the good sense and the wit to adapt yourself to the truth and to make of truth a real virtue. Remember that truth can be a cruel and bitter thing. Spare yourself and your friends what can only be called, "the awful truth."

Free booklets on the Care of the Skin, by Frances Ingram, will be mailed to readers of Radio Digest. Send your request to Miss Ingram, in care of Radio Digest, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York.—Editor.

Blondes Preferred

(Continued from page 70)

ing effect in the matter of small differences and irritabilities, arising in domestic life from day to day.

One is inclined to believe that the Olav and Ragna of today are very happy together, he makes a good husband, she a charming wife.

The Norwegian woman is the queen of the home and a good housewife. As soon as they become engaged they go to a housekeeping school to learn properly and completely how to feed the brute. I think I am quite safe in stating here, that surely in Norway is to be found the finest type in the world of this kind of school. Just outside Oslo is one of these schools, quite unique of its kind. There everything from cooking to the care of small babies is taught. Not very long ago I visited this school and quite longed to be a pupil there.

I dare say that the Norwegian housewife is one of the best in Europe. Then too they are very fond of entertaining in their homes, and not in restaurants which seems so much the vogue at present in England and France. A Norwegian dinner party is a very serious affair, with many courses and speeches. They have rather a nice custom I think. The ladies do not retire from the table and leave the men to smoke alone, but cigarettes are passed round during the dinner. There is no stiffness whatsoever. Then there is the charming custom of what they call the Family day. This institution is very dear to the heart of the Norwegian, and one that could be well copied in other lands. Once a fortnight all members of the family who live in the same town, meet at the eldest son's or daughter's house for dinner. Thus the members of the family are kept together and the spirit of family affection is fostered.

As lovers of sport they excel, they can go for miles, and miles on ski in the winter and never tire, as a matter of fact as tiny children of seven or eight they begin, and it's quite a common thing on a Sunday morning to see the whole family, mother and father, sons and daughters, start off early in the morning for a day's skiing in the hills. Here is another chance to see the real blonde. I know of no more charming sight than that of a young Norwegian girl, in the winter rushing down the beautiful pine covered hills on ski, her lovely blonde hair blowing in the wind.

As I have said the Norwegian woman works unostentatiously but she works none the less. She is known beyond the boundaries of her homeland. Wherever the menfolk have settled down to scattered quarters of the globe, the women, with that club instinct that seems natural to them, have set on foot plans for churches, hospitals, children's homes, and all kinds of movements that are philanthropic in their object.

So whether she is met with in Norway, where traditions as old as the mountains cling to her, or in foreign lands, where many influences encircle her, she is still the same. At home she has all the advantages of all that the women of any country have won for themselves in the theoretical field of women's rights. Abroad she is capable of appreciating and absorbing new habits of life and new ways of thought. Still she continues a hall marked woman, hallmarked with that impression that the Great Assayer stamped upon her forebears, the mark of a quiet spirit that is content to serve.

We have become quite serious, and perhaps you are a little disappointed at the turn this article has taken.

But never mind, at least I have given you some idea of the Norwegian women, and you may rely on me when I tell you that if you want to find the real Blonde you must go to Norway.

Station Parade

(Continued from page 62)

semble, and outstanding in his work with various symphonic organizations, Steck brings a wealth of musical experience and talent to KFBB.

They're Really Brothers

BOB and Jimmy (Palmer) are now exclusive KTM, Los Angeles artists. Known over the air as "The Utah Trail Boys," the duo are real brothers. Some of their own compositions are "The Utah Trail," "An Old Fashioned Sweetheart," "My Blue Mountain Home in the West," "Old Virginny Lullaby," "Where the Golden Poppies Grow" and "When the Raindrops Pattered on Our Old Tin Hats."

Good Things in Small Packages

A VERY unusual girl is diminutive Nora Schiller, KFRC comedienne. Here are a few items to prove it.

1. Was on the Pantages circuit in a singing and dancing act, doing impersonations of famous stars when eight years old.
2. Entered a high school in San Diego when eleven years old, the youngest student to ever enter the school.
3. After high school took a business course so she would have something to fall back on when she was through with the stage.
4. Weighs one hundred and two pounds; lacks one and a half inches of being five feet tall; has brown eyes, and is in her very early twenties.

Nora, to put it bluntly, is a "snappy little number." In her caracul fur jacket, brown derby with a French accent and a list to starboard she is a sight to increase any man's faith in life, love and the pursuit of happiness.

What The Long Beach Waves Say---

PERCY PRUNES, the characterization of a young lad not yet in his teens, was the result of an effort of a continuity writer at KFOX to conceive a character of the effeminate type. The writer of the famous "Butter Cream School" program assigned the new part to a young man who had but recently entered radio, Foster Rucker. Foster realized the mistake of trying to portray such a character as the writer had drawn and his resultant modification of the part has been the means of his becoming identified by thousands as Percy Prunes and today there are very few children in Southern California and as far north as San Jose, who do not know of this little fellow.

Seldom in radio or in show business either, does a person strike a 'natural,' but Foster Rucker has done just that. After but a short time, reading the dialogue written for him by the author of the Butter Cream School Program, he began appearing in other programs and without written dialogue. Aside from the amusing situations that furnished entertainment to the kiddies and brought a chuckle to the older folks, was a plaintive quality to the affected voice of the Percy Prunes character that endeared him to every woman who had a spark of the mother instinct about her.

Not more than a year and a half ago, a playmate was created for Percy, appearing with him in the Butter Cream School and later introduced into his other feature period. This little lady was called Daisy Mae, and, as Percy had immediately captured the hearts of radio listeners a year before, so did Daisy Mae become the heroine in the eyes of countless little girls and the favored child of listening mothers.

Oh, yes, Foster Rucker and Pauline Stafford, as they are in real life, know quite well that it is impossible to please everyone and they are reconciled to the fact that they are 'tuned out' many times when they come on the air, but there are many phone calls and letters which prove that their audience is constantly increasing.

Like Father, She's An "Early Bird"

THE latest addition to the KFOX staff is little Margaret Marlene Miller, daughter of Eddie Miller, snappy talking announcer of the Early Bird programs. To date the young lady has not been active in her duties about the studio. In fact, she just recently came from the hospital to the waiting cradle in the Miller home in Long Beach. KFOX is in Long Beach, California.

A Lady Radio Ringmaster

"VI" CURTIS, who wields a wicked whip over at KELW, Burbank, Cal., as ring mistress of the circus program at 1 a. m. daily, uses 20 acts for the broadcast.

Billy Courtney, blues songster, accompanied by Margaret Grier has joined the circus staff as a regular nightly performer. The "Pair of Jacks" (brother and sister) from WOAI, San Antonio, Texas, are also heard in piano melodies, songs and a couple of skits.

Then there is Sambo, studio handyman and local hanger-on, who does spirituals and popular tunes of the day.

All The Way From Nova Scotia

SPIN the dial of your radio until you have CHNS, the voice of Nova Scotia, at the Lord Nelson Hotel, Halifax, N. S.! Time your tuning until the hour of the Dinner Dance in the Georgian Ball Room! Then comes the harmonious rythm, that is Harry Cochrane's Dance Orchestra in full swing.

Harry ranks as a pioneer in broadcasting having appeared over the old Carleton Hotel Studio of CHNS back as far as 1927. Tall, spare and grey eyed, Cochrane is one of the most familiar figures at CHNS in their new quarters on the topmost floor of the Lord Nelson Hotel. Never a day passes but that he drops in, music case in hand to assist in some programme as staff pianist, or with his orchestra to go on the air.

Aloha-Oe KGU!

LITTLE Anuhea Brown, an eight year old Hawaiian girl plays the steel guitar like an expert. The strange looking implements in front of her are the ancient Hawaiian instruments used as a background for the old hulas. By her left foot is the hollow gourd beaten with the open hand as a drum or tom-tom. The feathers by her right foot, or feathery object, is another gourd filled with dry seeds and decorated with feathers. It is known as the u'li u'li, used for the same purpose, as is the split bamboo stick in the foreground.

* * *

Eddie Marble, tenor, has been meandering from KGER over to KSL, Salt Lake, thence to KPO, San Francisco, and now back to KGER, Long Beach, again. Mrs. Eddie says there's a limit to all things and she isn't going to pack up, dress the children and go gallavanting around any more.

* * *

Roy Leffingwell, KECA entertainer, used to be an engineer. His brother, W. H. Leffingwell, wrote "Scientific Office Management" and other tomes. But Roy drifted back into music and threw away the engineering paraphernalia for good.

(Continued on page 87)

A RADIO MESSAGE

To men who are looking ahead . . . and up



LOOK! HERE'S a thrill! Short wave operation between ground and airplane!

RCA Institutes offers instruction in these interesting branches of radio . . . aircraft radio, disc and film recording, servicing home entertainment equipment, broadcast station or studio, talking pictures . . . to mention a few.

RCA Institutes (formerly the Marconi Institute) was founded 22 years ago for one purpose. To produce graduates who will be of *value* to the industry.

Naturally, we want our message to reach as many men as possible. So we have four resident schools—in New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Chicago. We prepared extension courses for men all over the world ... so they might study at home in their spare time. With the special equipment we furnish, you can have your own radio laboratory right at home. Outstanding graduates of the extension courses become eligible for free scholarship at nearest resident school. Outstanding graduates of resident schools also eligible for university scholarships.

Our courses cover the entire radio field. Complete elementary and advanced instruction... taught by outstanding teachers. Modern, up-to-date methods are used plus the benefit of association with the largest, most complete research laboratory in the radio industry. The cost is surprisingly low for the training you get.

As the *oldest* radio school in America—and the *most modern,* up-to-date courses—we have given training to nearly 20,000 men. Many of these now hold responsible positions in the radio industry. But none arrived overnight. Nor will you. Your success may depend on how well you train yourself. But...be sure to get that training at the right place. Write today for our free catalog. The coupon makes it easy.

RCA INSTITUTES, INC.

A Radio Corporation of America Subsidiary

RCA INSTITUTES INC.

RCA Institutes, Inc., Dept. DR-12, 75 Varick St., New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Please send me your General Catalog. I am checking below the phase of radio in which I am particularly interested.

- ☐ Aircraft Radio
- ☐ Broadcast Station or Studio
- ☐ Television
- ☐ Disc and Film Recording
- ☐ Talking Pictures
- ☐ Servicing Home Entertainment Equipment

Name _____

Address _____

Occupation _____ *Age* _____



Here she is—the Old Dutch Girl herself, in person, whose cheery "Good Morning, Ev'rybody" is an early morning tonic to hundreds of thousands of radio listeners. True to her tradition of twenty-six years' standing, her identity remains a secret, as the Old Dutch Girl has never shown her face. Assisting her is the famed Old Dutch Girl orchestra, whose tuneful melodies are a matutinal treat. The Old Dutch Girl broadcasts over thirty-six stations on the CBS chain every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 7:45 a. m., Eastern Standard Time.

Broadcasting *from the* Editorial Chair

(Continued from page 52)

up with all guns on the National Broadcasting Company. It may not have been a pre-conceived move, but what he said seemed to fit in with all the cumulative razzing and harpooning aimed at the NBC for months by practically all of the New York newspapers.

He blasted the chief executives, the NBC policies, torpedoed the program department and made such serious accusations that the officials of the NBC called hurried and heated conferences as soon as the first editions of the Journal reached the stands. Repercussion in the Journal office had already stirred the supervising editors to action. Men were hurried out and copies of the first edition were retrieved from the stands so far as it was possible to find them.

Mr. Porter's column was lifted out forthwith. The final editions carried a substitute column in which the Aircaster, (as Mr. Porter signed his feature,) said he presented the "guest columnist" views of certain leading NBC artists who were asked to answer the question, "What do I think of Radio?" It was a tough spot for some of the NBC headliners but they did their best. The Journal has a new aircaster now.

This outburst from the Journal evoked some surprise in broadcasting circles because the Journal is a Hearst paper and Mr. Hearst has personally taken a friendly attitude toward broadcasting. In fact it was only a short time ago he talked over an NBC network. He recently bought WGBS, New York, and retains it as his personal property. He also has other stations in the Midwest.

The outcome of this climactic situation is unknown as Radio Digest goes to press. Will the fire continue to be concentrated on NBC as one of the most important objectives in humbling the American Plan of Broadcasting. After the NBC, what? Probably, CBS, and then into the Congressional lines at Washington?

Whether such things be true or not, and far be it from us to discount temporary dangers, the editors of Radio Digest still adhere to their original premise that in the end there will be a real wedding of interest between newspapers and broadcasting stations. They are fundamentally complementary to each other, and all the smoke and fire which currently ensue can only serve in the end to make this truth more quickly and more completely apparent. Meanwhile the radio public must be constantly on guard against "political" legislation that aims to rob the American people of the benefits of competitive broadcasting.

Station Parade

(Continued from page 84)

The Solitaire Cowboys, prime entertainers, have started on their fourth KOA year with real western atmosphere of prank-playing and vocalizing.

* * *

Tom Mitchell, who made a reputation as the Rainier Lime Rickey man over NBC, and who was once KNRC manager, now does some chain baritone-piano programs for KGW, KHQ and KOMO in the northwest. An amateur fisherman, Tom is the beau brummel type of entertainer.

* * *

Carlton Bowman, young Denver tenor, is the third KOA singer to leave en route for New York to join the Seth Parker troupe. Others . . . Norman Price, tenor and Edward Wolter, baritone.

* * *

Southern California is getting its fill of hill billy teams. Over at KTM there are the Beverly Hill Billies. KGFJ calls theirs the Chinese Hill Billies. KMTR labels theirs Tom Murray's Hill Billies while NBC's troupe are just plain Hill Billies. And KECA offers the ranch boys. But, sadly gasp the radio editors out there, "Thar's nothin' we can do about it."

* * *

KNX has to be good. Two sons of famous preachers are active on its personnel . . . Charles Gabriel, Jr., program manager and Drury Lane, office manager.

* * *

Eileen Elman, KPO contralto, is really Eileen Eddleman, who was born in Butte, Montana, but who moved to California while a baby.

* * *

Richard LeGrand, former NBC thespian, journeyed down to Los Angeles, and did a KFWB program or two but has since disappeared from his usual haunts.

KELW is growing bigger and better . . . physically at any rate. The station has just completed a new, or auxiliary studio which will be used for the announcer on duty and also as a soloists' studio. It faces towards the mountains with an ever changing vista of scenic loveliness and, at the same time, is separated from the visitors gallery by a plate glass partition.

* * *

Earl Taylor in conducting a contest over at KELW to pick out a good Olympic song . . . with catchy music and lilting lyrics. Taylor, who is himself an organist, pianist and popular singer, is doing a fifteen minute program at KELW each Monday and Thursday at 7:30 p. m. Cash prizes are being offered for the winners and it is said the contest will continue for several weeks.

Anita Greets Her Public

CHRISTENED Anita Grazelda Butler at an early age, at least a few years before the event of radio, one would almost think her parents had radio in mind from the euphonious name they gave her, but at any rate she is gaining a lot of popularity with the women audience through her broadcasting from WLBW, Oil City.



Anita Grazelda Butler

Contrary to the usual custom of Housewives Programs, Miss Butler does not confine herself to recipes, but gives direction for planting flowers, painting kitchen and porch furniture.

In spite of all the hard work attached to this type of programs, Miss Butler is fully repaid by the response she receives, and feels quite flattered when the listeners write to her asking her advice on special menus and home decorations.

In addition to conducting this morning program, Miss Butler is also Studio Directress of Radio Station WLBW, Oil City.

Silhouettes

(Continued from page 51)

Georgia. Something happened that delayed her in getting to the theatre. Just made it as the overture was finished. She was supposed to be the first on the stage.—She was helped into a dress—one of those snapper affairs and rushed onto the stage where she had to climb a ladder to a balcony from where she sang.—She made the balcony just as the curtain rose, BUT MINUS THE DRESS. It had caught on the ladder on the way up and the snaps—well you know.—You also know it's warm down in Atlanta and one doesn't wear much.

Marcella

(Continued from page 69)

MARC WILLIAMS, where have you been since you left Waco, Texas? Don't you know that Cecil Bounds of Ladonia and Ida Farrow of Elizabeth and many others are searching the ether for you? Ida writes, "I have heard lots of good singing Cowboys but I've never heard anyone to equal Marc Williams. I admire him very much and sincerely hope he will be back in the south this winter. He is 27 years of age and still single to my best knowledge." Maybe that answers your other question, Cecil.

There certainly seems to be an epidemic of missing sheep in radio circles. And now where are Eddie and Jimmie Dean? You have probably seen their picture in the October issue, Mina White. Yes, Mina, back copies can be obtained by writing to us. Haven't been able to locate Shepherd of the Hills picture. And where are Miriam Hadley and Margaret Schmidt of WTMJ?

Pauline Nininger of Ft. Lauderdale calls the Street Singer (Arthur Tracy) the golden-voiced Caruso II. There's a big story about him in this issue.

Floyd Gibbons has been married. Not living with his wife. Draw your own conclusions, Dixie.

* * *

MRS. MILLIE SAGE of Sandwich, Ill., would like to know the name of the singer on the record, *Sitting on a Five-Barred Gate,* made by Jack Hilton's orchestra. Can anyone help her? Wendell Hall is not broadcasting as far as can be learned. Edward Peyton (Ted) Harris, my dears, is giving lessons in radio technique, as a side line, up at the studios of Ida Bailey Allen. I once mentioned that he is one of the most active and energetic individuals in radio.

* * *

"HUSK O'HARE," writes Dee of Newport, N. H., "is slim, has dark hair and eyes, and is handsome. There are nine others in his band, and their waltzes are marvelous, Marcella—simply marvelous. He is apparently fond of inspirational poetry, judging from some he sent me. The frequent playing by this band of the exquisite *I Love You Truly,* as a salute to their own mothers and to ours is a most charming tribute, don't you think? The O'Hare speaking voice, almost expressionless, almost monotonous, slightly unsteady, has that 'something' that makes it simply fascinating and (oooh) thrilling. If it

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BEAUTY QUEEN
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Turn to page 31

weren't for our rheumatics and our gray hairs and our husband and seven young 'uns, we'd let ourself just get in the throes of a good old-fashioned, school-girl crush, so there!" It seems to me, Dee, my dear, that you're deceiving yourself if you think you're not a good old-fashioned victim already. Toddles agrees with me—and she knows the symptoms of crushes.

* * *

A BALTIMORE Admirer will find a picture of the four Lombardo Brothers in the February issue of Radio Digest, page 66. Lebert is the trumpeter, Victor, the saxaphonist, Carmen, who plays the flute, is the vocalist and of course, Guy, the violinist, leads the group. Guy is about 29 years of age, Vinci.

BY THIS TIME: Ruth G. of Iowa, Alice Slaughter and Mrs. M. L. Potts have read about Wallace Butterworth in the October issue; Marion Hall of Norristown has seen Little Jack Little's picture in the Summer Edition (Yes, he's married); Betsy has read about Sanderson and Crumit in the Summer Edition and Milt Cross in October. There will be a note, H. W. Garner, in the Editorial, about the winner of the Diction Medal. Feature story about Wayne King in this issue, John Drake. Rudy was born July 28, 1901, Elizabeth. Peter de Rose and Mary Singhi Breen will celebrate their second wedding anniversary this month, according to Hal Stein, Mary. In the November issue of last year there was a very nice story and picture about them. Most interesting fact about their career is that neither ever took a music lesson. Both of Italian descent. Miss Dick Whittington, there was a picture of the Three Doctors in the February, 1931, issue.

Mrs. J. P. Empson wishes to refer the fans of the late Al Carney to a picture of this popular artist which appeared in the Who's Who Columns of May, 1930. Thanks for your kind words, Mrs. Empson.

Picture and paragraph of Tony Wons in May issue, Mary. You know now, Thyrza, that James Melton is now with the Cavaliers Quartet.

BY THIS TIME: Virginia Randolph has read Jean Paul King's story about the Super Suds Girls in October; Dorothy has seen the Kate Smith story in that number; yes, Marguerite, Kate tips the scales somewhere around 225 pounds, and you have probably seen John Mayo's picture in the September issue.

There was a very large picture of Milt Cross about a year ago, Mrs. Larrabee, and by this time you've seen a small cut of Milt Cross in October. Keep up your spirit and I hope radio will continue to be a real friend to you. Didn't you like Smith Ballew's story in October, Mrs. Doble? Oscar Dale and other Paul Tremaine fans better keep a sharp eye out—there'll be a story soon about Paul.

We had a picture of Howard Roth, Doctor of Sunshine, in the Marcella columns of October, 1930, Edna. He is about 25 and his orchestra, when he was broadcasting from New York City, was composed of college students. He used to have programs over WGBS, WPCH, WRNY and WBBC.

Splendid idea, Mae Chaney. Gave it to our M. E. as your suggestion. Maybe something will come of it.

Jinny Peters, how in the world can I ever get your forgiveness for not personally answering your sweet letters. But don't stop writing. I love to read your notes. Didn't you like the Coon-Sanders story in September?

A Radiograph about Russ Gilbert appeared in September, 1930, and a story about Pat Barnes in October of that year—R. P. Breen.

M. R. Laepple, anxious about Jean Warren Hight, formerly of WLIT, Philadelphia. He is now writing programs for the Columbia Broadcasting System, and by the way, did you know that he used to be Professor of English at the University of Pa.?

* * *

MARCELLA hears all, tells all. Write her a letter, ask her any of the burning questions that are bothering your mind.

College for Homemakers

(Continued from page 24)

ly why we want you," they told me. "We want somebody who will have a real feeling for every woman's every day problems—some one with understanding and interest in what every woman wants to know about those problems." So here I am. And here's how we have planned the programs for the Home Circle.

To each meeting of my women's club of the air I am going to bring someone who will be both interesting and instructive as a guest speaker on some topic of interest to the woman listener. Home decoration, planning the budget, fashion notes, entertainment suggestions, child health and similar topics of feminine appeal will be discussed from time to time by speakers from leading women's magazines and other authorities.

The theme of the morning broadcasts will be "The Housewives of the World." I am sure that will be especially interesting because you know they say half the world never knows how the other half lives, and as the object of the broadcasts is to promote a broader knowledge of better homemaking methods, I can't think of any way to make us appreciate all our modern American conveniences better than to give my listeners a glimpse of some of the homes of other lands and the homemaking problems the women in those countries have to face.

One morning, for example, the broadcast will take the listeners to a French kitchen. Another time to Hungary, another time to a "company dinner" in far-off Japan. In each case the visit will show the daily activities of those "other women." Each story will tie-in with primitive methods of doing some household task and the modern way it is done with General Electric products, each program being planned to give the women of the audience an opportunity to learn the good feature of at least one product.

ONE of the best features of the program, tho—at least one of the most interesting to me, and I hope it is going to be one of the most interesting and helpful to the other members of the "club" is the daily question and answer "column." I am going to read letters then from listeners in various parts of the country about different problems they have met in their own homemaking and telling how they, or other women, have met similar situations.

Musical entertainment will also be included in our fifteen minute meetings every morning. There will be at least an opening and closing theme song, "The Song of the Fireside" by Theodore Webb, the well-known baritone, and from time to time on the programs he will sing one or more other songs.

Then after the daily meetings during the week there is the lovely Sunday afternoon program, coming for half an hour just at the twilight hour. The Sunday afternoon program is something which has never been done before on the radio, and something which I know is going to bring as much pleasure to my listeners as it does to me. Each week we are going to have one of the most famous singers in the world, and he or she will sing the most famous old familiar songs in the world, not as if they were singing from the stage to a big audience, but informally, just as though they were actually singing to a group of intimate friends in their own home.

Geraldine Farrar was the guest star in the first of the "song at twilight" series on Sunday, October 18. She was followed by John McCormack, while on future Sundays through the winter, the programs will draw from such a list stars as Jeritza, Tibbett, Garden, Bonelli, Gigli, Ponselle, Homer, Zimbalist, and the English Singers.

In introducing each of these artists I

am going to try to give a word-picture of them at home, so that my audience will feel that they really and truly "know" the great singers whom they are hearing. And I am going, too, when somebody like Geraldine Farrar or Jeritza sings, to give my fellow "club-members" a little description of what they are wearing, because, well, I know that's something I'd like to hear about.

There's just one thing more I want to say about this Sunday program, something which does make it really different and like a "visit." The commercial announcements on this program, and on the morning programs, as well, will be kept at a minimum.

In other words, the program will be planned to give the audience the feeling of being taken into the home and life of the famous singer whom they hear. During the morning broadcasts I am going to ask what songs the listeners would like to hear on Sunday, not great arias, but just the simple songs we all love, and then on Sunday we will "drop in" and hear them.

Vis-a-Vis

(continued from page 29)

various images and objects. One minute you may be looking at a speed boat, which is changed by a few lines into a picture of Gar Wood, racing pilot. Speaking of inventions, Hanlon draws a new one for television each week, in which very strange mechanical contrivances are linked together resulting in hilarious entertainment.

Larry Christian is thinking about hiring a suit of armour for the future television boxing bouts. During the past few exhibition engagements he has taken everything from a kick on the shin to a right cross to the jaw in the limited space of the studio.

Ezilda Sutton who presents original international characterizations over W2XAB does not change costumes for her many character portrayals. Instead, she uses a number of veils for head decorations that have proven to be essential for this type of dramatic work.

The television audience had the pleasure of witnessing a very unique feature several weeks ago when Tony Sarg, the guest artist of Major Ivan Firth and Gladys Shaw Erskine presented the first visual broadcast of his flesh and blood marionettes, over the Columbia experimental station. The diminutive figures are made up as follows—Mr. Sarg and one of his fellow workers paint the back of the hands with eyes, mouths, noses, etc. and with the addition of a few strings which are attached to the arms and legs of a small wooden body, a puppet is formed. By working the fingers in different positions the face looks almost human, and by closing and opening the two middle fingers it gives the lookers-in the impression of lip movement which is substantiated with a sound channel used by Mr. Sarg and his assistant in making the figures carry on a lifelike conversation. During the broadcast, the small figures drink milk, eat crackers, in fact do most everything except smoke cigarettes.

NBC Cuts Cake

(Continued from page 30)

Therefore in September 1926, representatives of the Radio Corporation of America, the General Electric Company and the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company, the three companies most vitally concerned in the propagation of broadcasting which meant increased sales of equipment, decided to organize broadcasting.

The outgrowth of this agreement was announced on November 1 as the National Broadcasting Company, founded to bolster up the Radio industry and coordinate the broadcasting field. The first official act was to purchase WEAF from the AT&T, then as now an outstanding unit. Its network was organized on a permanent basis. This chain, ably built up by the Telephone Company, covered New England, the Middle Atlantic States and the Middle West with a total of nineteen stations.

To head this infant company came M. H. Aylesworth, a native of Colorado who was managing director of the National Electric Light Association. He confessed at the time that he has only learned to twirl dials to tune in programs, but his record of public service and progressive executiveship was sufficient qualification for his task of directing the destinies of NBC.

The company had its "coming out party" on November 15 by presenting the most spectacular broadcast arranged up to that time. Mary Garden sang from Chicago, Will Rogers spoke from Independence, Kansas; Weber and Fields, Walter Damrosch and his symphony orchestra, and others were heard from New York, but the audience had only the announcers' word that these

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performers were separated by hundreds of miles. Distance had been eliminated for the listener.

Meanwhile a second basic network had been formed to cover virtually the same territory, and having WJZ as a key station, which had been bought some time previously by RCA. Through the ensuing years other stations augmented these basic networks and finger-like supplementary chains, which could link with either basic network as the occasion demanded, were extended out into every division of the nation and over into Canada. The Pacific Coast network was formed early in 1927.

The first coast-to-coast broadcast of a football game was accomplished by NBC on New Year's Day, 1927, when the East heard a play-by-play account of the Rose Bowl gridiron contest in Pasadena, California. Three weeks later a performance of the Chicago Civic Opera was picked up by microphones from the opera house stage and transmitted over coast-to-coast facilities.

An all-time record for the greatest audience ever to hear a single human's voice was set when President Coolidge spoke over an NBC network on Washington's birthday, 1927. Ten million persons, it was estimated, turned attentive ears to radio sets on that occasion.

Radio received great impetus during the Smith-Hoover Presidential contest of 1928 as each nominee resorted to radio to reach the voters. It is believed that Hoover, fearful of visible auditors, welcomed the microphone as a friend which, it developed, assuredly aided his cause. Hoover's inauguration was one of the outstanding broadcast events of radio history.

MEANTIME NBC had constructed and occupied elaborate new quarters at 711 Fifth Avenue from which poured forth an unending stream of quality entertainment. In this fifteen-story edifice were eight ultra-modern studios, to which four more have been added. Favorite artists developed solely by microphone, leading stars of the stage, screen, opera and the recording studios beat a path to the building which rewarded them liberally for their contributions to a public service which had become a veritable religion to those responsible for the broadcast program.

NBC sought and found new ideas for radio. Outstanding was the emergence from the experimental laboratory of international rebroadcasting in the fall of 1929. Several Christmas and New Years programs exchanged between England, Holland, Germany and the United States that year awakened the radio audience to the remarkable possibilities of this new medium of mass communication. A new spirit of internationalism had dawned. To radio, the peoples of the world were one.

George Engles, who had risen high in the concert management field with such sensations as Marion Talley, was engaged to head an artists bureau and now the NBC Artists Service is one of the largest agencies of this sort in the world, greatly increasing the supply of talent available for radio as well as the theater.

Walter Damrosch joined the company as musical counsellor and launched his Music Appreciation Courses, a broadly organized plan of mass music education. Deems Taylor, leading American opera composer, has headed a similar program in the operatic field. With the cooperation of the National Advisory Council on Radio in Education, NBC has made its networks available for programs of adult education.

John Royal, a master showman, has been brought in as program director; Erno Rapee, former right-hand man of S. L. "Roxy" Rothafel, as musical director; Frank Mason, formerly head of International News Service, as head of public relations activities; John E. Elwood to supervise educational and international broadcasts, and numerous others to build a service schedule for a highly discriminating public.

WITHIN two years NBC will move its New York division into Radio City and there expand its scope.

As radio reaches a milestone in its growth it looks eagerly forward and in the future is sight. Television is said to be "around the corner" and all the radio industry strives mightily to turn the angle. In anticipation of this advent NBC has leased one-half the top floor of the world's tallest structure, the Empire State Building, and is there installing for experimental purposes the most advanced television broadcasting equipment yet developed in the scientists' laboratories. The transmitter tops the high reaching mooring mast 1250 feet above Fifth Avenue and will project images into the air.

Aylesworth and his associates pause to contemplate and to gain a second wind for the next hard drive.

Santa Has Athletes Foot

(Continued from page 21)

ventional instruments, wants more ideas for unusual instruments.

Jesse Crawford, NBC Poet of the Organ, "Continued good health is my Christmas wish. Show me a man who is in good health and I'll show you a man happy in his work."

Harold Sanford, director of Old Stager Musical program, "A happy Christmas for thousands of New Yorkers whose luck has deserted them in the past few months, is my sincere Christmas wish."

Lowell Patton, director of "Song For Today" program, "Nothing will please me or my assisting artists more than the opportunity to continue our interesting work with our NBC audience through the coming year."

Andy Sannella, director Lucky Strike Dance Hour, "I guess my Christmas wish a little trite, but nevertheless it is sincere. If I can continue through the coming year as pleasantly as I have in the past, I feel that is enough. If Santa Claus will unpack his bag and fill the stockings of the needy kiddies that will go a long way in making all of us happy this Christmas. I don't believe I can wish for another thing for the coming year."

Sisters of the Skillet—"We would like to have our sisters of the radio audience continue to send in their problems which we will try our best to solve for the benefit of all concerned."

Colonel Goodbody—"I earnestly hope I can serve the housewives of America throughout the coming year as well as I think I have during the past."

At this juncture I heard a terrible commotion. There were shouts and sounds of a scuffle. Drawing my trusty safety razor blade I cut a slit in the mail bag, crawled out and scurried around into the corridor. A veiled woman was struggling with Dick Gordon who was there as Sherlock Holmes.

"SPY!" he shouted. She broke from his grasp, leaped into the elevator shaft and slid down a cable. While the other stood gasping and wondering what to do, I sprang after her and performed the same feat. I followed her to the street. She jumped into a taxi. I followed on my bicycle. The taxi turned east on 52nd st., but I seized the rear fender as it swung around and kept hold until it pulled up in front of the CBS building on Madison. The veiled woman sprang out and disappeared in the doorway. But in her haste she dropped a paper which I read.

Ah, ha! Hilda Cole, Columbia's mysterious veiled woman, as I had suspected! Getting the low-down on NBC Christmas plans before turning in her report on what she had observed while surreptitiously watching the Santa Clauses opening their mail from the Columbia stars. But here is the paper.

(See next page)

Santa and the Missus Read Letters from CBS

By Hilda Cole

MRS. SANTA CLAUS gave her husband a large bundle of letters.

"These are from radio stars," she said, "Please take your feet off the chair."

"I don't see much point in reading them," replied her husband, absent-mindedly braiding his beard, "Because all I have left is pop guns and whistles."

Mrs. Santa Claus raised her eyebrows.

"I've been out to feed the reindeer and I said—just by way of conversation 'well, it won't be long before we're hitching up the old sleigh again'—and what do you suppose Blitzen said?"

"What?"

"'Nerts.' And furthermore, I'm not sure, but I think the minute my back was turned Donder gave a Bronx cheer. Such insolence from the help!"

Santa sighed as he ruffled through a pile of letters, "I guess they feel the depression, my good woman," he said, "Well, sit down anyway, and we can have a lot of fun seeing what these blokes are counting on for Christmas. This is going to be a what-I-would-like-to-have-if-I-could-have-it Christmas."

"Yes," replied Mrs. Santa Claus, "This is going to be a howl," saying which she snatched up the first letter and adjusted her glasses to read.

"Santy darling:

I wish this Christmas you would just say hokus-pocus, or something, and I would find myself in a cute little white frame house in the country, with a fireplace, and all my friends and family around it. Best regards, Kate Smith."

"Nice idea, what?" observed Santa, reaching rather too eagerly at a letter postmarked Chicago.

"Dear old Clausy:

I want a smooth new car. I hope I like it. Yours, Ben Bernie.

P. S. Ben to you. I lead a band, and I smoke cigars, and I bet on horses. If I can't have a car, I certainly would like to know more about horses.

The Old Microbe."

"Dear Mr. Claus:

I am a contralto up at CBS and I have a theory that at Christmas time no one should be cursed with practical gifts. May I please count on you to see that I am provided with things I don't need at all. If I receive any white linen handkerchiefs, I think I shall scream. Sincerely yours, Helen Nugent."

"Which is least useful?" inquired Papa Claus, "A whistle or a pop gun?"

"Dear Santa:

Are you listenin'—huh? I should like to have you come down my chimney and leave a book of poems—a book of poems I have never seen before. Is there such a thing, and, from one philosopher to another, does it really matter? Tony Wons."

"I like poetry" said Mrs. Santa, "I always was aesthetic.

"Dear Santa:

I want an aeroplane. Vera Eakin.

P. S. I am a pianist at CBS."

At this point, we regret to report, both Mr. and Mrs. Santa burst into a roar of laughter, and at least five minutes elapsed before they opened the next letter.

"Dear old Santa:

Carolina moon keeps shi-i-i-i-i-ning. I'm Morton Downey of the Camel Quarter Hour. I remember past Christmases when I eagerly wrote you asking for sleds or skis. Now, I regret to say, I have almost everything I need except a stick of red and white peppermint candy. Won't you please put one in my sock! Morton Downey.

P. S. I want a candy cane. M. D."

"Say San," said Mrs. Claus, "There *are* certain drawbacks to success. Imagine not wanting anything except a stick of candy."

"Now don't go getting sentimental," advised her husband, "But make a notation about the peppermint cane."

"Santa darling:

The long tall gal from Dixie is way down yonder in New York City, and she's homesick. She has also been working very hard on a book. This is just to show you what a good girl I've been, and to ask you to bring me some modernistic furniture. I'm just simply crazy about it, darlin'. Irene Beasley."

"Dear Santa Claus:

This Christmas my little boy will be three years old, and it will be the first year he is able to appreciate you. If you aren't down my chimney with tin soldiers and a drum, I'll put on some whiskers myself. I don't want to be sued for libel, either.

Harry Von Zell."

"Dear Santa:

I want a pair of roller skates, and you needn't take that the wrong way, either.

Harriet Lee, H. R. H."

"HEHEHEHEH" said Santa Claus.

"Dear old ham:

Christmas day I will be down in Georgia announcing a football game. That makes life simpler, as a matter-of-

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fact because if any of my playmates say, 'Why, Ted, you rat, I didn't get a Christmas card from you,' I will say, certainly not, I was down in Georgia announcing a football game. See? I will be among perfect strangers, though, to amend that, all football crowds are pretty much alike, and I certainly do like football crowds. If there is such a thing as a watch that keeps perfect time, please bring me one, old bean.

Ted Husing."

"Well" said Santa, "There isn't."

"There isn't what?"

"A watch that keeps perfect time."

"Give him two whistles then, San, they might come in handy."

"Dear Mr. Claus:

You are going to laugh. Although I have been working in radio for goodness knows how long, this Christmas, I want a radio of my own. Please, Mr. Claus, I want a radio."

"She said that once before," said Mrs. Claus.

"Shuh. She signs off this way—'with love to you and the family, Virginia Arnold.'"

"Dear Mr. Claus:

I have often wondered whether you have anything to do with claustrophobia (if that's the way you spell it). Not that I know what it means, but I just wondered. At Christmas I like receiving practical gifts, although, if you will pardon my saying so, some of the ties I have received in the past have not been practical. They have been horrible. Once when I was a kid, I got myself in bad with the family, by sawing a hole in the top of the grand piano to put the tree in. Climbing down, I fell off, but I didn't hurt myself, because I fell on the soft pedal. Ha! Ha! Ha!

Colonel Lemuel Q. Stoopnagle.

P. S. Some people call me Spoofnagle, or Soupangel, or almost anything. Take your cherce."

"My dear Santy:

I would like a lot of flowers. Once when I was small I wished for dolls, and when you brought them I used to pretend they were actors. Now I just want flowers, please. I see quite a few actors. With love, Georgia Backus."

"My dear—ha cha cha—da—pardon me. Bad beginning. My dear Sir: This is Bing Crosby, enunciating. I want some wool socks size nine and a half. Whenever I get size nines it never works—Ha-cha-cha. You mustn't mind me, it's an old Crosby custom.

Sincerely, Bing.

P. S. That's really my adopted name. I'm really not trying to be funny."

"Dear Santa Claus:

Chimney Christmas . . . comes but once a beer, but so far Christmas has been every day for me, because Christmas *is* like every day. On account of the impression, if you can't bring me anything nice, Mrs. Santa Claus, might do. Bob Taplinger."

And, inasmuch as the good lady took it very much to heart and made a scene without further ado—that is to say, with very much ado about comparatively nothing, there is nothing more to report. Santa Claus, for your information, is henpecked.

This report is respectfully submitted by No. 1313.

The Street Singer

(Continued from page 23)

listeners could decide through the mail.

Of course all this interest and suspense fired him with a new zeal and his interest in radio increased enormously. Certainly he would sign up for a trial period.

And never was a newly discovered prospective radio artist put through a more severe test than was young Tracy during the next few weeks. It was in the midst of last summer's hot spell. Those who tuned in during the mid-afternoon to hear him may have liked him but few took the trouble to write in and say so. One week it rained and the mail increased. The columnists began to mention him favorably in the newspapers. From once a week he went on twice a week, and then four times. The mail increased in proportion.

Suddenly Kate Smith was signed for a commercial program and Bing Crosby was switched from the popular 11 o'clock period to 7 p. m. Who would fill the 11 o'clock spot? The Street Singer had been growing stronger all the time. They decided to give him a try on that period once a week.

Almost everybody knows now that this hitherto radio unknown clicked immediately. Advertisers and advertising agents began making inquiries and even as these lines are being written a series of commercial auditions are scheduled —and of course a strong "commercial" is the aim of every ambitious radio artist. It would seem that the world depression is all over so far as the Street Singer is concerned and Arthur Tracy is destined to take his place on the scroll of the other Columbia immortals—the Downeys, Kate Smiths and Bing Crosbys.

Oh, the radio scout, Ed Wolf? Why he's out scouting for another find, of course.

Just by way of biographical data it might be stated that Arthur Tracy was born in Philadelphia where his father and mother were both prominent in church and club music circles, his father being a well known professional singer. Arthur began singing publicly at ten. At fifteen he bought all the Caruso records and studied the great Italian's technique. When he was eighteen a teacher tried to force his sound volume and as a result he temporarily lost his voice.

For a period of seven months he could scarcely speak above a whisper. It was then he almost gave up his idea of a musical career and matriculated at the University of Pennsylvania to study architecture. His voice came back during the second term and he became active in the glee club and undergraduate musical comedy. . . He soon became better known for his singing than his proficiency as a student of architecture.

At the suggestion of the dean he terminated his campus career at Penn and transferred his activities to the Curtis School of Music where he studied voice and violin. He was tagged by a scout for the Shubert Theatrical Enterprises, sang in *Blossom Time, The Student Prince* and other operettas.

He had five years of theatrical singing and performing as master of ceremonies before the alert manager of Vincent Lopez heard him at that house party and steered him over to CBS. A few weeks ago he was asked to go up in a blimp and sing from the sky through a short-wave hook-up. He hesitated and said he thought the street was the best place for a street singer to do his stuff. Then his best girl poked her finger at him and said he was afraid. He couldn't stand that and went up. Ever since then he has been a flying enthusiast and goes up every chance he can get.

Mills Brothers a Find

(Continued from page 22)

called by his middle name—Flood.

Young Don is the "kid" of the quartet, and he looks as though he is wearing his first pair of long pants. In truth, they are his second pair. Though the youngest, he has the best memory for dates, names and places, and is quick to correct his brothers whenever he deems it necessary.

All the boys were born and raised in Piqua, Ohio. Before their father turned barber, he and their mother sang in vaudeville and wherever they chanced to get an engagement.

The boys began singing together when John was but thirteen and Donald a mere nine. At first they performed for stray pennies, nickels and dimes.—once they received a quarter—but their father, wishing to keep them off the streets, set them up as entertainers in his barbershop. Business doubled, and the Mills were enabled to keep the hovering wolf from the door.

At the same time their three sisters

also were asserting themselves musically. One played the violin, one the piano, and the third sang. Today, two are married and one is a registered nurse. The brothers are particularly emphatic about the "registered." They are quite proud of that.

Finally, the brothers graduated to an engagement in the local opera house. By this time, they had developed that unique "instrumental" harmony which happened quite by accident. John, who just about blew his way along with the trumpet, was offered a job playing the horn in a local colored boys band. Not having one of his own, he tried to borrow one, but failed. It required money to buy a trumpet, and he had none. So he offered to imitate the instrument in the band, for the night's engagement for only half pay. He didn't get the job, but it gave him an idea.

That idea he took to his brothers, and they each picked out several instruments, and listened closely to every orchestra they heard in order to perfect their effects.

The three nights they appeared at the opera house, it rained continuously and heavily, but the place was jammed to the doors at all performances. Each was paid ten dollars a night, making a total of $120 for the Mills' coffers.

AFTERWARD, the family moved to Bellefontaine, and there the youngsters resumed their "readin', writin' and 'rithmetic." John and Herbert were freshmen in high school, and the two younger boys were now in the eighth grade. John played football, and Herbert starred on the track.

Financially speaking, matters weren't so good with the Mills family, and the boys found it necessary to quit school and seek work. That was in 1926, and Harry became a bootblack, John tended flowers in a greenhouse, and Herbert turned hod-carrier. But Don didn't search very strenuously for work—in fact, several times when it almost overtook him, he ran the other way. He preferred to sit at home and watch the others bring home the pay envelopes. At first the other three objected, but then their mother reminded them that Don was the youngest, and too much shouldn't be expected of him.

All the while they were appearing at various smokers, socials and other entertainments. Then last year they moved to Cincinnati where they immediately won a place on WLW, the Crosley 50,000 watt station. Soon they were appearing on thirteen programs weekly, of which four were commercials. Also came theatre engagements, both in vaudeville and movie houses. They learned more and more songs, and in time they could sing from memory more than 130 numbers. And as they require almost two hours to arrange and memorize a tune, it kept them continually busy.

When it was suggested that they make a bid for the "big time" broadcasting in New York, they were a bit dubious as to how they would be received. Then too, they didn't want to leave their Cincinnati home, but finally it was decided they would venture East only if their mother accompanied them. She consented, and to New York and Columbia they came, they sang and, they conquered.

Harry and Don like New York immensely. John and Herbert prefer Cincinnati. John and Herbert left their girls in Cincinnati.

Tuneful Topics

(Continued from page 64)

forts. *Smiles* was a great Ziegfeld show which featured Marillyn Miller, and for which Ziegfeld hoped a great success. The show folded even after every artificial measure of respiration was resorted to.

Similarly as in the case of *The Man I Love,* which survived the flopping of the first appearance of the musical comedy, *Strike Up the Band,* has Youman's composition *Time on My Hands* survived the show in which it first appeared. In fact, even more than that, it seems to be on its way to a hit, as it is constantly requested from our radio fans and Pennsylvania Grill patrons.

We play it at about one minute to the chorus, and to those who would sing the song a word of caution about the last few measures, where there is an unusual construction of melody and words. It has been taken over by the Miller Music Co., a firm which will probably handle all of Ziegfeld's music from now on.

Our Love Song

AS I said in one of our last issues of Tuneful Topics, Byron Gay and I have been working on various novelty ideas with the hope of getting a novelty song which might strike the public fancy. These are really the things that are needed to whet the jaded appetites of radio fans. Were it not for them, musical radio programs played by dance bands would become quite boring indeed.

There is no person more capable of producing this type of song than Byron Gay. Most of the publishers think him rather odd because his ideas are always odd and contrary to the Broadway idea. Byron is a great believer in repetition; witness his repetition of his main theme in his first big hit, *The Vamp,* which he peddled about until it was finally accepted. In fact, in any of his songs one discovers a constant repetition of the main melody or the main idea before it

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is driven home firmly into the public mind.

Byron and I spent many Sunday afternoons before we finally completed the idea itself. The main idea was to see that the song was long enough, and yet not too long. Furthermore, different ideas and themes are introduced throughout it, making it a varied type of composition. As yet, the song is unpublished, and if our few broadcasts of it bring any appreciable response, it will probably find its way to your favorite music counters.

It would be rather useless to describe the song, as it must be heard in order to be appreciated, though it might be said to refer to several different types of songs in different countries or different places. Its fate is in your hands.

When I Look In the Book of My Memory

FOR the past several weeks I have been engaged in making a series of Paramount moving picture shorts, the first of which I think you will find amusing. Two of Tin Pan Alley's cleverest song writers and "idea boys" were called in on these shorts, Sammy Lerner and Sammy Timberg.

Although in the making of the first short we used *A Little Kiss Each Morning,* near the end of the picture we introduced an original song called *Don't Take My Boop-oop-a-doop Away.*

This afternoon, in fact, I am rushing over to Astoria to see the finished print of the short, and the "rushes" I have already seen lead me to believe that it is going to be real entertainment.

Yesterday afternoon I conferred with the director of the shorts I am making, Aubrey Scotto, and our next short, in a collegiate vein, is going to feature another song by the Messrs. Lerner and Timberg called *When I Look in the Book of My Memory.* It is a beautiful waltz with a lovely melody and a fine lyric. I have already introduced it several times on the air, and as soon as Famous Music publishes it the bands that play waltzes will probably bring it to your ears on many an evening's program.

They also have a very cute song called The Rhyming Song, but I will tell you more about that in a future issue of Tuneful Topics, with the belief that the song will be published in the near future.

When I Look in the Book of My Memory is easily one of the best waltzes of the current season.

When It's Sleepy Time Down South

FREED-POWERS music publishing company, which name is more like the name of a group of attorneys or a business house, may boast of one of the best dance songs from a standpoint of rhythm and a different thought in melody in *When It's Sleepy Time Down South.* The composers are new to me; either they are nom de plumes, or strictly amateurs, being Leon Rene, Otis Rene, and Clarence Muse. However, that does not impair the value of the song in any way, shape or manner.

Perhaps one of the finest and most clever renditions of the song is that of Louis Armstrong on his Okeh record of it. I have already mentioned Armstrong, and for the blasé phonograph record listener who wants something different in disc recordings, nearly any Armstrong record in which the inimitable trumpet player and singer gives vent to the feelings within him will do the trick. *I Surrender Dear* usually sends those who listen to it for the first time into gales of laughter; *When It's Sleepy Time Down South,* although not quite as wild as *I Surrender,* nevertheless is one of Louis' masterpieces.

There have followed in the wake of his recording of this song the usual recorded and radio attempts of various of his followers who are featured on the air to sing it in the same way that Louis does. The Brunswick record of Mildred Bailey would seem to show that she was not averse to the Armstrong influence. And I suppose Messrs. Crosby and Colombo will do it a la Armstrong.

Although I have yet to sing *Sleepy Time* on the air, we have played it, perhaps a little too brightly, as befits the orchestral rendition of it, though when sung the tune should be slowed down to about one minute the chorus.

Arthur Freed, of Freed-Powers, was a collaborator with Nacio Herb Brown in the writing of *Broadway Melody, Singing in the Rain, Pagan Love Song, The Doll Dance,* and so many other famous successes.

I Promise You

LITTLE JACK LITTLE turned composer again.

Jack lives in my building, so I feel that I can call him my neighbor. In fact, the building in which I live is often called "Radio City," inasmuch as it houses B. A. Rolfe, of Lucky Strike fame; Carmen Lombardo, of the Lombardo Brothers; Little Jack Little, Claudette Colbert, Ginger Rogers, Jack Capp, of Brunswick records; Scrappy Lambert of the Smith Brothers, and heavens knows just how many more of the radio and phonograph world may be living in pent-houses and nooks and crannies of which I know nothing.

Jack has a most charming wife, whom everyone knows as Tee Little, and I often meet them on the elevator. A short time ago Mrs. Little tendered Jack a lovely birthday dinner, a real surprise party, as he came back from golfing, and nearly everyone from the radio, phonograph and radio columnist world was there.

Carmen Lombardo, Jack Little and I live on the same side of the house, so we are constantly saying "hello" to one another.

During his stay in New York, in which time Jack has been building up an Eastern radio following in the hopes of getting a big commercial, he has written a host of songs which have been impartially placed with various big publishers. This time Jack has given one of his best songs to Phil Kornheiser, who formerly directed the affairs of Leo Feist.

While *I Promise You* may not be the sensational natural hit that Kornheiser needs and is waiting for, yet it is a mighty good song, and Phil's popularity with all the orchestra leaders will result in much broadcasting of it. Watch for it.

We play it quite slowly, at about one minute and five seconds for a chorus.

War Thrills

(Continued from page 15)

—the city that had become my goal on the boat up Long Island Sound in that long ago spring, it seemed, when I talked with an immigrant lad about his own home town.

Czernowitz with its snow white streets and with its dazed populace rubbing its eyes at the liberation that had taken place during the night when the troops of the Tsar had given up the place to fall back across the Pruth River. An unreasoning monster thing that mob, that might take us for spies and do away with us, Dunn was rightly sure. We went through a lot before we reached the river bank and saw a blazing trestle bridge and a burned out pontoon bridge cutting us off from following the retreating Russian Army that we had set out to join.

Then Bob and I shook hands and each promised he would give the other the breaks if one lived through what we were going to attempt, and the other didn't. And never have I met a man who was a better pal in a tight place. In the middle of the river the planks were burned out of the pontoon bridge but the side runners remained. Out on the bridge we started, knowing that the Cossacks were on the other bank in that white whirl that half blotted out the string of low houses across the stream.

Behind us, just back of the hill was Czernowitz, with its pinkish Rathaus and mob—and its shattered illusions of streets and flowers. The Hungarian Hussars were entering the town on one side as we pulled out of the other. Ahead was the swirl of the river with

the yawning gap where the planks were gone. And just beyond was the Russian rear guard, ready to engage the enemy. My right hand was in my pocket to raise a white handkerchief should a Russian fire on us and miss.

From the furnace of the blazing trestle bridge to the left, intermittent gusts of smoke came blowing across us until we reached the yawning middle of the pontoon bridge. Here the icy current swirled through the gap where the retreating Russians had burned out the cross-planks. But there was enough of the charred runners on each side to give us a chance to cross if we didn't slip or lose our balance.

This feat concerned us more than the Austrian Hussars behind and the Cossacks ahead until we reached the cross-planks on the other side of the gap. Then heart-pulsing paces until we stepped off upon the crunching snow and started to scramble up the slippery bank ahead.

Some shaggy figure moved in the doorway of a battered, burned house. It was a Cossack with carbine unslung. We were ready for the *Kto-to idyot* challenge. The fellow eyed us, but did not give it. Instead he peered back across the river. To the life and death hazard with which he was about to come to grips. He was the farthest outpost of the rear-guard, and things would be hot enough for him any minute now.

We held our breaths and passed him —we were inside the Russian lines!

Cossack horses behind a row of low houses along the river. More Cossacks on the road ahead. Hours of high adventure; until, by night, we had joined fortunes with the retreating army of the Tsar. But that is another story.

Read another adventure tale by Tom Curtin in the January Radio Digest.

Wayne King

(Continued from page 12)

waukee, recently and Hanson, head waiter, wrote Wayne a note thanking him for producing work for additional waiters and kitchen help. . .

Composes popular songs in spare time . . . some of his successes include: "The Waltz You Saved for Me" . . . "Until the End" . . . "Beautiful Love" . . . and now a great novelty hit, "Goofus" . . . often said Wayne makes his saxophone talk . . . friends say he endeavors to attain a certain expressionistic tone enabling him to almost speak the words of the song . . . puts a great deal of feeling into his playing . . . often closes his eyes while doing a solo . . . lives each number.

Great sportsman . . . hunts, fishes, plays good golf, and is a great aviation enthusiast . . . owns and pilots his own Stinson-Detroiter cabin plane . . . surprised friends a few months ago by flying to Denver with Bill Stein, the flying MCA vice-president, as passenger.

Wayne is a bachelor . . . young too, only 31 years old . . . recently acquired a home in Highland Park where he lives with his valet, his dog, 150 pipes, and music . . . Jean Harlow, the platinum blonde, once was a Wayne King admirer . . . Edna Torrence, the dancer, still is . . . surprised intimates the other day by buying a farm in northern Wisconsin . . . 640 acres located on a lake . . . much speculation about it . . . some say it will be his bachelor retreat with aviation field, fish and game preserve . . . a baton-brandisher with brains.

Lew White

(Continued from page 28)

before him in rolling grandeur. There were majestic sweeps and thunderous rumbles as of distant mountain storms. His mind flashed a vision of the bridge. The sound and the bridge certainly had a definite affinity. At last the problem was solved—if this same music could be reproduced there.

"Who was this man White?" Mr. Temple asked himself. He would like to know more about him. Later he said he would go out to see a picture show but would come back again to discusss what could be done about the records. He went over to the Roxy theatre—the greatest motion picture theatre in the world. He found that Lew White had been the featured organist there for four years. And from the same source he discovered that Lew White's records had sold into the millions to all parts of the world. So there could be no question about his ability to put the beautiful harmonies of the pipe organ in the records. But how would he manage to do it?"

That evening John again called by appointment at the studios. He thought he had stumbled into a social affair when he entered and was about to excuse himself to say that he would come again. But he was told this was the usual gaiety he would find there at night and to join and make himself at home. He joined in, and found out that Broadway was not cold, high hat and aloof toward strangers from other parts of the country. Of course the guests were really there on business. They were rehearsing or actually on the air—and between times having a good time together.

"I'm sold on the record idea," he said later in the evening to Lew, "but where do you make these records? I'd like to have this very organ, your own pet organ do the job if possible without having to depend on some recording company's instrument."

"Exactly," smiled Lew, "we do it right here in the studios."

Again the visitor was surprised because he had imagined the records were made in some kind of a factory where they turned them out like so many china plates in a pottery.

"Now what would you like to have me record?" asked Lew.

"There you have me stopped, young man. Don't you suppose you could break away for a few days and come down to the Natural Bridge and get your own ideas, just from seeing it and getting the feel of it?"

Not many understand the real art of showmanship better than Lew White. He knew exactly how John Temple felt, and he knew that John was right. To do the presentation adequately he would have to see and get the feel of it. So he arranged to make the visit.

Natural Bridge astonished Lew White even though he had traveled back and forth across the continent many times on his concert tours. A great towering arch between the Blue Ridge Mountains and the Alleghanies. He moved in and out of shadow and gazed upward from below and down from above. He got the feel that John had told him about. As a result he afterward recorded *The Seven Stages of Creation*, based on the Bible story.

HE NOW considers this among the greatest achievements of his career. When tourists visit Natural Bridge they hear this superlative expression of the soul within a mighty organ as it rolls through the valley and reverberates from one great crag to another. The heart of a man lifts in praise to the Creator through the throat of a great organ, and the organ gives voice to the inarticulate hymn of Nature. The reproduction is perfect.

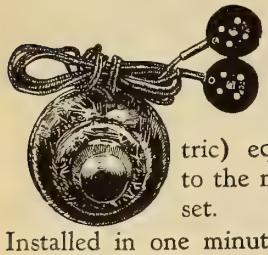
And hospitality? John Temple and his associates who backed the enterprise gave Lew White the time of his life; they did the noble state of Virginia proud in full justice to all traditions of the past.

It was the late Victor Herbert who eyed the young Lew White just coming into prominence. The old composer was foot weary and nearing the end of the road, but he paused to say that the young man would some day become, according to all portents, the greatest master of the pipe organ. He based his tribute on the younger man's tense eagerness to study and understand his art. For fifteen years Lew White has adhered to the same schedule of study.

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Sherlock Holmes

(Continued from page 27)

was abandoned."

Broadway, and then the circuits Richard Gordon soon became known across the footlights from coast to coast. In 1913 he was the "heavy" with Nance O'Neill; in 1917, the lead with Violet Heming in *The Frame*. Before the year was out he joined Florence Moore in *Parlor, Bedroom and Bath*. Emily Anne Wellman, who became his life partner, was his stage partner in Orpheum vaudeville during 1921. Again he played "heavy" in the play *Aloma* in 1925. As recent as 1929 he played with Ethel Barrymore in *The Kingdom of God*. Since then he has been coming down from the sky in innumerable radio productions from the National Broadcasting Company studios in New York.

Mellow and jovial was this midnight hour with Sherlock Holmes. Congenial fellows and a delightful host. And I smiled to think the police had consulted him as to his theories concerning such frightful crimes as the Starr Faithfull murder and the Collings case. What could Dick Gordon know about criminology? Why, thieves even pilfered his automobile as it was parked outside the NBC studios and he hardly thought it worth while to report the matter to the police.

Should one pull down the shades and turn out the lights while listening to a Sherlock Holmes program? By all means, and let your imagination run riot. But don't forget this real man behind the Sherlock Holmes voice is a regular fellow with a heart twice as big as his two fists.

Gabalogue

(Continued from page 53)

Stevens, a gossip; Flora May Barbert, school-teacher, and Delia, Mrs. Jones' Irish maid, among other characters in the rural sketch. Miss Gordon is probably the best character actress on the air today and has enough voices to play the entire sketch alone . . . even doing her own announcing for good measure. She is young, pretty and dark and is married to an insurance broker. She has a five-year-old son. Her interpretation of Sneed Yager and his contagious giggle is one of the high spots of the sketch.

Edward Whitney, who is Bill Perkins, Judge Whipple and Grandpa Overbrook on the ether waves, is a bachelor, middle-aged and has white hair. He speaks in either a high-pitched voice or a gruff sort of a grunt. He also appears in "Harbor Lights," "Death Valley Days" and "The Esso Hour."

The part of Fred Tibbets, the local barber, and that of Tony, Mrs. Jones' gardener, are both played by G. Underhill Macy. Mr. Macy has been on the legitimate stage and was in vaudeville for many years.

Phoebe Mackaye, who is Mrs. Effie Watts, the boarding-house keeper, is a tall, striking-looking English girl. Her father was an officer in the royal army and was attached to Buckingham Palace.

Tommy Brown, no relation to George Frame, was in short trousers when he joined the cast of "Real Folks." He portrays the part of Elmer Thompkins, nephew by adoption to the Thompkins'. He is a handsome, unspoiled young man now, and is a real actor. He is fifteen years old and was recently graduated from the Professional Children's School.

Who is Mrs. Jones. Well, turn down the lights, shut the windows, draw your chair up and listen. Mrs. Jones is none other than Mayor Thompkins, George Frame Brown himself, in pusson.

THAT'S a great trio who contribute the Dutch Masters weekly program for the Consolidated Cigar Company on NBC. The entertainers are Walter Scanlon, Billy Murray and Marcella Shields. Walter Scanlon and Billy Murray were minstrel men together twenty years ago. Murray was one of the first stage artists to make phonograph records. Walter Scanlon sang the leading role in Victor Herbert's operetta, "Eileen," and has appeared in several Arthur Hammerstein musical productions. Marcella Shields made her stage debut at the age of five and has played with Maude Adams, Fay Bainter, DeWolf Hopper, "Absolutely, Mr. Gallagher, Positively Mr. Shean" and innumerable other well-known stars.

Oh yes, I must tell you about Jeff Sparks, the youthful NBC announcer. Just as George Frame Brown got his start in radio by ridiculing radio . . . so did Jeff Sparks get his break by ridiculing announcers.

It all happened six years ago, when Jeff and two other fellows built a station at Brighton Beach. Just for a laugh, Jeff was appointed announcer after giving a hilarious burlesque performance on how the well-behaved announcer does not behave. Jeff soon found out he liked the post and settled down to his task in all seriousness. He secured a job with WPCH where besides announcing, he also played the ukelele and sang. In 1930 he joined NBC's staff of announcers.

Jeff Sparks is but 26 years of age, is five feet eight inches in height and weighs 170 pounds. He has dark eyes and hair and has a compelling personality that wins for him the friendship of everyone he meets.

WGAR



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WGAR, a new Station for Cleveland, less than a year old, has won the immediate favor of listeners throughout the greater Cleveland area. Mainly because it brought to them for the first time, regular reliable reception of Amos 'n Andy, and other popular blue network features.

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WGAR reaches this lucrative market at less cost per person than any other medium

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It's a good practice to buy Old Dutch Cleanser three packages at a time. Keep it in the kitchen, bathroom and laundry—in these handy service holders. You can obtain them easily. For each holder, clip the windmill panel from an Old Dutch Cleanser label, and mail with 10c, your name and address.



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Radio Digest

JANUARY, 1932 25 Cents



CONNIE BOSWELL, CBS

Stokowski · Vallée · Sousa · Perkins

PYORRHEA

creeps upon its victims unawares



IT is the pernicious nature of pyorrhea to infect the mouth as long as ten years before the victim knows it. This dread disease of the gums comes to four people out of five past forty.

Not content with robbing humanity of half of all adult teeth lost, it also breeds virulent poisons which it sends coursing throughout the entire system to undermine the individual's general health.

Starting at the "tartar line," where teeth meet gums, the infection works *down* the roots; and often before it is recognized, pyorrhea becomes so deeply entrenched that all the skill of your dentist is called for to save your teeth and health.

Don't wait for warning; start using Forhan's now

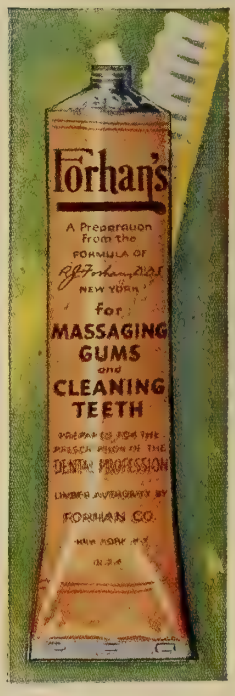
Usually pyorrhea creeps on us unawares. Don't wait for those fearsome warnings, tenderness and bleeding gums. Once established, pyorrhea cannot be cured by Forhan's or any other toothpaste. That's why it is far wiser to protect and prevent *before* the trouble starts. See your dentist *now,* and visit him at least twice a year regularly.

And in your home, brush your teeth and massage your gums, morning and night, with Forhan's. This remarkable dentifrice is unique in that it contains Forhan's Pyorrhea Astringent, an ethical preparation, developed by Dr. R. J. Forhan, which thousands of dentists use in the treatment of pyorrhea. The Forhan formula was the outgrowth of Dr. Forhan's 26 years of specialization in the treatment of this disease.

Guard the teeth you have

Countless people today are self-conscious and unhappy with false teeth. Don't risk the danger of losing *your* teeth. They are a priceless possession and deserve the finest care. Start with Forhan's today. It is as fine a dentifrice as money can buy. You can make no wiser investment in the health of your mouth and the safety of your teeth. Forhan Company, Inc., New York; Forhan's Ltd., Montreal.

FALSE TEETH ARE A GREAT INVENTION *BUT* KEEP YOUR OWN AS LONG AS YOU CAN



Forhan's

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

False teeth often follow pyorrhea, which comes to four people out of five past the age of 40

Big Pay Jobs for Trained RADIO Men

5000 Service Men Needed



ACTUAL PHOTOGRAPH OF STUDENTS WORKING IN SERVICE DEPT. OF COYNE RADIO SHOPS

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THE NATIONAL BROADCAST AUTHORITY

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Printed in U. S. A.

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Including RADIO REVUE and RADIO BROADCAST

Raymond Bill, Editor



VIRGINIA FLOHRI, dark-eyed and soulful, brings instant sympathy and feeling in the heart of the listener through her well modulated soprano voice as she sings at KFI-KECA, Los Angeles. She is regarded as one of the most popular radio personalities on the Pacific Coast.

January, 1932

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HELENE CARLIN appeared as guest artist on an NBC program in New York, and the next day had a call from Harry Reser, the Eskimo chief. She soon became a regular feature and her voice may now properly be reckoned as one of the elect of radio. She is heard regularly on the network.



LILLIAN SHADE, who won her first national fame as a moving picture star, recently made her radio debut over a Columbia coast-to-coast broadcast in a Radio Roundup program. Her voice proved especially suitable for the air and a sponsored series is said to be in the offing.



TAMARA, the great Russian songbird, wanted to have a try over the American radio system. Rudy Vallee heard about it and invited her to share one of his Fleischmann programs. She did so, was thrilled and has come to the conclusion that broadcasting is a very fine medium of art.

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63 FOREIGN COUNTRIES

get dependable 'round the world reception with SCOTT ALL-WAVE RECEIVERS



Darkened areas show the foreign countries in which Scott All-Wave Receivers are depended on for radio contact with the rest of the world.

Not only in America, is the Scott All-Wave supplying an entirely new concept of radio performance. In other lands too—in difficult spots, this receiver is doing equally sensational work. For instance, atmospheric conditions are so bad in the Canary Islands that reception there has always been considered almost impossible. Scott All-Wave Receivers located in the Canary Islands, bring in stations 9,000 and 10,000 miles away with good clarity and volume. But it is the underlying reason for such amazing performance that interests *you!*

The Scott All-Wave Receiver is so powerful and so sensitive, that when operated with the volume turned way down below the noise level, there is still more than enough sensitivity to give ample loud speaker reproduction of signals originating 9,000 and 10,000 miles away. This is one of the main reasons why Scott All-Wave Receivers are being used with complete success in 63 foreign countries today—why Scott owners in *this* country can tune 'round the world with their receivers whenever they choose—and why YOU will want a Scott!

What is the Difference that makes the Scott All-Wave so much Better?

The Scott All-Wave is not a factory product. It is built in the laboratory by experts and to laboratory exactness. Physical measurements are by the micrometer—electrical measurements are computed to the smallest fractions—each nut and bolt, each wire, and each operation, no matter how small, is performed by a man with a thorough technical understanding of radio.

The result is a precision-built receiver capable of doing things that factory-built receivers can never hope to do. The result is sensitivity so great that Chicago owners can listen to G5SW, Chelmsford, England; 12R0, Rome; VK3ME, Sydney; HRB, Honduras; and many others any day they choose. The result is also perfect 10 Kilocycle selectivity. No "cross talk." And the resulting tone is nothing short of downright *realism*—full, round and natural.

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8. BRITISH OCEANIA
9. CANADA
10. CANAL ZONE
11. CANARY ISLANDS
12. CHILE
13. CHINA
14. COLOMBIA
15. COSTA RICA
16. CUBA
17. CZECHOSLOVAKIA
18. DOMINICAN REPUBLIC
19. ECUADOR
20. EGYPT
21. ENGLAND
22. FINLAND
23. FRANCE
24. FRENCH WEST AFRICA
25. FRENCH WEST INDIES
26. GERMANY
27. GREECE
28. GUATEMALA
29. HAITI
30. HAWAII
31. HONDURAS
32. INDIA
33. ITALY
34. JAMAICA
35. JAPAN
36. MALTA
37. MEXICO
38. NETHERLANDS
39. NETHERLAND EAST INDIES
40. NETHERLAND WEST INDIES
41. NEW ZEALAND
42. NICARAGUA
43. NORTH AFRICA
44. NORWAY
45. PANAMA
46. PERU
47. PHILIPPINE ISLANDS
48. POLAND
49. PORTO RICO
50. PORTUGAL
51. SALVADOR
52. SAMOA ISLANDS
53. SCOTLAND
54. SIAM
55. SOUTHERN RODESIA
56. SPAIN
57. SWITZERLAND
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News, Views *and* Comment

By Robert L. Kent

NEWS popping all over the map . . . as Floyd Gibbons, the great headline hunter would say. And one bit of news is that Floyd, at this writing, is in Japan, making arrangements to go into Manchuria. Few men have experienced the thrills that have been the lot of America's most famous war correspondent, and evidently the lure of strange places and danger has proved too much for him to resist. It has been said that he will broadcast via shortwave from the Manchurian plains.

And speaking about shortwave broadcasting . . . so great is the interest in this that the British Broadcasting Corporation, which controls all broadcasting in Great Britain, is planning to erect a shortwave Empire station. The programs emanating from foreign countries which you have received through your radio all were first broadcast via shortwave and then picked up on this side of the Atlantic and rebroadcast through the regular channels. This new British station will serve not only great Britain but all British colonies.

All sound creates vibration. There was once a singer whose voice was so powerful that he could break a window when he sang. This makes the biblical story about Joshua and the walls of Jericho seem very real. Bugles, you know, played a very important part in Joshua's amazing feat. Scientists declare that the musical vibrations caused the destruction of the wall. And to further demonstrate the power of music, in the laboratory of a mid-western university scientists have been experimenting with musical sounds in extinguishing flames and they have put out candles merely by playing music.

And what has all this to do with radio broadcasting? Well, believe it or not (apologies to Bob Ripley), there is an actor in France, M. Raimu by name, who smashes microphones when he talks. The microphone membranes are very delicate and they split because they are unable to withstand the frequency range of his voice. Technicians are experimenting to develop a tougher mike.

Radio, it seems, is invading all spheres of modern life. American Airways, operating transcontinental plane service, keeps in immediate touch with its planes and fields through its private radio-telephone network . . . plans have been completed by the police department of New York City for a complete radio system that will enable the department to flash messages to 250 squad cars cruising throughout the greater city. Crime pays less and less as police methods become more modern. And in Great Britain, too, new uses for radio are making life safer and more enjoyable. Consideration is being given to the matter of equipping fast lifeboat cruisers with radio-telephone apparatus. These ships would patrol the entire British Coast in bad weather.

Who is the most popular radio artist? Your guess is as good as mine but we are trying to find out. That personally autographed photograph offer we make to listeners on pages 6 and 7 is flooding us with requests for pictures. Rudy Vallee leads all the other artists in popularity, if the demand by listeners for his picture means anything. Gene and Glenn are a very close second. It is rather early to judge the relative popularity of these artists but we shall tell you more about it next month. Anyway, if you have a favorite and you want his or her picture you had better read the rules and get busy because we don't know how long we will be able to continue this offer.

The "craze" for big names on the radio continues. Many program sponsors as well as broadcasting stations seem to work on the theory that simply because a person has achieved a reputation in some other field he will gain instantaneous listener popularity. The result has been many uninteresting programs. Needless to say, the lack of enthusiasm on the part of listeners has resulted in the quick elimination of these dull "radio hours." The listener is in the rider's seat. Express your opinions of the programs you hear. Only in that way can you be an active factor in the campaign for better programs. Advertising agencies, sponsors and broadcasting stations are trying to please you. If they have failed they want to know it. Tell them. Send your letters of criticism to me. I will forward them to the right persons.

The "Tell a Friend" campaign is adding many names to Radio Digest's army of readers. Have you told a friend? Will you? All right, here is the idea. Simply tell a friend about Radio Digest. By doing this you will help us to bring our message of better radio entertainment to a wider following.

Also don't fail to cast your vote in the Radio Digest campaign for the Beauty Queen of American Radio. You will find a ballot on page 32 of last month's issue and further details on page 32 of this issue of R. D.

Happy and prosperous New Year to you all.

I will train you at home to fill a BIG PAY Radio Job!



Here's Proof



$100 a week

"My earnings in Radio are many times greater than I ever expected they would be when I enrolled. They seldom fall under $100 a week. If your course cost four or five times more I would still consider it a good investment."

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Jumped from $35 to $100 a week

"Before I entered Radio I was making $35 a week. Last week I earned $110 servicing and selling Radios. I owe my success to N. R. I. You started me off on the right foot."

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3107 S. Grand Blvd.,
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St. Louis, Mo.



$500 extra in 6 months

"In looking over my records I find I made $500 from January to May in my spare time. My best week brought me $107. I have only one regret regarding your course—I should have taken it long ago."

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If you are earning a penny less than $50 a week, send for my book of information on the opportunities in Radio. It is free. Clip the coupon NOW. Why be satisfied with $25, $30 or $40 a week for longer than the short time it takes to get ready for Radio?

Radio's growth opening hundreds of $50, $75, $100 a week jobs every year

In about ten years Radio has grown from a $2,000,000 to a $1,000,000,000 industry. Over 300,000 jobs have been created. Hundreds more are being opened every year by its continued growth. Many men and young men with the right training—the kind of training I give you—are stepping into Radio at two and three times their former salaries.

You have many jobs to choose from

Broacasting stations use engineers, operators, station managers and pay $1,200 to $5,000 a year. Manufacturers continually need testers, inspectors, foremen, engineers, service men, buyers, for jobs paying up to $7,500 a year. Radio Operators on ships enjoy life, see the world, with board and lodging free, and get good pay besides. Dealers and jobbers employ service men, salesmen, buyers, managers, and pay $30 to $100 a week. There are many other opportunities too. My book tells you about them.

So many opportunities many N. R. I. men make $200 to $1,000 in spare time while learning

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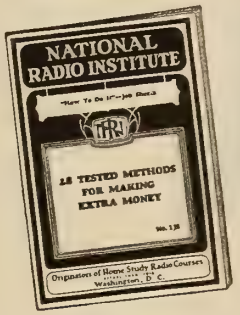
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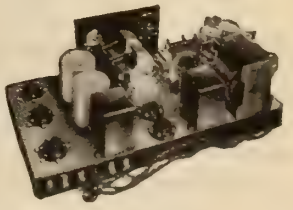


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Breen and de Rose
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Cheerio
Chuck, Ray and Gene
Clara, Lu and Em
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Russ Columbo
Phil Cook
Lew Conrad
Jesse Crawford
Bing Crosby
Milton J. Cross
Louis Dean
Vaughn de Leath
Emery Deutsch
Peter Dixon & Aline Berry
(Raising Junior)
Three Doctors
Morton Downey
Jessica Dragonette
Douglas Evans
Catherine Field
Edna Fischer
John Fogarty
Fray & Braggiotti
Gene and Glenn
Irma Glenn
Alois Havrilla
Bill Hay
Doc Herrold
George Hicks
Ted Husing
Harry Horlick
Jolly Bill and Jane
H. V. Kaltenborn
Theo Karle
Jean Paul King
Wayne King
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Landt Trio and White
Ann Leaf
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Jacques Renard
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Freddie Rich
Kenneth Roberts
David Ross
Lanny Ross
Singin' Sam
Sanderson and Crumit
Domenico Savino
Toscha Seidel
Sisters of the Skillet
(East and Dumke)
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Vincent Sorey
Street Singer
Stebbins Boys
Carlyle Stevens
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Lowell Thomas
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Adele Vasa
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Coming *and* Going

Observations on Events and Incidents in the Broadcasts of the Month

IT IS customary at the first of the new year to recapitulate some of the high points of the year that has just come to a close.

What would you consider the most outstanding evolution of radio during 1931? Probably many would answer with the one word, "Television." All that seemed hopeful may not have matured as expected. Nevertheless real programs with real talent are being televised by regular schedule every day from the larger metropolitan centers. And that's something. When it is possible to sell time for television the same as it is sold for audio broadcasting we will see other pronounced developments.

We have been presented with some new vocalists. The chains have gone in for baritones. New names have flashed across the sky in a blaze of glory. Stage celebrities have made more friends during a few weeks of broadcasting than by years of stellar performance over the footlights.

American broadcasters have brought us voices from other nations all around the world. We have heard thoughts first hand from the greatest thinkers in all the world. We have heard presidents and potentates who rule all the great masses of civilization. They have talked to us in our own homes. We have heard the supreme artists by voice and instruments. World leaders in science, literature and philosophy have given us of themselves through the radio.

In fact there is scarcely anything in the realm of culture or sheer entertainment which the most fastidious could imagine that has not been provided.

From the vantage point of January 1st the Year 1932 bodes well for the listener. Competition for his attention was never keener. He is being surveyed and analyzed. His desires are being studied by experts. If he does not get what he wants it will not be for the lack of investment of brains, cash, talent and time.

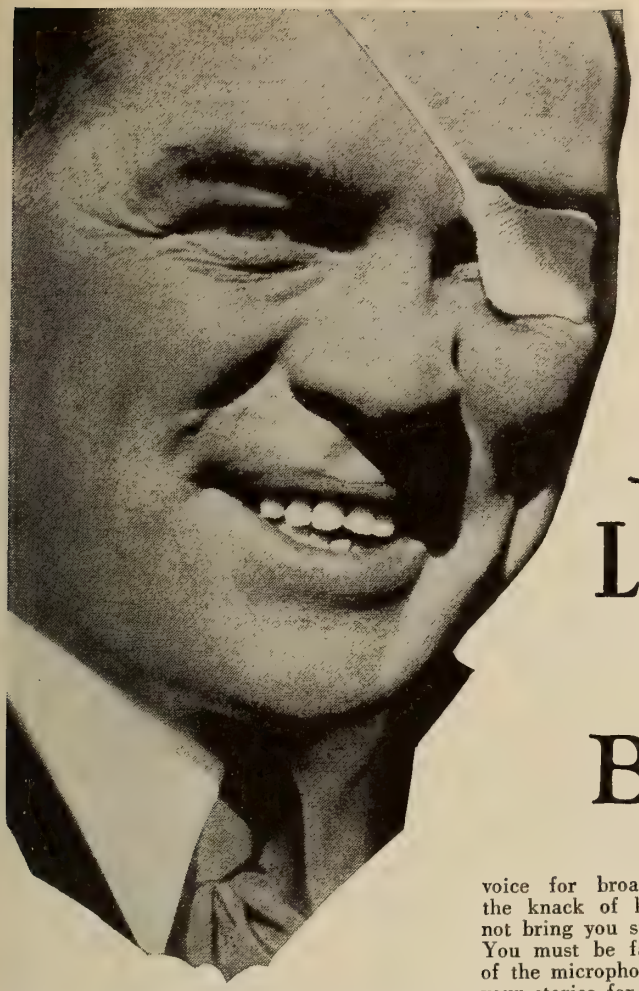
* * *

JACK FOSTER, radio editor of the World-Telegram, New York, completed a poll of 132 radio editors scattered over the United States and Canada on December 5th as to the All-American broadcasting staff. The questions, of which there were 24, also included opinions as to the outstanding broadcasts. A summary of the results might properly be included in this department of Coming and Going. The questions and answers are briefly tabulated as follows:

1. The three foremost dance orchestras. Ans. Guy Lombardo, Paul Whiteman and Ben Bernie.
2. The three foremost symphony orchestras. Ans. Philadelphia, Philharmonic-Symphony and Walter Damrosch.
3. The three foremost male singers of popular songs. Ans. Morton Downey, Bing Crosby and Rudy Vallée.
4. The three foremost women singers of popular songs. Ans. Kate Smith, Ruth Etting and Mildred Bailey.
5. The three foremost male singers of classical or semi-classical songs. Ans. James Melton, John Charles Thomas, Frank Munn.
6. The three foremost women singers of classical or semi-classical songs. Ans. Jessica Dragonette, Virginia Rea, Olga Albani.
7. The foremost feminine harmony team. Ans. Boswell Sisters.
8. The foremost male harmony team. Ans. Revelers.
9. The foremost dialogue act. Ans. Amos 'n' Andy *(77 votes with the Goldbergs second with 10 votes. Who said A. & A. were slipping? Editor.)*
10. The foremost master of ceremonies. Ans. Ben Bernie.
11. The three foremost sports announcers. Ans. Ted Husing, Graham McNamee and Bill Munday.
12. The three foremost studio announcers. Ans. Milton J. Cross, David Ross and John S. Young.
13. The foremost commentator on news, life, morals, and the like. Ans. Lowell Thomas.
14. The foremost organist. Ans. Jesse Crawford.
15. The foremost instrumental soloist. Ans. Toscha Seidel.
16. The three foremost all-dramatic programs. Ans. Sherlock Holmes (25), March of Time (24) and Radio Guild (15).
17. The three foremost musical programs. Ans. Erno Rapee with Virginia Rea (Olive Palmer), and Frank Munn (Paul Oliver); (2) Rosario Bourdon Orchestra with Jessica Dragonette (*Cities Service*); Walter Winchell with dance orchestra (*Lucky Strike*); Eddie Cantor with Dave Rubinoff.
18. The foremost comedy act. Ans. The Gloomchasers.
19. The foremost children's program. Ans. Lady Next Door, Madge Tucker.
20. The foremost program offering advice to women in home. Ans. Ida Bailey Allen. *(Regular contributor to Radio Digest.)*
21. Three entertainers from stage most successful in broadcasting. Ans. Eddie Cantor, Ruth Etting and Julia Sanderson.
22. (A) The outstanding news broadcast of all time. Ans. Lindbergh reception after flight to Paris.
22. (B) The outstanding studio broadcast of all time. Ans. President's Unemployment Program.
23. (A) Outstanding news broadcast this year. Ans. Opening of Papal Station.
23. (B) Outstanding studio broadcast this year. Ans. President's Unemployment Program.
24. Which program now off the air would you like to see return. Ans. Josef Pasternack's Sunday night concerts with Metropolitan stars.

Do the readers of Radio Digest agree with the opinions expressed by these radio editors? There may be an opportunity for you to express yourself as a non-professional listener through these columns in the February Radio Digest. It is gratifying in the light of these figures to note that Radio Digest has been keeping you posted with pictures and stories about the notables. Miss Dragonette, who stood 208 points to 113 points above her nearest competitor, was pictured on our last month's cover, and we have a feature about her in this issue. Sherlock Holmes also was featured in our December number. Radio Digest has published more about Amos 'n' Andy than any other periodical printed. Ben Bernie has been featured in both the December and the current issue. Kate Smith and Morton Downey have been featured in serial articles recently. Stokowski of the Philadelphia Orchestra is featured in the current issue. Lombardo has been featured several times. So, dear reader, if you really want to keep posted the moral is obvious.

H. P. B.



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Last year alone, more than $31,000,000 was expended for talent before the microphone to entertain and educate the American people. The estimated number of announcers, speakers, musicians, actors, etc., who perform yearly at the 600 or more American Broadcasting Stations is well over 300,000 persons.

The Fastest Growing Medium in the World

The biggest advertisers in the country recognize the business strength of Broadcasting. They rely on it more and more for publicity, promotion and sales work. They are seeking new ideas, new talent every day.

If you are good at thinking up ideas; if your voice shows promise for announcing or singing; if you can play an instrument; if you can sell or write; if you possess hidden talents that could be turned to profitable broadcasting purposes, you can qualify for a job inside or outside of the Studio. Let Floyd Gibbons show you how to capitalize your hidden talents!

No matter how much latent ability you possess—it is useless in Radio unless you know the technique of Broadcasting. Unless you know how to get a try-out. How to confront the microphone. How to lend color, personality, sincerity and clearness to your voice.

Merely the ability to sing is not sufficient. It must be coupled with the art of knowing how to get the most out of your voice for broadcasting purposes. Merely the knack of knowing how to write will not bring you success as a radio dramatist. You must be familiar with the limitations of the microphone, and know how to adapt your stories for effective radio presentation. It is not enough to have a good voice, to be able to describe things, to know how to sell. Broadcasting presents very definite problems, and any talent, no matter how great, must be adapted to fit the special requirements for successful broadcasting.

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Broadcast History is Being Made by

Stokowski

Famous Conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra Departs From Beaten Paths — Creates Special Devices, Presents New Exotic Programs—If Music and Science Fail He Can Qualify as a Cake Maker

By Mildred Martin

RADIO has brought the fulfillment of two of his most cherished and often expressed desires to Leopold Stokowski, the famous blond conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra . . . no applause and an invisible orchestra and conductor.

Perhaps these stand substantially among the reasons that have caused radio to create such interest and enthusiasm in the breast of Mr. Stokowski. Still another reason is that it has given him definite rhyme and reason for dabbling in science, a field that has long held his attention and has caused him to remark half-whimsically, half-seriously, "Oh, didn't you know? I should rather be a scientist than a conductor!"

Living up to Mr. Stokowski's desire (of necessity), the occasions upon which the Philadelphia Orchestra has broadcast have not been shattered by "that strange sound people make when they beat their hands together," but the music and its vibrations have been allowed to linger undisturbed in the air. The thousands of letters sent after one of these broadcast concerts expressing pleasure and enjoyment of the music are of far more interest to Mr. Stokowski than the so-called "ovations" that take place noisily in the concert hall.

"We work so hard to give you our music," says Stokowski. "With sound we paint for you pictures upon a mirror of silence. This curious custom of beating hands destroys the vibrations of beauty that we have just created. When you stand before a beautiful painting you do not applaud it. But if that painting were framed in ugly red lights that glared into your eyes it would have the same effect to me that applause has after a great symphony or a wonderful piece of music."

As a result of his interest in radio Stokowski has brought to radio audiences unique and unusual things quite outside the general kind of standard programs that are given. Last season he brought Strawinsky's "Le Sacre du Printemps" to his audiences of the air, and this year Kurt Weill's "Lindbergh's Flight," a part of Alban Berg's pathological opera, "Wozzeck" and opera-oratorio, "Oedipus Rex."

Concert audiences to whom Mr. Stokowski's perfectly and expensively tailored back and humming-bird hand are definite parts of the performance, would be astonished could they peep behind the microphone during a broadcast. Instead of the sober black evening or afternoon clothes, they would find Mr. Stokowski in tan golf knickers, probably coatless and almost certainly minus his cravat and with his shirt open at the throat.

WITH the thoroughness that marks anything that Mr. Stokowski undertakes, he has not been satisfied to remain a mere outsider in anything that excites his interest. And so he has not left the mechanical side of radio to those who deal with the technical difficulties where most artists are concerned. Instead, Stokowski has gone into the laboratory and has studied the scientific side of broadcasting. At some of the orchestra's broadcasts this past season he has even gone so far as to have the electrical controls in his own hands, as well as the conducting of the orchestra itself.

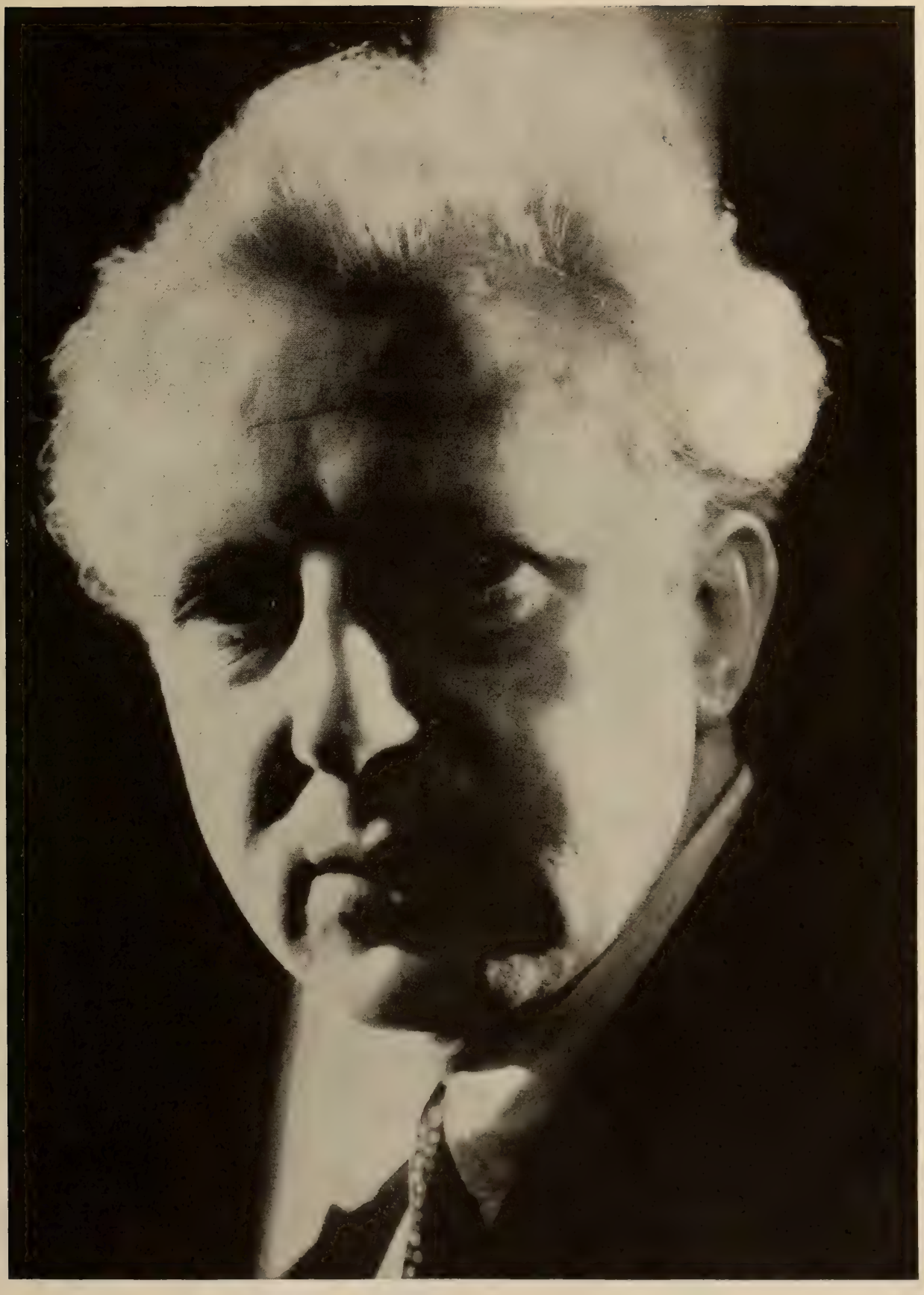
Each new broadcast has been a source of deeper understanding and knowledge of radio's technical peculiarities and difficulties to Stokowski. Beginning his first series of broadcasts with the entire personnel of the orchestra, he cut it down sharply last season, using only about fifty percent of the men. Asked why he did this, Stokowski said, "Through the marvels possible through amplification, I believe that we can obtain far finer results by using fewer men and having the volume increased mechanically."

Perched high in the Academy of Music in Philadelphia is Mr. Stokowski's own laboratory where he conducts his experiments. Often the Friday afternoon or Saturday night audiences wonder to see a microphone hung above the stage, not realizing that ways for improved broadcasting are continually being tried by the maestro.



Stokowski believes that there is still much to be done in this field. Also that much that has already been accomplished has not yet been given to the public.

"Broadcasting as it now stands," he says, "is like a man with his head cut off at the neck, with his body cut off at the knees and with his arms amputated. They already know how to overcome many



Leopold Stokowski

BLOND, tall, thin and not nearly so severe as he appears in this picture the conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra prefers silence to applause . . . and he sheds his formal raiment for light tans and knickers as soon as the concert is finished.

of its faults, but it is again a case of 'Big Business' holding back the scientist. There are already known ways for overcoming the greater amount of static and interference if the business men would only allow us to go ahead as fast as these discoveries are made."

To know the real Stokowski is to know not the mythical person that legend and wagging tongues have created, but an extremely simple, warmly magnetic person with a restless, active and thoroughly practical mind. Stokowski's feet are, fortunately, planted firmly upon the earth though his head and emotions may tread the realm of the stars.

He is vastly amused by some of the stories that have been circulated about him and can repeat many of them with enjoyment and a twinkling sense of humor.

At one time he had a German cook with a passion for music and a particular interest in hearing Fritz Kreisler upon one of the occasions he was to play in Philadelphia. Mr. Stokowski arranged seats for his musical ruler of the kitchen and upon returning home asked her how she had liked Kreisler's playing. The cook eyed him solemnly and delivered herself of the weighty observation that "Mr. Kreisler's trousers were too short."

"Such an attitude," said Stokowski, "is all too universal. While you are lifted to the heights and you think that the audience is there with you too, all they often see is that 'your trousers are too short'!"

SOMETHING over a year ago excitement spread through musical circles at the rumor that Stokowski had written a symphony of his own. Recently he was asked if he had ever really completed this symphony.

"Oh, yes," said he, "and I have had the orchestra play it. But I shall never present it publicly," and his eyes flashed. "I have had my fun from hearing it, but you know what audiences and critics are like. They would say that as a composer I was a good conductor!"

Music and radio are by no means all of Stokowski's interests. At the moment he is deeply concerned with the new Temple of Music to be built in Philadelphia, and he has definite ideas and plans for the creation of a perfect home for the arts. Stokowski has opinions and practical suggestions concerning the accoustics, the lighting, the size, shape and mechanical facilities of the stage and artistic ideas for the color scheme of the house as well as the practicability of the unseen orchestra and conductor.

Whimsically this tall good looking director smiles and says that his cooking is perhaps the very best thing that he does. He has invented a special (and very delicious) kind of cake containing wheat, honey, cinnamon, olive oil and pecans. Should the field of art suddenly fail him, judging from the excellence of this cake, there are vast new enterprises awaiting the Leander-like conductor in the culinary domain.

A scientist Stokowski is already, but added to this imposing list of accomplishments is his skill in sketching as well as his ability as a writer, for he has already written some magazine articles and often supplies program notes that are individual and interesting.

In his extensive wanderings about the world Mr. Stokowski has penetrated to some exotic and strange corners, bringing back with him music of other races and climates. He speaks with most interest of some time spent in Java and of the strange, drug-like music of that country.

"AFTER all some people probably would think that my greatest accomplishment is cooking," said Stokowski. And there are those who sing paens of praise for his symphony in cake. It is his own invention and is a confection of wheat, honey, cinnamon, olive oil and pecans. His recipe repertoire contains many other culinary classics worthy of a genius for harmonious combinations.

"It is not music that we could listen to in America with our peculiar and Puritanical background and our mild climate," said Stokowski. "In Java the days are very, very hot and the nights, when they have their music, are even hotter. There are all sorts of exotic flowers that bloom only at night. In the air is the heavy fragrance of their perfumes, perfumes that are totally strange to us. The people in Java are all extremely thin and muscular and they all dance, even royalty, they too dance to this music in the hot night with its heavy perfumes. Yes, I brought some of the music back with me, but we could never play it here. It would not sound the same."

Stokowski believes that the cinema holds a definite place in the field of art and he has a special enthusiasm for Greta Garbo. His chief interest in films at the present centers in the cartoons from which he thinks may grow a more expansive and interesting art form. A new sort of picture requiring three years to make has come from Germany, although as yet it has not been shown anywhere in this country. The film was made by a woman, Mr. Stokowski says, who, with infinite labor and patience cut the most delicate and sensitively hinged silhouettes from paper, placed them over an illuminated glass background and took thousands and thousands of photographs each time moving her hinged characters a fraction of an inch until the film was finished. Stokowski thinks positively that there should be a place for the cinema in the new Temple of Music when it is completed.

His mind is filled with new ideas for the staging and the method of production of some long familiar musical things. He hopes to present a visual as well as an audible version of Rimsky-Korsakow's symphonic suite, "Scheherazade," using a modified form of motion picture combined with new effects in lighting.

"FOR the destruction of the vessel," said Stokowski, "I should have a catastrophe of light. We have a new and very powerful lamp and I should like to have it swung round and round at great speed to represent this."

Stokowski's debut as a conductor of opera this year when he conducted "Wozzeck" for the Philadelphia Grand Opera Company, has turned his thoughts strongly toward opera and its possibilities for unhackneyed presentation. He is interested in presenting a novel performance of Claude Debussy's "Pelleas et Melisande" perhaps with puppets, perhaps with pantomime on the stage while the singers remain in the pit with the orchestra. Richard Wagner's "Das Rheingold" also holds his interest with its possibilities for extraordinary effects in lighting and apparent simplicity of detail. Certainly Mr. Stokowski seems to find no dearth of material into which he can pour his unique powers and his great ability.

Coming in from a cool, moon-lit autumn night Stokowski remarked upon the very fundamental effect that the moon exerts upon him.

"When the moon is at its fullest I believe our powers and emotions are at their fullest also," said Stokowski, "and as the moon wanes I think our powers decrease with it. At least I am sure mine do."

Mr. Stokowski has recently designed two new types of radio cabinets, not as yet, to be brought out publicly but which are being made up simply for his own use. Perhaps soon, though, we may be listening to Mr. Stokowski over a radio of his own patterning.

One can do nothing but admire the simplicity and honesty of Stokowski. An honesty that scorns false modesty and insincerity. In speaking of some advanced ideas and plans of his it was

(Continued on page 85)

HELLO *Hawaii!*

KGU of Honolulu Joins NBC Chain and Contributes Typical Program

TO THOSE of us who sat up through the midnight hour between November 14th and 15th to hear Hawaii from KGU, Honolulu, on the inaugural program linking that station to the NBC network there came one of those rare thrills of radio broadcasting. It wasn't alone the distance that made it exciting—we have heard Lindbergh and the Japanese from Tokyo. And European stations come to us almost daily. Probably the sheerest effect came from the very quality of the music of the native Hawaiians, noticably a peculiar wavering in the tenuous fabric of the element that transported the sound over that great distance.

There was a plaintive child-like naturalness in the voices, the something different all program directors are so sedulously seeking. Fancy and the atmospheric effect may have added that touch which made this Hawaiian broadcast different than the ones we have heard from continental studios and from the stage. It was indeed a real thrill.

All of us who live beneath the Stars and Stripes may also have felt a surge of patriotic pride—our own Hawaii was within speaking distance of our own family circle. Through the enterprise of the National Broadcasting Company our fellow Americans who yesterday were "way out there" in the middle of the Pacific and we who are here are tuning in and listening in to the same radio programs.

Herein Radio Digest is privileged to show you pictures that were taken in connection with that first broadcast in and about the studios at KGU on November 14th. They were hurried aboard a ship that night, and rushed by plane to New York where they arrived November 25th. Immediately they were given to the engravers and finished in time to make this issue. We are advised by the National Broadcasting Company that these pictures are reserved exclusively for Radio Digest readers.



Little Hula ladies rehearsing for first broadcast to United States.

THE day of the broadcast was one of intense anxiety to engineers and entertainers alike at KGU. It was a curtain bow to an audience so immense—and perhaps critical. All the greatest artists in the world, it seemed to them, were already in the American continent. What could they add? Homer Tyson, the director, had his hands full. He had his heart set on "getting over" the real spirit of the real Hawaii. He wanted no affectations.

So he had some of the girls put on their grass skirts and go out under the palms to rehearse—and incidentally this gave the photographer a chance to get in some of the natural background. One of the boys seemed a little sluggish, perhaps a bit gaga over the significance of the affair.

"Get out in the water, take a board, break loose, be yourself. Shake all those day dreams out and then come back here



Scene in KGU studio as Hawaiian artists presented their initial program over NBC network.

and sing the way you can sing," Tyson ordered. When the orders were carried out the young man came back in the pink of condition and eager for the festivities to begin.

The foyer to The Advertiser where KGU is located is an architectural classic. As you enter an ornate staircase sweeps upward from either side. They curve around to an arch beneath which is a glimpse into the Hawaiian Garden. In this garden below a fountain springs from a rough-hewn rocky mass that rises in the center. Tropical plants in bold profusion are grouped round about. Sunlight sprays over the scene from an overhead sky-vista. Not many broadcasting stations anywhere in the world can exhibit such attractive surroundings.

IT WAS still light when guests began arriving either to listen or to participate in the program. The engineers had completed their final tests. All conditions seemed to be working in perfect order. Mr. Tyson had all the details arranged at his finger tips. He looked up with a bright smile when the chief engineer told him he was ready to pick up the first program.

The first NBC program to be heard by Hawaiians over their own facilities was the Siboney orchestra playing in Havana, Cuba, more than 6,000 miles away. The music was brought by wire from Havana to New York, then sent across the NBC-WEAF network to San Francisco. From there it was transmitted by short wave to KGU in Honolulu on the Island of Oahu. KGU is the only 1,000 watt station in the territory, and may be heard throughout the eight Hawaiian Islands.

The Cuban program was heard during the regular Lucky Strike period. Later the same evening a special dedicatory program was broadcast as a welcome to the new station, during which Governor Lawrence M. Judd of Hawaii, visiting in Washington, extended greetings to the Territory.



Odetta Bray, as she looked when you heard her.

Hawaii listened to Rudy Vallee and his Connecticut Yankees and to the Coon-Sanders orchestra, playing to supper club crowds in New York. It was just past tea time at Waikiki. Wayne King's orchestra in Chicago also participated in the program, as did Russ Columbo, Jones and Hare, Fred Hufsmith, Charles Magnante, Mabel Jackson and the Cavaliers Quartet in New York. From San Francisco Mahlon Merrick's Vagabonds and a group of NBC coast entertainers joined the broadcast.

Then KGU reciprocated with fifteen minutes of native music and chants from Honolulu, which were heard throughout the United States. Thus, in slightly more than two hours, Havana, New York, Chicago, San Francisco and Honolulu were all represented through NBC stations.

Regular exchange of programs between Hawaii and the continent is being arranged, although as yet complete schedules have not been announced.

B. A. ROLFE, who has conducted his orchestra in hundreds of NBC programs and who recently arrived in Hawaii on a vacation, planned to direct a musical broadcast from Honolulu sometime during December. This will be heard throughout the United States. It is expected that he will conduct both regular dance orchestras and Hawaiian groups during his broadcast.

KGU, owned and operated by the Honolulu Advertiser, is a veteran station, having come on the air first in 1922, with 50 watts power. It was the thirty-second station to receive a broadcasting license from the Federal Radio Commission. In 1924 its power was raised to 100 watts, in 1926 to 500, and last

year it was authorized for full time operation with 1,000 watts. It broadcasts on 940 kilocycles or 319 meters. The station has two sound-proof studios with glass walls looking out upon a public auditorium, and is fully equipped with modern facilities.

The owners of KGU believe that the new association with the NBC, bringing the islands into close daily touch with the mainland and making available to Hawaiians many of the educational and entertainment programs heard in the United States proper, will have an excellent effect. Also the broadcasting of programs from Honolulu to the mainland will tend to keep the thought of Hawaii, with its many natural advantages and its growing industries, in the minds of "the folks back home."

The personnel of KGU includes an efficient staff of announcers, directors and continuity writers, in addition to concert, dance and native orchestras and artists of every type, who may now become familiar to listeners in the States.

THE territory of Hawaii does a large business with continental United States, exporting more than $100,000,000 worth of goods to the mother country annually, and importing more than $80,000,000 worth. Its tourist business also has increased greatly during the past few years, and it is expected by officials of the islands that the broadcasting hook-up will further stimulate the growth.

In his address during the inaugural program, Governor Judd of Hawaii said:

"This is an evening of great importance to the people of the territory of Hawaii, for tonight there has been inaugurated the National Broadcasting Company service in Hawaii through cooperation with station KGU in Honolulu, which is owned and operated by the Honolulu Advertiser, Hawaii's leading morning newspaper.



Homer Tyson, chief announcer, KGU.

"What wonderful changes have taken place in the realm of communication during the past century and one decade, since the early pioneers from New England landed in Hawaii. In those days of 110 years ago the sole medium of communication between the east coast of the United States and the Kingdom of Hawaii was the sailing vessel which took an average of six months to reach Honolulu from Boston via Cape Horn.

"How eagerly these early American settlers in Hawaii awaited the arrival of a vessel to bring them the news from the outside world. How different it is today when the people of the territory of Hawaii can now hear my voice over a distance of 5,000 miles by merely tuning in upon their radios. Only today someone asked me how long I had been in the United States, completely forgetting that the territory has been an integral part of the United States since 1898, and that the people of your territory assume all the obligations of the people of any of the sovereign States.

"During the last fiscal period the taxpayers in Hawaii paid into the Federal treasury more in internal revenue than the people of any one of thirteen states. The territory is indeed proud of its status in the Union.

"On my return to Honolulu I am looking forward eagerly to hearing broadcasts originating in New York, Washington, Chicago, San Francisco and other cities. I know that I will get great enjoyment from the programs of entertainment. I am anticipating receiving much pleasure in hearing the voice of the President and others who speak over the radio from time to time. To the people of Hawaii, my home, I extend a most sincere Aloha, that word so expressive of friendliness, cordiality and love."

When Governor Judd had concluded his speech the guests who were seated in the auditorium of the KGU studios applauded. It seemed as though he had just been among them, instead of thousands of miles away. It was Sam Alama and his Hawaiian Troupe who furnished the remarkable instrumental numbers from Honolulu. Mainland listeners may be interested in knowing that others in his quintet were Solomon Kane, ukulele; Louis Kamaka, bass viola; Charles Namahoe, steel guitar; and David Bray (of the Bray Troupe), gourds.

Among the women whose voices were heard singing Hawaiian songs were: Johanna Wilcox, Nani Makakoa, Lydia Bray, Helen Alama, Rose Tribe (the Hawaiian Song Bird), Odetta Bray, Minnie Texeira, and Kahala Bray.

One of the most interested participants in this extraordinary radio broadcast was Mr. Lorrin P. Thurston, president and general manager of the Advertiser Publishing Co., Ltd. Mr. Thurston is a young man with limitless energy who was one of the first to recognize the importance of radio to the Hawaiian Islands. A census taken one year ago shows that there were 13,000 receiving sets in the city of Honolulu alone.



Tenor limbering up for a far cry.

RECENTLY press reports indicate that experiments have been completed whereby the residents of all the Hawaiian Islands may communicate with each other through a short wave telephone exchange. The water is said to be too deep to allow for cable connections on a practical basis. The Advertiser has been influential in cementing the mutual interests of the islanders.

When the native Hawaiians first heard the rhumba coming through on this inaugural program from Havana their faces lighted with surprise and pleasure. It was not that the rhumba was absolutely new to them; they had heard When Yuba Played the Tuba, and the Peanut Vendor, but there was something to the fact that the program came from Havana and was by Cubans, whom they never had heard before.

All in all it was a grand welcome.



Henry Thies, Director of Van Camp's Orchestra

An Outstanding

VAN CAMP'S

Musical and Cheery It Also Takes You Places like Sherry's Where You Hear Fashion News in the Making---Henry Thies Supplies Orchestral Background

FINE programs are not always the product of the largest talent resources. Even the boundless facilities of the great chain systems do not originate the greatest symphony orchestras or even a supremely popular dialogue team like Amos 'n' Andy.

Therefore it is not altogether surprising that one of the best dressed, figuratively speaking; best poised, and smartly gilded programs in all America originates in an independent station in the Midwest. That program is the Van Camp's Nightcaps with Henry Thies directing the Van Camp's Orchestra at WLW, Cincinnati, Ohio.

As the name would indicate the Van Camp's Nightcaps is a sponsored program. It goes out 50,000 watts strong on the "Nation's Station," owned by Mr. Powel Crosley, every week-day night at 10 o'clock, CST. It is strictly musical in character, even during the spoken lines, which occur in between announced musical numbers. Thies has assembled a dance orchestra which has been declared by national authority one of the three best orchestras in the country. And in the many special arrangements he provides for this program he certainly would seem to deserve that recognition.

The program is designed to appeal to smart and stylish women as well as those who aspire to be considered so by their friends. While your senses are regaled by the music which floats like a brightly colored veil in the background you hear helpful suggestions and absolutely the very last word in the trend of fashions as they are decreed in Paris and New York. Henry Van Camp acts as the master of ceremonies under title of "Host." It is he who brings the choice bits to tantalize the feminine heart. As the strains from the orchestra drift into the distance you may hear him say things like these (which were given in November):

"That last piece started me thinking about women—beautiful women—and some of the new styles that are already enroute from Paris. I was talking only yesterday to one of New York's leading authorities on dress. She tells me that Paris has decreed that there will not be any successor to the Empress Eugenie costume idea that has been sweeping the country.

"For a while it looked as if we were going to pass through a whole succession of costumes based upon periods in history. Finally we would become period conscious in dress, just as we are in furniture and decoration. Men might have gone back to buckled shoes, wigs and bright silk knee breeches. But that's all off now. My friend, the fashion expert, tells me that shorter skirts, shorter hair and the other so-called 'Modern' ideas are on the way back.

"The same source of information reveals that the bathing suit styles which are scheduled to appear on the Riviera and at Palm Beach this winter have gone almost completely suncult.

"PRACTICALLY the entire body, something like ninety-nine and 44/100th per cent is exposed. It sounds quite shocking, but I suppose it is due in part to the numerous pictures of Mahatma Gandhi in his traveling costume. The style setters seem to be copying him in all save the matter of using white as the garment color.

"Somehow, every time I listen to music I get thinking about women. Perhaps it is because they attract me so much or possibly it is because I have a complex about being interested in styles and fashions for women.

"Did you, by the way, ever hear about the Fashion Group of New York and the monthly luncheons held at Sherry's on Park Avenue by the women who belong? At the last meeting Lucien Lelong, the famous couturier, who had come over from Paris for a visit was a guest.

"He talked on various fashion subjects when someone mentioned perfumes. One of his listeners asked him what is the popular trend in perfume. 'Do you think,' she asked, 'women like

1931-32 Program Is

NIGHTCAPS

the exotic perfume, or do you think that very pale or dark clothes influence the sale of perfume?'

"To which Lelong replied, 'No longer is the tendency to exotic or heavy perfume. They do not blend with our spirits just now. We need something fresh, something floral. That does not mean that we should make perfume entirely of flowers or roses, but it does mean we really go back to what is more natural. There is a fashion in perfume exactly as there is fashion in dress. Now the silhouette is very straight and as near the body lines as possible. That means it is very natural and perfume to be fashionable should be just the same way.'

"IT WAS also noticeable that the women most famous for their chic at the Opera at the opening carried bags made of velvet satin and occasionally lame rather than the pearl or strass bags that were in favor in recent years. These fabric bags were soft and rather largish, sufficiently so to add a definite spot of color to the costume since most of the smartest were in bright colors."

From time to time the music wells up. The music sketches in suggestively scenes like that at Sherry's and those arbiters eagerly absorbing the very latest thought which later will be published as authentic style dictates. This program is the first to publicize this information so important to the lady of the house in this obviously rather easy-to-take manner. Much of the information is telegraphed in detail to WLW and immediately incorporated in the evening's program.

Buyers in several parts of the country for the big department stores and dress shops listen regularly for Henry Van Camp's style gossip so authentic is its character.

At another point in the program when the Nightcaps hush down for him to speak Henry Van Camp may discuss the movies or food for the table in this manner:

"That music makes me feel just a bit more cheery—which reminds me of what Wid, the great movie critic told me last night. He says the whole moving picture industry is getting behind the idea of giving the public more entertainment and more and bigger laughs.

"While the depression is on the moving picture producers figure that most people are getting enough serious angles in life without paying to get into the theatres to see and hear more. I certainly share this belief.

"What the world needs these days is fewer people taking themselves too seriously and more people developing a better sense of humor."

WITHOUT submitting you to any advertising talk on food you will hear Henry Van Camp discuss viands from a scientific standpoint:

"I wonder if you all know about the discoveries that are being made in the art of living, particularly in the field of nutrition. Even though I'm a man, I share the ambition that is so pronounced in the ladies, to want to keep young healthy, and as good looking as possible.

"The new theory, which is gaining wider and wider acceptance in scientific and medical circles teaches that what we eat has a tremendous effect on how we look, how we feel and how long we can go before succumbing to some disease or sickness. Your figure! The brightness of your eye! The character of your complexion! Your health! Your vitality!

"Doctors and scientists are making many new discoveries that prove that these things can be largely controlled by how you eat. For years we have fed our animals intelligently, controlling their growth and character of anatomy by varied rations.

"For years also we have fed our lands intelligently in order to beget crops of a predetermined kind. Yet, with our own human selves, most of us continue to eat largely according to the accidents of habit—of convenience—of theory or fad. That's rather foolish, isn't it?

(Continued on page 89)



Van Camp's Orchestra at WLW, Cincinnati; Henry Thies, directing.

Education by Radio

Dean of Law Believes Pedagogs Have Much to Learn about Instruction by Broadcasting . . . . Considers Proposed Fess Bill, 5589, Dangerous

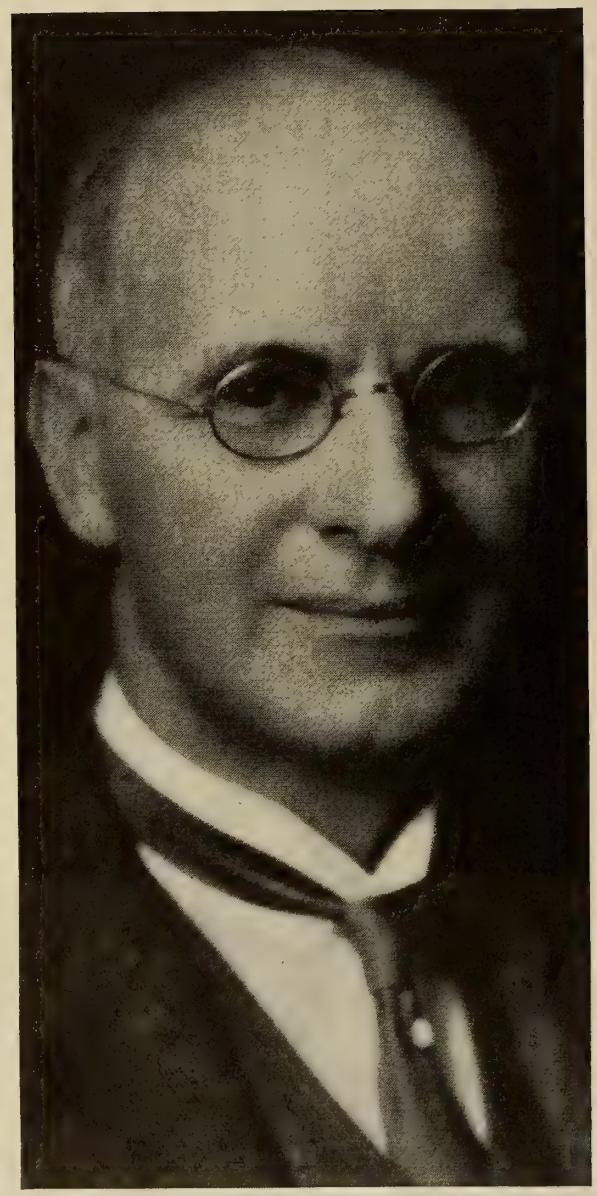
By GLEASON L. ARCHER, LL.D.
Dean, Suffolk Law School, Boston

THROUGH all the ages of human history the educators of the world have been waiting for the radio —only they did not know it! In fact they do not realize it, even now!

Great educators of the past have been limited to pitifully small groups of listeners. Socrates, for example, with his little company of eager youths was typical of the teachers of all time. His tiny group of disciples might in truth, after his death, carry the reflection of his great personality into an increasing circle of seekers for knowledge.

But suppose that this shabby and shambling old genius, upon whose tones and wisdom his followers hung breathless, could have stepped to a microphone in Athens and have spoken not to a score of individuals but to a score of millions of people in all parts of the earth—think what that might have meant to humanity!

Socrates of the Microphone.—Socrates would have stood forth to the world in the full majesty of his magnificent personality. He would have gone forth over the air not as a shabby and shambling old man but as a great soul, a dreamer of dreams, vibrant with a message to all the ages.



Dean Gleason L. Archer is a tall genial New Englander properly certified as a Mayflower descendant. Law becomes dramatically human in his broadcasts. He is heard over 29 stations on an NBC coast-to-coast network.

FOR the radio, be it observed, has a way of projecting the soul of the speaker to his unseen audience. The very tones of the speaker's voice, the sincerity of his message, the play of his fancy and the human qualities of the man combine to create in the minds of his unseen audience a glorified picture of the speaker.

But the radio requires a peculiar type of orator—a clear voice; a vibrant sincerity of utterance; a compelling message and a sweep of imagination that can strike to life the imaginations of numberless souls in his vast audience.

I am sure that the great Socrates possessed exactly those qualities; just as I am sure that Abraham Lincoln would have had the power to hold the entire world spellbound by such a matchless broadcast as his Gettysburg Address would have been had there been radios in his day.

Dawning of a New Era in Education.—But the day has at length dawned when a Socrates or a Lincoln, could we but find them, may speak face to face, as it were, to a greater multitude at one moment of time than all the great orators of the past have ever addressed through recorded ages.

THE great radio broadcasting chains of the nation are already keenly aware of the possibilities of public service in this miracle of modern science which they are laboring so successfully to make perfect. Notwithstanding the fact that commercial programs are their sole means of support yet, with utmost generosity, they freely offer the facilities of their stations to educational or ethical programs that give promise of benefit to radio listeners. There is seemingly but one condition imposed—that the program offered be of genuine public interest.

A dissertation on the sonnets of Shakespeare, for example, interesting as it might be to poets and scholars, would cause the ordinary listener instantly to tune out that program and search for some offering on the air to which he might listen without boredom. The station or stations broadcasting the Shakespearean lecture would thus be playing to empty air. This fact must never be lost sight of in considering the special problems of this new art.

The radio is regarded by the public as a means of entertainment and diversion. Froth and nonsense and programs comparing perhaps in mentality with the comic strips in the newspapers, will be preferred by the public to any program that lacks human appeal. Amos and Andy may massacre the king's English and the Kukoo Hour's "Maestro of the Air" may afflict the ears of musicians but the popularity of such programs is due to the fact that they have genuine entertainment value. With such programs education by radio must successfully compete.

Those in authority in the radio world

are continually beset with appeals to try out this and that program. The standard of measure is, and must ever be, the entertainment value of the offering. If a program is tried out and it fails to win public approval that program is promptly discarded.

I speak not as a theorist in this matter but as one having had experience in securing a national and international audience for an educational program. When I began a series of law talks over WBZ-WBZA in Boston in November, 1929, I did not even dream of the larger opportunities that have since come to me. But I have always believed that in teaching law it can best be presented from the human interest angle. In my beginning of radio talks I stressed the human side and presented the truths I wished to impart in the form of dramatic stories from real life.

This program won instantaneous success in New England. The National Broadcasting Company were at first too skeptical to try it out on the nation at large. When they did give me the opportunity in July, 1930, it was distinctly understood that unless the program won widespread approval it would not continue beyond September. Fortunately I was able to duplicate the New England experience.

THE program soon went beyond the borders of the nation and now it has listeners in seven Canadian Provinces, in Bermuda, the British Isles, British Guiana in South America and also in far off Australia—that topsy turvy land where 7:15 P. M. Saturday with us is 9 o'clock Sunday morning with them.

Could the mind of man have dreamed of any such miraculous means of transmitting education as this? The wide world has suddenly become a possible schoolroom for the ambitious pedagog if he can but devise a program interesting enough and universal enough to capture a world-wide audience.

To be able to speak into a microphone in a hushed broadcasting studio in New York City and have those words go out to home firesides all over the English speaking world—why it is partaking of an omnipresence that we had fancied belonged only to the Almighty himself! Yet this mighty privilege even now awaits the educator who masters the technique of preparing and broadcasting a message of universal interest.

Having blazed the first trail into this great field of international broadcasting of educational programs it is perhaps fitting that I should set down on paper some of my discoveries and experiences during the first year as guest speaker for the National Broadcasting Company.

Problems of Education by Radio. During the eighteen months in which I have been engaged in the type of broadcasting already described I have acquired some definite convictions as to manner of approach to a very difficult objective. Not only is there a technique about successful broadcasting but there is also a difficult psychological approach to the listener as well.

As already indicated, the radio is regarded by the public at large as a means of entertainment and diversion. Radio listeners must therefore be captured by an educational broadcast. If it comes upon them suddenly in the midst of the froth and frolic of the air so much the better. The swift success of my early broadcasts in New England was I believe due to the fact that when I was promoted to an evening period I was given that quarter-hour immediately following the comedians "Amos 'n' Andy." My audience was already gathered for me.

While the listeners to the black face program might have tuned me out had they known in advance that an educational broadcast was next in order, yet the well known indolence of listeners gave me a chance to make a beginning before I could be silenced in favor of some program from a different station. Curiosity and mild surprise that a law talk could be made interesting quite naturally delayed the tuning out process and thus enabled me to add to my growing constituency.

This is typical of what all educational programs must face in winning public approval. I am convinced that if a station were to devote all its time to educational programs it would not reach one per cent of the listeners that are possible in the diversified programs especially of the great broadcasting chains.

WHILE there is some outcry against allotting broadcasting privileges to private enterprise there seems to be no other effective way of developing this great art. Were the taxpayers footing the bills those in charge of radio stations would have less incentive for study of the needs and desires of the radio audience Development might thus be arrested in what we may well regard as a crude and amateur phase of the art. Regulation by the government may indeed be essential but such regulation, I believe should be undertaken with true understanding of radio problems.

One of the truly amazing things to me about commercial broadcasting at the present time is the lofty spirit of public service manifested by those in high places in the radio world. The fact that in a year and a half a mere free lance, with a program frankly educational, could be allotted a round half million dollars worth of time on the air free of charge is significant.

Some time ago, in a conference with John W. Elwood, Vice President of the National Broadcasting Company, he declared that his company, and he believed the same was true of the Columbia Broadcasting System, would welcome any group of educators who could devise a workable plan for educational broadcasts and would give them every possible aid in the matter.

"The difficulty is," he declared, "that educators in general cannot understand that radio broadcasting is an art in itself. A lecture that might accomplish results in a classroom simply would not be listened to by a radio audience.

NEXT month Dean Archer will continue this subject with hints as to how to prepare an attractive, educational program.

BEWARE SENATE BILL 5589

SINCE the air belongs to all the people it is only just, in return for permission to use it, that radio stations should devote a portion of broadcasting time to educational programs. Legislation to oblige them so to do would be entirely proper. But in the present stage of educational broadcasting any such legislation, unless accompanied by appropriate safeguards, would seem to me unwise.

To set apart 15 per cent of all broadcasting time, to be awarded to such educational institutions as might be approved by a government commission, might well give educational broadcasting a death blow with the public. Lectures appropriate to a classroom where listeners cannot escape, simply would not be tolerated by radio listeners. By a turn of the dial the radio public may instantly escape boredom and leave the learned professor discoursing to empty air.

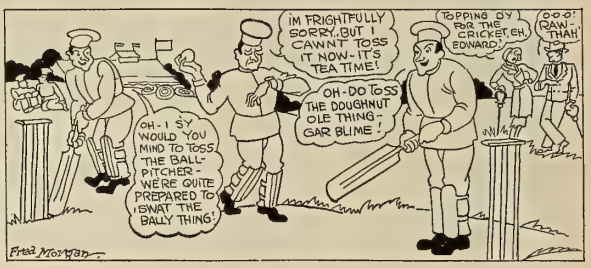
The fact is that an educational program must compete with musical and dramatic rivals, horse races, prize fights, ball games and what not. In order successfully to compete it must present great truths so flavored with human interest that listeners derive pleasure as well as instruction from the program. This requires showmanship and a technique that few educators have as yet even glimpsed, much less mastered. Until they do so it would be extremely hazardous to the future of education by radio, it seems to me, to give any institutions carte blanche on the air.

My experience and observation indicate that broadcasting officials are eager to secure educational features that have gripping human appeal. If legislation is enacted program managers should be given the right to choose the programs rather than have speakers foisted upon them by fiat of a commission. Ambitious pedagogs would thus be obliged to learn the technique of radio broadcasting and we should soon make great progress on the road to education by radio.

Senator Fess is an able statesman and a sincere friend of education. If he can be persuaded that the bill in its present wording has elements of danger I am confident that he will include proper safeguards therein. G. L. A.

Commodore Ray Perkins *as*

The Fourth Baker



BY THE time you read these lines the first Fourth Baker will have been cast into another biscuit tin. But while he lasted as the coxswain of the Kitchen Marines he made radio history. For that matter he will make radio history wherever he goes, for Ray Perkins, the merry Old Topper of the NBC, has created a niche for himself, in fact, niches that crease around the corners of a million mouths throughout the radio firmament.

And did you hear the broadcast which he called *The Three Bakers in Merry England?* Whether you did or not you'll get a chuckle as we slightly revise the original broadcast into something of a running story, preserving of course the blithesome comment of the skipper—or was it the toppered coxswain that we called him. Anyway—

"EVER hear of the Gist Song, playmates?" said young Mr. Perkins as he stepped jauntily out of the ether wave canoe and walked over to the microphone. "You know it perhaps as *I'm Gist a Vagabond Lover.* I bag your pardon! Tonight, deah friends, we present The Three Bakers in Merry England or *It's Not Cricket, Old Fellow,* a jolly little drahma enlivened by some perfectly ripping dahnce music furnished by our rather top-hole band leader, Colonel Sir William Artst, K. C. B.—meaning Can't Kid Billy. Hot dog, Sir William, let's go to town!"



And while Sir William swings a wicked little baton and the orchestra rips out a perfectly gorgeous interpretation from Pinafore The Three Bakers follow their leader out of the canoe and form in line in front of the mike. Then as the sounds of the orchestra drift out on the ether tide for a thousand miles or so the boys barge into a song which fades as the band comes surging back on The King's Horses—a galloping rhythm. The Old Topper takes off his hat and puts it on the piano (it fits). His pipe he holds in his hand as he leans over toward the mike and says:

"Topping, my good lads, perfectly topping! I say audience old things, I want you to meet the Three Bakers . . . socially, you know. First here's Tom, the First Baker, the fun-loving fellow, really scads of money, good solid Darbyshire stock . . . no end of a keen scholar . . . and a dashing figure at rugger to boot. Pip, Pip, Tom . . . say a word, old deah, say a word!"

Twirling his chef's hat on his finger Tom ambled awkwardly over toward the mike. The red flushed back of the big yellow freckles as he grunted:

"Aw . . . boloney!"

"My word! My word exactly!" steamed the Old Topper taking several quick puffs on the Dunhill. Shrugging his chubby shoulders he turned an inquisitive eye toward Dick, the Second Baker. "I now present to you the Honorable Dick Baker, fifth Earl of Scarsdale and the modest leader of our brave boys . . . heart of oak and all that sort of thing. Men of his ilk have jolly well made England supreme on land and sea. Ilk a little for us, Sir Richard."

Now The Second Baker was no less embarrassed than the first. Furthermore he had just tucked a sizable quid of Jolly Tar into a berth between his cheek and right molar piles. But he hitched over to the mike and said:

"Sure—" gulping and almost strangling for a moment, "an' it's a grrreat pleasure to be meetin' wid yez all. . ."

"Well, you see, playmates, he's from the south of England. And now meet Sam, or Harpo, youngest son of Old Baron Baker. Speak up Sammy."

Sammy squirmed. His tongue clave to the roof of his mouth. But suddenly it came loose and he exploded with one loud rolling "Haw-w-w!"

Always nonchalant the Old Topper gave the smirking and gulping Sam a gentle pat on the shoulder as he explained to the radio audience.

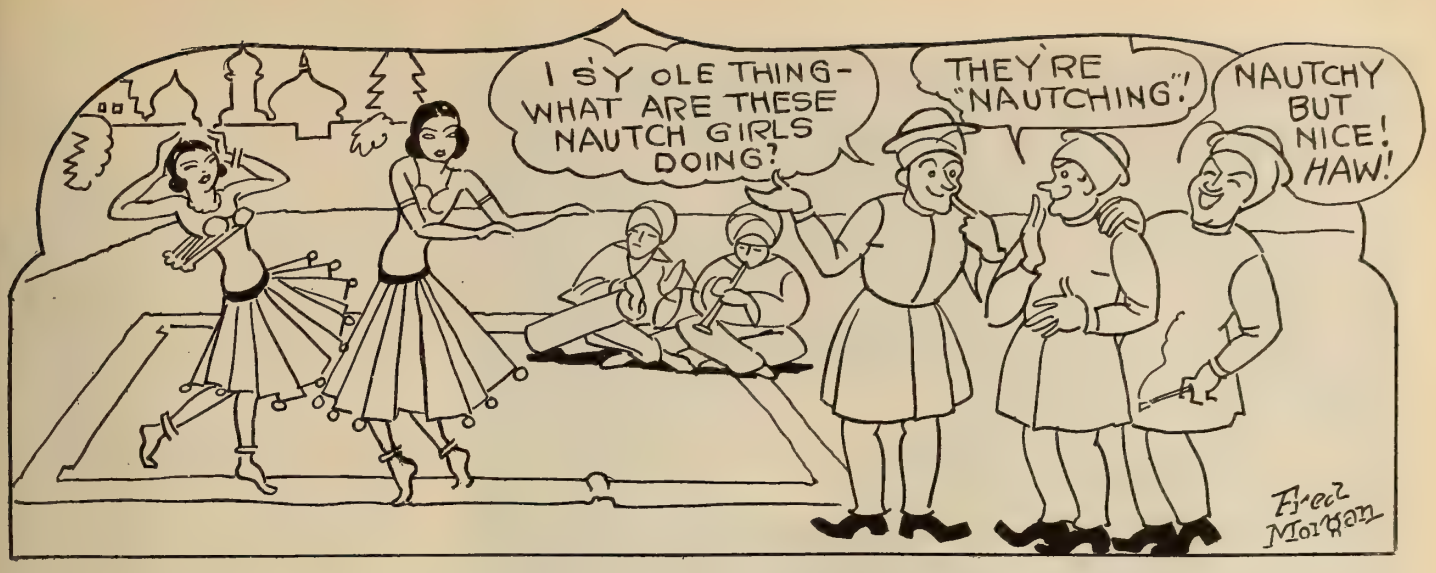
"Sorry, playmates, Sam hasn't been the same since England went off the gold standard . . . a sterling character though, really. Well, well, let's troll a stave."

SO the Three Kitchen Marines cleared deck for action and threw down a salty vocal barrage—or should one say, broadside. At the conclusion of the song they dashed down to the ether shore and hopped into their canoe to make ready for a long journey. The Fourth Baker, which as you know was Mr. Perkins, the skipper, or as we sometimes say, the commodore, bent over the microphone once more to take the listening audience into his embrace. He said:

"Now for the plot, playmates, now for the plot. Sir Richard Baker, fifth Earl of Little Rock, Ark., is madly in love with Lady Chatterly . . . pronounced Chumly . . . formerly the lovely Charmaine Winterbottom, belle of London. In Act I, Lord Cecil Chatterly . . . pronounced Chumly . . . a cad, discovers his wife, the former Charmaine Winterbottom, with Sir Richard in the library of the ancestral Chatterly castle at Punts, Puddle-on-the-Thames, West Sussex, Darbyshire.

"As the curtain rises, Lord Chatterly . . . pronounced Boggs . . . confronts our hero, sneering.

" 'Aha!' he sneers, 'Aha! What are



So the Three Bakers detoured by way of the Grocery Bar where they paused to observe the grace and beauty of the nautch dancing girls. They debated the meaning of the word "nautch" but Sam ended it by saying, "whatever the hathen choose to be callin' it at all, at all, 'tis nothing short of angel food cake with a nip of Bergundy to rinse it down."

you doing in this library with my wedded wife? So! And how long has this been going on? Well, well, well!'"

Dick hopped out of the canoe, rushed over to the piano, put on the Old Topper's topper and swaggered over to the mike. He snorted like an honest liar.

"GIVE it credence or not, my good man, I am merely waiting the arrival of a tram car. And I believe I hear one coming now."

Living the part Dick threw the topper at the shining dome of the bull fiddler and dashed for the canoe where his comrades already were dipping the oars in the surf. The bull fiddler, disconcerted, sawed a quarter note into two one-eighths and would have gone on dividing it into sixteenths but the leader brandished his little black cane and the orchestra rallied into a riot of sole stirring music. When they had subsided the Old Topper was burnishing the ruffled silk of his hat and cursing softly into the microphone. He may not actually have been cursing. But let's get on.

"After the Lady Chatterly . . . not as in Talkie . . . scandal there was only one thing for Sir Richard Baker II . . . the colonies. Act II finds him on the eve of his departure for the Orient. With Tom and Sam he stands bareheaded in Scotland Yard. Manly tears in their eyes the Three Bakers await one last English sound . . . the sound of the most famous bells in the world . . . the chimes of Big Ben!"



The scene fades while the station chimes echo across the continent and a couple of oceans.

As the silken cords pull back the velvet curtains of sound in our next scene we find the Old Topper in white duck with a cork helmet cocked airily over one ear. He still drags the same old Dunhill from his lips as he bends over the microphone. He says:

"Our scene shifts now to the state road just outside Mandalay . . . Route 107 . . . the uh, the road, by the way, is paved with baristones.

ON our right is the old Mulmein Pagoda, looking eastward to the sea . . . and on our left is Oungha Din, where the old Flotilla lay. Recently they have installed a new flotilla . . . the old one got pretty shabby. Just around the corner . . . with television and prosperity . . . is a native oblong hut . . . or medulla oblongata . . . where refreshments are on sale and a man can raise both a beard and a thirst.

"And down the road to Mandalay . . . chin up, eyes front, every button glistening . . . march the Three Bakers . . . on whom, incidentally, the sun never sets.

"How about a little Kipling, boys?" asks Dick.

"Oak-y. Let's have a little kipple," cries Tom.

"I'll take flotilla," chortles Dick, bursting into a barrack room ballad.

"England expects every man to do his ditty," muttered the Old Topper. He took off his helmet and mopped the sweat band with a damp kerchief. And by this time the audience suffered no shock as the boys burst right out singing *The Road to Mandalay.*

That sharp tat-tat-tat which the audience imagined to be machine gun fire on a flock of Ghandi followers was none other than the Old Topper himself tapping the ashes out of his pipe as he stepped up to the mike after the song.



"A bit of all right . . . what, what, what? We next find the Three Bakers in a native bazaar, or speak softly, as we sometimes say. Each has a gooseberry flotilla with two straws. It appears they already have acquired the deadly gooseberry habit . . . the Englishman's curse in the tropics . . . the white man's burden. But you know how it is, dear playmates, single men in barracks don't grow into plaster saints. Ah, no.

"IN the smoke-filled bazaar native merchants or bishmullahs, are vending their wares . . . nautch girls are nautching . . . they're nautchy but nice . . . and native musicians, or punkaha, are playing a seductive song of the ancient East. . .

"Ah, my fellow playmates, such is the Orient for you and for me . . . take it or leave it alone. Personally I'd leave it . . . it's not British . . . it's not cricket . . . it's not even cellophane-wrapped.

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Vigorous and Going Strong the March King Passes the Seventy-Seventh Mile Stone of His Career with Work on His Hands Sufficient to Keep any Man Busy at the Prime of Life

Carrying on . . . music will continue to flourish in the land so long as the Sousas exist. Here are three generations in a row with the youngest learning his CDE's from the illustrious grandfather, John Philip Sousa.

SOUSA

By DUKE

AMERICA, and John Philip Sousa, America's "March King," are still to be found marching along together after more than a half century of companionship.

January 1932 finds Sousa, nearing seventy-eight, still recording the history of the United States in music. He still makes an occasional tour and frequently responds to requests to lead his band at an important national celebration. But his audience, thanks to radio, has vastly increased and where he was formerly heard possibly once a year in a score or more cities, he now broadcasts, once a week in the Wednesday night programs of the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company. His letters indicate that a very large national audience listens in each week.

That Sousa's musical contributions have paralelled the history of the United States since Civil War days is quite evident in the record. The man who wrote "Semper Fidelis," as the official march of the Marine Corps in 1885, and "The Stars and Stripes Forever," among many other nationalistic pieces, in 1897, is still at it as the new year begins. His "Century of Progress," written recently for the 1933 Chicago World's Fair, calls to mind the fact that back in 1876 he was represented by "International Congress," written to commemorate the Philadelphia Centennial. Inspirations for his recently completed marches have come from widely scattered sections of the world. "The Legionnaires" was written upon request of the French Government, for the Paris Overseas Exposition. At the behest of the Kansas State Agricultural College he turned out "Kansas Wildcats." "Northern Pines" was dedicated to Interlachen Camp, Michigan, where he leads his band once a year.

Curiously enough, just as he was signing an important radio contract with Goodyear, whose Goodyear-Zeppelin Corporation built the navy's new U. S. S. Akron, he was ready to play, for the first time, "The Aviators," which was written upon request of Admiral Moffett of the U. S. Navy. Sousa's Band was a feature of the ceremonies of commissioning the Akron, at Lakehurst, and was heard over a nation-wide network.

SOUSA, at 77, says that he wants to live to be 100 so that he can write more marches. He turned out seven in 1931, some of them to be introduced to his radio public in the next few weeks. And his grand total of marches alone, exclusive of longer compositions—and even a novel now and then—has reached 142.

Sousa is still denying the story circulated years ago that he was, in the beginning, John "Philipso," and that by some strange chance the letters U. S. A., were appended to his name, making the name "John Philip Sousa."

"I wouldn't stop a good story like that," Sousa said the other day, "except for the fact that I come from a large family, a family that is still increasing, in numbers. And it might cause confusion for some of the members of future generations if the 'John

MILESTONES

1854—Born, Washington, D. C.
1868—Apprenticed as a musician in United States Marine Band.
1876—Wrote "International Congress," his first march.
1879—Married Miss Jennie Bellis at Philadelphia.
1880—Appointed Director United States Marine Band.
1884—Wrote "Desiree," his first light opera.
1885—Wrote "Semper Fidelis," official march of United States Marine Corps.
1892—Resigned from Marines to form Sousa's Band.
1895—Wrote "King Cotton" March.
1897—Wrote "Stars and Stripes Forever."
1898—Appointed Musical Director Sixth Army Corps with rank of Captain, United States Army.
1900—Made First European Tour.
1905—Wrote "Pipetown Sandy," first novel.
1910-1911—Made World Tour with Band.
1917—Appointed Musical Director Great Lakes Naval Training Station with rank of Lieutenant, United States Navy.
1919—Retired for Age from Navy with rank of Lieutenant-Commander.
1922—Awarded honorary degree of Doctor of Music by Marquette College and Pennsylvania Military College.
1930—Invited by British Government to conduct dedication of "Royal Welsh Fusiliers" March.
1931—Wrote march "Century of Progress Exposition."
1931—Celebrated seventy-seventh birthday and arranged to broadcast his band on nationwide network, under sponsorship of Goodyear Tire and Rubber Co., every Wednesday night.



At the age of 35 Commander Sousa had a uniform and a beard. The uniform is that of a director of the United States Marine Band, which he conducted from 1880 to 1892, when he earned the title The March King.

at 77

PARRY



John Philip Sousa at the age of 21 when he was first violinist with Jacques Offenbach.

Philipso' myth were allowed to endure."

Sousa is now associated in his broadcasts with Arthur Pryor, who is on the air for Goodyear, every Saturday night. Pryor was toastmaster at a birthday party in Sousa's honor recently at which time Sousa recalled that Pryor played in a Sousa band nearly forty years ago. Pryor, to many, is Sousa's "crown prince."

In his office in New York City Sousa is surrounded by huge rusty keys to various cities, keys presented to him along with scrolls of appreciation. Photographs of his world tours, pictures taken at banquets and important events where he has been a leading figure, may be found in abundance. He likes to recall his command appearance at Windsor, for King Edward VII. And how the present King George V, as a youngster, played, with the other English princes and princesses, Sousa marches on the Victrola while the band was playing in another section of the castle. He recalls vividly one of his appearances at St. Petersburg Theatre, in the Czarist days, when Czar Nicholas and other members of the Imperial Family were said to have been seated behind tightly drawn curtains, in the Imperial Box, while the Sousa band played.

One of his most recent appearances in Washington, D. C., was on Armistice Day, 1931, when he led the service bands at dedication of a memorial to aviators who lost their lives in the World War.

Sousa is hale and hearty at 77. He still enjoys trap shooting, spends some time in California, where live John Philip Sousa II and John Philip Sousa III. He maintains a New York apartment and a home at Port Washington, New York. And every possible request for his personal appearances, especially those having to do with national days and patriotic celebrations, is granted.

Many people who see Sousa today are astonished to find that his heavy beard, once the subject of many friendly caricatures, is no more. It was gradually reduced in size until, upon his beginning work at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station during the World War, he removed it entirely.

Sousa explains that he grew the beard originally to convince the Navy Department he was old enough to lead the Marine Band, and that he finally shaved it off to convince the same department he was young enough to become musical director at the Great Lakes Station.

Sousa is living evidence of the vigor and strength a man can possess at 77. He is tremendously active, but rather likes the comparatively tiny niche he has in a Broadway office building, with mementoes of the past and business of the present. His closest associates in

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Hungarian recruits which Curtin photographed before going to the Italian side of the Alps.

Two Men in

Thrill Broadcaster for NBC Tells of Exciting Adventure Crossing Alps by Cable Hoist

IT IS possible for you to meet a man every day and not know much about him, deep down. On the other hand you may be thrown into a situation with a fellow which will pull his real character up into the spotlight in a few breath-taking minutes.

That is the way I grew really to know Smiler Jack Hale—in knocking about with him in breath-taking scenes. I'd heard about that old Australian in newspaper offices, clubs, and mess rooms half way around the world until I finally met up with him toward the end of the big Italian retreat. We heard a lot of exciting stories of how the Italians were tunneling themselves into the top of Mount Pasubio, and were determined to cling to it at any cost. So Smiler Jack and I decided to head in that direction and see the thing for ourselves.

I counted myself lucky to be with Hale. He was a generation ahead of me, but we became real pals. Bullets and other causes had removed so many of his fingers from the Boer War on that he had just enough left to pull a trigger or push a pencil. I often wondered if Jack wanted to die, some of the fool risks I saw him take. I also wondered at the physical way he could keep going at his age and after so much battering.

He certainly needed staying power when he tackled Mount Pasubio. It was a sort of camel back summit with the Austrians holding one hump and the Italians hanging on to the other. Our job was to get up to the Italian hump. Up on those knobs was taking place the highest fighting of the World War. Anybody who wanted to fight any higher had to use an airplane.

Only mountaineers were picked by both sides for the battle-work up there in the clouds.

There were two ways to reach the top. The regular one was the long, tedious mountain road that had to wind up and down two spurs before it climbed Pasubio itself. The other was in a newfangled contraption that we understood didn't work any too well; but when it did work saved a lot of shoe leather and muscle soreness.



Knee deep in daisies. These Carpathian hillmen held the author's life in their hands. Two war correspondents hopped from one peak to another in a shallow basket or "tub" attached to a cable hauled by a wheezy one-lung gas engine.

The contraption consisted of a pulley operated by a stationary gasoline engine that raised a basket over the gorges to spur number one, the second long pull was to spur number two and a third engine and pulley finished the trip to the Italian hump at the top of the mountain. The basket, as I call it, was not a basket in the usual sense but rather a flat-bottomed tray with wire-woven sides about six inches high. Supplies were strapped into these trays, but sometimes two officers crammed themselves into one and would take this rattle-trap short cut—hoping the Austrians would not snipe it with shrapnel while they were en route.

SMILER JACK and I were told that one of us must crawl in under the tackle and the other would have to sit between his protruding knees with only the six-inch sides for his physical protection and moral comfort. I remembered having heard that some types of people become dizzy at great heights and lose their heads—and then the rest of them. I wondered if possibly I belonged to one of those types, and not being too sure that I didn't, I decided that it would be better for me to get in first under the tackle.

I was about to propose to Hales that I do this on the basis that I was much more wiry than he and could squirm under the tackle and save him the trouble.

But he beat me to it with a bright idea of his own. "I'll just crawl in under there first," he told me. "What ho! Two men in a tub, the butcher—"

"Oh, no, Jack," I protested, "that will be a pretty tight squeeze for you. Just let me do the wriggling in underneath."

"No," Jack objected. "You'd better let me go in under that tackle, then you can just sit in between my knees and hold them down. You know, I'm not used to a ride in a thing like this and I might get a trifle dizzy."

a Tub

By Tom Curtin

Author of Land of the Deepening Shadow, The Edge of the Quicksands and The Tyranny of Power



Tom Curtin who broadcasts thrill stories of his adventures in the World War as a secret correspondent behind enemy lines. The incidents are dramatized and released through an NBC network.

It bothered me to hear Jack say that. It made the outside position seem even worse than I had first thought.

"All ready," the Italian engineer sang out.

I was as ready as I'd ever be, so I told him to go ahead.

Up we went. I remembered that a tight-rope walker had once told me that a person should never let his mind fill with thoughts of walking when at a dangerous height, because if he does he'll do the very thing that he most wants *not* to do.

So I tried to talk about other things to Jack. I tried to appreciate the view after we were up about a thousand feet.

"Just think," I said to him, "only three weeks ago I was strolling along Picadilly and down through Leicester Square."

"Same amount of brass hats there as always?" Jack asked, taking the cue.

"More." I answered.

"And I suppose the same amount of young lady parasites as ever," he continued.



"Come on in, the water's fine. Big war goin' on eh. I'll tell my mother. She'll stop it all right. Oh, ma!" Photo by Curtin.

I took a look straight down at the deepening jagged gorge until there seemed to be not even six-inch sides on the basket. Brr—that wouldn't do, got to keep my mind off that stuff.

"You know, Jack, this is stimulating, isn't it?" I burst out, making myself look at distant peaks, rather than straight down.

"YES, it's certainly uplifting," Hale chimed back. "I'd rather be up here than down on Picadilly Circus right now," I made myself say.

"Sure," came from under me. "I'd rather be up among the eagles anytime, than down among the barnyard fowl."

And so we went on talking this brave bunk until the first pull was finished and we stepped out on the platform across which was the second basket on another pulley.

An Italian soldier who had been to America helped tuck me in over Jack.

"This one will be much more long; and vera, vera deep," he explained. "Looka out, or—" and he made a significant gesture, "You make vera big splash down there."

I laughed hollowly and told him that my friend Jack could make a much bigger splash than I. But it was a mean idea he had put into my head just the same.

We kidded each other and ourselves about the beautiful view that the second long pull afforded. We even tried to get up an argument over the exact spot in the Alps from which Napoleon first caught sight of the rich Italian plain.

During the third pull I noticed with comfort a long shelf of rock protrude under the cable until we passed only thirty feet above it. There was to be a drama connected with that shelf that I couldn't foresee as we swung over it.

Well, we landed. And I saw other dramas before we were ready to start back from the top of that mountain.



Bend down sister—if you want to get thin. But this peasant lady had never heard the song. Photo by Curtin.

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Beautiful Thoughts

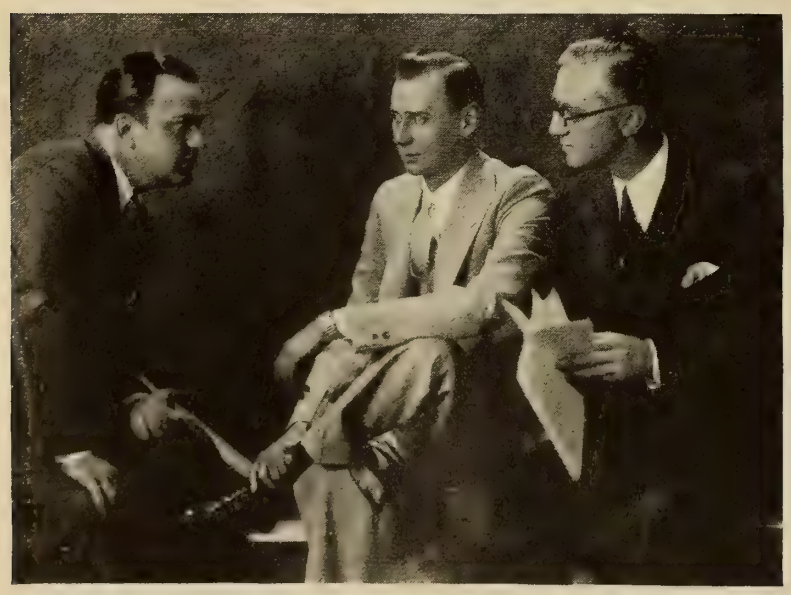
By JAMES H. COOK



Irma Glen, the feminine part of the Beautiful Thoughts program.

"Beautiful Thoughts they come and go
Like tides of oceans, that ebb and flow,
They bring a mem'ry, a smile or tears
They take us back to bygone years.
They bring again to us the dreams of long ago,
In fancy we hear the songs we used to know
When hearts were young and love was new
Beautiful Thoughts come softly through."

AND another program of Beautiful Thoughts is ushered on the air with the old team of Chuck, Ray and Gene and Irma Glen weaving harmony, melody and sentiment into the fifteen minutes that caught the fancy of the radio listeners of the nation.



Thinking pretty. Chuck Haynes (1), Ray Ferris (2) and Gene Arnold

But the history of Beautiful Thoughts dates farther back than the time it won first honors in the nationwide radio contest conducted by Montgomery Ward and Company over the National Broadcasting Company network. It dates much farther back than the days when the program, with the same cast and known as Voices At Twilight, appeared locally in Chicago on WENR.

It dates back to the days when Gene Arnold was a lad in knee pants lending his piping boyish soprano to the hymns in the Presbyterian Sunday School at Newton, Ill., and speaking his pieces at the Children's Day exercises. It was in those days that the trio laid the foundation for singing sacred numbers with such obvious sincerity.

On the same Sundays that Gene swelled the melody at Newton, Chuck Haynes drove in from the farm at New Winchester, Ohio, to take his part in the Sunday School programs and Ray Ferris trudged a certain street in Chicago with shining face to one place where he could croon his tenor.

THE trio has been together since February, 1928, when Arnold came to Chicago, firm in the belief that radio had a place for him. He left his voice, dancing and expression class at Muncie, Ind., and came to the Windy City, where almost the first radio people he met were Chuck and Ray, then harmonizing over local stations.

Gene was first auditioned as a singer at station WOK and three days later was engaged as an announcer, (which is not to the discredit of his ability as a vocalist.) He announced at the Trianon Ballroom and sang there as well for some time.

Then he organized his three man minstrel show, with himself as interlocutor and his new found pals, Chuck and Ray, as end men. Incidentally when Arnold went to WENR in the fall of 1928, he took the minstrel show with him where the orchestra was enlarged to 25 pieces, more end men were added and it became the Weener Minstrels. The minstrels went along "up river" when NBC assumed management of the station, and it has now had more than 150 performances.

A year and a half ago Arnold suggested that a program of harmony, organ music and readings might have a wide appeal to radio listeners. He built his program and it went on the air under the name of Voices At Twilight.

But let us leave the program for a while and tell something of the people

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LETTERS *to the* ARTIST

Admirers Still Express Appreciation for Talented Offerings through the Mail

DEAR MISS DRAGONETTE: Radio Digest is anxious to know for its readers whether radio artists still receive letters of applause from the radio audience. We are told this mode of expressing appreciation has subsided. Would it be too presumptous for us to ask concerning your personal mail. Do you hear from people who might be considered too blase or indifferent? If you do receive notable letters would you be willing to let us print some of them, provided the writers have granted their permission?

Very cordially,
Editors of Radio Digest.

Editors of Radio Digest:

In reply to your letter of recent date in which you requested "notable fan" letters I have selected eight from my scrap book which I have found especially inspiring and interesting. The writers are:

1. Elisha Brown Bird, Bookplate Designer.
2. Berta and Elena de Hellenbranth, Hungarian Portrait Painters.
3. Beatrice Fenton, American Sculptor.
4. The Postal Telegraph Co.
5. Margaret Lukes, writer.
6. Lucile McNally, a little girl.
7. Flora Warren Brown, art collector and poet.
8. The Brooklyn Daily Eagle.

The tribute of an artist is high compliment indeed—and so I wrote to Elisha Brown Bird when I acknowledged his letter. In return he paid me the still greater compliment of making a painting of me, which he called "Singing to the World." This exquisitely delicate yet forceful pictorial representation of singing has so amazingly expressed my own feeling of song that it is notable indeed; and considering the fact that Mr. Bird has never even seen me—truly remarkable.

Margaret Lukes' letter is exceptional because Miss Lukes was one of my earliest interviewers. It was she who convinced me that it would be wise to abandon my early ideal, "never to be interviewed." It is gratifying that this skilled writer has followed my progress and approves.

Similarly I could comment on each letter but in order to achieve brevity I have attached biographical data to each one and I shall trust to your imagination to recapture the inspiration each brought to me. Because of the public

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Jessica Dragonette receives many letters from admiring radio listeners. Some of the letters are published here.



Floyd's Brother, Edward

That Gibbons Kid

Floyd's Family and Relatives Were Worried about Him and Aunt Annie was in Despair

By Anne B. Lazar

"DEAR Emma:
. . . Please attend to this matter at once! He will never amount to anything if you permit him to run the streets all day. School is the place for him. After school hours, for the Lord's sake, keep him indoors away from bad company. You know he is at the age when he will learn everything, (bad especially) and those boys around are, I think, too old in every way for six-year old Floyd. And Emma, if you want to save yourself trouble in the future, just take your boy in charge now."

This warning note was penned by Aunt Annie on the Third of October in the year One Thousand Eight Hundred and Ninety-three. It was plain that Dear Aunt Annie was alarmed. Which conscientious aunt wouldn't be. For whenever there was a broken window, a can tied to a cat's tail, a false alarm at the fire house—the townspeople would exclaim with one accord, "It's that Floyd boy again." Already they were condoling Aunt Annie on the sad future which would fall to this boy's lot. Make the best of it, they sighed. You're doing all you can. But the devil is just in him. Aunt Annie shook her head slowly, knowing only too well that the sympathetic neighbors spoke the truth.

Something was always happening in the town, and proud mothers of darling little lads gasped with relief in the assurance that their pets were guiltless, that there was *one* culprit who could be depended upon for the prank. Although no one ever did find out who chalked up the teacher's chair—when she got up to the blackboard and the white pattern on her dress was seen by the pupils—there was a general snickering and a natural turning of heads in the direction of Floyd. There was no use in trying to defend himself, for anything that savored of mischief savored of Floyd. Poor Aunt Annie. She was beside herself. And what a blot on the family escutcheon. There were four others in the family, outside of Mother and Dad—Donald, Edward, Zelda and Margaret. Their whole lives would be spoiled—ruined, and with downcast eyes they would have to admit in later years, "Yes, Floyd is our brother."

So Aunt Annie wrote to Floyd's mother and urged her to do all that was humanly possible for the salvation of the boy—doubting of course in her heart that any kind of discipline would avail.

With these very happy prospects about his future, little Floyd Gibbons set out on the Great Adventure of Life, and every event which would be just "another thing" to someone else, has flamed up for him into a breathless episode.

A Utopia on earth would burst into a conflagration if Floyd Gibbons were to set foot on this peaceful land. A mountain that had never quaked in all its born days would suddenly spout forth lava if it saw Gibbons approaching—for who but Floyd could give such a vivid and graphic description of such happenings, and both the Mountain and Utopia knew it.

Dad was aware of Floyd's faculty for evoking the most dangerous elements in any situation, and that if anything, newspaper work would develop this power. It would never do. No newspaper job for Floyd if Dad could help it. So up went Dad Gibbons to his son's first editor boss and insisted that his offspring be fired. But Floyd was too valuable an asset to his newspaper—and Dad left the newspaper office wondering what would become of this recalcitrant, incorrigible adventurous son of his.

It might be mentioned here that six months later, on an occasion when Floyd did not use his usual mastery and skill in reporting a certain activity, that this same boss, in utter editorial disgust, shouted, "Say, you ought to go to Timbuctoo and learn to be a reporter. You're fired." It so happened that in 1923, Floyd Gibbons happened to be in this legendary-sounding country, and recalling with a smile the sound advice given to him by Editor, the First, Bill Shepherd, now one of the editors of Collier's Weekly, sent him a telegram, "Am in Timbuctoo, carrying out your assignment." The curious part of this incident was that Mr. Shepherd, leaving

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(P. & A. Photo)

Floyd's Father, Brother Ed, and the Headliner himself on the S. S. Republic taken soon after the Mother's death.

"UNACCUSTOMED *as* I *am*"

Famous Leader of Connecticut Yankees Pays Tribute to Each Member of His Band at Birthday Party aboard Stuttgart

By Rudy Vallee

COMPLETING two years of broadcasting on the Fleischmann Hour Rudy Vallee was tendered a banquet aboard the German S. S. Stuttgart. Friends of Mr. Vallee and members of his band were present. Sitting at the head of the table Rudy talked into a microphone and smiled toward the individual of each comment. The individual would rise, bow and the guests would applaud. So many inquiries have come from Radio Digest readers for an article about the members of the band Rudy was prevailed upon to furnish a transcript of his tribute to members of his organization.

Editor.

MR. TOASTMASTER, gentlemen of the press, radio listeners-in, and others of our guests who are honoring us with their presence today.

There are luncheons and luncheons; there are testimonial dinners and testimonial dinners; there are benefits and benefits. In other words, there are festive occasions where genuine sincerity prevails, and there are festive occasions which really degenerate into the class of rackets!

The recipient or recipients of an occasion such as this may well wonder just how sincere the givers, or sponsors of the occasion may be. At one time I had a child-like faith, and to me there was nothing more beautiful than the wonderful dinners that were given to various men on various occasions, at which I sat with the orchestra, contributing music to the evening's entertainment. Secretly I hoped that some day I, too, might walk down the hall to the strains of "Hail to the Chief," instead of sitting back and playing the aforesaid air. But shortly before the first testimonial dinner came to me, my illusions about them were somewhat shattered. I say "somewhat," because I still look for the best in everything and everyone. But when the editor and publisher of a great theatrical magazine bluntly told me that many testimonial dinners were merely an excuse for the raising of money, and that the central figure of the occasion was picked blind-folded, or from the standpoint of his or her ability to bring people to separate themselves from $5 for their plate at the occasion, I somehow lost my taste for something I had always coveted as one of the world's greatest rewards for preseverance, hard work, and industry.



Rudy Vallee is invited to the captain's quarters and is reminded of days gone by when he, too, was a man of the sea.

I WOULD like to feel, however, that today's occasion has some sincerity behind it. Hardly anything in the world of commerce and business is done without some thought of publicity in mind, yet I think we who are honored by this simple gathering today may genuinely feel a thrill of pardonable pride of work well done, and the satisfaction thereof. There are our detractors who will question the "work well done" part of my statement. However, as in art nothing can actually be measured or proven, I believe that the artist's conscience of a satisfactory job is sufficient proof of having accomplished something, because a true artist is even more critical than his critics.

To some of my listeners, especially those detractors who take a keen delight in tearing down, and to whom it seems to be an effort to judge impartially, and to be fair, let me say that I don't mean to infer that we have not, in the past two years, played some Fleischmann programs which were not an hour of sheer delight to every listener, but on the whole we feel that in the course of those many Thursday evenings we must have brought enjoyment to a certain number of people at least; otherwise a gigantic and business-like organization such as Fleischmann certainly would not have continued to keep us on an expensive payroll.

IT IS a common fallacy in business that there can be no sentiment. I say "fallacy" because nothing could be more fallacious. Business itself is built on sentiment, and whether the heads of the organizations, will or no, apparently subject themselves to anything sentimental, they perforce must do so, and although we like to tell ourselves that there could be no sentiment in business, we find ourselves constantly falling back on a play of emotions to accomplish every little thing we try to do.

Music itself is built on a psychological feeling which the body displays upon hearing certain compositions, and only a person who has been stricken ill and forced to lie with his face turned to the ceiling may appreciate what music brought by the radio can mean toward recovery. Only one who has talked with the hopelessly blind may appreciate what radio means to them. I don't mean to wave the flag, or to turn sob

sister, when I say that our Fleishmann programs have brought happiness to many thousands of these, whether or not they have stimulated the sales of the yeast cakes. This is not mere guess work on my part, as evidences of what I have just said are brought to me daily. And we must have succeeded in the prime purpose for which the hour is given, otherwise we would not be looking forward to a continuance of the programs for many months into the future.

Sometime ago I undertook to say most of these things that I would like to say today through a literary effort which was comparatively well-received. Perhaps the most unhappy part connected with that particular venture was that many people doubted the fact that in my book it was really I who spoke. I am happy in the opportunity that the occasion affords me to tell those who are listening, and the gentlemen of the press here assembled, something about the Connecticut Yankees and our individual rise to what the world terms success.

As I look around, I see a pale-faced young man who shows in his make-up the sincerity and the qualities which have made him so dear not only to me but to our radio listeners who voted him sometime ago as the most popular individual performer of an instrument on the air—a boy whom I knew during my years at Yale, and whose pianistic work always evoked an admiration from everyone who heard it; a young man who was pleased to come to New York at my request to form the bulwark and the basis, one might say, of our little group of eight men three years ago. I don't think he has ever regretted that move, and it has been my happiness to know him over a period of many years, see him happily married and the father of a fine boy, and to have found him always loyal, energetic, eager to help, and always extremely conscientious. His nimble fingers and his arranging ability have been responsible for many of the early hours of delight which emanated from the Heigh Ho Club and the Villa Vallée. I would like, at this time, to introduce to everyone present, *Clifford Burwell,* original pianist of the Connecticut Yankees.

More quixotic perhaps, than fiction, is the appearance in the band of a young giant, who from the first disagreed with my policies of hand direction, and who even today does not sympathize entirely with them. But a young man who has lent his unusual rhythmic ability, coupled with a keen sense of artistry in music, to producing the rhythm which early made the Connecticut Yankees so popular to their listeners. Our drummer and assistant leader, *Ray Toland.*

Also from New Haven, Connecticut, a friend of my college days, a boy who seemed willing to place himself in my hands that I might direct and mold his saxophone style and ability, a boy who, like his Connecticut chum and pal, has given me those same qualities of loyalty, dependability, and fine musical worth —*Joe Miller.*

Another young man, a Connecticut Yankee who hails from the Bronx, a boy who grew a mustache to disguise his extreme youthfulness, and who came to us as a performer on the string bass. He had previously played the violin, but on that instrument and the string bass the older performers would have none of him; he looked too youthful, and they had no faith in what might be behind that mask of extreme youth. Possibly today some of these same conductors regret their decision extremely, as he turned out to be one of the finest, perhaps the finest string bass player in all the dance world—certainly one of the finest in the entire country—*Harry Patent.*

A day-dreaming, happy-go-lucky Swede, with a hobby for foreign automobiles, in fact a foreign complex which extends to anything having the expensive foreign stamp upon it; happy-go-lucky, but nevertheless, a sincere, loyal, and extremely capable young man, whose crisp chord playing has also been one of the mainstays of our rhythm section from its inception—*Charles Peterson.*

As I come to the violins, I cannot help but feel a bit unhappy at the thought that an unkind fate took from us temporarily one of the most conscientious and finest boys who ever lifted a bow. After working with us for more than a year, ill health finally forced him to seek a return of his health down in the Carolinas. At last he is well, and the doctors assure me that he will be able to rejoin us next Spring. Although he is not here, he is listening in, and I know that he will be very happy to hear a fine hand of applause as I mention his name—*Mannie Lowy.*

One of the most noteworthy of our band, from a standpoint of artistic qualities, is a boy who was a prodigy at the piano, playing solos when still in short pants, and whose extremely fine artistic ability, bordering closely on genius, has helped make many of our programs, I hope, enjoyable. A Brooklyn boy, one of the finest dance pianists in the entire world—*Walter Gross.*

Other new editions to our violins—*Phil Buatta,* who has filled so ably the place of our absent violinist. Another extremely capable violinist, *Sal Terini,* who, like Walter Gross, used to play with me in the days of our broadcasts at tea time from the Lombardy Hotel. And still another young man, who borders toward the Kreisler in his style and quality of tone. His solo bits have been a bright spot of many of our recent programs—*Buddy Sheppard.*

In the saxophone field is a boy who aided and befriended me when I first came to New York looking for work, and whose beauty of tone and style is unsurpassed in the entire saxophone world—*Sid Topletz.* Another New Haven boy, one of the reasons for the use of the name "Conn. Yankees," energetic, the best-natured boy in the band, a little gentleman at all times, and a fine saxophonist—*Bob Bowman.*

And then to our brass section. Inasmuch as my theory is that brass should be seen, but little heard, these boys and their work may be less well-known to our radio audiences. *Andy Eich,* first trumpet who was with me in our debut at the Paramount Theatre, and whose fine quality and artistic perfection make him one of the finest. *Angel Rattiner,* whose modernistic hot style makes him one of the finest exponents of that type of playing. *Andy Wiswell,* (and Mike Durso if present) like myself a Maine boy who also went to Yale with me, and whose ability has made him an extremely valuable man to me always.

Two pianists have served us in substitute capacities as well as arrangers—very fine pianists, extremely fine gentlemen, and expert arrangers—*Lester Bankers* and *Frank Leithner.*

I feel that I should express the sincere feeling of appreciation that I have always had for the co-directors of this hour, men sent by the advertising agency to help me in my selection of programs and guest artists.

It is a general fallacy along Broadway that the advertising directors of most radio hours are bad show-men, and know little or nothing about pleasing a radio public. Possibly that might be the case on some hours, but it is certainly not true in the case of John Reber, Gordon Thompson, and Kal Kuhl of the J. Walter Thompson Co. These gentlemen have always directed us with a policy of clean programs, yet one which should please our listeners-in, and to them I express my appreciation for their extreme tolerance and their very fine aid to us in the period of our association with them.

And to that gentleman whose contagious enthusiasm of voice first electrified me when I heard him announcing a Yale-Harvard football game long before I had met him, a man whom I admired from a distance for a long time before I came to know him, and whom I admire as much, if not more, after completing two years of continuous association with him. Graham McNamee.

(Continued on page 90)

Big Time

Nellie Revell and Sisters of Skillet

Heavyweights in Light Humor Crash the Gates to Nellie's Studio.. Mirthquake Gabalogue!

EVERY Wednesday night at 11 o'clock Miss Revell takes her WEAF mike in hand and rattles off a good old fashioned chinfest about the great and near-great of Radio and stage circles. On this page you will read some of the things she broadcast in case you did not hear her on the NBC network.

IT WAS a lucky thing for some of us who happened to miss Nellie Revell's broadcast the night the Sisters of Skillet crashed into her studio that Miss Anne Downey happened to be practicing her shorthand by taking notes of what was being said. For, as it turned out, that was just about the funniest thing that has happened in broadcasting for a coon's age.

Probably Nellie suspected what was coming for she had accidentally bumped into that quarter-ton of comedy at the entrance of the NBC building on Fifth Avenue not many minutes before her broadcast of the Radio Digest program over WEAF and associated stations. You can always catch Nellie Revell on a Wednesday night at 11 o'clock, right following Graham McNamee and Grantland Rice on the Coco Cola hour.

Miss Downey is a clever little magazine writer, and she likes to jot down things she hears over the air—not only to keep her fingers nimble but to familiarize herself with the technique of what she hears.

This is the story she transcribed. Her accuracy is attested by the fact that it tallies to a "t" with that part of the continuity—as radio scripts are called—written originally by Miss Revell, associate editor of Radio Digest.

"Click-click-clickity-click," came the first sound of a typewriter in the scene with Nellie Revell, the Voice of Radio Digest, and Paul Dumont, famous announcer and end man.

Paul: "Hello, Nellie, who are you sending the telegram to?"

Nellie: "Oh, hello, Paul. * * Must you know?"

Paul: "No, I was just asking you."

Nellie: "Well, it's no secret . . and I wouldn't mind telling you even it if were. * * Tomorrow is the second wedding anniversary of our good friends, May Singhi Breen and Peter de Rose . . the Sweethearts of the Air."

Paul: "Oh, that's so. * * How time flies. * * Add my congratulations, will you?"



Sisters of the Skillet after they had crashed into Nellie Revell's studio

Nellie: "I'm not congratulating them . . I'm interrogating them. * * Asking them their formula . . how to be happy though married."

Paul: "Don't you believe in marriage, Nellie?"

Nellie: "Sure I do . . some of my best friends get married . . . often. * * But I don't know, Paul, about looking at that same face 365 breakfasts a year . . that is, if he gets home in time for breakfast."

Paul: "Well, the secret of it all is to find someone whom you know you can live with."

Nellie: "No, the secret of it all is to find someone that you can't live without. * * And that seems to be what May and Peter have done. * * And this little program and Radio Digest congratulate them."

Paul: "And now that you got all that sentiment and philosophy off your chest . . maybe you'll be good enough to tell us who was that crowd I saw you with downstairs."

Nellie: "That wasn't any crowd . . that was Ralph Dumke and Eddie East, the Sisters of the Skillet. * * We just came up on the elevator together. * * They're going to drop in on us later."

Daly: "Is that so? * * I guess we had better take the hinges off the door if those boys are coming in here."

Paul: "Wait a moment . . let me get this straight. * * You say that you and Ralph and Eddie all came up together in the same elevator? * * I didn't know that the freight elevator ran this late, Nellie."

(Continued on page 93)

Fans Rally to Support Candidates in Beauty Queen Race

Radio Digest's Campaign to find most beautiful radio artist in America Off to Flying Start --- Enthusiasm at High Pitch as National Election Gets Under Way

THE campaign to find the Beauty Queen of American Radio is off to a flying start. Already, all evidence points to a race to the finish. It is far too early to give any indication as to the relative standing of the fair damsels who have been entered by various stations throughout the United States, Canada, Cuba and Mexico. They are bunched on the first lap in this preliminary race, but within the month the readers of Radio Digest, who are the voters in this election, will have declared themselves to a greater extent and the entries will be rounding the turn and straining on the home stretch.

Never has a campaign inaugurated by Radio Digest aroused such enthusiasm among radio stations, artists and readers of this magazine. The stations are preparing to get behind their entries with all the power at their command. Each entry is a potential winner. And the final result will be decided entirely by the readers of Radio Digest.

You readers who have not already done so, now is the time to rally to the support of the radio artist you believe to be the most attractive among this bevy of more than thirty beauties. The campaign opened in the December issue of Radio Digest and the first group of beauties was pictured in the rotogravure section. That issue also contained a ballot for voting purposes. The second

(Continued on page 88)

Zone One

Edith M. Bowes, CHNS-CNRH, Halifax, Canada.
Catherine Fields, WEAF, New York City.
Rosalind Greene, WJZ, New York City.
Estelle Happy, WTIC, Hartford, Conn.
Ethelyn Holt, W2XAB, New York City.
Harriet Lee, WABC, New York City.
Verna Osborne, WOR, Newark, N. J.
Mary O'Rourke, WPAW, Pawtucket, R. I.
Lillian Parks, WCDA, New York, City.
Christine Perera, CMBT, Havana, Cuba.
Nina Tonelli, WLWL, New York City.
Mary Williamson, WMCA, New York City.

Zone Two

Nell Cook Alfred, KRMD, Shreveport, La.
Virginia Clarke, WJJD, Chicago.
Donna Damerel, WBBM, Chicago.
Nan Dorland, WENR, Chicago.
Jane Froman, WMAQ, Chicago.
Connie Gates, WGAR, Cleveland, O.
Lena Pope, WCKY, Covington, Ky.
Peggy O'Neil Shelby, WEBO, Harrisburg, Ill.
Constance Stewart, CKNC, Toronto.

Zone Three

Elizabeth Anderson, KTLC, Houston, Tex.
Celeste Rader Bates, KGDM, Stockton, Calif.
Miriam Dearth, WNAD, Norman, Okla.
Alice Holcomb, WFAA, Dallas, Tex.
Hazel Johnson, KFYR, Bismark, N. D.
Rita Lane, KPO, San Francisco, Calif.
Helen Musselman, KGO, San Francisco, Calif.
Julietta Novis, KFWB, Hollywood, Calif.
Nellie Santigosa, KROW, Oakland, Calif.
Madaline Sivyer, KQW, KTAB, San Jose, Calif.
Annabell Wickstead, XEQ, Juarez, Mexico.



A WINNER of contests is this attractive Miss who delights the listeners over KRMD, Shreveport, Louisiana. Miss Alfred won fifth place in a movie face contest; first place in a funny face contest and she inspired the story "Oil and Riches" by George Marvin. She is a soprano—one of the best they'll tell you down in Shreveport.

Nell Cook Alfred



Donna Damerel

WBBM, Chicago, is the home of this broadcast beauty. Plenty of "IT" on and off the air. A new star, she is better known as Marge of the team of Myrt and Marge, in a new program devoted to the interest of gum — you know, the kind stenographers use.



GENTLEMEN prefer 'em! Beautiful and blond and has she got personality? She has—plenty—and she ought to have because she is a personality singer at WJJD in Chicago. The fans think so too—or fan mail don't mean a thing.

Virginia Clarke



Nan Dorland

NAN has the leading role in "Keeping Up With Daughter" at WENR in Chicago. She is blue eyed and auburn haired; started in radio at KFI and KTM and has become one of the popular radio-artists in the Mid-West.



THIS little lady is one of the most popular artists at WMAQ, Chicago. She can sing "Blues" numbers so that the indigo comes right through the loud speaker. The public likes her and so do the rest of the gang at the Chicago NBC studios.

Jane Forman



Lena Pope

ALWAYS suspected Kentucky had beautiful girls and this proves it. Miss Pope has been gracing the studios of WCKY, Covington, Ky., for the past year. She is entered in the Radio Digest contest for the Beauty Queen of American Radio and she was chosen to represent the station by Kentucky World readers and station listeners.

Connie Gates



WHEN Connie sings a "Blues" number people stop playing bridge and talking to concentrate on the radio out Cleveland way. She is one of the reasons why WGAR is tuned in by listeners throughout the Middle West. The photographer caught her in a serious moment . . . wonder what her thoughts were just then?



Constance Stewart

CONSTANCE does "drahma" at CKNC, Toronto, Ontario, and she does it so effectively that she has become one of the outstanding artists at that station. She has appeared in about seventy-five plays from that station. Miss Stewart is blond, 26 years old, and weighs 120 pounds.



Peggy O'Neil Shelby

REMEMBER that song "Peggy O'Neil is the girl who could steal any heart any place, any time"? Well, that's just the kind of girl this Peggy is and also that's the reason why WEBQ is such a popu lar place when Peggy is on the air What does she do? "Blues" songs



Betty Council

BETTY COUNCIL is rapidly winning widespread popularity as one of radio's foremost feminine announcers. Her smooth Southern accent is one of the features of the Pond's Dance Program, broadcast each Friday at 9:30 P. M. (EST) over an NBC-WEAF network.

HITS« QUIPS SLIPS»

By INDI-GEST

Catch That Slip!

THERE'S many a slip twixt the lip and the mike. Next time you hear a good one jot it down and send it to Indi-Gest, care of Radio Digest. We pay contributors from $1 to $5 for material accepted for this department. Indi likes short verses on the same terms. Suggestions welcomed.

GATHER 'round, dear Indi-gestians, and see what a swell spot we're in now. Right in the middle of the book with roto and everything. Fancy type, too.

First letter opened comes from our little friend Marjorie Mapel of Denver. Another poem. Here 'tis.

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN"
By Marjorie Mapel

Now I have heard a little line that will appeal to great and small,
You can please some folks part of the time, and some no time at all.
How well this adage works we know, with programs on the radio.
One wants a jazz band wild and hot, another dialogue quite snappy,
One wants slow rhythm and why not; a love song now to make me happy,
A business talk must come for father, psychology for studious brother.
I can't appreciate them all; nor you,—I guess we're not that plastic,
But surely we need not be small, and rave around in mood sarcastic.
Because some programs we can't see, perhaps the wrong's with you and me.

You wrote a hatfull in them thar lines, Marjorie. We sometimes get a holler from a crabbed VOLIer—makes us hot beneath the collar. Ain't no rhyme nor reason, jest squawkin' outa season, mebbe they're only teasin'—, Anyway you get a dollar.

» » »

During a Sunday school broadcast on WJR, Detroit, the children were allowed to ask questions of the teacher.

"If Jesus was so great that he could do anything, why didn't He invent electricity?" was one child's query.

"Can any of the other children answer that?" asked the teacher.

"Sure," replied a tiny voice, "because that wasn't His business."

Mrs. J. P. Brooks, Orchard Lake, Mich.



ESSIE WATTS
(Not a candidate. Not a candidate. Not a candidate)
Famous beauty of Thompkins Corners whose photograph (by Harold Stein) arrived too late to be entered.

FOLKS around Thompkins Corners think our Essie is just about the sweetest thing in petticoats. We held a meetin' at the store an' sent a committee over to Radio Village to get Harold Stein to come over and make a regular bang-up photrait of her. He had the blamedest time gettin' her to pose right. He said he was a photographer of souls and he wanted to get that spiritual effect in her face. She said she felt the most soulful when she was singin' Hearts and Flowers. So they got her the music. But all she did was to roll it up and start singin'. Mr. Stein danced around his camera and said things that shouldn't be repeated—but I don't know whether it was complimentary to Essie or not. He looked funny at the ostrich feathers in Essie's hat and said fine feathers don't make fine birds. An' Essie said she wasn't a bird anyway. An' Mr. Stein said you couldn't call an ostrich exactly a Bird of Paradise. Well just as she hit that high note he told her to hold the pose and keep on with that note. She was just about all out of gas when he got this snapshot. I'm afraid she held it so long that the picture will be getting to you too late to be entered in the contest. But I cal'late the sperit is there. Hoping you are well, I am, yours truly,

MATT THOMPKINS.

When Harry Richman Cursed

HARRY RICHMAN was one of the many stars to pass before the WMCA microphone at the Friars Carnival and Ball in Madison Square Garden last month. One of the pit musicians volunteered to accompany him, so Richman gave the volunteer his instructions, in what he thought was sotto voce. "We'll do 'You Try Somebody Else', said Harry and for C.....'s sake be careful on the second chorus. I go about twelve different ways on it!" Imagine Richman's surprise when his voice came back at him from every corner. He quickly went into the song, but it was a much embarrassed Harry Richman that left the dais after only one number. Leo Ireland, 356 W. 34th St., New York, N. Y.



It's many a long mile from Broadway via Havana, Chicago, Los Angeles and the Pacific to Honolulu. But above was the scene on the first night when Lucky Strike opened the Etherway almost half way round the world, and KGU, Honolulu, joined the NBC net.

Rolfe on Vacation

Dear Indi:

WELL I'm off to Hawaii; far, far away from the Lucky Days Are Here Again, which I have blazoned across the skies for these many weeks, months and on into years. It was time for a change. I'll be so happy to get away from all the fuss and worry and constant pressure. The tempo is too fast. One must relax. I look forward to the soothing freedom of the Hawaiian islands. Do you know, my great ambition is to compose oratorios. In fact I have a theme very definitely in mind. While I am away from your dizzy maddening whirl you can think of me at a piano with notebook and pencil feeling my way along through sublime harmonies with which to clothe the majestic words of Abraham Lincoln at the dedication of Gettysburgh.

Tuesday.

Here I am on the boat and away at last. I have a piano in my cabin and am ready to begin the work that has been on my heart these many months. I have not heard a radio for three days. What a relief! Still I can't help wondering how Andy is getting along with—no I am not even going to think about it. After all this is where I get away from it. By that I mean I get 6,000 miles away from the whole idea of broadcasting. Oh it's a great life.

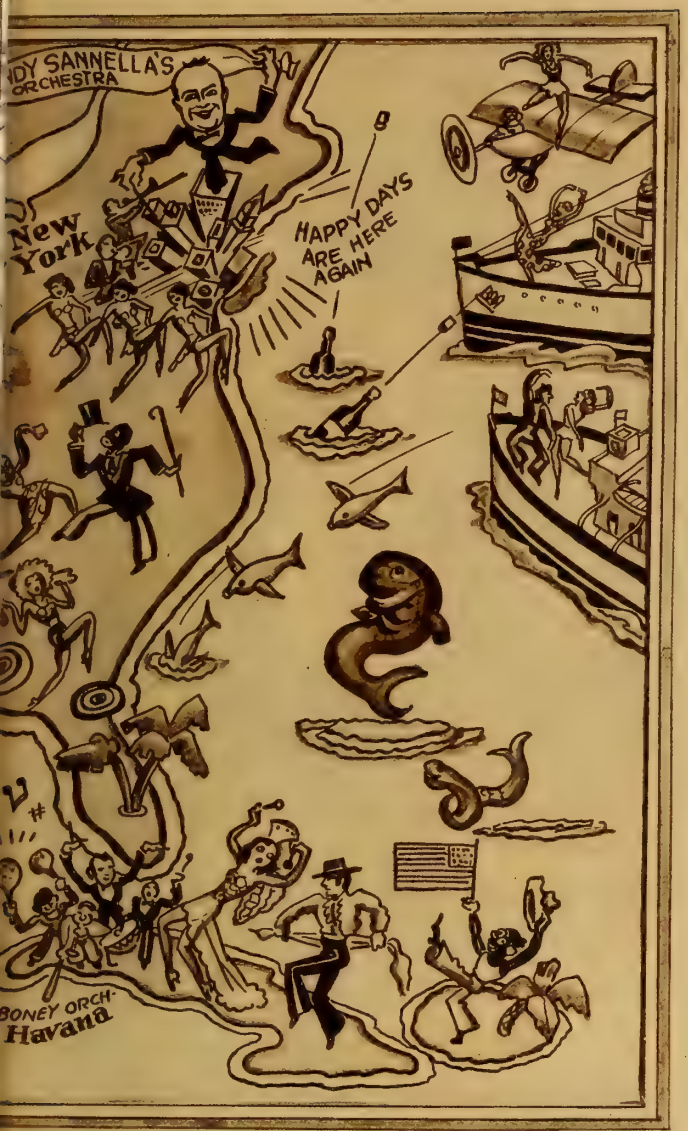
Honolulu.

Here at last. To think I have come all this way without hearing a radio program once. Not but I could have listened, I simply steered away from it. What's the use of turning your nose right into something you are trying to escape? Not that I have any desire to permanently detach myself from radio—far from it. But I'm taking a vacation. You can't imagine how it feels to be 6,000 miles away from Broadway—I wonder how Andy is getting along with—but I understand Wayne King has the spot in Chicago. What does he know about—Gus Arnheim has a wonderful orchestra I understand, peppier than King's but not so seductive. Still he never would know how to put the right kind of vim into—say, what's the matter with me? Anyway no chance of me hearing it here. There's a crowd gathering down in the street in front of the hotel. Sounds like a movietalkie. I'm going down and will finish this when I get back. Then off it goes by the first boat. Something funny about that talkie—

One Hour Later.

Whoever said Hawaii was 6,000 miles from Broadway must be crazy. I just heard a voice saying "this is Mrs. Winchell's little boy, Walter, bidding you all good night." I think Andy's—well, probably it was the atmospheric condition. So KGU, Honolulu, is now a part of the NBC net. Well, so am I. Wonder how about a little greeting from Honolulu. Oh Boy, I'm all pepped up over that idea. Whoopee! Lucky Days Are Here Again, and so's your uncle.

B. A. ROLFE.



PRACTICALLY NONE

Here is a bit of dialogue heard over WGAR not long ago, that I think worthy of recording in the 'Quip Column.'

"Tell them all you know, Pat," said Mike, "it won't take long."

"I'll tell them all we both know and it won't take any longer," replied Pat. —P. D. Kelsco, 2804 Sackett Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

WELL RATHER

NBC announcer of the McKesson Musical Magazine: "We turn the next page and find the McKesson soloist in 'Only a Rose'." Better than in a cabbage or even in the nude, n'est-ce pas? —Mrs. V. D. Fergusson, 328 North 8th Street, Cambridge, Ohio.

Dear Indi: Isn't it a shame the way the advertisers are horning in on everything. They even have their own theme songs now. The Listerine song they tell me is taken from Peter Arno's show and is called "Hello My Lover, Goodbye." Phyllis Korten, Jackson, Mich.

LOST—ONE THRILL

While listening to a dance program by Doc Peyton and his Hoosiers from WGY at Schenectady, N. Y., I heard: "—and now 'The Thrill Is Gone' from George White's Scandals which will be followed with 'That's Why Darkies Were Born' from the same show and with the kind permission of the copyright owners." I think that George White should have special names for his songs to be used when the songs are announced by radio. The first statement of this announcer could be considered libelous to George White.—Richard Sees, R. F. D., 1 Cohoes, N. Y.

MEANT TRUNKS, WHAT?

"Open your windows and throw your chests out" was the request sent several homes not long ago because the continuity of a morning health exercise had not been carefully checked. That remark ended the exercising in my house for that day. I had to stop to laugh and that made me mad because I needed that particular day's exercise very badly.—Mrs. L. Lischenstein, 829 1st Ave., New York, N. Y.

Snatch-Proof Sports Binocle

Dear Indi:

OF COURSE in the glorious sunshine of California one really does not need much of anything to be able to see at great distances. Just a pair of God-given eyes will do the trick. But there comes a time when a pair of special high-powered cheaters comes in mighty handy. For example if you are a good lip reader and want to binocle a quarterback giving signals on the field while you are behind the mike in a press stand there is nothing to compare with the ones shown on my friend Don Wilson, football and sports announcer of KFI-KECA, Los Angeles.

See that happy smile! He is already telling the audience what the next play will be before the ball is passed. Every lash of the eye, every muscle twitch on the player's face is clearly visible to him from a distance as far as one goal is from another.

Notice the focusing knob resting on the tip of his nose. By a slight rotary movement of his nose he can quickly adjust the focus to any distance without the use of either hand. The head straps make it impossible for anyone to snatch or borrow these binocs. They also keep the hair from blowing away. They hold the goggles rock-steady and yet by a flick of the finger the wearer may hoist them to the top of his head.

It is expected that the use of this invention will become wide-spread for it may be put to many uses such as discovering the distant approach of a bill collector or a motorcycle cop. (Adv.) Johnny Long-Beach, Los Angeles, Cal.



"It's going to be a long swivel round right end . . . I told you, I told you . . . and Oh if you could hear the words I see pouring out on little Joe for fumbling . . ." This is Don Wilson, KFI sports announcer, using the new hinge and buckle binoculars invented for sports.

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B. A. ROLFE.



LOST—ONE THRILL

While listening to a dance program by Doc Peyton and his Hoosiers from WGY at Schenectady, N. Y., I heard: "—and now 'The Thrill Is Gone' from George White's Scandals which will be followed with 'That's Why Darkies Were Born' from the same show and with the kind permission of the copyright owners." I think that George White should have special names for his songs to be used when the songs are announced by radio. The first statement of this announcer could be considered libelous to George White.—Richard Sees, R. F. D., 1 Cohoes, N. Y.

MEANT TRUNKS, WHAT?

"Open your windows and throw your chests out" was the request sent several homes not long ago because the continuity of a morning health exercise had not been carefully checked. That remark ended the exercising in my house for that day. I had to stop to laugh and that made me mad because I needed that particular day's exercise very badly.—Mrs. L. Lischenstein, 829 1st Ave., New York, N Y

PRACTICALLY NONE

Here is a bit of dialogue heard over WGAR not long ago, that I think worthy of recording in the 'Quip Column.'

"Tell them all you know, Pat," said Mike, "it won't take long.

"I'll tell them all we both know and it won't take any longer," replied Pat. —P. D. Kelsco, 2804 Sackett Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

WELL RATHER

NBC announcer of the McKesson Musical Magazine: "We turn the next page and find the McKesson soloist in 'Only a Rose'." Better than in a cabbage or even in the nude, n'est-ce pas? —Mrs. V. D. Fergusson, 328 North 8th Street, Cambridge, Ohio.

Dear Indi: Isn't it a shame the way the advertisers are horning in on everything. They even have their own theme songs now. The Listerine song they tell me is taken from Peter Arno's show and is called "Hello My Lover, Goodbye." Phyllis Korten, Jackson, Mich.

Snatch-Proof Sports Binocle

Dear Indi:

OF COURSE in the glorious sunshine of California one really does not need much of anything to be able to see at great distances. Just a pair of God-given eyes will do the trick. But there comes a time when a pair of special high-powered cheaters comes in mighty handy. For example if you are a good lip reader and want to binocle a quarterback giving signals on the field while you are behind the mike in a press stand there is nothing to compare with the ones shown on my friend Don Wilson, football and sports announcer of KFI-KECA, Los Angeles.

See that happy smile! He is already telling the audience what the next play will be before the ball is passed. Every lash of the eye, every muscle twitch on the player's face is clearly visible to him from a distance as far as one goal is from another.

Notice the focusing knob resting on the tip of his nose. By a slight rotary movement of his nose he can quickly adjust the focus to any distance without the use of either hand. The head straps make it impossible for anyone to snatch or borrow these binocs. They also keep the hair from blowing away. They hold the goggles rock-steady and yet by a flick of the finger the wearer may hoist them to the top of his head.

It is expected that the use of this invention will become wide-spread for it may be put to many uses such as discovering the distant approach of a bill collector or a motorcycle cop. (Adv.) Johnny Long-Beach, Los Angeles, Cal.



"It's going to be a long swivel round right end . . . I told you, I told you . . . and Oh if you could hear the words I see pouring out on little Joe for fumbling . . ." This is Don Wilson, KFI sports announcer, using the new hinge and buckle binoculars invented for sports.



WTMJ,
The Old Timers, taking time out in front of the General Store at Newlife, Wis. The horse belongs to somebody else.

Ye Olde Timers

Dear Indi:

SEEIN' that nobody else ever puts our picture in the paper I thought maybe you would so here it is. That's me with the pipe and the white duster. Guess I forgot to say we radio over the WTMJ station by a telephone from Newlife to Milwaukee where the operator joins us to the Milwaukee Journal. It's just wonderful the way folks hear us all around everywhere. Why I got a postal card from a feller I used to know who moved from here way over to the middle of Michigan who said he heard me on the radio and I ain't seen him for fifteen year. The broadcaster people call us the Old Timers, but we ain't so old. Of course Hugh Marshall ain't so spry as he used to be. That's him with the cane. Business is gettin' better every day. Wonder if you can guess who the other two people are? Ha! Ha! That's a secret. Hope you can find room for the picture. Yours truly,

CLINT BABBITT.



SMART SET

I had been replacing some worn-out tubes and still was having trouble to get my radio to work right. Wondering what next to do I made a test and the first words that popped out of the loudspeaker were, "Having trouble with your reception? Have you tried our so-and-so aerial eliminator and such-and-such tubes? This combination will increase your selectivity and reception." You couldn't beat that, could you?

M. H. Moore,
Muskogee, Okla.

YO-DE-O

The wind is in the yeast
Blow, blow, blow.
We're goin' to have er feast
Row, row, row.
Oh we'll sail the kitchen main
To the range and back again,
Yo-ho, Yo-ho, Yo-ho!

Biscuits on the fire,
Blow, blow, blow.
Flames are dashing higher,
Row, row, row.
We have ever' thing we need
And the only thing we knead
Dough-ho, Dough-ho, Dough-ho!

THE KITCHEN MARINES

Yo-ho and a bottle of milk—Three Bread Bakers on a bread man's chest—Will Donaldson, (arranger) Jack Parker, Frank Luther and Darrel Woodyard. You hear them every Sunday at 7:30 p. m., E. S. T., over a nationwide NBC-WJZ network.

Broadway Cowboy

Dear Indi:

THESE Broadway bulls are pretty tough to handle so that's why they gave this job to me. I'm an old cow hand. And bulls are just the same to me. Note my technique. You take him by the horns and twist. Of course this was the hardest one in the herd but I am taking it easy. Note the strained expression about his eye-brows. That comes from his resistance. I didn't want to break his horns so I'm sort of holding back. Oh I know all about the ranchin' an' rodeo stuff. Bring on your bulls. I throw them all, bar none (-0). I have no use for the old Spanish custom of bull fighting. Once I knew a picador who picked the wrong door and now he's picking broom straws in Sing Sing, where the bulls rightfully put him. A bull has four hoofs (hooves to you) made of the same goods as his horns. He is sometimes known as a hoofer (but never a hoover to you or anybody else) in vaudeville. Do not confuse hoofer with heifer. They are not the same when speaking of bulls. I guess you will get a big surprise seeing me in this picture after seeing me as a kitchen sailor on the opposite page. But such is life. And that's no bull-oney. Yours till the cows come home.

FRANK LUTHER.



Frank Luther Throwing The Bull



Battling Ben Bernie

Dear Indi:

ONCE more the old Maestro begs the indulgence of the Indi-gestians to explain the significance of the accompanying photograph. As a matter of fact this picture is a logical sequel of the one published in Indi columns last month. The song, "I Am Just a Dancing Sweetheart" has nothing whatsoever to do with this picture. Ed "Strangler" Lewis is not waltzing with me. He is trying to throw me down, a task which obviously has turned out to be something more of an effort than he had bargained for. He saw my picture in fighting posture in the last Radio Digest and immediately challenged me to a wrestling match. It is plain to see he has had enough. He not only is trying to push away from my grizzly hug but he is looking pathetically to the referee for help. Both knees are already caving away and the smile of victory wreathes my cigar upon which the ash still remains unbroken. It was not my intention to hurt the man, and after it was all over he put the alibi on his new shoes which he said slipped on the canvas. He also blamed the tight fit of these shoes and gave no credit to my prowess with the toe-hold. Just a fiddling play-boy, they call me! Ah, well. Yours, BEN BERNIE.



ALES OF HOFFMAN on WOR is a corking good show. Plenty of ginger and bubbling mirth. The Hoffman Hour is also linked with several other Eastern stations I believe. Lois Bennett and Veronica Wiggins are particularly well known chain stars. The Barker-oil is more than popular with announcers, and I think this number will soon be heard in all the night clubs and better class cafes. Director Josef Pasternack says he plays it in three-quarter time. The percussionist produces a tinkling effect with bottles which sets the palate to beckoning for moisture low in the roof of the mouth. This may be considered one of the hit-and-runs of the month in Radio Village. **JOHN LONGEAR, Aircritic Radio Village News.**

Radio Village News

LOWELL THOMAS has just about abandoned his farm to the hired help so he can set around and swap yarns with the bigwigs in Radio Village. Shrewd chap, this Thomas boy. After he got everybody to tell their best whoppers he collected them into a book and Funk & Wagnalls bookstore say they are selling like Old Man Child's batter cakes. More money in that than raising pigs and poultry, eh Lowell?

JOHN PHILIP SOUSA, the well known March King, is wearing a new U. S. Navy uniform. Lots of folk never knew he really is a lieutenant-Commander in our Navy. In war days he organized a Navy band of One Thousand peaces at Great Lakes, Illn.

MYRON NIESLEY, resigned as a city manager out in Kansas to come to Radio Village where he is now tenoring at NBC. Welcome, Myron.

DEAN GLEASON L. ARCHER of Suffolk Law School, Boston, who boats down to Radio Village to broadcast a speech on Laws That Safeguard Society went up to Waterville, Maine, for his two weeks vacation. The boys at Colby College and the Waterville Kiwanis Club wouldn't take "NO!" for an answer so he had to make two speeches while there.

CAME DAWN as the new Little Stranger to the Budd Hulicks. Budd is one of the two prominent Gloomchausseurs. The other is our distinguished fellow citizen, Colonel Stoopnagle. "What?" exclaimed that irascible gentleman, "do you mean by giving the child such a name?" Budd is used to the old gentleman's ways. He simply said, "Lemuel, we are young. This is the morning of our life our first child. What would you expect the first thing in the morning as you look to the eastern sky? The sun? No, the dawn—and Dawn is a girl's name. There is time enough for the son, as time marches on." But the Colonel was obdurate He replied, "I still think you might have called her Colonella, or Lemuella."

ADELE VASA came into the CBS studios all of a flutter a few days ago waving a letter which she had received from the prominent composer Charles Wakefield Cadman. It seems the music scribe had heard her sing his "Bianca" for the first time it ever was broadcast. She was in our Radio Village and he was in California and it gave him a great kick. So he ups and writes her a fan letter. Congrats, Adele.

JOE SANTLY is doing pretty well these days with his song writing flair. Jesse Crawford, p.o.o., played his latest piece on the organ the other night. It is called "Call Me Darling, Call Me Sweetheart." As Ray Perkins says, "Sure Joe, anything to please, we'll call you Darling or Sweetheart or Duckwucky if you want us to." (Joke.) Leave it to young Perky.

Broadcasting from
The Editor's Chair

Dr. Archer Disagrees with Senator Fess, Praise Be

RADIO DIGEST has been outspoken in its frank disapproval of the proposed Fess bill, which it is believed will be re-introduced to Congress this year. Dr. Gleason L. Archer, dean of Suffolk Law School, Boston, who has been commuting to New York weekly for nearly two years to broadcast over a coast-to-coast network was asked by the Editors of Radio Digest for an article stating his opinion as to how education by radio best could be achieved. He also was asked to give his opinion of the Fess Bill, which would set aside by law fifteen per cent of the 96 available waves for the exclusive use of educators. His answer on both questions is published in this issue of Radio Digest. Dean Archer should be considered an authority for he not only is a teacher of high standing but he has built up a world-wide audience for his lectures on Laws That Safeguard Society. He is an authority on both sides of the question—education and broadcasting.

The editors of Radio Digest agree with Dean Archer that those whose names are being used to wedge a split in the broadcast spectrum are sincere but misguided. Senator Fess is a man of the highest personal integrity but he is not competent to deal summarily with American broadcasting. He is biased. The clique with selfish motives has worked upon the Senator's fatherly nature to save the ignorant masses from the things he thinks are vile and impure. He has been quoted as saying that he had little hope of immediate cure by public opinion of the "viciousness of polluting the air, not only on the line of commercial interest, but of the low taste that these interests show in their pandering to a distorted public opinion."

Isn't that one of the fundamental ideas perverting our public morals today? Are we not victims of too much paternalism at Washington? Must we have our radio served to us according to a code established by our Puritanical ancestors? Or have we not grown up to decide somewhat for ourselves what we want to hear, or do not want to hear?

It is only reasonable to expect, should the good Senator come to exert his will in the matter, that after fifteen per cent of the radio waves have been arbitrarily set aside for the political clique of educational leaders, the balance of the spectrum will be carefully censored to eliminate any and all things which an over zealous reformer at the head of a government bureau might consider "polluting."

Dean Archer has been broadcasting an educational program although he never called it that. He has "humanized" a very dry subject so that nine new stations were added to his WEAF list in November. Inquiries for copies of his talk have come from as far away as Australia and Japan, where the lectures were picked up by shortwave from the General Electric station in Schenectady. A sample of Dean Archer's type of educational broadcasting is published in this issue. Other lectures by him will be published in succeeding issues. We would vote to have Dean Archer on any kind of a national board of inquiry that might be appointed to decide what is to be done about "Education by Radio."

"Radio Can Kill War"

BACK in 1930 we outlined in an editorial our theories as to what could be done by radio to promote international peace and "kill war." Many others have since then expanded on our suggestions and we have since noticed, happily, the interest that has been manifested on both hemispheres. A few weeks ago the idea came prominently to the fore again with the trans-oceanic debate between societies representing Oxford and Harvard. James W. Gerard, former Ambassador to Germany, declared the international discussion, heard both by America and Europe, to be a "new instrument of peace."

The topic of debate was the question of War debt cancellation and its effect on the world depression. The question involved not only the orators on both sides of the Atlantic but allowed for opinions from the listeners everywhere. While legislation was not involved it afforded for the first time an opportunity for public expression on a subject that in other years might have caused great anxiety, fear and misunderstanding. The formal question was: "Resolved: That in the interests of world prosperity war debts should be cancelled." Mr. Gerard, who introduced the Harvard team, said that this debate stood out as an important milestone in the history of broadcasting, bringing understanding and peace.

"At a time when suspicion and narrow national views rule the world," he said, "it is a splendid thing to learn how close together science has bound the far corners of the earth."

The question is pertinent as to what might be the situation in Manchuria today could the people of Japan and China have been able to hear the questions involved discussed over the radio in their homes by representatives of both nations, so that all could have heard both sides. Would there have been any clash of arms if they could have been allowed to decide the matter by popular vote? Would the military elements of either country dare to flaunt marked public opinion in either direction?

World's Greatest Hook-up

ON DECEMBER 12, 1901, Guglielmo Marconi sat in Cabot Tower in St. John's, Newfoundland, and heard three faint clicks . . . the telegraphic code for the letter S, which had been ticked from a crudely built transmitter, according to present standards, located at Poldhu, South Cornwall, England. That was the first radio message to cross the Atlantic. On December 12, 1931, that same Guglielmo Marconi delivered an address over a world-wide hook-up arranged by the National Broadcasting Company to include Australia, Japan, Brazil, England, Argentina, France, Germany, Italy, Poland, Belgium, Holland, the Philippines, Hawaii, Canada, Hungary and the United States. This stands as the largest network of broadcasting stations ever brought together. The day was set aside by all broadcasting stations as Marconi Day. Few men have lived to see the expansion of their original ideas into the magnitude to which radio has grown in the last thirty years of Marconi's life. He has himself had much to do with the development of that first conception of radio.

Tuneful Topics

By RUDY VALLEE

"Tell Me With a Love Song"

ARLEN and Koehler—names to conjure with. Arlen—fine voice and a very excellent vocalist, a young man whose excellent singing voice has impressed me over a period of 5 years; I have often wondered why he has not done something really big with that God-given talent. When he was with Arnold Johnson at Keith's Palace he stopped the show as far as I was concerned, and seemed to please the rest of the audience too. I forget the number he sang, but he sat alone at the piano, while the rest of the band remained silent.

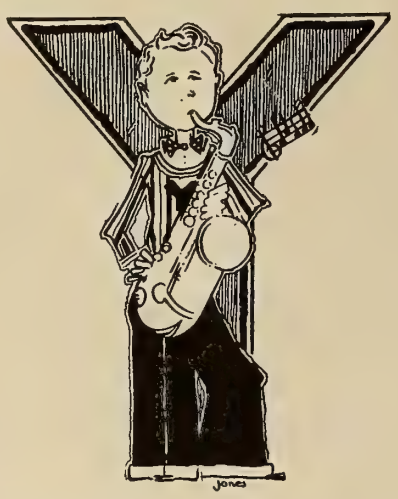
The next thing I heard of him was in his present role of composer. Every now and then he steps out with a tune; like the country expression, "We don't come to town very often, but when we do, rowdy-dow!" Although none of his tunes has achieved sensational success, they are all mighty good. His "Get Happy" was one of the best tunes that Hannah Williams ever sang and with which she held an audience spellbound. His "I Love a Parade," which he wrote with Ted Koehler, is one of the finest things of its type that it has ever been my pleasure to direct or render.

Arlen has been called in to write for many shows, and his contributions have always been excellent.

Koehler, though originally of the popular Tin Pan Alley school, has shown unusual ability for writing in a made-to-order vein for various shows, especially the colored extravaganzas of the Cotton Club. It was for that show that "I Love a Parade" was written. Koehler and Arlen wrote a tune which swept the entire country in dance popularity, "Hittin' the Bottle," a tune which I never liked, but which gradually wended its way into my subconscious mind, and I eventually forgot my dislike of its odd tonality.

Koehler was the boy who, with Frank Magini, gave me one of the nicest tunes I sang in my early days, "Baby, Oh Where Can You Be?" And now the boys have combined once again to write "Tell Me with a Love Song" a waltz which is the kind the public sings, and given any stimulus from the bands which make such tunes ultimate hits, the tune should crash through.

It is a lovely thing, hauntingly reminiscent of three or four of past seasons' popular, "corny," mass-public waltz hits, such as "Let Me Call You Sweetheart" and "I'll Always Be in Love With You," and even "Three O'Clock in the Morning" seems to have shown its influence on the writers. With all of these ingredients the tune should appeal from one phrase or another, and the firm of Ager, Yellen & Bornstein are looking for big things from it.



"Hiding in the Shadows of the Moon"

I HAVE always pleaded with writers and publishers to "give me tunes that impress quickly, tunes that do not require constant repetition and reiteration before they are dinned into the consciousness of the tired public that must be quickly impressed before the tune really becomes desirable from a standpoint of the purchase of it." That is one of the reasons why "Goodnight Sweetheart" fulfilled my predictions of it, and became popular. It's natural simplicity, with a certain unusual quality in its charm, brought it to the crest of the wave in no time.

Here is a tune with that same unusual quality, though one which is possibly just a little bit too beautiful, yet a tune which is a sheer delight, from our standpoint, in the rendition, a great dance tune, and one which makes excellent vocal material—"Hiding In the Shadows of the Moon." With a certain unhappy thought, and a feeling of similarity to the old "Sweet and Low" of kindergarten and grammar school days in the middle part of the song, it is a lovely thing. The writers are three in number; one of them I know and like very much—Max Rich. The other two gentlemen are comparative strangers to me, although I have received wires of thanks from Mr. Kresa when I have played various of his tunes. Jack Scholl's name has appeared on many songs, and all three of the boys are dyed-in-the-wool writers, and they may certainly be congratulated on a very fine rhythmic and melodic job in this tune.

I can well imagine that my good friends, the Lombardos, do an excellent job on this tune, as it lends itself very much to their rhythmic and staccato style of ensemble work. We play it, taking about one minute to the chorus, thereby getting the best out of it. It is published by one of Tin Pan Alley's ace firms, Irving Berlin, Inc.

"Two Loves"

WITH all the "ravings" about this particular piece of material, it should be No. 1 on the best selling lists in a very short time, though I am not quite so sanguine as to its potentialities as a hit. My first hearing of it was Miss Bordoni's rendition as she guest-starred on our Fleischmann Hour several weeks ago. She did a lovely job of it, singing it both in French and English, and it impressed the boys in the band very strongly. In fact, it is mainly because of the strong impression it made upon everybody else but yours truly that I am including it in the column today. It never haunted me again in the succeeding days after we played it with her, as did "Time On My Hands" after Marion Harris sang it, or "I Never Dreamt" after its rendition by Gladys Rice who guest-starred on the Thursday night hour with us.

This has always been my test for a hit song, or I might say that any song which has stuck in my mind and continually haunted me after our first rendition of it has usually clicked in a big way, but there has been so much ad-

miration expressed for the song, "Two Loves," by my manager, my secretary, the boys in the band, and even the elevator boy at the apartment house, that I feel I should play safe and list it in this month's listing before all the "I-Told-You-so's" begin snapping their fingers in my face.

It is one of these European things, with a distinctly continental aroma and flavor, with quite an odd type of story. The English translation of it was done by various American writers, the total number of writers being a staggering list of some six or seven people, looking more like the credits which precede the showing of a feature picture than anything else.

However, all this sarcasm is unwarranted, as the song really is an excellent one, and I believe the firm of Miller Music, who have undertaken to publish it in America, are looking for very big things from it.

"Blue Lady"

PEOPLE often wonder when I get a chance to listen to a song. Of course, the popular conception, at least along Tin Pan Alley, is that there must be a "demonstration;" that is, unless the artist who sings the song listens to the song being played by some pianist from the publishing house, who thumps it out, usually very poorly, while some individual who had a singing voice in the days when Rector's was all the vogue, tries to sing it; unless such is the procedure, the artist is left with no conception of the real value of the song. My schedule at the present time leaves me with very little time to visit the publishing house and to closet myself in one of the cell-like rooms while the afore-said individuals tear through the "catalogue" of songs which the publishing house is offering to a public at that time.

Most of my songs are studied silently from the advance sheets which are sent me, and I try to imagine how they sound, though once in a while I find an afternoon free, and whenever it is possible I listen to the songs in the privacy of my own domain. Motion picture work is my chief hobby, and as I sit editing my films which I have taken, I listen to the embryonic hits, thus killing two birds with one stone.

My good friend, Will Rockwell of Harms, whose judgment I admire greatly, and who enjoyed a business-vacation trip to the California coast with us when we went to make our picture, and saw to it that the right songs were placed in the picture, this same Will Rockwell brought to my attention not only "Yuba" and "As Time Goes By," but a very excellent song much on the order of one which he brought to me several years ago called "I Kiss Your Hand, Madame." This song is on the same order as "Madame," though twice as long and a bit more sombre; it is called "Blue Lady."



That startled expression on the face of Maurice Chevalier is one that always comes to the beginner when he sounds his first toot on a saxophone. Rudy understands and smiles.

The nom de plume of its writer Rosamuno Safier would lead me to believe that she is seeking to keep her true identity a secret, though what's in a name? The song is a good one; many people seemed to like it on our last night's program, and I am going to program it long and often.

[In the interim between dictating and correcting this, I have received a letter written in girlish longhand, and signed Rosamund Safier. She tells me she is a very young girl, and that this is her first song. And perhaps the nicest thing in the letter is that she wrote the song specially for me. After such a kind letter I can only hope that it becomes a hit.]

It has a few extra measures at the end, what is known in this business as a "tag ending," which is a bit bewildering to the layman, and which possibly may or may not have been the reason for the failure of certain songs to click with a public which is not able to understand why a song doesn't end where it normally should end. I think the "tag ending" was a little unnecessary in this case, but who am I to question a writer who conceived such a lovely thought, and wedded it to such a lovely melody?

Suffice to say the song is a good one, and we take about a minute and ten seconds to the chorus; Harms, Inc., are very enthusiastic about it.

"Match Parade"

NOVELTY songs are always such a gamble. There were those who thought that the publishers of "The Parade of the Wooden Soldiers" were crazy, but lived to rue their thought, as few songs achieved quite the sensational popularity that that piece of material enjoyed. The same English publisher who brought "Wooden Soldiers" to the attention of an American publisher has brought another tune of its type to America again.

Mr. Simon Van Lier, one of the most charming and delightful gentlemen in the music publishing profession, who is in charge of Keith Prowse in London, is very enthusiastic about the possibilities of "The Match Parade."

Keith Prowse in England is comparable to a mixture of the Landay Stores, McBride Ticket Agencies, and the Sears-Roebuck stores. They are the biggest thing of their kind in London, having 48 stores that do a terrific business in records, music, tickets and what have you. They have published many big American hits, including "The Stein Song" and "Betty Co-ed."

On his recent visit to America Mr. Van Lier placed several songs with various American publishers. The Santly Brothers, Lester, Henry and Joe, who have enjoyed a good degree of success since their entrance into the publishing business for themselves back in 1929, have taken the song under their wing. The three boys are all old timers in the profession, having been associated with the best firms over a period of many years. They finally decided to see what they could do on their own hook.

Theirs is the credit for having published "Miss You," "When the Organ Played at Twilight," "Beside An Open Fireplace," "My Fate Is In Your Hands," "You're the One I Care For," and several others. These three boys have shown an uncanny skill in the picking of hit songs.

Lester has just returned from a trip abroad where he has been scouring the

(Continued on page 95)

When is *Marriage* Not a Marriage?

Famous Educator and Broadcast Lecturer Points out the Law as it makes Bonds of Matrimony Binding

By Gleason L. Archer, LL. D.
Dean of Suffolk Law School

Legal Aspects of Marriage

Seventy-third Broadcast—NBC Chain
December 19, 1931

GOOD Evening Everybody: For the long period of seventy-three weeks I have been discussing with you the law of crimes. I have been endeavoring to show you how the laws defining and punishing crimes operate to protect men, women and children in the quiet enjoyment of life. For the past few months we have considered in detail the laws that protect the home itself. While there are many types of crime still to be considered, yet it seems to me that before leaving the topic of the home and the laws that safeguard it, we may well take an excursion into that great field of law that establishes and confirms the civil rights of human beings in the home.

In order that we may do this in a logical and orderly manner we would naturally consider first the great human and divine institution upon which the home is founded—the institution of marriage; the steps leading to it and the laws regulating its validity.

Second in order would naturally come the legal responsibilities of husband and wife to one another, and to any children that may be born of their union, or adopted by them. This topic would also include the liabilities of children to their parents.

A third subdivision might be the disposal of property, after the death of its lawful owner without leaving a will, as well as the laws that govern the disposal of property by means of a will. All of this leads to a great and fruitful field of legal research which will occupy our attention for many weeks.

Now marriage has its religious side as well as its legal aspects. The advent of Christianity and the action of the Catholic Church, later followed by all Protestant denominations, in treating marriage as a sacrament did much to redeem the world from the loose morals of the latter days of the Roman Empire. Conditions at that time were far worse than in our own day with our divorce mills, trial marriages and the like.

BUT it is not my purpose to discuss the religious aspects of marriage. I shall, therefore, confine myself to a consideration of the laws pertaining to marriage. Let us first consider the historical background of marriage.

If the cave man decided that he needed a wife he undoubtedly went forth with his war club and took her captive, despite the opposition of her relatives, or of any husband that she may have accumulated. Marriage by capture was quite widespread in early days, as witness the wholesale capture of the Sabine women by the early Romans, among whom there seems to have been a great scarcity of marriageable maidens.

It is quite probable that this custom of marriage by capture continued into comparatively modern times, especially among some of the less civilized nations. In fact the bride-to-be rather expected some such violent wooing. It is said by the Encyclopedia Americana that in the Steppes of Russia the custom was for the prospective bride, mounted on a swift horse and carrying her dowry with her, to ride furiously forth from her father's camp with the wooer, mounted on the best horse he could procure, in hot pursuit. The rules of the game required that he catch her before dark. Somehow or other he always managed to do it.

NOW it is obvious that such a transaction as capturing a wife did not make for equality between husband and wife. *She was a virtual slave owned by the man, much like any domestic animal.* But it was an early form of marriage and quite as binding in its time as present day marriages are in this Year of Our Lord, 1931.

EVERY Saturday night at 7:15 E.S.T. Dean Archer broadcasts his talks on Laws that Safeguard Society over an NBC-WEAF network that includes the following stations: KECA, Los Angeles; KEX, Portland, Ore.; KFSD, San Diego, Calif.; KFYR, Bismarck, N. Dak.; KGA, Spokane, Wash.; KJR, Seattle, Wash.; KOA, Denver, Colo.; KOMO, Seattle, Wash.; KPO, San Francisco, Calif.; KPRC, Houston, Tex.; KTAR, Phoenix, Ariz.; KTHS, Hot Springs, Ark.; WAPI, Birmingham, Ala.; WBEN, Buffalo, N. Y.; WCAE, Pittsburgh, Pa.; WCSH, Portland, Me.; WDAY, Fargo, N. D.; WEAF, New York City; WEBC, Duluth, Minn.; WEEI, Boston, Mass.; WENR, Chicago, Ill.; WFI, Philadelphia, Pa.; WGY, Schenectady, N. Y.; WHO, Des Moines, Ia.; WJAR, Providence, R. I.; WJDX, Jackson, Miss.; WOC, Davenport, Ia.; WOW, Omaha, Nebr.; WSAI, Cincinnati, O.; WTAG, Worcester, Mass.; WTAM, Cleveland, O.; WTIC, Hartford, Conn.
Refer to log on page 81 for frequency listing of the above stations.

LAWS *THAT* SAFEGUARD SOCIETY

The story of William the Conqueror is a striking illustration of the cave-man wooing. William had the misfortune to be the illegitimate son of the Duke of Normandy. William himself became Duke at an early age. Now he fell deeply in love with a beautiful princess named Matilda. But the lady was unfriendly because of his irregular parentage. A thousand and one obstacles came into the path of the impetuous young Duke.

AFTER many months of unsuccessful wooing, William, one day, met his lady love in the village street, arrayed in all her finery. He dismounted from his charger and gave the haughty maiden such a beating that it quite won her heart. Apparently she wanted a cave-man mate and William the Norman was all of that. But he proved to be a very devoted husband, even in days when nobles paid little heed to marriage ties.

Marriage by purchase in one form or another, has seemingly existed from the earliest records of mankind. In patriarchal times when the father of a numerous household had the power of life and death over his family and servants it was quite the custom to sell the daughters to the highest responsible bidders. Marriages were arranged without much regard to the wishes of the bride and oft times with little regard for the desires of the groom, particularly if two old patriarchs were arranging matters for their children.

The Bible gives us vivid pictures of the operation of this patriarchal system of society. Children were regarded as property that might be turned to advantage of the parent. Under certain circumstances they might prove very valuable. We are each theoretically familiar with the classic story in Genesis of Jacob and his wives but it may be well to refresh our recollection of the facts.

Jacob, you will remember, was sent by his father to the home of Laban to choose him a wife. Jacob fell in love with the younger daughter Rachel. But Laban was a shrewd business man. He informed Jacob that the only terms on which he could have Rachel were to work for her father for seven years. Well, Jacob had made up his mind that he must have Rachel at all costs; so he served for seven years, *and then Laban gave him the older daughter Leah,* and told him that he could have Rachel also by working seven more years. Luckily for Jacob, Laban had only the two daughters, so after fourteen years of bondage Jacob paid for his two wives.

The Romans apparently had three kinds of formal marriage. The first was a religious ceremony performed by the Pontifex Maximus in the presence of ten witnesses and solemnized by a bread-offering to the gods. This was the form of ceremony favored by the Patricians in early days, but it fell into disfavor in the days of Roman decadence.

The second kind of Roman marriage was a type of purchase, or a mock sale by which the bridegroom acquired the bride, freed from obligations to her own family. This type of marriage was much in vogue among the Plebians.

Under each of these forms of marriage the wife became a virtual slave of the husband. But the third form of union was one entered into by simply living together as husband and wife. If the parties lived together uninterruptedly for one year they were then considered to be married in as binding a manner as under either of the other forms. Until the year was up the husband did not become lord and master in the legal sense. The woman retained her right to manage her own property, being free to leave the house of her lover if he displeased her.

SHE was engaged to a sea captain when suddenly he fell ill with an affected ear. An operation was necessary. She married him while he was convalescent. Later his malady turned into paresis and he died. Relatives of the man disputed her widow's rights on the grounds that she had married him while he was insane and therefore incompetent to enter into any kind of legal contract, marriage or otherwise. Dean Archer tells what happened and how the courts decided in his lecture reproduced on these pages. His radiologues are characterized by many true-life stories derived from court records. See the February Radio Digest for more of these interesting talks by Dean Archer. The complete series will be published.

ROMAN women soon found that by absenting themselves from the common domicile for one day or more each year they were able to defeat the operation of the marriage law, and thus to retain their own property rights and their own freedom. The demoralizing effect of this type of irregular union spread to all classes. It no doubt hastened the downfall of Rome, for it struck a fatal blow at the home and at family life, which is the fundamental basis of national existence.

The common law regards marriage as a civil contract between a man and woman, to live together in the bonds of matrimony, such contract being formally entered into in a manner recognized by law. Since marriage works a profound change in the property rights of the parties, the law insists that the marriage be entered into in a manner that would be deemed a notice to the world of the existence of such marriage.

The law insists as in all other contracts, that the contracting parties have mental capacity to enter into the contract, and that no legally recognized impediment exist to prevent their marital union. This leads us to inquire as to the age, condition, mentality and other qualifying attributes of the bride and groom.

At common law the age of consent, as it was called, was set at what seems to us a very immature age—twelve years for females and fourteen years for males. The laws relating to marriage are of course chiefly concerned with rendering legitimate the children of a mating pair. Much as it may shock our sensibilities at the idea of a twelve year old girl becoming married, *yet nature herself by rendering it biologically possible, if not probable, for a twelve year old girl to become a mother thus fixed the age at which marriage might legally occur.*

IT IS no solution of this great racial problem to say that the average girl does not become a potential mother at eleven or twelve years of age. The fact that some of them do become women at that age is the controlling consideration, and that fact accounts for the common law age of consent being fixed at twelve years. There is no thought of encouraging child marriages, *but simply of rendering legitimate the offspring of precocious mothers.*

Many of us have observed the sad results of such unwisely early mating. I once knew a family of grown men and women, all of whom, except the eldest, were fine specimens of manhood and womanhood, the parents having emigrated from England to one of our New England mill towns. The oldest was a pitiful specimen, dwarfed in body and imbecile of mind. He was fifty years old when I knew the family. All those years from babyhood his mother had cared for him as though he were a small child. She had to punish him just as she had done when he was five years old—in fact he was never more than five years old mentally. The only explanation that I ever heard of this imbecile, in a family of enterprising and worthwhile children, was that he was the eldest of all *and born when his mother was only thirteen years of age.* She herself at that time lacked maturity to give her first child a decent chance in life.

But as before indicated, the common law is concerned with that one factor of the possibility of girls being called

(Continued on page 80)

Voice of the

FLOYD'S SEEKING NEW ADVENTURES

AFTER reading the comments broadcast from The Editor's Chair in your October number, I have decided to write and express my opinion as to the type of radio programs I like. This is merely an opinion, for far be it from me to criticize any program, as they are all good or we would not hear them on the radio, but don't you agree with me when I say the orchestras and blues-singing programs are being overdone? I enjoy hearing a good orchestra occasionally, as well as anybody, but why can't the radio programs be more evenly divided? Why can't we hear more of Floyd Gibbons? His programs are always so intensely interesting, and human. Of course I realize that there is only one Floyd Gibbons, but he doesn't come buzzing around to our house any more, and how he is missed! Then there is Frazier Hunt and Kaltenborn; so concise and instructive as to good English and facts. But so few and far between! And there is your own Nellie Revell. The only objection I have to Nellie is that she is heard only once each week and then for only fifteen minutes. Why doesn't she stretch it out to one-half hour at least? These are my favorites and not one of them can come too often or stay too long to suit me.—A. B. C.

NELLIE SAYS, "THANKS"

I HAVE never written to any magazine before and I really don't know how to begin. I am a Vallee fan, and have missed Rudy only about a dozen times since he has been broadcasting. I had never heard of Radio Digest until I happened to hear Nellie Revell one Wednesday night on WEAF. I am a constant reader of your magazine now and enjoy all the radio programs, but I like Rudy Vallee best, and always will. I should like to have a picture of Julian Woodworth printed in Radio Digest, and also pictures of the studios when Rudy Vallee is broadcasting. I haven't missed any of Rudy's Tuneful Topics so far, and I am saving the Digest.—Christine Delaney, 211 Margaret Street, Richmond, S. I.

MR. PHOTOG., PLEASE HURRY!

JUST returned from a motor trip which explains why I have been so tardy in reading the current issue of Radio Digest. As usual I turned immediately to Tuneful Topics and received a thrill. I'm referring to the advance information concerning a photograph of Rudy Vallee in the October issue. I could stand right up and shout "Hallelujah" for I've been asking for his picture right along. Many thanks, and don't worry about my copy as it is always reserved for me. Please have it on the news stands as soon as possible next month as it will be a suspense waiting for it. If you want to increase your circulation next month be sure and have Miss Nellie Revell announce to the waiting public that such a picture is to appear in the October issue. I never thought of getting a copy of your magazine until I heard her say that Rudy contributed the article Tuneful Topics. Never missed one since! There are probably a good many others waiting to be influenced the same way.—Greta Mayward Margate City. Please can't we have a picture of Rudy Vallee's Connecticut Yankees and also a picture of each of them. I am sure that you would please many readers of your wonderful radio book, by running this series. Please don't forget Manny Lowey, one of the Yankees who is not with the orchestra now on account of illness. Thank you for the articles about Rudy, and also for his own Tuneful Topics.—Edith Woods, 329 N. 4th St., Moberly, Mo.

DIXIE LIKES VALLEE YANKEES

IT IS useless for me to tell you how long I have been considering Radio Digest the best buy of its kind on the stands, or to inform you of the frantic search I am forced to make each month to keep up to date in my radio reading. But what is important is this. So many of Rudy Vallee's fans seem to want an article devoted to his orchestra each month, that I hope you will certainly give our request some serious thought and consideration. In giving us such a story please do not forget that Manny Lowy is one of the original Connecticut Yankees and must be included if you wish to be perfect. I am a deep and dyed-in-the-wool Southerner, but I have found this bunch of Yankees so delightful and interesting that I hope to see more about them in your magazine. Surely you know that more articles about Rudy Vallee and his boys would more than double your sales?—Jane G. Dart, Brunswick, Georgia.

BIG GROUPS HARD TO SHOW

EXCEPT for one disappointment which meets me every time I buy Radio Digest, I have been very well satisfied. That disappointment is having pictures of orchestra leaders, but not their orchestras. For instance, when Ben Bernie's was published, I would lots rather have seen a picture of Pat Kennedy, his singer. I've seen the Old Maestro many times, but Pat would be a real novelty. Maybe there are more like me. Couldn't you give it a try?—Dorothy Harris, South Bend, Ind.

* * *

I ENJOY reading the Radio Digest very much and never miss an issue. But please let me say that I am with the readers all the way in regards to gossip. I dislike it intensely, too. It only makes one dislike the gossip instead of the one gossiped about, so where is the profit? Let's keep Radio Digest gossipless as it has been so interesting to date without it.—Janet B. G., St. Petersburg, Florida.

LIKES "DUKE'S MIXTURE"

WHAT listener practically bored to sleep by listening to so many of our dull and dumb orchestras hasn't quivered with joy upon hearing the weird harmonies of that dusky band playing from the Cotton Club in Harlem under the baton of Duke Ellington? No other band in the country can melt discords into a pulsating blazing Aurora Borealis, wail, groan, and sob, flooding the room with unshed tears from the saxophone, pour a molten brass section that blares a comet of white hot notes streaking through the black night with that inexpressible African abandon, the way this dusky interpreter from Harlem does. I think the overwhelming applause that has been given this wonderful band whenever it appeared, should be reflected to a certain extent through the Radio Digest. Do not neglect the Prince of the Pied Pipers.—Roger Budrow, Fowler, Indiana.

FOGARTY A HERO

I HAVE noticed with interest your article regarding John L. Fogarty, the N.B.C. Irish tenor. May I state that you have not mentioned the full details about Mr. Fogarty? I myself served with him in the 163rd Infantry during the World War. He was known to have captured a machine gun nest single-handed in the great battle of the Argonne. He was cited by the British, French, and American governments at the age of 16. Although only a boy he was as brave as any man we had in the army. I am taking the liberty of telling you this because John is too good a soldier to talk of his own deeds.—F. H. Dibbs, Tooale, Utah.

BOUQUET FOR MAXWELL

I AM a regular Radio Digest fan and think your magazine is great. Good dance orchestras are a passion of mine and so too are articles about them. One of the best of these articles that I have read in months was the one about Coon Sanders' band by Phil Maxwell in your September issue. Let's have more and more of Mr. Maxwell. He told us just the kind of things we like to know about our favorites. I should like to see some articles with pictures of those superb maestros, Earl Burtnett and Ted Weems. And my enthusiastic "O. K." goes on Rudy Vallee's Tuneful Topics.—Lillian M. Hansen, Bouton, Iowa.

WHAT, NOTHING ABOUT TEDDY?

FOR sometime I have had the highest regard for your magazine. Having read it for over a year I believe I am a fair judge of its merit. An orchestra which recently started broadcasting over the National network, makes me wonder whether you recognize good talent when you hear it. If you will look over your recent editions you will find that you have never mentioned the name of Teddy Black. At least you might tell us whether he is a Chinaman or not. We do not expect you to tell us how good his orchestra is, because we already know, that he has one of the best in New York.—Joan LaMarr, Detroit, Michigan.

SEE SUMMER R. D.

GLANCING over your radio magazine I have noticed many interesting radio write-ups. You have included several of my favorites in these articles. I would, however, be more than interested if you would give our favorite tenor singer, Frank Parker, a little write-up. We have started a club for Frank Parker and have hopes of making it a great success. I know that many of his other admirers would come to the fore with their ideas about Frank if they see that some one else is taking the first step.—Dorothy Wise, 28 Avenue B, Port Washington, N. Y.

Listener

LOMBARDOS FEATURED LAST FEBRUARY

I HAVE just read your September issue and am a little disappointed. I should like to see more pictures of some of my favorites. For instance, Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians. And some pictures of Julia Sanderson and Frank Crummit on NBC's network. Here's hoping to see some of these pictures in the very near future. —W. Z., Shaft, Pa.

MANY TIMES WE'VE BOOSTED HIM

I HARDLY agree with L. C. Braddock about Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians. Let's have more articles and pictures concerning these artists. There are many good orchestras, including Rudy Vallee's, but Guy Lombardo is unique. Come on and boost Lombardo before I lose my good opinion of Radio Digest.—Baltimore Admirer.

TUT! TUT! CHRISTINE

I HAVE received your notice of the expiration of my subscription to Radio Digest. I have no wish to renew it and pay for a magazine that is full of everlasting blah about Rudy Vallee. Who is this Vallee anyhow? When he some day appears in television I expect we will be able to see his organ grinder as well. You steadfastly refuse to give space to one who deserves it most of all. One who did not receive his great success through cheap publicity and silly women, but through a superior understanding of the public's likes. His vocalists are beyond compare, and his music sweet, hot, and dulcet, possessing an exquisite beauty, and celestial purity found only in the syncopation of the sweetest band this side of heaven. Yes, I speak of the King of the Air, Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians orchestra. — Christine Hass, 7320 25th Ave., Kenosha, Wis.

HEY! HEY! KMCS?

WE ARE writing to thank you for those splendid articles and pictures of our Southern California artists which appeared in the September issue of Radio Digest. We want you to know how much we enjoyed reading your October issue also. In fact we think the magazine is always great and enjoy it even though we don't hear many of the artists whom you write about. Would appreciate it very much if you could arrange to have some pictures of the "Family Album Gang" at KMCS in Inglewood, California.—S. and A. Kovacevich, Inglewood, Cal.

BETTY UPS AND SAYS

IF SLANG of a mild type is permitted let me say that Jean Anderson "Hit it on the nose" with too mild a wallop in the November V.O.L. Months ago someone wrote about Guy Lombardo; still another wrote about some other stellar radio star, but,—well, I'll "ah-but." Ben Bernie fans got their little write-up of about 2,000 words. Now we have just had 900 words on Lew Conrad to pacify his fans. Kate Smith, I am glad to see, got a bigger hand. I think some people need a bump somewhere to wake them up. Talk about Radio Hogs! If I want to know about my radio favorites I don't push, or elbow, or infringe upon others. What I am trying to say is, that judging from the tone of voice employed by some writers to the V.O.L. they are under the impression that Radio Digest is the exclusive property of their favorites and a sort of "Holy of Holies" into which no other artist can show his face. Nothing spoils my esteem of an artist so much as to have his fans write nasty letters about other artists, such as those that have appeared in this column before. Rudy Vallee, I think that it is time for you to step in and give your fans a friendly pat on the back and tell them there are other programs on the air besides your two hours of broadcasting. The Vallee fans seem to be the most consistent critics of the other artists. —Betty Jamieson, 635 Stibbs St., Wooster, Ohio.

IF WE ONLY COULD!

I WANT to thank you for the invaluable service you are rendering the radio fans all over the country through the many splendid features of your magazine. I should like to make two suggestions that I think would be of real benefit to your readers. First of all would it not be possible sometime in the near future to print the street addresses of the various radio stations. I have had occasion to write to station WOR, and as I did not know their address, I was forced to send it simply to Newark, N. J. I am sure that the post office department would be greatly pleased if such letters could be addressed more fully as it would save them time and trouble. There are several hundred letters being mailed to radio stations each day and it would help a great deal if we all knew their exact address. My other request has to deal with the publication of Radio Digest. We have to wait until after the 20th of the month to get the issue for the current month. Can it not be issued earlier? Perhaps it would be better to skip a month and on the 20th of November issue the December issue and extend all subscriptions one month. The psychological effect would be better. When all the other magazines are in our hands before the date imprinted on the cover, and yours comes so late it gives the impression of poor business methods. Before the summer months we received the publication at an earlier date. —Leslie Earl Catlin, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

MARCELLA, DO YOUR DUTY

SINCE I am now a regular reader of Radio Digest I have a request to make. In one of your future issues will you please try to include a picture of Edward Reese the CBS dramatic actor. He is the leading man in the Crime Club broadcasts every Monday and Wednesday, and I should like very much to see a picture of him.—Jack Yost, 80 Jackson Ave., Bellevue, Pa.

HE'S OFF TO THE WARS

IN THE Voice of the Listener it seems that everyone is telling who is their radio favorite; so I'm going to tell who is my favorite. It is Floyd Gibbons. He adds life to the radio. Won't you please give us a story about him? Tell us about the things he likes and does. How tall is he? What's the color of his hair? What are his favorite sports and what does he like to eat? Give us some of all the interesting things that go to make up an interesting Radio Digest story. By the way, has Floyd Gibbons gone off the air? I never hear him any more. Now let me put in a word for Radio Digest. It's a wonderful magazine, but please please don't spoil it by adding gossip. I am not in the least interested in the scandal of the studios, and I don't think many folks are.—A. R., Hope Valley, R. I.

WHO CAN TELL HER?

MAYBE some of you Russ Columbo fans will help me out. Night after night I sit by the radio and listen to the gentleman. I have heard him called the greatest sensation ever to appear before the microphone, and other terms meant to describe this new artist. Yet I sit unimpressed by the whole thing. The only feeling I have ever experienced was a keen desire to stick a pin into him to see if he would sing a little faster than the eight-times-slower-than-normal method he uses. I have nothing against Russ Columbo or his voice, and I would be glad to be one of his fans if some one would take the trouble to tell me just what I should look for in his program.—Mildred Curnow, 2698 Doris Ave., Detroit, Mich.

HER LUCKY DAY

I PURCHASED my copy of the Radio Digest on a Friday the 13th, but I think that from now on that is going to be my lucky date and day because I was certainly in luck to find such a fine magazine. My favorite radio stars are the organists. Lew White, Jesse Crawford and Ann Leaf are at the top of the pile as far as I am concerned. Read in your last issue where a Radio Fan wanted to start a contest to see who was the most popular; —Phil Cook or the Tastyeast Jesters. My vote goes for the Jesters.—Organ Fan, Downer's Grove, Ill.

TWO IN 58,642!

I'M ONE of those 58,642 admirers of Muriel Wilson, mentioned by Esther on the V. O. L. page for October. I heartily endorse her request for pictures and articles. I even stretch this request to include Fred Hufsmith, Ivy Scott, Harold Sanford and Henry M. Neely, the "Old Stager." Everyone of them has done such splendid work on the air that she is entitled to plenty of space between the covers of Radio Digest. Let me emphasize that point for the Old Stager. During the year that I have taken your magazine it has contained no material about Mr. Neely, save a scanty two-line reference. I can't understand this neglect, but I think it is shameful. Mr. Neely's genial personality has won him thousands of friends in the radio audience, although he'd be the last person to boast about it. I don't see why you haven't listed the Old Stager's mem'ries in your Blue Ribbon Features. It's one of the treats of the week. I think I've had my say and I'd better sign off. I hope you get a response from the other 58,640. (Watch for Mr. Neely. We'll have somethin' about him soon.)—Robert Carver, Jr., West Hartford, Conn.

VOICE FROM HAWAII

ALOHA from Hawaii! Here is my contribution to the V. O. L. section of the Radio Digest. I have been reading your magazine for the past year, having bought my first copy in September 1930, and have enjoyed it very much, but I have one suggestion that I would like to make. Why not have more pictures and writeups of the Pacific Coast artists and especially those of KFI. I am quite a DX fan and would like to correspond with DXers who are interested in radio reception in the Hawaiian Islands. My record includes 130 stations (55 verified) ranging from 50 to 50,000 watts from the Pacific to the Atlantic Coast, Canada, Mexico, Japan and New Zealand. Some of my best catches are: KFXM, KGFJ, WCAU, WRVA, KWJJ, WTIC, WUIT, WABC, KMMJ, WSB, CKMO, WGN, WEAF, KPCB, WAAW, WHO, XED, and XER.—Goldie Charlock, P. O. Box 804, Hilo Hawaii.

LIKES PHIL COOK

THIS is in answer to your letter in V. O. L. column headed Votes Wanted. I must say I do not agree with the person who wrote it in the first part of her letter about Phil Cook vs. Tastyeast Jesters. Of course I think that they are very good. So is Phil. If that Radio Fan would try it I think it would be a different story. I wonder what the radio fan thinks of Ed McConnell of WLW of Cincinnati, Ohio. I do agree with the Radio Fan on the last part of her letter about the Dramatic Sketches. Why are the best ones cut off? I notice all the Rudy's Corner Fans are women. Too bad girls—he's married.—A. B. Davidson, 1223 Cheny Street, Jacksonville, Fla.

WHERE, OH WHERE?

THE Radio Digest is the best magazine out and I can hardly wait until it is published each month. I sincerely wish you would start the Who's Who in Broadcasting again. Always enjoy the artists' pictures. Please put in the next issue of this popular magazine some of our Hawaiian artists and write a little description of each. Hawaiian music is my favorite. My favorite radio station is WENR. But where have all the old artists gone from there?—Mrs. R. L. McIntosh, 1830 Bailey Avenue, Jackson, Miss.

NOT DOWN ON DOWNEY

SO Emma Lloyd Gailey thinks Morton Downey is a plump man with a kid's voice. Has she no appreciation of music. Morton Downey is one of the most beautiful singers on the air and there are few who can best the really wonderful expression he puts into his songs. I am one of the countless Vallee fans who think Rudy can't be beat but that doesn't prevent me from enjoying other radio stars among whom Morton Downey rates highly.—Therese Meyer, Union City, N. J.

A FAMILY MESSAGE

JOE E. BROWN, famous stage and screen comedian, was the guest artist on the RKO program one Friday night. Generally on these programs the guest artist contributes a bit of his talent to the listeners. But Joe Brown is different. Instead of being humorous a la Eddie Cantor, he delivered a radio message to his children listening in. He told them to use the right tooth brushes, he told them when to go to bed, he told them where he would be the following week, and just when he would arrive home. He had only a few minutes to stay as he had to make a train. In closing he thanked the RKO persons for the use of their wires. It would cost something to make the long distance call from New York to California, and trust Joe E. Brown to kill two birds with one stone. The listeners-in were amused and as for his kiddies, I'll just bet they were delighted. A unique idea proves lucrative many times.—Gee Kaye, 75 Woodrow Avenue, Dorchester, Mass.

All letters must be identified. Real names not disclosed if requested.

VAUDEVILLE RADIO STARS

THE Sherman Family, Original Radio Cowboys and Girls, of which the writer is manager, have been regular readers of the Radio Digest since its inception, and in behalf of the family and at their request, I am writing to offer Radio Digest a bouquet in the form of a little applause and appreciation to which your magazine is entitled for the really worth while articles that appear so consistently. If I might offer a suggestion which certainly should not be construed as criticism, I think you should devote a portion of your magazine to those show people who play vaudeville dates as well as broadcast by radio, and who because of their "personal appearances" could undoubtedly recite some interesting experiences. Good luck and more power to Radio Digest. May it continue to grow.—Harry J. Styles, Youngs Homestead, R. F. D. 3, Oneonta, N. Y.

IT'S THE LITTLE THINGS

AM so disgusted with the picture you printed in your magazine. Am sending you these—even though I hate to part with them—just to show you one can be taken showing just what Rudy does look like. Never saw such an awful picture of him. Of course it's just a newspaper snap. But you manage to get such good ones of other stars and such horrid ones of him. You owe it to his fans to print a real good true one, like you do of everyone else. Had I seen the picture before I purchased the magazine, would have gone without this month because I read his column and that's about all. Your pages are plastered with that he-soprano Downey—ye gods he's terrible. Where do you get all that "blah" you write about him? And how dare you write an article about that Brokenshire—You're hard up for filler-in. Now you'll think I'm just plain Rudy crazy but you're all wrong. I have any number of programs—just a few? Lanny Ross, Ripley, Smith Ballew, Hymn Fest, Niagara Hudson, Soconyland Sketch. The air has only three outstanding voices—Rudy, McNamee and John S. Young. Jean Paul King you rave so much about is just another smart-wise cracker. There's not much room for wise-crackers anywhere today and there's absolutely no place for them on the air. (Ann Onimous wrote this letter some time ago. Well, dear Ann Onimous, we had used the picture you sent months ago. Howja like the one with the boat?)

WHO CAN IT BE?

To My Favorite Announcer

IN my small world there ne'er was gloom
While your voice lingered in the room.
Its presence lightened all my care—
I was so happy with you there!

How well I knew you'd slip away
With time, and leave my days all gray.
So, 'gainst that day of lonely pain
I kept your words to read again.

But now you're gone I cannot bear
To read those words I copied there
I'll never hear you more, I guess,
But oh, I'll never want you less!

Also my appreciation of your magazine, my favorite. I like its every feature. Radio Digest doubles the pleasure of my radio. Good luck to you!—Mabel Atkinson, 714 14th Street, Massillon, Ohio.

WHAT, NO WOMEN?

THAT the broadcasting field is not a field for women is the contention of Mrs. Jessie Jacobson, manager of station KFBB, Great Falls, Montana. Some months ago she attended the western regional convention of National Association of Broadcasters held at San Francisco and incidentally was the only woman delegate. "There is no opportunity for women in the broadcasting end of radio," she remarked. "The field is too limited, because there are only so many radio stations and no prospect of more being licensed." Federal Radio Commissioner Harold A. La Fount complimented and offered advice to Mrs. Jacobson who acts as manager of the largest radio station in Montana. Countless farmers scattered throughout the state and partly separated from activities of the outside world, rely upon Mrs. Jacobson and her splendid broadcasting to entertain them.—John Aragni, Jr., 66 Cumberland Street, San Francisco, Cal.

HELP! HELP!

EARLY this summer I heard a most clever man who was broadcasting an advertising program over a small station in Denver (KFEL) using the name, "The Loose Nut," or Al Howard. He had the most original and painless method of delivering ads I have ever heard and I am sure some larger station has taken this artist and given him the chance he certainly deserved. But the point is—which one? KFEL doesn't seem to know. I will appreciate any information as I'd like to hear his clever comedy again.—Mrs. B. King, Averill Apartments, Lapage, Mich.

BYE-BYE, 'LIZ'BETH!

I ASK you on behalf of many others who like myself are not interested in jazz bands and crooners, to give a little space to some of the other radio attractions. In your current issue you feature nothing but news of the jazz bands and their leaders. There are thousands of us who are not at all interested in such; and do you not know that unless you change your policy so that you feature some of the dramatic features we shall stop buying your magazine because there is nothing in it for us. Take for instance the Radio Guild. Why have you never written an article about them? Or if you do not care to take them as a unit, take one actor each month give us a story about him, and print the picture of the player. Then there are the Stebbins Boys, Myrt and Marge, the personnel of the very interesting Eno Crime Club, Sherlock Holmes, and others of like interest. In these hard times I should not think, that you would be able to ignore constructive criticism, yet this is the second time in six months that I have written you with absolutely no result. In the November issue you feature cooking, cosmetics, and

(Continued on page 96)



The feminine partner of the "Singing Redheads" on WBT of the Dixie Network—lovely Dorothy Aggas.

Station Parade

Pageant of Personalities and Programs as they Appear Across the Continent for the Biggest Show on Earth

WCAU to Erect 8-Story Buiding

STATION WCAU, Philadelphia, owned and operated by the Universal Broadcasting Company and a member of the Columbia Broadcasting network, will soon be located at 1618-20-22 Chestnut Street, according to an announcement made recently by Dr. Leon Levy, president of the Universal Broadcasting Company. Previous plans called for the erection of a three-story penthouse structure on the top of the Franklin Trust building, but with the taking over of the bank by the State Banking Department, it was decided by the broadcasting company to locate at 1618-20-22 Chestnut Street, which will be improved with an eight-story building representing an investment of $1,500,000. The four upper floors will be used for broadcasting purposes.

Dr. Levy states there will be seven studios, in addition to special rehearsal and audition rooms embodying the latest ideas and improvements in broadcasting design. The new building will also permit larger quarters for the administrative offices.

One of the most important features in connection with the new studios will be the construction of a special workshop for Dr. Leopold Stokowski, conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra. Dr. Stokowski has become intensely interested in radio broadcasting from the reception viewpoint and many experiments, some of which may prove revolutionary in broadcasting later on, will be carried on in his special workshop in the WCAU Building.

Television also is receiving serious consideration in the design of the new building and plans are being so prepared that with the popular use of television by broadcasting stations, WCAU will have facilities for the installation of such apparatus.

It is anticipated that the new building will be ready for occupancy by August 1, 1932.



The Smiling Quartet broadcasting "Smile, Darn You, Smile" from Eastern State Penitentiary over WIP-WFAN, Philadelphia. The Quartet is made up of C-3633, C-4882, C-6389 and C-6390.

A Case of "Radio Preferred"

LIKE so many others, Miss Dorothy Robinson, dramatic star at WTAG, in Worcester, abandoned the stage for the microphone. It was a case of the greater audience exerting the greatest appeal. Formerly a well known leading woman, she entered radio two years ago and has gained a wide-spread following. Plays staged under her direction have commanded fine comments. To women's programs



Kolin Hager, who has proved himself superlatively capable and competent as Station Manager for WGY, Schenectady.

she brings an intimacy and easy familiarity that this type of microphone work so demands.

Miss Robinson was born in Cleveland, Ohio, and has traveled extensively. She has toured the country several times. Asked if she ever intends to resume her stage work, she replied:

"Although at first it is hard to accustom yourself to the lack of an audible response, this feature becomes of less importance as you find yourself building up an audience bigger than you had ever dreamed of. No, I am sure I will always prefer microphone work. There is a greater thrill receiving a letter, than hearing a thousand hands clapping. In many instances audible applause in a theater is mechanical. The spectator is swayed by his neighbor, but when a person sits down and takes time to write his or her suggestion, you can be assured that this listener is sincere."

Miss "Lochinvar" Comes Out of West

SHE'S one of those delightful persons who will never grow up—this capable and ambitious young publicity director at Station WLWL, New York. She signs her checks "Maybelle Austin" but her real name, according to those who know her best is "Happiness Plus."

But writing news stories is only one of her many accomplishments. She is possessed of an exceptionally pleasing radio voice, can romp over the ivories like a feminine Paderewski and can—and does—stage programs that would do credit to any radio organization.

Maybelle came to New York from Cleveland only a few short months ago and she has already begun to find her name writ large across the front page of metropolitan radiodom.

Hager Returns to WGY

KOLIN HAGER, for more than seven years manager of WGY, one of the pioneer broadcasting stations of the country, has returned to the Schenectady station as manager after an absence of two years, during which time he was vice-president in charge of programs for the four stations of the Buffalo Broadcasting Corporation. A. O. Coggeshall, who has been acting-manager of WGY for two years, continues in an executive capacity.

Until a short time ago WGY was more a great transmitter and broadcasting laboratory than a commercial broadcasting station. Under the ownership of the General Electric Company it was utilized by the engineers in practically applying developments which were later to be adopted by other stations. While the engineers were engaged in their experiments with equipment Mr. Hager kept step with them in experimenting with program material and during his association with the station many outstanding and distinctive programs were offered.



This smiling lad is Jack Frost, knee deep in one day's fan mail sent him by WNBR listeners.

In February, 1922, Mr. Hager was selected to assist in the preparation of the inaugural program. His knowledge of music, coupled with a good singing and speaking voice, gave him the background which made him the natural selection for the job. Overnight his voice became known to many people.

Letters poured into the station and it was immediately apparent that his air personality had registered with the listeners. His selection as studio manager followed. Under the guidance of Martin P. Rice, who was manager of broadcasting for the General Electric, Mr. Hager set out in this field in which there were no guide posts, no traditions and no precedents. In his pioneering activities he was among the first to foresee the possibility of promoting a type of drama that would hold listeners through the medium of sound alone. Mr. Hager organized the first group of radio players to be heard at regularly scheduled periods weekly. It was under his management also, that WGY, in association with Dr. E. F. W. Alexanderson, produced for the first time anywhere a radio television drama, the picture signals being transmitted on one wavelength while the voice was carried on a different wavelength. Another departure was the engagement of guest artists, outstanding stars of stage, to appear with the WGY Players. Among those heard from WGY were Fritz Leiber, Nance O'Neil and Lionel Atwill.

Showmanship, covering a wide range of entertainment, has been a prominent feature of the program output directed by Mr. Hager. For example, the radio travelogue originated with WGY, as did agricultural broadcasts and the radio minstrel show.

Within a week after WGY went on the air with its inaugural studio program the first outside or remote control job was successfully broadcast. This was an address by Gov. Nathan L. Miller from the Union College gymnasium. Mr. Hager early saw the importance of developing outside sources for broadcasting. Within a few months wires were leased to Albany and later feature events were carried to Schenectady from



Maybelle Austin is not only Publicity Director for WLWL, New York, but she is also a capable performer and has a head for preparing clever and original programs.

New York and Washington. This was followed by an up-state chain with WGY as the key station. Syracuse, Rochester and Buffalo were brought into this network and on one or two occasions Cleveland was included.

On the Trail of Static!

THIRTY members of the Radio Listeners' Club of Central New England, in collaboration with a committee headed by Professor Charles G. Alvord, are conducting a study of signal strength, static and fading.

This study is being made in Worcester and surrounding towns. The observations are taken at 9:30 each evening and the whole broadcast band covered. At the conclusion of the month curves will be plotted to show the results of the observations. The purpose of the experiment is to determine how each of the three conditions affects different localities.

The Radio Listeners' Club was organized last winter to promote and extend interest in radio. One of the features of the organization is a DX broadcast conducted over WTAG every Sunday morning at 1 o'clock. This program has reached many distant parts of the country.

The officers of the club are Charles Dix, President, Roy Sanders, Vice President, John O'Neill, Treasurer, and Frederick L. Rushton, Secretary. Mr. Rushton is radio editor of the Telegram and Evening Gazette.

Here's Real Team Play!

Dear R.... D...:

"GETTING friendlier and friendlier! Although I realize that it will be time for ice skating when you get the item which I am about to give you into your justly famed publication, it, nonetheless, is interesting to note that WNBR recently gave Memphis folk what might be termed a double-header in football. This station was scheduled to broadcast the Princeton-Washington Lee football game because of the number of southern men who are interested in both of these colleges, and another station was scheduled and had received considerable advance publicity on its intention of broadcasting the Vanderbilt-Tennessee football game through a chain hookup.

"Something went haywire and the chain station missed out on the situation, thereby disappointing many thousands who were looking forward to the broadcast of the Vanderbilt-Tennessee game. As soon as WNBR concluded its broadcast of the Princeton-Washington Lee game, which, by the way, started an hour ahead of the southern gridiron tilt, that station swung right into the Vanderbilt-Tennessee game and was able to present to the listeners of the mid-south the story of the football prowess of the fair sons of the Vanderbilt Commodores and the Tennessee Volunteers.

"Hurrah for our side! So, there's a double-header for you in football. Numerous annoying telephone calls attested to the fact that this unusual bit of work was well appreciated."

An instance of genuine cooperation! That fellows who show such spirit cannot fail to reach the top is an indisputable truth, and the same thing goes for Radio Stations. More power to you, WNBR! Write us again, please.



Worcesterites drop everything to listen to Dorothy Robinson's dramatic broadcasts from WTAG, and they don't mind writing letters to tell her of their admiration, either!



A "behind the scenes" shot of Russ Morgan and his Girl Friends during a recent broadcast over WXYZ, Detroit.

Who Says There's No Retribution?

FAN mail brings many surprises, but it isn't often that a radio artist learns that she is directly and personally responsible for an event that might have ended in a tragedy. But that is what happened to Ramona, vivacious little "blues" singer, who is a regular feature at WLW, Cincinnati. Construction crew members are playful fellows, but a ride 750 feet up in the air, bound hand and foot to a steel girder, is an experience that many would just as soon forego.

The whole story came out in a letter sent to Ramona by Roy Thackery of Marion, Ohio, a member of the steel gang responsible for staging this unique piece of hazing.

Here is the letter:

"I want to tell how you caused a cook to get a ride on a crane 750 feet in the air. This all happened recently in Canada while I was working there with a steel gang made up of 20 men and a cook.

"We had a radio in the cook's shack and as you were the sweetheart of the whole bunch we didn't want to miss any of your broadcasts. The cook was instructed to blow the feed call whenever you were on the air so all of us could come down and hear you. The plan worked fine for a time until one day the rivet boy came up on top and told us the cook (who was a great crab) was listening to you without calling us.

"All of us rushed down, pulled the cook out of his shack, tied a rope around him, hooked him on the high crane, pulled him up as high as it would go and then swung him around in a circle 750 feet above the ground until his tongue hung out. After that you



This, Ladies and Gentlemen, is Tremlette Tully, who writes continually and directs dramatic productions at WCKY in the Blue Grass country!

may be certain we never missed a single one of your broadcasts.

"We are going to South America next month and hope to hear you there over WLW."

Say It In English

DESPITE the fact that most of us talk volubly, many have yet to learn that it's *how* we talk that really makes conversation!

Effie Marine Harvey, director of Women's Activities for WAAF, Chicago, has opened a three-a-week program on "Conversational English," Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 1:15. Mrs. Harvey was formerly instructor of English at an exclusive Eastern Boarding School and was a local judge in the recent competition to pick the middle west's best announcer, from the standpoint of diction and use of the English language.

Congratulations, WAAF! It's a great idea, others could follow!

WHO In New Studio

THE new home of Radio Station WHO, owned and operated by the Central Broadcasting Company, is located in the Stoner Music Company Building on Walnut Street, Des Moines, Iowa.

Due to the increased number of programs which this station is presenting, and also to the necessity for making provision for its proposed increase of power, the Board of Directors voted to remove the studios from their original location in the Bankers Life Building, where the station has been housed ever since it was started. The transfer of the studios was made during the latter part of December, but the transmitter and towers will remain at the insurance company building.

The station's new home comprises a full suite of offices, audition rooms, large studios, and auditorium, control rooms and a musicians' lounge.

Page "Believe-It-Or-Not" Ripley!

A WDAG artist has wings—and that's no joke!

If you don't believe it, just drop in at the Amarillo, Texas, studio some day and ask to be introduced to Mickey.

He's a yellow-feathered Hartz mountain songster with a glorious voice and just enough temperament to place him definitely in the artistic class. He has one weakness, and that is a passion for noise—loud noise. The louder the better, for he will sing louder in order to drown it.

"Mickey doesn't have to hear records played out loud to begin singing," Mr. Bennett said. "He seems to sense the melody from the needle noise. Then he will twist his head from side to side until he gets the pitch. Mickey never makes a discord," the announcer added proudly.

The diminutive bird glories in excitement. When he is in a studio program, he insists upon shrilling at the top of his voice and has often added to programs which he was trying to cover up.



KNX's Arizona Wranglers ride the ether waves nightly from Hollywood, but this new steed's not so danged easy to rope, take it from the boys!

New Production Chief at KFJB, Marshalltown, Iowa

Dear R.... D....:

"THERE has been a slight change in the personnel of our big little station, inasmuch as a new production manager has been secured.

"The gentleman we speak of is Neil Searles, formerly with WDGY, in Minneapolis, and WISN, in Milwaukee. Mr. Searles is comparatively young but has had enough experience so that we feel perfectly confident in his abilities.

"He has already inaugurated a series of broadcasts in the early morning called the "Sunny Side Up" program and intends to produce many new features, among which are an old fashioned amateur night, and an announcers school.

"We would be pleased if you would make some mention of this fact in your 'Station Parade.'"

Sincerely yours,

J. Black.

Thank you, Mr. Black, for this fine bit of news. When can we have some more?

KGJF, Arkansas, is Rechristened KARK

Dear R.... D....:

"WE have been granted permission by the United States Department of Commerce to change the call letters of KGJF to K-A-R-K. This has been done to avoid confusion, as the Station is now under new management.

"KARK we think, gives us more state-wide recognition, as it is symbolic of the state itself, Arkansas. We might add that we are contemplating moving into new studios within thirty days."

Very truly yours,

Ed Hannan.

You're right about those new call letters, Ed. How about sending in some facts on the new home? Any new artists?

A Song Hit from the West

WDAF, Kansas City, Missouri, is proud to have as one of its staff artists a man who has just given the music loving public one of the prettiest tunes in years, *Faded Summer Love*, written by Phil Baxter. Phil has written many hits, but here's hoping Faded Summer Love reaches a million copies.

"Music Appreciation" Period Popular On KFKU

PROF. Charles Sanford Skilton, organist and composer, member of the School of Fine Arts Faculty at the University of Kansas since 1903, conducts each week over Station KFKU, Lawrence, Kansas, a music appreciation hour. In this presentation, Professor Skilton is assisted by members of the School of Fine Arts faculty and stu-

dents. Often he illustrates his lectures by playing either the organ or piano himself.

Professor Skilton received his Bachelor's degree from Yale, and has studied in New York and Berlin. He is widely known as a composer of Indian music. His opera, "The Sun Bride," has the distinction of being the first opera to receive its premier by radio. The musical appreciation lectures which Professor Skilton has given are among the most popular features offered by Station KFKU.

Out Where the West Begins

Dear R.... D....:

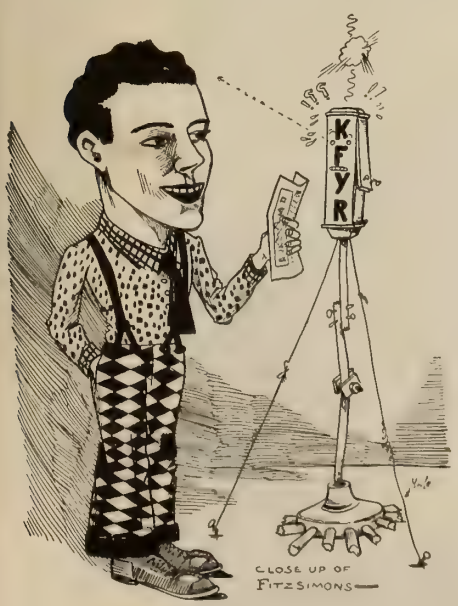
"THERE are big doings at KGBZ at York, Nebraska, located as we are out on the lone prairie. We have a great time communing with the wolves and coyotes, but just the same we are giving the listeners a big run for their money in the way of staff entertainment.

"In a very short time I will mail you a story with photographs and specimen programs and you can judge for yourself whether or not a 'farmer station' is making it interesting for the public."

Yours very truly,

Gus P. Swanson.

Thanks for your letter. Talk about wolves and coyotes! I'd like to trade you some of the two-legged beasts of the same type we have around here. I'll be looking forward to the story and pictures you mentioned. Let's have 'em!



KFYR, Bismarck, N. D., sent us this cartoon of its own Fitzsimons as he looks before the "mike," but what we want to know is, are those things around the base of the microphone really firecrackers?

2 New Links in NBC Chain

ON Saturday, November 28th, a gala nation wide broadcast was staged over the National Broadcasting Company networks to welcome two new links in the NBC chain—Station KGHL of Billings, Montana, and Station KGIR of Butte. With the addition of these stations, the NBC programs broadcast from coast to coast are now made available to the residents of the great copper and silver mining state.

John L. Fogarty, popular radio star and a native of Montana, coming from Great Falls, sang "In the Hills of Old Montana." He served overseas in the Second Montana Infantry, and is known throughout the state. He is a nephew of the late State Representative Charles Murphy of Anaconda.

From Chicago, Lee Sims, Paul Whiteman, The Three Doctors and Mildred Bailey all were heard over the new hook-up. At the end of the ceremonies, from 12:15 to 12:30 A. M., E. S. T., a special program from San Francisco was broadcast to Montana, although this program was not relayed through to the east coast.



Chief barker of "Old Man Sunshine's Club" at WLW, Cincinnati, is "Bozo," the organization's mascot and a charter member.

KIDO Gets New Frequency

THE application made by KIDO, Boise, Idaho, to the Federal Radio Commission two years ago for a change of frequency has finally been approved by the Commission, and on November 6th, this Station went on the air on a frequency of 1350 kilocycles instead of 1250 kilocycles.

On 1350 kilocycles KIDO has virtually a clear channel. Only three other stations in the United States use it—one in St. Louis and two in New York. It will mean clearer reception at greater distance, without interference from other coast stations.

Native Mexican Music Over KQW

KQW at San Jose, California, has a unique feature in its seven piece Mexican orchestra. Every member of the group received his musical training in Mexico, and four of them were trained in the Conservatory of Music in Mexico City.

The orchestra, already famous in spite of the fact that it is but three months old, calls itself "Los Caballeros."

The responsibility for its formation rests upon the shoulders of Mr. W. L. Gleeson—familiarly known as "Bill"—who is himself a great lover of the haunting melodies and irregular rhythms which characterize Mexican music. Having heard several American musical units make unsuccessful attempts to reproduce these delightful tone-poems, he called upon a Spanish friend to assist him in organizing a group of native Mexican musicians in order that the American public might hear, over the radio, the correct rendition of the folk songs and native airs of our southern neighbor.

Now Los Caballeros is a regular feature at KQW and is daily becoming more and more popular with West Coast radio fans.

Who Can Beat This Record

MART DAUGHERTY, of the KFOX, Long Beach, staff holds an endurance record for continuous broadcasting, having been kept on the air four hours, recently.

Here's how it all happened. Mart came on at 9:00 A. M. for his regular program with the Three Vagabonds, which is followed by a trio. Five minutes after going on the air, the trio's pianist fainted so Mart slipped into her place before the Steinway and finished out the half hour.

At 10 A. M. Mart does a program with Harry Morton as "The Cheerio Boys" which lasts for half an hour. At the conclusion there is a remote control broadcast, and at the last moment it was discovered that there was trouble on the telephone line, so Mart, beginning to weaken from the elbows down, took up his position before the Steinway and

proceeded to do another half hour of piano solos.

The Town Hall Revelers usually follow the organ at 11 A. M. and Fate would decide this particular morning to keep two members of the revelers home sick. One of these was the pianist and in order to fill out the group, a piano was necessary. Mart, smiling, but weak, took up his post.

He got a brief rest at 11:30 while the news report was broadcast. Following this another "remote" was due, but the line was still out of order, and Mart valiantly played through another fifteen minutes.

At 12:00 o'clock the Air Raiders, the KFOX orchestra, does a half hour turn, and Mart was again in demand. Following that half hour, he began to show the strain, but the trio was due to play again and, their pianist still being absent, Mart "played on."

At the conclusion of this four-hour pianothon, he had to be helped out of the studio and his aching fingers bathed in hot and cold water. He was good while he lasted—but he hasn't been quite the same since!

A Musical Breakfast Chat from Burbank, Calif.

KELW fans are liable to hear strains of music floating out of the station some of these days with every appearance of being tunes by the famous Cocoanut Grove orchestra led by Jimmy Grier, just now very popular here.

Of course, it won't actually *be* Jimmy Grier and his musical crew. But probably it will be the "next best."

Over the breakfast table, Jimmy and his sister Margaret, who is staff pianist at KELW, swap yarns about music and musicians, programs and hot shots of broadcast. So, if Margaret uses any of the little quirks that stamp Jimmy's music as outstanding, she won't be doing it intentionally. But, even so, maybe some of the KELW programs will faintly remind you of the Cocoanut Grove's entertainers.

The "Wranglers" Go A-Rambling

THEY threw a crowded courtroom into confusion, while a trial was in progress.

They broke up a public carnival at Alturas.

They disrupted the attendance of a large circus.

They broke all house records wherever they appeared—these larrupin', rip roarin' cowpunchers who are KNX's "Arizona Wranglers" at Hollywood.

Singing and playing their way into the hearts of the people who had learned to love them over the radio, the famous cow-boy artists were received with wild enthusiasm wherever they went. Great banners were hung across the main streets of the towns, welcoming them like conquering heroes.

Made because of popular demand by radio listeners, this personal tour has served better, perhaps, than anything else to establish the genuine bond of affection with which the great listening public regards these singing lads of the plains.

Managers of the theatres in which the Wranglers appeared were forced to admit that the public had made life miserable for them until they had promised to book the radio artists for a personal appearance.

Illustrating the popularity of the KNX feature is the incident which occurred at Klamath Falls, when a large circus came to town on the second day of the Wranglers' appearance. The circus was forced to play to a mere handful of people. The "cash customers" were all clamoring outside the Pelican Theatre, where hundreds were turned away.

Except for the fact that Sheriff Loyal Underwood was nearly gored by a crazy steer, Slicker was knocked down by an automobile, and Uncle Irontail was always missing at train time, the Wranglers had a royal time, and are eager for more.

Hawaiian Station Has Naval Base Hook Up

STATION KGMB at Honolulu, Hawaii, where the U. S. Government maintains the largest military and naval bases in America, has a privilege which works to the interest of the 23,000 at-

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Peggie Rollins, whose voice is heard from the San Francisco studios of NBC's Pacific Division has more than a fascinating voice—as radio listeners will learn when television arrives.

RADIOGRAPHS

Intimate Personality Notes Gleaned from the Radio Family of New York's Great Key Stations

Tom Brennie

By R. A. Wilkinson

IF "The Laugher" of *The Laugh Club,* His Honor Tom Brennie, ever takes another vacation, it will be interesting to conjecture what may happen.

In 1923, while a student at the Columbia University school of music, he conceived a vaudeville act while enjoying a summer vacation and went on the stage, never to return to college.

In 1924, after finishing forty-eight solid weeks of bookings in vaudeville, he went to California for a vacation, became a Hollywood radio star and never returned to the vaudeville stage.

In 1931, while visiting his mother in Waynesboro, Pa., he became interested in the potentialities of broadcasting in New York—and the National Broadcasting Company officials became interested in him.

But now, inasmuch as his one-man show is booked over an NBC network, it would be difficult to conjecture what may transpire in the event of another vacation.

It is far easier to treat it humorously. Maybe some flight of fancy or fate would lead him to a vacated royal throne, and "The Laugher" would relish the regal position, if only to burlesque the pomp and glamour of his predecessor.

Brennie is an impersonator of Italian and Dutch immigrants and the colorful American negro, to say nothing of his vocal abilities. He has probably done as many quaint characterizations as any star in radio, and has the additional distinction of being among the few men who can successfully simulate a female voice. Many radio artists have tried the latter; few have made it sound realistic.

When Brennie gave an audition for Royal, in charge of NBC programs, he chose to parade a few of his characters, and they are being featured in his broadcasts. There is Senator Ezra Simpkins, a rustic politician; Tom and Wash, a colored duo, and several Radio Periscope personalities. His fifteen minutes is more or less equally divided between the Senator, the negro characters, and the Periscope personalities.

As for his voice, singing was once his sole artistic accomplishment. He sang his way throughout the United States during the vaudeville months. He sang his way into radio in Hollywood, later abandoning a purely musical career in favor of doing characterizations.



Tom Brennie

In short, he is one of the most versatile of radio artists. Ask him how many individual voices he has simulated. The reply may seem a bit evasive, for he'll point out that he can speak in so many tones, can imitate individual characteristics of any person he has ever known in any of those respective tones. Evasive or not, you'll marvel at his ability.

BRENNIE broadcast for six years over Pacific Coast stations, at one time being director of Hal Roach studios, and is known for the number of program ideas he originated and presented. One Los Angeles radio editor named him as a candidate for the mythical Nobel prize for originality in radio programs.

In addition to the characterizations he is now presenting on the NBC-WJZ network Brennie has presented Ike and Ezra, Herr Snicklefritch, Tom Lincoln Cottonham, Miss Somaphine, Corp'ral Sam, Tom and his Mule, and others. Miss Somaphine, a mythical colored gal, is soon to be incorporated in his Tom and Wash act. When Brennie left the Pacific Coast he was heard on more coast programs than any other artist.

Tom Brennie was nicknamed "The Laugher" in that ridiculously extravagant insincere Hollywood. But in giving him the sobriquet the gagsters of movie town neglected to be satirical. The name is more than appropriate. It is symbolic of Brennie's disposition, his attitude toward life, his very being.

Furthermore it is appropriate that Brennie was first called "The Laugher" while appearing in an impromptu radio program in the Hal Roach studios in Hollywood. He went on the air and retold some of the ancient gags of the movie lots, decrying the fact that men were actually paid for them. A bit of satirical sarcasm. That was the genesis of "The Laugh Club."

TOM was born in Waynesboro, Pa., thirty years ago, but he has none of the naivité of a Main Street personality. From early childhood he projected himself outside the Main Street environment, reading the classics assiduously and taking a keen interest in the drama. When fifteen years of age he produced an amateur theatrical in Waynesboro. And it was financially successful. He wouldn't, at this time, vouch for its artistry.

Brennie, nevertheless, r e s i d e d in Waynesboro until he was seventeen years old. The World War, strangely enough, was as a balm to him. He enlisted in the motor corps against the wishes of his father, prevaricating about his age, and was stationed in New York. It gave him more or less intimate contact with Broadway life, of which he had read much, and stimulated his imagination.

Brennie himself considers this was a milestone in his life. After the Armistice he persuaded his parents to permit him to go to the Columbia school of music, from which he invaded the vaudeville stage. This was without parental knowledge. Whether or not it was a

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TELEVISION

By CHARLES R. TIGHE

Word Picture Sketches Scene in Visual Broadcasting Receiver as Living Faces are Flashed through Space

MR. TIGHE, associate editor of Radio Digest, presents a television program every Thursday night over the Columbia Broadcasting System television station, W2XAB. The object of this program is to experiment with new ideas adaptable to the present limitations of this new radio art. In this way Radio Digest is endeavoring to keep its readers authentically informed.
H. P. B.

THE room is dark. You lean forward in your chair and concentrate on the pale spot of light coming from the cabinet at the front of the room in which you are seated much as you would do in a moving picture theatre. There are about a dozen people seated in the rows of chairs and they, too, are intent on that square of light. Except for the shifting about of restless individuals or the occasional scraping of feet there is no sound. You wait and wonder what is going to happen next.

The announcer is concluding his introductory talk: "—in a program of tap dancing and singing—" and then there is a sudden hush.

SOMETHING happens in the little square of light. There is movement and you wonder what it is. Piano music floods the room and there is a curious tapping that keeps perfect time with the music. Ah, there it is! The image comes through clearly and is plainly visible across the room . . . the twinkling feet of a tap dancer—from the knees down. The dance ends and the tapping feet are replaced in the lens of the television set by a somewhat distorted image of a girl. She is visible from the chest to the top of the head. Ah, that's better. Someone in the dark broadcasting studio probably has moved the girl closer to the scanner and the microphone. As she comes into better focus the range of the scanner decreases and the spotlight catches only the neck and head. The girl sings in a clear soprano, smiles, gestures and turns her head this way and that. The profile is excellent . . . the property men at the studio know their jobs and are careful to place the correct colored screen in back of the artist. If the girl is blond the screen is black or perhaps brown. If the girl is a brunette the screen is of some lighter shade so that the background permits an outline in sharp relief of the face and figure of the artist.



Gay Sisters who dance and smile before television eye at W2XAB, New York.

INCIDENTALLY there are many problems involved in producing clean-cut images. A dark haired girl wearing a white dress, for example, presents a pretty puzzle. If the brunet face and hair are to be brought out in the best possible detail the screen would have to be of light color. But if this screen is used the dress simply merges with the back drop. So into the picture of television broadcasting enters an entirely new set of problems. Now, if there were some base from which the broadcasters could start, the whole matter would be tremendously simplified. But, there is absolutely nothing. The conditions surrounding a stage presentation have no bearing whatever on television technic. Moving picture production comes closer but not near enough to be of any great value.

That is why Bill Schudt, director of television at W2XAB, is experimenting along every possible line. They will try anything at Columbia in order to record the result. From this constant experimentation with real programs being televised a wealth of practical information has been obtained.

To get back to the evening's entertainment: The soprano is just finishing and there is a brief

(Continued on page 89)

BEAUTY *and the* Beast

By

Maybelle Austen



Harry Tighe and Mimi Shelton new act WLWL, N. Y.

PETER GRIMM once wrote a fascinating tale about a beautiful princess who was kidnapped by a horrible beast, and kept imprisoned in a lonely castle-tower until he, through some story-book miracle, shed his unlovely appearance and became a very handsome and desirable prince. Then in true fairytale fashion, they loved, married, and lived happily ever after.

Radio, the magic carpet, the Aladdin's lamp, the miracle-maker, the greatest genie of all times, brings Grimm's "Beauty and the Beast" up-to-date, with Station WLWL as its medium. The beautiful princess is Mimi Shelton, who fits the descriptive qualifications in a very satisfactory manner; and Harry Tighe, a jovial and genial giant, is the beast, although he belies the delineation created in the mind's eye by generations of folklore exponents.

The entertainment that this unique team will provide via the ether, is different and diverting. Years of experience on the stage and screen have given them an insight into the amusement demands of an intelligent and over-satiated public. They will bring to the airwaves a new idea, an unusually fine type of versatility, with just enough of the human touch, that it will appeal to one and all of the tremendous radio audience this country affords, who by one flip of the dial can make a performer's fortune, or cast him into an infinite abyss of oblivion.

THESE two people have had very interesting and active lives, but their careers have been as opposite to one another as the appearances of Beauty and the Beast must have been. While the one had terrible and constant struggle with unforseen and heartbreaking circumstances, the other one rode always on to higher and instantaneous successes. It remained for the eighth wonder of the world, that gigantic robot, Radio, to reach out with electrical fingers and bring them together on a common ground, where they joined forces preparatory to attacking a new field of action.

A resumé of the experiences of Mimi and Harry, presented in truly modern style, would read like this:

Mimi was born in Fort Wayne, Indiana.
Harry was born in New Haven, Connecticut.
Mimi is a grandniece of the great diva, Lilli Lehmann.
Harry's family were American pioneers, of Irish origin.
Mimi sang solo parts as a six-year-old with a choir of eighty-six.
Harry learned piano technique under duress.
Mimi taught German to other children to help along the family exchequer.
Harry played Varsity football at Yale.
Mimi meanwhile became a cripple through a faulty operation.
Harry was discharged from college for some youthful escapade.
Mimi attended Chicago University, graduated, received the degree M.A.
Harry entered Wall Street, left, and took a job playing piano.
Mimi, at nineteen, through stretching exercises and medical attention, pronounced normal.
Harry's first stage engagement was with Virginia Earle, musical star.
Mimi while studying dramatic art at McLean College, was discovered by LeGalliene.
Harry was pronounced a find by Weber and Fields, and joined their famous comedy act.
Mimi appeared first in "Three Sisters" and then in "Twelfth Night."
Harry proved a sensation at the La Salle Theatre in Chicago.
Mimi came to Broadway with "Cradle Song," "The Miracle," and "Saturday Night."
Harry was starred by an enthusiastic Belasco.

MIMI went with a show called "Remote Control."
Harry joined Ziegfeld in "Smiles" and then went with "Follow Thru."
Mimi was and is supporting a brother through Purdue University.
Harry was in pictures, both as a director and as an actor.
Mimi was brought to Harry's attention by Irvin Berlin.
Lo! a new team is born and named "Beauty and the Beast."

The act started rehearsals for radio work, and reports of their activities were brought to the attention of the director of Radio Digest television broadcasts, who in turn brought them to the attention of WLWL, where they received an audition.

Result: They're simply great! They're on! Listen in for them everybody!

MARCELLA

Little Bird Knows All—Tells All—Ask Her about the Stars You Admire

TODDLES, Presiding Pigeon of Graybar Court, and your own Marcellà were discussing, as two females are likely to do of an *arternoon,* our ideal man. So as not to commit myself and show any favoritism in radio circles, I determined to go beyond the Province of the Microphone and throw my Eugenie Chapeau, as my lot, into Statecraft, and I told Toddles that Gandhi was my ideal. Imagine what a joy it would be for Mrs. Gandhi—not to have to do up any shirts or collars, not to have to worry about getting ties for Xmas or birthday gifts. It was just a bit shocking to Toddles, who is a product of the Mid-Victorian era and who believes that a pair of pyjamaas would be a little more modest, if not becoming, to the Mahatma. Although she herself would make no commitments about her Ideal, she admitted that she was a little inclined to Ted Pearson whose unusual voice has beguiled her and most of the others of the feminine persuasion among radio listeners. He announces many of the leading programs on the air including *Yeastfoamers, Keeping Up With Daughter, Halsey Stuart, Civic Concert Service* and *Paul Whiteman's Paintmen.* He acquired his early musical training at Arlington and at the McPhail School of Music in Minneapolis, where he studied piano, pipe organ, theory and composition. From Minneapolis he went to Chicago which he hoped would be a temporary stopping place before he got to New York and Europe. But in Chicago the howling of the wolf became a familiar sound and he could find no job for his services. But finally he was offered a position with a small radio station at Gary, Indiana, to act as announcer, booking agent, production man and manager. NBC soon after that added him to its staff in the Chicago studios. The best work that he has ever done, probably, was that in which his name was not mentioned. His part of narrator in the *Seven Last Words of Christ* presented by the Armour Company won for the program such a tremendous response that it has been planned to repeat this feature next Easter.



Ted Pearson



Marcella, Shields, Murray

* * *

HELENE HANDIN'S announcing on the Lucky Strike Hour just before B. A. Rolfe left for Europe, won for her the reputation as the best girl announcer. Her side-splitting act, *Mazie the Manicurist,* is in search of a sponsor, and if put on a chain, would transform any dull fifteen minutes into a period of jollity.

Meanwhile Marcella Shields, the other Trouper, is sandwiched in on the Dutch Masters program between Walter Scanlon and Billy Murray. Some people say that Marcella has much too much to give and that this program does not permit her to use her vast array of talents. But one can never tell with sponsors. Marcella Shields is married to one McNamee (not Graham, of course). She has played in nearly every vaudeville house in the country and made her stage debut when she was five years old. Played with DeWolf Hopper, Gallagher and Shean, Fay Bainter and other theatrical luminaries. Walter Scanlon was discovered by Billy Murray some twenty years ago while playing in a minstrel show in Brooklyn. Made the rounds on the old Keith circuit and appeared in many Hammerstein productions. Billy Murray began his career from the very bottom as a property boy in the old Tabor Grand Opera House in Denver, and the stage fever started when Fred and Ed Stone and he used to do acrobatic tricks in the sawdust of an old icehouse. His recordings of George Cohan numbers caused a great rise in his popularity thermometer.

* * *

WHEN the Silver Mask was lifted off the face of Joe White, all of the mystery surrounding this astonishing tenor melted away and the story can now be told. Ever since he uttered his first baby cry on Oliver Street in Manhattan where he was born, there was talk in the family about his being a singer. Everything that had an ear he sang to and he made no distinction between people and his pet goat or cat. He started to take music lessons when he was six and sang soprano parts in a choir until his voice changed. Then his parents decided to place him in some business and he worked for a wholesale lace concern. But as lace didn't agree with him he went to work in a garage and planned a career as an automotive expert. When the War came along he enlisted in an engineering outfit. Incidentally while in the army he met Judson House, who was to be one of NBC's best tenors. Nothing in the world can persuade Joe White to sing *The Rosary,* for whenever the first words are on his lips, there seems to be an automatic attraction for the elements of war. On the transport bound for France, during an impromptu concert White was just ready to sing this composition when a submarine attacked the vessel. Fortunately it escaped. A few days later another concert was given. White again opened his lips to sing *The Rosary,* and just as he started a submarine appeared. One more time did Joe White try the song—at a concert back of the lines in France, but the solo was interrupted by a German bomb. Since then he has made no other attempt to deliver himself of this popular and well-loved melody. Joe White is married to a girl whose maiden name Maureen Mavourneen—sounds Irish doesn't it? And they have three children.



Joe White


Eddie

THIS is about Eddie, the Gold Medal Organist. His full name is taboo. Of course Toddles and I know it, but then we have to hold out something from our readers once in a while, don't we, Toddles, old deah. This much we can say—that Eddie is married, has a very attractive wife, a son of eight, and a daughter a year and a half. Is a football fan and follows the University of Minnesota team to all of its games. Mr. Gammons, Vice President of Northwestern Broadcasting, Inc., tells me he just discovered the other day that Eddie organized an amateur football team of fellow musicians and all of them have impromptu workouts every morning. Eddie is one of the best known pipe organists in the world and made his debut at the age of twelve as pianist in a motion picture theatre in Edwardsville, Ill. It is to Eddie's personality and great artistry that have made the Gold Medal Fast Freight feature what it is today and each succeeding program brings with it a greater audience. Anything else about Paul you'd like to know, Olive Sherman?

* * *

HORACE HEIDT on tour of theatres and has not yet carried out his promise to send me the latest picture of his band. He and his Californians appeared several weeks ago at the Capitol Theatre in New York.

* * *

EARL SPICER, soloist on the Fuller Brush Man program, started as a choir singer in a little country church near his father's farm in the Acadian Valley, Nova Scotia. It is to one of the professors at Acadia College, that Mr. Spicer owes the early recognition of his talents. He has studied under some of the greatest masters in Europe and early gained fame in all of the principal cities of the continent. In March, 1926, he made his American debut at Aeolian Hall and met with instant success. He can be heard every Tuesday evening at 9:30 p. m. E.S.T. over the National Broadcasting Company.


Earl Spicer

* * *

MISCELLANEOUS:

Lanny Ross, my dear Margaret, broadcasts on the Maxwell House program. Franklyn Bauer is in New York but not doing any radio work. Adele Ronson is not a regular member of the True Story cast, but does appear on the program once in a while. William Daly at present is only on the Firestone program. John Fogarty is on the Sweetheart program, and Adelina Thomason plays the parts of both Mrs. Pennyfeather on KUKU and Mrs. Pennypacker on the Swift program.

* * *

GEORGE ROESLER, commercial manager and announcer at KOIL, is 29 and married. He's a good business man, and a good artist. In 1924 George and four others built station WOKT at Rochester, N. Y., and sold it after a year had passed by. Then to WMAK, Buffalo, and WFBL, Syracuse. Started a radio advertising agency in Rochester, his home town, but sold that and turned again to announcing and writing continuities at WBAL.


George Roesler

* * *

FROM medicine to melodies—that's the leap Julian Woodworth, handsome maestro at the Hotel Governor Clinton in New York City. Comes from Cleveland where he worked a while on the *Cleveland Free Press*. Has composed sixteen songs, the latest hit of which is *When You Press Your Lips to Mine*. Answers all fan mail personally and there's a fan mail club number some eight thousand correspondents. Whenever New Yorkers see someone following hurriedly after a fire engine they know it's Julian Woodworth and one of the greatest restraints in this young maestro's life is to hear the clanging of fire engines while he is broadcasting—by the way the station is WOR, and he has a daily program. He seldom smokes, music is his hobby and he hates holes in his socks.


Julian Woodworth

* * *

EUGENE ORMANDY was born in Budapest, Hungary, the son of a dentist. At the age of seven he gave his first public recital and was immediately besieged with concert offers throughout Europe but upon the advice of his teacher, the famous violinist Karl Hubay, he rejected them so that he could pursue his studies. At the age of seventeen he received a Professorship of Music. Was concertmaster and soloist with the Bluetner Orchestra in Berlin and in 1921 came to America. He was also concertmaster and soloist of the Capitol Theatre Orchestra in New York and at the same time was a member of the original Roxy Gang. Eugene Ormandy is married to Steffie Goldner, solo harpist of the Capitol Theatre and well known for her work all over Europe and America.


Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Ormandy

* * *

HERE'S another radio singer who started his career as a choir singer. He's Arthur Jarrett. Art is the son of theatrical parents. His father played juvenile leads with William Faversham, Chauncey Olcott and Florence Read. Attended grade school in Brooklyn. Was boy soprano soloist in St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York. Can play the guitar and banjo. With ambitions to be a lawyer he entered Fordham University but four months of that and he was convinced he wanted to be a radio announcer, but upon the advice of Keith McCloud who interviewed him for the job, he decided to be a professional musician. Became member of Ted Weems' Orchestra at Reading, Pa., in 1927. Received $200 a week but gave up the job to sing over the radio for $50 per. It was WBBM. Has made about a hundred and fifty records. Likes all kinds of sports, is single and has bachelor apartment in Chicago.


Art Jarrett


Gordon Hittenmark

* * *

HAROLD HOUGH, Radio Supervisor of WBAP, sends along this consoling message about Gordon Hittenmark, announcer at that station. He was born in Pomeroy, Iowa, 23 years ago. Ever since he can remember, he has been interested in music and the show business. He attended the Drake University in Des Moines, was a member of the S. A. E. Fraternity. In 1925 he had an orchestra which entertained radio listeners at WOW, Omaha and WHO, Des Moines. Was interested and took parts in the Little Theatre at Omaha and was also with the Elitch Gardens in Denver. From there he went to Kansas City and was connected with the Orpheum Theatre. From there to Tulsa, Okla., where he tried out for announcer and told them he could sing.


Harold Fair

But as he really couldn't sing, they compromised and gave him the job as Chief Announcer and head of the Publicity Department. Has been at WBAP for year and a half.

* * *

HAROLD FAIR, Director of WBEN, Buffalo, was drafted from the position of studio manager at WBBM. He is well known as a production expert and is now in charge of producing WBEN's local programs. Mr. Fair was born in Council Bluffs, Iowa. Is a graduate of Northwestern University and is a member of the Phi Delta Theta fraternity. Has had an extensive musical education and at one time had his heart set on becoming a concert pianist. Was guest conductor of the Omaha Philharmonic Society and had his own dance orchestra. Started his radio career with Station KOIL. Is married, collects rare books and antiques as a hobby and sails his own boat in those rare moments of recreation.

* * *

JERRY KILGORE, NBC announcer has been a civil engineer in Mexico, an actor, singer and manager in New York, an advertising man in Los Angeles, a soldier overseas in France and tops this all with the halo of radio announcing. He was born in Toronto, where he was educated and earned his degree. Toured most of the large cities in North America as an actor and played with Nazimova in *Bella Donna.*


J. Kilgore

Spent four long years overseas, thirteen months of which he was in a hospital recovering from wounds. Entered motion pictures in Hollywood and that's where radio found him. Married to a pretty, dark-eyed Hollywood girl, known formerly as Helen Altamari. Jerry's hobbies are bridge, books and cross-word puzzles.

* * *

RADIO Digest's program over WGBS Television Station has brought to the screen such celebs as Emery Deutsch, Helene Handin, Edward Gibbons (brother to Floyd) and Tom Curtin, author of that dramatic feature, *Thrillers,* et al. Mr. Ferguson, veteran newspaper man, has been placed in charge of publicity, and already WGBS is rounding out into a first class local station.

* * *

GREGOIRE FRANZELL, is one of the first acquisitions to WGBS in its plans to get the best in musicians and artists, and he has one of the finest ensembles that Toddles and your Marcella have heard in a long time. Gregoire was born in Bucharest, Roumania, and has inherited more than his share of the musical temperament of that country. After his first concert in Paris he was immediately booked for thirty recitals by the manager of Sarah Bern-


Gregoire Franzell

hardt—Paul Boquel. Visited three hundred cities throughout Europe, but that was nothing to him as he began traveling at the age of three. He plays every Sunday evening at the Sutton Club known as the most fashionable organization of the elite, you know, the Vanderbilts, and Bakers and so on. Is married to a charming young woman who used to take piano lessons from him. As Music Director of WGBS, some very good programs from that station can be expected.

* * *

PICK and Pat are WOR Minstrels. Pick Malone was born in Dallas, Texas, but was reared in Oklahoma. He joined the J. Dong Margan Stock Company at seventeen and worked there until he joined the army. Came to New York City after traveling with his own show through the Middle West. He met Pat


Pick and Pat

Padgette and they've been partners ever since. Pat was born in Bogard, Ga., Dec. 29, 1903. Until the age of 17 he worked on a farm, then went to Birmingham to live with his sister. Joined the show business and soon after teamed up with Pick.


Robert Monsen

* * *

IF ROBERT MONSEN were a little taller and wore a little mustache he'd be a double for Paul Whiteman. We're talking now of Robert Monsen of KJR, Seattle. Bob is five feet seven, and weighs around two hundred pounds. Despite his globularity he is a keen sportsman, enjoying football, swimming, tennis and motor boating.

* * *

ANN LEAF whose picture has appeared in Radio Digest pages many times, is about twenty-four, and stands four feet-eleven. She was born in Omaha, Neb., in 1906 and began to show her interest in music at the age of five. At eleven she made a solo piano appearance with a concert orchestra playing a Mozart concerto. Finished high school in Omaha and attended the Damrosch Institute of Musical Art in New York. Got her first job as organist in a Los Angeles movie house. Because she is so diminutive, she is known as *Little Organ Annie, Sweet and Low Down, Little by Little* and *Mitey.*

* * *

CARL STEVENS, CBS announcer since September, I believe, is 24, unmarried and writes plays as a hobby. And his disposition is just as jovial as his picture shows him to be.


Carlyle Stevens

* * *

AND speaking of Paul Whiteman, this is what Paul has to say for himself. "I was born in Denver, March 28, 1890, and first showed my musical taste during one of my first rides in a baby carriage. The carriage which not only conveyed me, also contained a violin and a watermelon. When it overturned, I grabbed the melon. At 17 I tried my hand at cab driving, but the valves in the engine were too musical. Then my jobs in Frisco—and then the War. Weighed 303 pounds and wanted to be an aviator but the blimps weren't popular then. Applied as truck driver in the Signal Corps. Finally got in the Navy. Organized forty piece sailor jazz band. After the war met Rudy Seeker and asked me if I wanted a job at the Fairmount. Started to form my first

(Continued on page 88)

Silhouettes

By Craig B. Craig

Louis Dean

THE author of this series which Radio Digest has christened "Silhouettes" has been closely identified with the growth of radio broadcasting for a number of years. Mr. Craig's acquaintance with radio notables has been more than casual. He gives you an intimate profile of each one, as one friend sees another. We are looking forward to a book on the romance of the growth of radio which Mr. Craig has written and which soon will be issued from the press. Craig B. Craig is known in the financial district as managing editor of the Financial Digest.

ANNOUNCER, hates women that wear men's knickers. But those that don't—that's different.

Louis Edmond Dean, they christened him. That was thirty years ago. Down in the little town of Valley Head, Alabama, with a population of 675 at the foot of Lookout Mountain. Almost the entire town turned out for the occasion.

He's a big fellow—five feet eleven and one-half. Tips 'em at 160. Blue eyes with a sort of whimsical smile. Dark brown hair. Ruddy complexion.

Started his professional career back in 1924, when after a few hit-or-miss jobs he landed with Brunswick, satisfying an ambition to get into the music business. Introduced to radio when microphones replaced "horns" in recording. First broadcast over WIBX up in Utica, N. Y.—Perfectly calm and at ease. He's just the kind of fellow that would be.

Perhaps it was the year and one-half he spent in the Navy or maybe his school days at Washington and Lee University that made him such a kidder. He never carries it far enough to make you sore. You like it.

What fan mail he gets. Among other things, he has received invitations to spend vacations all over the world, from short wave listeners. Once received an anonymous Christmas gift of six swell shirts with his initials embroidered on them—BUT two sizes too large. They fit the studio manager. He wears them now—There is one listener in Buffalo who never fails to remember him on his birthday and all holidays, although he has never seen her. He strongly suspects her of being over forty, short and fat. He says he seldom receives letters from eligible co-eds—Damn it!

Likes Buster Keaton, Ann Harding and George Arliss in the movies. His favorite radio stars include The Revelers, Boswell Sisters, Howard Barlow, The "Colonel" and Budd, Adele Vasa and Ann Leaf. He believes that radio will eventually be directed to supplying electrical energy as well as entertainment—The future home entertainment lies in the development of television. But this will not be for five years at least.



Louis Dean, WABC announcer, began life in a little Alabama town . . . but he had big ideas, and has made good on the Big Chain

High strung. Not temperamental, but gets annoyed if things don't go right. Lightning makes him uneasy if it's near. Thunder'll make him jump. Yet he'll sleep right through the worst storm. Dusk has a tendency to make him contemplative.

Chicken—his favorite dish. Drinks loads of buttermilk, also brandy and soda, but not loads—Has a special recipe for that late snack. Here it is. Cover a slightly fried egg (one side) with strips of bacon and cheese. A dash of Worcestershire—paprika. Put the works on a slice of bread and toast in the oven till brown.

He calls dancing a sport. Maybe he's right. Anyway it's his favorite diversion, with golf next and then bridge. From others I've heard that his Rhumba dance is just *too bad*—Reads lots. Fiction, biography and music. Prefers Hergesheimer, Emil Ludwig and Mark Twain.

Likes people who have attained success and still retain their human qualities. Names Bruce Barton as a typical example—According to him, women's greatest charm is their ability to choose and wear correctly the proper apparel. A man to be okeh must have a big heart. This covers a multitude of shortcomings.

Doesn't claim to be descended from any famous personages. But understands that one of his ancestors was a noted horse-thief in England, back in the 16th century.

Not superstitious. But always places the mike on his right side, due to a slight obstruction in his left nostril.

Has a pet aversion to café pests who are just drunk enough to be chummy. Those who always horn in on your party. Has another pet peeve—motorcycles.

His hobby—Women—interesting women. (To blazes with the men). He's single but all for married life. Thinks it would be great provided all things were equal. Would like to have less night work before seriously considering

(Continued on page 90)

Sporting Mothers

Summed up, They Are Good-natured, Sacrificing Self-controlled, Tactful and Uncomplaining

By Mrs. John S. Reilly

IN THE season when everybody is being an addict of a particular sport, mothers are turning their thoughts and efforts to what might be called "sporting mothers."

I'm not by way of meaning when I speak of sporting mothers that they're necessarily the kind that wield a knowing niblick or smite a tennis ball on the rise, or even swim the Hudson River. I've collected some reflections and conclusions about the sporting qualities of mothers I've observed—and I'm happy to tell you now all my thoughts along these lines.

I maintain that every mother should have a-plenty of sporting blood in her. She needs it, because she's constantly finding herself in situations where, if she were not a good sport, she'd certainly make a fizzle of things. Just as one example of what I mean, you take the interruption in a mother's day. Can she ever sit down to work or sew or read quietly for a few minutes? I should say not! One interruption after another—children tumbling in to ask breathless questions: "Can I do this, c'n I do that? Mummy where's this. Ma where's that?" Children wanting endless attention—a baby crying when he ought to be asleep—a cut finger or a scraped knee—a ripped trouser or a bottle of ink spilled—a pair of rubbers to pull on or pants to be buttoned—for a mother's life is just one blinking interruption after another!

SHE can't even cook or wash or clean in peace except when the children are asleep or at school—their every waking moment at home is overflowing with interruptions. Well, where does her sporting blood come in? Just in the way she accepts these interruptions. If, instead of becoming irritated and cross when her work and her leisure are constantly cut in upon, she remains unruffled, good-natured and serene, that mother is a good sport. She realizes that as a mother her time naturally belongs to her children, and she accepts her obligation cheerfully. It's all part of the game. She acknowledges it and plays the game according to the rules, without complaint, in the true sporting spirit.

Here's another instance of my idea of a sporting mother.

Jackie, aged seven, had lately learned the fearful joy of climbing trees. He loved breath-taking heights. He was enchanted with dangerous perches, he chose the slimmest and most insecure branches to swing upon—or at least so it seemed to his distracted mother. Her heart was in her mouth a hundred times a day as she watched him without letting him know he was observed. She was really miserable about him, but did she show her fear or at any time stop his rightful enjoyment?

MRS. REILLY has been broadcasting advice to mothers over the Columbia Broadcasting System and local stations for many months. Hers is no theoretical knowledge. Her advice is practicable for she has followed it in bringing up seven growing children. In this article Mrs. Reilly dwells upon the qualities that go to making up the Sporting Mother. The term applied to those flitting around from one tea party to another and seeking incessant amusement is no longer warranted.

The rules of the game say, implicitly at least, that we must never show our yellow streaks—we must always wear a gay and dauntless countenance, come what may. No matter how weak and scared we are interiorily, to the observer we must appear unperturbed. The most precious thing in her life was exposing him, there before her very eyes, to danger, but this mother knew that upon her attitude would depend some of his most important reactions later on. She knew that if she shrieked at him or nagged at him or showed her own great nervousness, she might easily turn him from a fine courageous boy into a timorous, fearful mouse of a child—and what would be the result upon his manhood? She knew that if she put a stop to his initiative, placed herself in the way of his manly progress *now*, he might one day lack the will and resourcefulness and persistence which are necessary for a successful man. She didn't want her son to grow up weak and cowardly and spineless, so she set him an example of fearlessness and self-control *now* when lifelong impressions are being made upon his sensitive soul. And I'd call her a grand sport!

Of course even our most intrepid tree-climbing sons may profit by a little prudent advice—a little training in the selection of limbs which will safely bear their weight—but it's the way you *do* it, my dear mother, that counts. "Jackie, don't you dare climb that tree. Come down this minute. You'll fall and break your neck." True, doubtless, and natural—but not a very tactful way to call upon your son's instant obedience. It won't make him any more cautious, because you've interfered with some of the best fun he's ever had. You've been a spoil-sport. You've ruined the game. He'll do it again when you're not looking. But here's the really clever mother. "What Jackie—climbing trees? Mercy but you're getting grown-up. We must tell Dad. He was no mean tree climber when he was a boy—used to be the champion of the block. But he always said that real tree climbers were the fellows who knew a good strong branch when they saw it. If you ever fell you could never be champion again. Let's see if *you* know how to pick the sturdy branches. That one? No sir—that would scarcely hold a bird, let alone a boy! That's a better one—the kind of branch a champion would climb on."

(Continued on page 93)

Etiquette and Her Moods

By Ida Bailey Allen



Even the wee view of this table reveals the simple note emphasized in modern table settings—and Mrs. Allen knows.

THE author of this article invites Readers of Radio Digest to send in questions on etiquette. These will be answered in Mrs. Allen's weekly radio talks over the Columbia Broadcasting System. Send your request to Woman's Feature Editor, Radio Digest, 420 Lexington Avenue, N. Y. C.

IT ISN'T my purpose to attempt any scholarly account of the growth of manners. But as President of the National Radio Home Makers Club, I have received innumerable letters asking me all sorts of questions concerning the proper way to do almost everything; and I'm going to try to answer a few of them.

First, it might be interesting to review some of the customs of our ancestors in order to compare them with our own. The old Anglo-Saxons, far from being boors, had a very carefully worked out set of strict customs which they followed religiously. Eating, for instance, was quite as much a ceremony with them as it is with the modern epicure.

The first thing they had brought to the table was the salt-cellar, which symbolized hospitality; above it was the place of honor, and no one could determine his own seat until the salt-cellar indicated the most desirable spot. Next were brought in the silver dishes and small loaves of cross-marked bread—but no eating utensils of any sort; the guests provided their own.

Banquetters in those days nonchalantly tossed all refuse on the floor where it was quickly gobbled up by a whole army of dogs and cats was kept there for just this purpose. There were but two cardinal crimes in the *Book of Courtesy:* stroking a dog or cat while at table, and picking one's teeth with a knife!

A clean tablecloth denoted social distinction. It functioned both as table cover and as napkin, for the guests freely wiped their hands on it. People ate from trenchers, a single trough serving from two to four persons. Yet even under these conditions, a lady could be dainty. Chaucer's Prioress never let a morsel fall to her breast, never wet her fingers too deep in the sauce, and left no grease in her cup.

In the 18th Century, an entire banquet might consist of nothing but sweetmeats. The host laid the table according to a neatly ordered diagram: in the center, he placed a large pineapple, rented for the occasion. If some impetuous soul was inconsiderate enough to ask for a slice of the rare delicacy, the butler would tactfully reply, "The flavor of the *peaches* is choice." Whereupon the guest received a peach for his pains.

QUEEN Elizabeth was quite the grandest diner of all. To spread her tablecloth, she required two gentlemen, one bearing a rod and the other the cloth. They would majestically enter the banquet hall, kneel thrice, lay down the cloth and wait while two more gorgeously apparelled gentlemen, one brandishing another rod and the second holding aloft the salt-cellar, the plates, and the bread, marched in to kneel three times before the table as their predecessors had done. After the table was set, an unmarried duchess entered clad in white and displaying the tasting knife; accompanying her was a married woman, and both prostrated themselves before the table. Next they rubbed the plates and bread with salt.

Only a company of Yoemen of the Guard sufficed to carry the actual food into the room—twenty-four dishes for one queen! Because of Elizabeth's excessive dread of being poisoned, every soldier was compelled to take a mouthful of whatever he had brought in.

ALL this time, the blare of twelve trumpets and two kettledrums was being heard, and to the tune of this music a swarm of young unmarried ladies now began to transport the food from the original table to the Queen's private chamber. What Elizabeth failed to eat had to be consumed by this cortege—just in order to relieve the Queen's mind about that poisoning.

Presiding over this lavish and complicated ceremony was the Officer of the Mouth, whose cardinal instructions were to "set never on fish, flesh, beast, or fowl more than two fingers and a thumb." This was the prime rule of table etiquette, but Elizabeth, being above the law, could and did pick up many a drum stick in her fist and gnaw it! Of course she had forks—three of them, but it was easier to eat as our children often are scolded for doing.

A few years later, when the Italians introduced forks as regular tableware

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Chain Calendar Features

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Throughout Week

TOWER HEALTH EXERCISES—(Daily except Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
6:45 a.m.	5:45	4:45	3:45
WEAF	WEEI	WFI	WRC WGY
WBEN	SCAE	CKGW	

A SONG FOR TODAY—(Daily except Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:30 a.m.	6:30	5:30	4:30
WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	KDKA	WJR	WLW

JOLLY BILL AND JANE—(Daily except Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:45 a.m.	6:45	5:45	4:45
WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	KDKA	WLW	

ON THE 8:15—(Daily except Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:00 a.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
KDKA	WGAR	WJR	WREN
WRVA	WSM	WKY	

GENE AND GLENN—Quaker Early Birds—(Daily ex. Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:00 a.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WEAF	WTIC	WJAR	WEEI
WCSH	WFI	WRC	WGY
WCAE	WBEN	WTAM	WWJ
WSAI			

MORNING DEVOTIONS—(Daily except Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:00 a.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WKBW
WCAU	W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL
WDBJ	WBT	WDAE	WSPD
WDOD	WLAC	WBRC	WDSU
KMOX	KOIL	KFH	KFJF

SALON MUSICALE—(Daily except Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:15 a.m.	7:15	6:15	5:15
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WKBW
WLBZ	WCAU	W3XAU	WJAS
WMAL	WDBJ	WBT	WQAM
WDBO	WDAE	WXYZ	WSPD
WDOD	WREC	WLAC	WBRC
WDSU	WTAQ	WCCO	KMOX
KMBC	KFH	KFJF	KRLD
KTSA	KDYL	CFRB	

CHEERIO—(Daily ex. Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:30 a.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30
WEAF	WTIC	WEEI	WRC
WCKY	WWJ	KPRC	WFI
WSB	WSM	WJAX	WPTF
WTAG	WBEN	WRVA	WIOD
WHAS	WFLA	WTAM	WJDX
WJAR	WGY	WOW	WCSH
WSMB	WDAF	WAPI	WFBR
WWNC	WIS	WKY	

OLD DUTCH GIRL—(Mon., Wed. and Fri.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:45 a.m.	7:45	6:45	5:45
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WKBW
WEAN	WAAB	WCAU	W3XAU
WJAS	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WBT
WGST	WXYZ	WSPD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WDSU	WISN
WOWO	WBBM	WCCO	KMOX
KMBC	KOIL	KFH	KFJF
KRLD	KTSA	KDYL	KLZ
CFRB	CKAC		

TOM BRENNIE—The Laugh Club—(Daily except Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:00 a.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WJZ	WBAL	WGAR	WREN
WFAA	KOA		

TOM WARING'S TROUBADORS—(Daily except Wed. and Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:15 a.m.	8:15	7:15	6:15
WEAF	WTAM	WTIC	WEEI
WJAR	WLIT	WRC	WFBR
WGY	WBEN	WCAE	WTAM
WWJ	WMAQ	KSD	WOC
WHO	WOW		

BEAUTIFUL THOUGHTS—(Daily except Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:30 a.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WJZ	WBAL	WBZA	WHAM
KDKA	WGAR	WLW	KWK
WREN	WEBC	KSTP	WDAY
KFYR	WRVA	WPTF	WJAX
WHAS	WSM	WAPI	WSMB
WJDX	KTHS	WBAP	KPRC
WKY			

TONY'S SCRAP BOOK—Conducted by Anthony Wons. (Daily ex. Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:30 a.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WKBW	WDRC	WAAB
WORC	WPG	WCAU	W3XAU
WHP	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WDBJ	WWVA	WADC	WQAM
WDBO	WDAE	WXYZ	WBCM
WSPD	WDOD	WREC	WLAC
WDSU	WTAQ	WGL	KSCJ
WMT	KMOX	WNAX	KOIL
KFJF	KDYL	KLZ	CFRB
WLAP			

MIRACLES OF MAGNOLIA—(Daily except Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:45 a.m.	8:45	7:45	6:45
WJZ	WBAL	WHAM	WJR
WSM	WSB	WJDX	

RAY PERKINS—The Prince of Pineapples—(Thurs. and Fri.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:00 a.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WHAM
KDKA	WGAR	WCKY	WLS
WKW	WREN		

MRS. BLAKE'S RADIO COLUMN—(Daily except Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:00 a.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WEAF	WTIC	WTAG	WEEI
WJAR	WCSH	WFI	WRC
WGY	WBEN	WCAE	WTAM
WWJ	WSAI	KYW	WOC
KSD	WHO	WDAF	

DR. ROYAL S. COPELAND—(Mon. and Fri.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:15 a.m.	9:15	8:15	7:15
WEAF	WTIC	WTAG	WEEI
WJAR	WCSH	WFI	WRC
WGY	WBEN	WCAE	WTAM
WWJ	WSAI	KYW	WOW
WEBC	KFYR	WIBA	WRVA
WPTF	WJAX	WIOD	WFLA
WHAS	WSM	WMC	WSB
WAPI	WSMB	WJDX	KVOO
WBAP	KPRC	WOAI	WKY
KOA	KGO	KFI	KOMO
KHQ	KFSD	KTAR	

MYSTERY CHEF—(Tues. and Thurs.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:45 a.m.	9:45	8:45	7:45
WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	KDKA	WGAR	WJR
WLW			

BEN ALLEY—(Daily except Sat. and Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
11:45 a.m.	10:45	9:45	8:45
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WKBW	WLBZ	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WAAB	WORC
WPG	WIP-WFAN		WHP
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WDBJ	WBT	WGST
WQAM	WDBO	WXYZ	WBCM
WSPD	WLAP	WDOD	WDSU
WISN	KSCJ	WMT	KMOX
WIBW	KFH	KFJF	KTSA
WACO	KOH	KVOR	KDYL
CFRB			

GENERAL ELECTRIC HOME CIRCLE—(Daily except Sat. and Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
12:00 noon	11:00	10:00	9:00
WEAF	WTIC	WTAG	WEEI
WCSH	WLIT	WRC	WGY
WBEN	WCAE	WTAM	WWJ
WSAI	WENR	KSD	WDAF
WIBA	WDAY	KFYR	WRVA
WPTF	WIOD	WFLA	WMC
WSB	WAPI	WJDX	WKY
KPRC	WTMJ	KGO	KFSD
KGW	KOMO	KHQ	KSTP
WSM	WEBC	WFBR	WOW
WWNC	WIS	WSM	KTHS
WFAA	KSL	KTAR	

DON BIGELOW AND YOENG'S ORCHESTRA—(Daily ex. Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
12 Noon	11:00	10:00	9:00
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WGR
WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WORC	WPG	WIP-WFAN	WHP
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WDBJ	WWVA	WADC
WBT	WQAM	WDBO	WDAE
WXYZ	WLAP	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WDSU	WISN
WTAQ	WCCO	KSCJ	WMT
KMBC	KOIL	KFJF	WACO
KOH	KVOR	KVI	KFPY
KFRC	KHJ	KLZ	

BLACK AND GOLD ROOM ORCHESTRA—(Daily except Sun.; Sat. at 12:00 noon)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
12:15 p.m.	11:15 a.m.	10:15	9:15
WEAF	WTIC	WTAG	WRC
WCAE	WMAQ	WIS	WIOD
WHAS	WSM	WSB	WTAM
WWJ	KSD	CKGW	CFCF

PAT BARNES IN PERSON—(Daily except Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
12:15 p.m.	11:15 a.m.	10:15	9:15
WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	KDKA	WGAR	WJR
WLW	WENR	WTMJ	KSTP
WEBC			

NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR—(Daily except Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
12:30 p.m.	11:30 a.m.	10:30	9:30
WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WHAM
KDKA	WGAR	WJR	KYW
KWK	WREN	KFAB	WRC
WIBA	KSTP	WFLA	WEBC
WDAY	KFYR	WRVA	WPTF
WJAX	WIOD	WHAS	WSM
WMC	WSB	WAPI	WSMB
WJDX	KTHS	KVOO	KPRC
WOC	WHO	KOA	WDAF

COLUMBIA REVUE—(Daily ex. Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
12:30 p.m.	11:30	10:30	9:30
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WGR	WDRC	WNAC
WORC	WPG	WIP-WFAN	WHP
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WTAR
WWVA	WADC	WQAM	WDBO
WXYZ	WBCM	WSPD	WLAP
WDOD	WREC	WLAC	WBRC
WDSU	WISN	WTAQ	WOWO
KSCJ	WMT	KMOX	KMBC
KOIL	KFH	KFJF	WACO
KOH	KVOR	KOL	KVI
KFPY	KFRC	KHJ	KDYL
CFRB			

HOTEL TAFT ORCHESTRA—(Daily except Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
1:00 p.m.	12:00	11:00	10:00
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WHEC
WGR	WEAN	WDRC	WAAB
WORC	WPG	WCAU	WHP
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	W3XAU
WADC	WHK	WBT	WTOC
WQAM	WDBO	WDAE	WXYZ
WBCM	WSPD	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WDSU	WOWO
KFJF	CFRB		

COLUMBIA FARM COMMUNITY NETWORK PROGRAM—(Daily except. Sat. & Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
1:15 p.m.	12:15	11:15	10:15
WDRC	WWVA	WDAE	WBCM
WLAP	WDOD	WTAQ	WBBM
WCCO	KSCJ	WMT	KMBC
KFH	KFJF	WACO	KOH
KVOR	KFRC	KHJ	KYDL

MID-DAY MUSICALE—(Daily except Sat. and Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
1:30 p.m.	12:30	11:30 a.m.	10:30
WJZ	KOA	KDKA	WREN
CFCF	CKGW		

HARRY TUCKER AND HIS BARCLAY ORCHESTRA—(Mon. and Fri.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
1:30 p.m.	12:30	11:30	10:30
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WHEC
WGR	WLBZ	WDRC	WORC
WPG	WJAS	WLBW	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ	WADC
WBT	WTOC	WQAM	WDBO
WDAE	WXYZ	WBCM	WSPD
WDOD	WLAC	WBRC	WDSU
KFJF	CFRB		

AUNT JEMIMA—(Tues., Wed. and Thurs.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
2:00 p.m.	1:00	12:00	11:00 a.m.
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WGR	WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC
WNAC	WORC	WPG	
WIP-WFAN		WJAS	WLBW
WMAL	WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ
WWVA	WADC	WHK	WBT
WDBO	WDAE	WXYZ	WBCM
WSPD	WLAP	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WDSU	WISN
WTAQ	WGL	WFBM	WCCO
KSCJ	WMT	KFH	KFJF
KTSA	KOH	KVOR	KOL
KFPY	KFRC	CFRB	

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF THE AIR—(Daily except Sat. & Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
2:00 p.m.	1:00	12:00	11:00
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WHEC
WGR	WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC
WNAC	WORC	WPG	WCAU
W3XAU	WHP	WJAS	WLBW
WMAL	WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ
WWVA	WADC	WBT	WTOC
WQAM	WDBO	WDAE	WXYZ
WBCM	WSPD	WLAP	WDOD
WREC	WLAC	WBRC	WDSU
WISN	WTAQ	WGL	WFBM
WCCO	KSCJ	WMT	KMOX
KLRA	KOIL	KFH	KFJF
KTSA	KOH	KVOR	KVI
KFPY	KFRC	KHJ	KDYL
KLZ	CFRB	KMBC	

ANN LEAF AT THE ORGAN—(Mon. and Fri.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
2:15 p.m.	1:15	12:15	11:15
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WGR	WLBZ	WDRC
WNAC	WLBW	WORC	WPG
WJAS	WDBJ	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WTOC	WWVA	WADC
WBT	WXYZ	WQAM	WDBO
WDAE	WDOD	WBCM	WSPD
WLAP	WDSU	WREC	WLAC
WBRC	WFBM	WISN	WTAQ
WGL	KMBC	WCCO	KSCJ
WMT	KTSA	KLRA	KOIL
KFJF	KFPY	KOH	KVOR
KVI	KLZ	KHJ	CFRB
KFH			

PIANO MOODS—(Mon., Tues., Thurs.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
2:45 p.m.	1:45	12:45	11:45 a.m.
WJZ	WHAM	KDKA	WJR
WREN	CKGW	KSTP	WDAY
WJAX	WSM	WSB	WJDX
KPRC	WKY	KOA	

WOMAN'S RADIO REVIEW—(Daily except Sat. and Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
3:00 p.m.	2:00	1:00	12:00 N.
WEAF	WTIC	WTAG	WEEI
WJAR	WCSH	WFI	WRC
WGY	WBEN	WCAE	WTAM
WWJ	WSAI	KYW	KSD
WOC	WHO	WOW	WDAF

THE THREE DOCTORS—(Daily except Sat. and Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
3:30 p.m.	2:30	1:30	12:30
WJZ	WHAM	WGAR	WJR
WLW	KWK	WREN	CKGW
KSTP	WDAY	KFYR	WWNC
WJAX	WFLA	WHAS	WSM
WMC	WSB	WJDX	

THE LADY NEXT DOOR—(Daily except Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
5:00 p.m.	4:00	3:00	2:00
WEAF	WRC	WGY	KSD
WTAG	WJAR	WENR	WBEN

ORCHESTRA—(Mon. and Thurs.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
5:00 p.m.	4:00	3:00	2:00
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WGR	WDRC	WAAB
WORC	WPG	WIP-WFAN	WHP
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WDBJ	WBT	WTOC
WQAM	WDBO	WDAE	WBCM
WSPD	WLAP	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WDSU	WTAQ
WGL	WBBM	WCCO	KSCJ
WMT	KMBC	KOIL	KFH
KFJF	KRLD	KTSA	KOH
KVOR	KDYL	KLZ	CFRB

UNCLE OLIE AND HIS KRE-MEL GANG—(Mon. and Fri.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
5:30 p.m.	4:30	3:30	2:30
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WHEC
WGR	WEAN	WDRC	WAAB
WORC	WCAU	W3XAU	WJAS
WCAO	WADC	WHK	WKRC
WCAH	WBEN	WGST	WTOC
WQAM	WDBO	WDAE	WSPD
WDSU	WBBM	WCCO	KMOX
KMBC	KFJF	KRLD	KTRH
KTSA			

SALTY SAM, THE SAILOR—(Tues., Wed. and Thurs.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
5:30 p.m.	4:30	3:30	2:30
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WGR
WAAB	WCAU	W3XAU	WCAO
WHK	WXYZ	WSPD	WBBM
WCCO	KMOX	KMBC	

RINSO TALKIE—(Tues. and Thurs.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
5:30 p.m.	4:30	3:30	2:30
WEAF	WTIC	WTAG	WEEI
WJAR	WCSH	WLIT	WRC
WGY	WBEN	WCAE	WTAM
WWJ	WSAI	KYW	KSD
WOC	WHO	WOW	WDAF
WTMJ	KSTP	WEBC	WDAY
KFYR			

JEDDO HIGHLANDERS—(Mon. and Wed.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
5:30 p.m.	4:30	3:30	2:30
WJZ	WBAL	WGAR	CKGW

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE—(Daily except Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
5:45 p.m.	4:45	3:45	2:45
WJZ	WBAL	WHAM	WGAR
WLW	WRVA	WPTF	WJAX
WIOD	WFLA	WGN	WENR
KWK	WREN	KSTP	WEBC
KFYR	WDAY	KPRC	WOAI
WKY			

SWEETHEART PROGRAM—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
5:30 p.m.	4:30	3:30	2:30
WEAF	WCSH	WENR	WTIC
WGY	WTAG	WBEN	WEEI
WTAM	WJAR	WWJ	

RUSS COLUMBO AND HIS ORCHESTRA—(Mon., Thurs. and Fri.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
5:45 p.m.	4:45	3:45	2:45
WEAF	WTIC	WTAG	WEEI
WJAR	WCSH	WLIT	WRC
WGY	WBEN	WWJ	WSAI
WFBR	WENR	KSD	WOC
WHO	WOW		

WALDORF ASTORIA EMPIRE ROOM ORCHESTRA

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
6:00 p. m.	5:00	4:00	3:00
WEAF	WFI	WRC	WSM
WAPI	WJDZ	WKY	WCAE
WTAM	WENR	WCKY	KSD
CKGW	WIS	WIOD	WHAS
KSL	KGO	KFSD	

RAISING JUNIOR — (Daily except Mon.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
6:00 p.m.	5:00	4:00	3:00
WJZ	WBAL	WHAM	WGAR
KYW	WIBA	WEBC	KSTP
WTMJ			

HOTEL TAFT ORCHESTRA—(Wed.; 4:30 Thurs.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
6:30 p.m.	5:30	4:30	3:30
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WKBW	WLBZ	WDRC
WAAB	WORC	WHP	WJAS
WLBW	WDBJ	WWVA	WHK
WBT	WTOC	WQAM	WDAE
WXYZ	WBCM	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WDSU	WISN
WTAQ	WFBM	WBBM	KSCJ
KMOX	KMBC	WNAX	KFJF
KRLD	KOH	KVOR	KLZ

LITERARY DIGEST TOPICS IN BRIEF—Lowell Thomas—(Daily except Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
6:45 p. m.	5:45	4:45	3:45
WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	KDKA	WLW	

REIS AND DUNN—(Mon. and Wed.; 7:30 Sat.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
6:45 p.m.	5:45	4:45	3:45
WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WKBW
WLBZ	WDRC	WAAB	WORC
WHP	WJAS	WLBW	WMAL
WDBJ	WWVA	WBT	WTOC
WQAM	WDBO	WDAE	WXYZ
WBCM	WSPD	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WDSU	WGL
WFBM	KSCJ	KMOX	KMBC
KLRA	KFJF	KRLD	KOH
KVOR	KLZ		

SWIFT PROGRAM—The Stebbins Boys—(Daily except Sat. and Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
6:45 p.m.	5:45	4:45	3:45
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WTAG
WCSH	WFI	WRC	WGY
WBEN	WCAE	WTAM	WWJ
WSAI	KSD		

AMOS 'N' ANDY—Pepsodent—(Daily except Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:00 p.m.	6:00	5:00	4:00
WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	WGAR	WJR	WLW
WCKY	WRC	CKGW	CFCF
WRVA	WPTF	WJAX	WIOD
WFLA			

MYRT AND MARGE—(Daily except Sat. and Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:00 p.m.	6:00	5:00	4:00
WABC	W2XE	WADC	WCAO
WNAC	WGR	WKRC	WCAU
W3XAU	WJAS	WEAN	KMOX
WFBL	WSPD	WMAL	WOKO
WDRC			
10:45 p.m. on following stations:			
WBBM	WXYZ	KMBC	WLAP
WCCO	WLAP	KLZ	KDYL
KHJ	KOIN	KFRC	KOIL
KFPY	KVI	KFBK	

BING CROSBY—(Daily except Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:15 p.m.	6:15	5:15	4:15
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WHEC
WGR	WLBZ	WDRC	WAAB
WORC	WCAU	W3XAU	WJAS
WLBW	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WDBJ	WWVA	WADC	WBT
WTOC	WQAM	WDBO	WDAE
WBCM	WLAP	WDOD	WREC
WBRC	WDSU	WISN	WTAQ
WOWO	WGL	WFBM	WCCO
WMT	KLRA	WNAX	KFH
KFJF	WACO	KOH	KVOR
KOL	KVI	KFRC	KHJ
KDYL	KLZ	CFRB	WLAC

TASTYEAST JESTERS—(Daily except Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:15 p.m.	6:15	5:15	4:15
WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	KDKA	WGAR	WCKY
WREN	WRVA	WPTF	WJAX
WIOD	WFLA		

PRINCE ALBERT QUARTER HOUR—(Daily except Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:30 p. m.	6:30	5:30	4:30
WEAF	WTAG	WEEI	WJAR
WCSH	WLIT	WFBR	WRC
WGY	WBEN	WTAM	WWJ
WSAI	WDAF	WIBA	WTMJ
KSTP	WEBC	WDAY	KFYR
WRVA	WWNC	WIS	WJAX
WIOD	WFLA	WOAI	WKY

PHIL COOK—The Quaker Man—(Daily except Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:30 p.m.	6:30	5:30	4:30
WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	KDKA	WGAR	WENR
WREN			

KALTENBORN EDITS THE NEWS—(Tues. and Thurs.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:30 p.m.	6:30	5:30	4:30
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WGR
WDRC	WNAC	WAAB	WCAU
W3XAU	WJAS	WLBW	WADC
WHK	WKRC	WXYZ	WSPD
WFBM	WBBM	WCCO	KMOX
KMBC	KOIL		

PRINCE ALBERT QUARTER HOUR—(Daily except Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:30 p.m.	6:30	5:30	4:30
WEEI	WTAG	WJAR	WCSH
WTAM	WRC	WGY	WSAI
WBEN	WRVA	WWJ	WIAX
WIOD	WFLA	WIS	WWNC
WEAF			

THE CAMEL QUARTER HOUR—(Daily except Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:45 p.m.	6:45	5:45	4:45
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WGR	WLBZ	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WORC	WCAU
W3XAU	WHP	WJAS	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ	WWVA
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WCAH
WWNC	WBT	WGST	WTOC
WQAM	WDBO	WDAE	WXYZ
WSPD	WLAP	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WNOX	WBRC	WDSU
WISN	WFBM	WMAQ	WCCO
KSCJ	WMT	KMOX	KMBC
KLRA	WNAX	KOIL	WIBW
KFH	KFJF	KRLD	KTRH
WACO	WSJS	WBIG	

ESSO PROGRAM—(Wed. and Fri.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:45 p.m.	6:45	5:45	4:45
WJZ	WBAL	WHAM	WGAR
WJR	WCKY	KYW	KWK
WREN	WTMJ	KSTP	WEBC
WDAY	KFYR	WIBA	WHAS
WSM	WMC	WSB	WSMB
WJDX	KVOO	WFAA	KPRC
WOAI	KOA	KSL	KGO
KFI	KGW	KOMO	KHQ
KTAR	KFSD		

THE GOLDBERGS—(Daily except Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:45 p.m.	6:45	5:45	4:45
WEAF	WSAI	WWJ	WENR
WGY	WBEN	WCAE	WTAM

BLACKSTONE PLANTATION—(Tues.)—(Thurs. at 9:00 on WJZ)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:00 p.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WEAF	WTIC	WEEI	WJAR
WTAG	WCSH	WRC	WOC
KSD	WGY	WBEN	WCAE
WTAM	WWJ	WSAI	WDAF
WOW	WEBC	KSTP	KYW

CREMO PROGRAM—(Daily ex. Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:00 p.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WABC	WOKO	WFBL	WHEC
WGR	WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC
WNAC	WORC	WCAU	W3XAU
WHP	WJAS	WLBW	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ	WADC
WHK	WKRC	WCAH	WBT
WTOC	WQAM	WDBO	WDAE
WXYZ	WSPD	WBIG	WMBG
WKBN			

GOODYEAR PROGRAM—(Tues. and Sat.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:30 p.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30
WRC	WFI	WEEI	WTIC
WJAR	WJDX	WSMB	WRC
WSM	WDAF	WHAS	WSB
WTAG	WCSH	WGY	WBEN
WCAE	WTAM	WWJ	WSAI
KSD	WOC	WOW	KYW
WHO	WMC	WEAF	

LA PALINA PRESENTS KATE SMITH AND HER SWANEE MUSIC—(Mon., Wed., Thurs. & Sat.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:30 p.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30
WABC	WFBL	WHEC	WGR
WCAU	W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL
WCAO	WADC	WHK	WKRC
WCAH	WXYZ	WBCM	WSPD
7:30 p. m. on following stations:			
WLAP	WISN	WOWO	WFBM
WMAQ	WCCO	KMOX	KMBC
KOIL			

RUSS COLUMBO AND HIS ORCHESTRA—(Tues., Wed. and Sat.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WJZ	WMAQ	WGAR	WJR
WCKY	KWK	WREN	

LUCKY STRIKE DANCE ORCHESTRA—(Tues., Thurs., Sat.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WEAF	WTIC	WEEI	WJAR
WTAG	WCSH	WFI	WRC
WCAE	WWJ	WSAI	KSD
WOC	WHO	WTMJ	WEBC
WJAX	WIOD	WFLA	WSUN
WMC	WSB	WJDX	WOAI
KOA	KGO	WKY	KGW
KOMO	KTAR	KFSD	WTAM
WBEN	WDAY	KFI	KSL
KFYR	KSTP	WENR	KPRC
WGY	WIBA	WFAA	WAPI
WSM	KHQ		

PARIS NIGHT LIFE—(Tues. and Thurs.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:45 p.m.	9:45	8:45	7:45
WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	KDKA	WGAR	KYW
WREN			

CLARA, LU AND 'EM—(Daily except Sun. and Mon.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:45 p.m.	9:45	8:45	7:45
WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	KDKA	WGAR	WJR
KYW	KWK	WREN	

SLUMBER MUSIC — (Daily except Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
11:00 p.m.	10:00	9:00	8:00
WJZ	WWNC	WIS	WIOD
WJAX			

AMOS 'N' ANDY—Pepsodent—(Daily except Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
11:00 p.m.	10:00	9:00	8:00
WMAQ	WENR	KWK	WREN
WBAF	KFAB	WTMJ	KSTP
WEBC	WHAS	WSM	WMC
WSB	WSMB	WJDX	KTHS
WFAA	KPRC	WOAI	WKY
KECA	KSL	KGO	KOMO
KHQ	WFSD		

CREMO PROGRAM—(Daily ex. Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
11:00 p.m.	10:00	9:00	8:00
WOWO	KMBC	KOIL	KMOX
KHJ	KOIN	KFRC	KOL
KFPY	KVI	KFBK	KMJ
WBT	WBCM	WBRC	WDOD
KLZ	WTAQ	KTRH	WFBM
WLAP	WCCO	WISN	WREC
WNOX	WLAC	WDSU	WLBW
KFJF	KTSA	KOH	KSRJ
KDYL	WIBW	WACO	WMT
KFH	WNAX		

STREET SINGER—(Mon., Wed. and Fri.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
11:15 p.m.	10:15	9:15	8:15
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WKBW	WLBZ	WDRC
WAAB	WORC	WIP-WFAN	WHP
WJAS	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WDBJ	WADC	WBT	WTOC
WQAM	WDBO	WDAE	WXYZ
WBCM	WLAP	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WDSU	WISN
WTAQ	WGL	WFBM	WCCO
WMT	KLRA	WNAX	KFH
KFJF	KTSA	WACO	KOH
KVOR	KFPY	KDYL	KLZ
WLBW			

LITERARY DIGEST TOPICS IN BRIEF—Lowell Thomas—(Daily except Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
11:15 p.m.	10:15	9:15	8:15
WMAQ	KWK	WBAF	WEBC
EDAY	KFYR		

GEORGE OLSEN AND HIS ORCHESTRA—(Daily except Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
11:45 p.m.	10:45	9:45	8:45
WABC	W2XE	WLBZ	WDRC
WAAB	WORC	WPG	WCAU
W3XAU	WCAO	WBT	WGST
WTOC	WQAM	WDBO	WDAE
WDOD	WREC	WLAC	WBRC
WDSU	KLRA		

GUY LOMBARDO AND HIS ROYAL CANADIANS—(Thurs. and Sat.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
12:00 Mid.	11:00	10:00	9:00
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WKBW	WEAN	WNAC	WCAU
W3XAU	WHP	WLBW	WWVA
WHK	WDAE	WBCM	WSPD
WDOD	WISN	WGL	WCCO
WMT	KMBC	WNAX	KOIL
KFJF	KOH	KDYL	

Sunday

MORNING MUSICALE—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:00 a.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WTAR
WDBJ	WBT	WTOC	WQAM
WDBO	WDAE	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WDSU	WNAX	KFJF

TONE PICTURES—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:00 a.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WJZ	WBAL	WGAR	WJR
KWK	WSB		

N. B. C.'S CHILDREN'S HOUR—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:00 a.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WJZ	WBAL	WGAR	WJR
WLW	WFAA	WENR	WCFL
KWK	WRC	WWNC	

LAND O' MAKE BELIEVE—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:00 a.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WLBZ	WAAB	WORC
WPG	WHP	WMAL	WCAO
WDBJ	WWVA	WHK	WBT
WTOC	WDBO	WDAE	WXYZ
WBCM	WSPD	WLAP	WDOD
WREC	WLAC	WDSU	WISN
WTAQ	WFBM	WMT	KMOX
KMBC	WNAX	KOIL	KFH
KFJF	KTSA	KDYL	

COLUMBIA CHURCH OF THE AIR—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:00 a.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WLBZ	WDRC	WORC	WHP
WJAS	WMAL	WCAO	WDBJ
WWVA	WBT	WTOC	WDBO
WDAE	WBCM	WLAP	WDOD
WREC	WLAC	WDSU	WISN
WTAQ	WOWO	WMAQ	WCCO
KSCJ	WMT	KMBC	KLRA
WNAX	KOIL	KFJF	KTSA
KVOR	KDYL	KLZ	

SOUTHLAND SKETCHES—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:00 a.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WEAF	WTIC	WWJ	WDAF
WSB	WCSH	WTAM	WFBR
WENR	WAPI	WGY	WBEN

TROIKA BELLS—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:30 a.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30
WEAF	WTIC	WRC	WCSH
WFBR	WBEN	WSM	WSMB
WMAQ	WOC	WHO	WDAF
WTMJ	WAPI	KOA	WFAA
WKY			

COMMUNITY CENTER MUSIC RECITAL—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:30 a.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WPG	WCAU	W3XAU	WHP
WJAS	WMAL	WTAR	WDBJ
WWVA	WBT	WTOC	WQAM
WDBO	WDAE	WSPD	WLAP
WDOD	WREC	WLAC	WDSU
WISN	WTAQ	WCCO	KSCJ
WMT	KMBC	KLRA	WNAX
KOIL	KFH	KFJF	KTSA
WACO	KVOR	KDYL	KLZ
CFRB			

JULIA MAHONEY AND CHARLES CARLISLE—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
11:00 a.m.	10:00	9:00	8:00
WOKO	WFBL	WDRC	WHP
WMAL	WCAO	WDBJ	WHK
WTOC	WQAM	WDBO	WDAE
WLAP	WDOD	WREC	WLAC
WDSU	WISN	WTAQ	KSCJ
WMT	KMBC	KLRA	WNAX
KOIL	KFJF	KTSA	WACO
KVOR	KOL	KVI	KFRC
KDYL	KLZ		

RUSSIAN SINGERS—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
11:00 a.m.	10:00	9:00	8:00
WJZ	KDKA	WLW	WENR
WREN	KFAB		

NEAPOLITAN DAYS—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
11:00 a.m.	10:00	9:00	8:00
WEAF	WTIC	WJAR	WOC
WHO	WTAM	WKY	WRC
WMC	WAPI	WHAS	WMAQ
WCKY	WFBR	KPRC	KPO

VOICE OF ST. LOUIS—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
11:30 a.m.	10:30	9:30	8:30
WOKO	WGR	WDRC	WHP
WPG	WMAL	WCAO	WDBJ
WWVA	WQAM	WDBO	WDAE
WXYZ	WLAP	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WDSU	WISN
WTAQ	WCCO	KSCJ	WMT
KMOX	KMBC	KLRA	WNAX
KOIL	KFJF	KRLD	KTSA
WACO	KVOR	KOL	KFRC
KHJ	KDYL	KLZ	

SPARKLETS—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
12:00 N.	11:00 a.m.	10:00	9:00
WEAF	WTIC	WTAM	WOC
WHO	WDAF	WENR	WRC
WFI	WGY		

OLD FASHIONED HOUR—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
12:15 p.m.	11:15 a.m.	10:15	9:15
WEAF	WTIC	WTAG	WJAR
WCSH	WFI	WFBR	WRC
WGY	WCAE	WTAM	WWJ
WOC	WHO	WDAF	CFCF
WDAY	WHAS	KPRC	KOA
KSL	KGO		

INTERNATIONAL BROADCAST—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
12:30 p.m.	11:30 a.m.	10:30	9:30
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WGR	WLBZ	WDRC	WAAB
WORC	WPG	WIP-WFAN	WCAU
KOL	W3XAU	WHP	WJAS
WLBW	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WDBJ	WWVA	WADC	WHK
WBT	WQAM	WDBO	WDAE
WXYZ	WBCM	WSPD	WLAP
WDOD	WLAC	WDSU	WISN
WTAQ	WCCO	KSCJ	WMT
KMBC	WNAX	KOIL	KFJF
KTSA	KOH	KVOR	KVI
KFPY	KDYL	KLZ	CFRB

CAFE BUDAPESTH—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
12:45 p.m.	11:45 a.m.	10:45	9:45
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WGR	WLBZ	WDRC	WAAB
WORC	WCAU	W3XAU	WHP
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WDBJ	WWVA	WADC
WBT	WTOC	WQAM	WDBO
WDAE	WXYZ	WBCM	WSPD
WLAP	WDOD	WLAC	WDSU
WISN	WTAQ	WOWO	WCCO
KSCJ	WMT	KMBC	KOIL
KFJF	KTSA	KOH	KVOR
KOL	KVI	KDYL	CFRB
KFPY	KLZ		

CATHEDRAL HOUR—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
1:00 p.m.	12:00 M.	11:00 a.m.	10:00
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WGR	WLBZ	WDRC
WAAB	WORC	WPG	WHP
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WDBJ
WWVA	WADC	WBT	WTOC
WQAM	WDBO	WDAE	WXYZ
WBCM	WLAP	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WDSU	WISN
WTAQ	WCCO	KSCJ	WMT
KMBC	KOIL	KFJF	KRLD
KTSA	KOH	KOL	KVI
KFPY	KDYL	KLZ	CFRB

SENTINELS OF THE REPUBLIC—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
1:00 p.m.	12:00 N.	11:00 a.m.	10:00
WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WGAR	WREN	WRC	KOMO
WIOD	WHAS	WSM	WAPI
KPRC	KOS	KSL	KGO
KFI	KGW		

N. B. C. SYMPHONIC HOUR—Walter Damrosch

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
1:15 p.m.	12:15	11:15 a.m.	10:15
WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WMAQ	WWNC	WIS	WIOD
WFLA	WFAA	KGO	KFI
KGW	KOMO	KFSD	

OLD COMPANY'S PROGRAM—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
1:45 p.m.	12:45	11:45 a.m.	10:45
WEAF	WTIC	WTAG	WEEI
WRC	WGY	WBEN	WCSH
WFI	CKGW	CFCF	

SONS OF ELI—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
2:00 p.m.	1:00	12:00 M.	11:00 a.m.
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WGR
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WCAU
W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL	WCAO
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WBT
WLAC	WBRC	WDSU	WOWO
WBBM	WCCO	KMOX	KMBC
KOIL	KRLD		

CARELESS LOVE—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
2:15 p.m.	1:15	12:15	11:15 a.m.
WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
KDKA	WREN	WCKY	

SUNDAY BRIGHT SPOT—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
2:15 p.m.	1:15	12:15	11:15 a.m.
WEAF	WTIC	WTAG	WEEI
WCSH	WLIT	WRC	WGY
WWJ	WSAI	KYW	KSD
WOW	WOC	WHO	WBEN
CFCF	KSTP	WEBC	WDAY
KFYR	WRVA	WPTF	WJAX
WIOD	WFLA	WHAS	WSM
WSB	WAPI	WSMB	WJDX
WFAA	KOA	KSL	KGW
KPO	KHQ	KTAR	KFSD
KECA	KPRC	WTMJ	WCAE
WMC	KVOO	WOAI	WFBR

YEAST FOAMERS—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
2:30 p.m.	1:30	12:30	11:30 a.m.
WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	KDKA	WGAR	WJR
WLW	KYW	KWK	WREN
KFAB	WTMJ	KSTP	WEBC
WRVA	WPTC	WWNC	WIS
WIOD	WFLA	WJAX	WHAS
WSM	WNC	WSB	WAPI
WJDX	WSMB	KVOO	WIAA
KPRC	WOAI	WKY	KOA
KPRC	KECA	KGW	KHQ
KTAR	KFSD		

MOONSHINE AND HONEYSUCKLE—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
2:30 p.m.	1:30	12:30	11:30 a.m.
WEAF	WTIC	WOW	WWJ
KSD	WRC	WCSH	WDAF

COLUMBIA CHURCH OF THE AIR—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
2:30 p.m.	1:30	12:30	11:30 a.m.
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WKBW	WLBZ	WDRC
WAAB	WORC	WPG	WHP
WEAN	WHP	WJAS	WLBW
WMAL	WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ
WWVA	WADC	WBT	WTOC
WQAM	WDBO	WDAE	WXYZ
WBCM	WLAP	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WDSU	WISN	WTAQ
WGL	WFBM	WMAQ	WCCO
KSCJ	WMT	KMBC	KLRA
KOIL	KFH	KFJF	WACO
KOH	KVOR	KOL	KFPY
KFRC	KDYL	KLZ	CFRB

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific

WAYNE KING'S ORCHESTRA—

3:00 p.m.	2:00	1:00	12:00
WEAF	WTIC	WTAG	WEEI
WJAR	WCSH	WLIT	WRC
WGY	WBEN	WCAE	WWJ
WSAI	KYW	KSD	WOC
WHO	WOW	WDAF	

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—

3:00 p.m.	2:00	1:00	12:00
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WHEC
WKBW	WLBZ	WIP-WFAN	WORC
WHP	WJAS	WLBW	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ	WWVA
WADC	WBT	WTOC	WQAM
WDBO	WDAE	WXYZ	WBCM
WSPD	WLAP	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WDSU	WISN
WTAQ	WGL	WFBM	WMAQ
WCCO	KSCJ	WMT	KMOX
KMBC	KLRA	KOIL	KFH
KFJF	WACO	KOH	KVOR
KOL	KVI	KFPY	KFRC
KHJ	KDYL	KLZ	CFRB

NATIONAL YOUTH CONFERENCE—

3:00 p.m.	2:00	1:00	12:00
WJZ	WBAL	WHAM	KDKA
WMAQ	WREN	KFAB	WIBA
KFYR	WRVA	WPTF	WWNC
WIS	WIOD	WFLA	WJAX
WSB	WAPI	WSMB	WJDX
KVOO	WOAI	WKY	KOA
KGO	KGW	KOMO	KHQ
KTAR	KFSD		

DR. S. PARKES CADMAN—

3:30 p.m.	2:30	1:30	12:30
WEAF	WTIC	WEEI	WJAR
WCSH	WGY	WJAX	WFBR
WFLA	WRC	WBEN	WRVA
KSD	WDAF	WCAE	WIS
WTAG	WWJ	WSAI	WDAF
KYW	WOW	KSTP	WEBC
WDAY	KFYR	WWNC	WIOD
WJAX	WSM	WMC	WSB
KTHS	KVOO	KPRC	WOAI
WKY	KOA	KSL	KGO
KGW	KOMO	KHQ	KFSD

FLORSHEIM FROLIC—

4:00 p.m.	3:00	2:00	1:00
WEAF	WEEI	WTIC	WJAR
KFI	WTAG	WCSH	WRC
WGY	WCAE	WBEN	WTAM
WWJS	WOC	WHO	WOW
WDAF	WFBR	WIBA	WDAY
KFYR	WRVA	WPTF	WJAX
WIOD	WFLA	WHAS	WSM
WMC	WSB	WAPI	WSMB
WJDX	KTHS	KVOO	WBAP
KPRC	WCAI	WKY	KCA
KGO	KFSD	KTAR	KGW
KOMO	KHQ	WIS	WWNC
WMAQ	WEBC		

MELODIES DE FRANCE—

4:00 p.m.	3:00	2:00	1:00
WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
KDKA	WLW	KYW	WREN
KFAB	CKGW	CFCF	KWK

THE MUSICAL SHOWMAN—

4:30 p.m.	3:30	2:30	1:30
WJZ	WBAL	WHAM	KDKA
KYW	KFAB	CKGW	

THE WONDER PROGRAM—

4:30 p.m.	3:30	2:30	1:30
WEAF	WTIC	WTAG	WEEI
WJAR	WCSH	WRC	WGY
WBEN	WCAE	WTAM	WWK
WSAO	WEMR	WPC	WJP
WPW	WDAF	WFI	WFBR

NATIONAL VESPERS—Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick—

5:00 p.m.	4:00	3:00	2:00
WJZ	WBAL	WBZA	WHAM
KDKA	WREN	KWK	KFAB
WIBA	WMAQ	KSTP	WEBC
WDAY	WFYR	WRVA	WPTF
WIS	WWNC	WIOD	WFLA
WSM	WSB	WJDX	KTHS
KVOO	WFAA	KPRC	WOAI
KFI	KGW	KOMO	KHQ
KFSD			

REV. DONALD GREY BARNHOUSE—

5:00 p.m.	4:00	3:00	2:00
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WGR
WAAB	WCAU	W3XAU	WJAS
WADC	WKRC	WBT	WSPD
WLAC	WOWO	WMAQ	WCCO
KOIL	KFH	KRLD	

BLUE COAL RADIO REVUE—

5:30 p.m.	4:30	3:30	2:30
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WGR	WEAN	WDRC
WAAB	WORC	WCAU	W3XAU
WHP	WCAO	CFRB	

GENERAL ELECTRIC TWILIGHT PROGRAM—

5:30 p.m.	4:30	3:30	2:30
WEAF	WTIC	WTAG	WEEI
WJAR	WCSH	WFI	WFBR
WRC	WGY	WREN	WCAE
WTAM	WWJ	WSAI	WENR
KSD	WOC	WHO	WOW
WDAF	WIBA	WTMJ	KSTP
WEBC	WDAY	KFYR	WRVA
WJAX	WPTF	WIOD	WFLA
WHAS	WMC	WSB	WSMB
WJDX	KVOO	WBAP	KPRC
WOAI	WKY	KOA	WWNC
WIS	WAPI		

CHICAGO KNIGHTS—

6:00 p.m.	5:00	4:00	3:00
WWVA	WLAP	WDOD	WISN
WTAQ	WFBM	KSCJ	WMT
KOIL	KFJF	KRLD	WACO
KOH	KVOR	KOL	KVI
KFPY	KFRC	KHJ	KDYL
KLZ	WBBM		

CATHOLIC HOUR—

6:00 p.m.	5:00	4:00	3:00
WEAF	WTIC	WEEI	WJAR
WTAG	WCSH	WRC	WGY
WWJ	WEBC	WIBA	WIOD
WKY	WJDX	WSMB	KSTP
WCAE	WOC	KOMO	KSD
KGW	KECA	KTAR	WHO
WDAY	WJAX	WFLA	WWNC
WMC	WSB	WBAP	KPRC
WRVA	KOA	KVOO	WSM
WBEN	WOW	WENR	KFYR
WLIT	WSAI	KTHS	WFBR

THE ADVENTURES OF BARBARA WAYNE—

6:45 p.m.	5:45	4:45	3:45
WJZ	WREN	KFAB	

THE WORLD'S BUSINESS — Dr. Julius Klein—

7:00 p.m.	6:00	5:00	4:00
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WGR	WEAN	WPG
WHP	WJAS	WLBW	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ	WWVA
WADC	WBT	WTOC	WDBO
WDAE	WBCM	WLAP	WDOD
WREC	WLAC	WDSU	WISN
WGL	WFBM	WCCO	KSCJ
WMT	KMBC	KLRA	WNAX
KOIL	KFH	KFJF	KRLD
KOH	KVOR	KOL	KVI
KFPY	KFRC	KHJ	KDYL
KLZ			

JOLLY TIME REVUE—

7:15 p.m.	6:15	5:15	4:15
WJZ	WBAL	WHAM	WGAR
WLS	WREN	KWK	WTMJ
KSTP	WDAY	KFYR	KVOO
KPRC	WOAI	WKY	KSL
KFI	KGY	KOMO	KHQ
KTAR	KFSD		

THE SWISS YODELERS—

7:15 p.m.	6:15	5:15	4:15
KOIL	KHJ	KOIN	KFRC
KOL	KFPY	KVI	KGB
KVOR	KRLD	KLZ	KTRH
KFJF	KOH	KSCJ	KTSA
KDYL	WIBW	WACO	KFH
WNAX			

LUDENS NOVELTY ORCHESTRA—

7:30 p.m.	6:30	5:30	4:30
WABC	W2XE	WGR	WNAC
WCAU	W3XAU	WMAL	WCAO
WHK	WKRC	WGST	WXYZ
WREC	WDSU	WMAQ	WCCO
WNAX	KMOX	KMBC	KOIL
KRLD	KDYL	KLZ	

THE THREE BAKERS—

7:30 p.m.	6:30	5:30	4:30
WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	KDKA	WGAR	WJR
WLW	WKY	KWK	WREN
WTMJ	KSTP	WEBC	WDAY
KFYR	WIBA	WRVA	WIOD
WFLA	WHAS	WSM	WMC
WSB	WSMB	WJDX	KVOO
WFAA	KPRC	WOAI	WKY
KOA	KSL	KGO	KFI
KGW	KOMO	KHQ	KFSD
KTAR	KOIL		

CHASE AND SANBORN—Eddie Cantor—

8:00 p.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WEAF	WTIC	WJAR	WTAG
WCSH	WRC	WGY	WCAE
WWJ	WSAI	KSD	WOW
WIOD	KSTP	WHO	WOC
WHAS	WEBC	KSB	WSMB
KTHS	KPRC	WTAM	WJDX
WFLA	WSUN	CFCF	WFLA
WDAF	WBEN	WOAI	WKY
WLIT	WLS	KVOO	WFAA
CKGW	WTMJ		

COLLIER'S RADIO HOUR—

8:15 p.m.	7:15	6:15	5:15
WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
KDKA	WHAM	WGAR	WJR
WLW	KYW	WREN	KOA
KSL	KPO	KFI	KGW
KOMO	KHQ		

ROXY THEATRE SYMPHONY—

9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WABC	WOKO	WFBL	WHEC
WGR	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WCAU	W3XAU	WMAL	WCAO
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WXYZ
WSPD	WOWO	WFBM	WBBM
WCCO	KMOX	KMBC	KOIL

AMERICAN ALBUM OF FAMILIAR MUSIC—

9:15 p.m.	8:15	7:15	6:15
WEAF	WTAG	WJAR	WCSH
WFI	WFBR	WGY	WBEN
WCAE	WTAM	WWJ	WSAI
KTAR	WENR	KSD	WOC
WHO	WOW	CKGW	WIBA
WEBC	WDAY	WRVA	WJAX
WIOD	KTHS	WHAS	WSM
WSB	WAPI	WSMB	WJDX
PKRC	WOAI	KOA	KGO
KFI	KGW	KOMO	KHQ
KFSD			
(WTMJ	KSTP	WKY on 9:30)	

BAYUK STAG PARTY—

9:15 p.m.	8:15	7:15	6:15
WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
KDKA	WGAR	WJR	WLW
KYW	WREN		

ROMANCES OF THE SEA—

9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WABC	WFBL	WGR	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WCAU	W3XAU
WJAS	WMAL	WCAO	WADC
WKRC	WXYZ	WSPD	WOWO
WBBM	KMOX	KMBC	KOIL
KOL	KFPY	KOIN	KFRC
KHJ	KDYL	KLZ	CFRB

KELLOGG SLUMBER MUSIC—

9:45 p.m.	8:45	7:45	6:45
WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	WJR	KDKA	WLW
KYW	KWK	WREN	

BUICK PROGRAM—

9:45 p.m.	8:45	7:45	6:45
WEAF	WTAG	WJAR	WCSH
WFI	WFBR	WRC	WGY
WBEN	WCAE	WTAM	WWJ
WSAI	WENR	KSD	WOC
WHO	WOW	WDAF	WIBA
KSTP	WEBC	WDAY	KFYR
WRVA	WJAX	WIOD	WFLA
WHAS	WSM	WMC	WSB
WAPI	WSMB	WJDX	
(WFAA off 10:00)		KPRC	WOAI
WKY	KOA	KSL	KGO
KFI	KGW	KOMO	KHQ
KTAR	KFSD		

ERNEST HUTCHESON—

10:30 p.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WKBW	WLBZ	WDRC
WORC	WPG	WHP	WJAS
WLBW	WMAL	WTAR	WDBJ
WADC	WBT	WTOC	WQAM
WDBO	WDAE	WXYZ	WSPD
WLAP	WDOD	WREC	WLAC
WDSU	WISN	WFBM	WMT
KMOX	KMBC	KLRA	WNAX
KOIL	KFH	KFJF	KTSA
KOH	KVOR	KFPY	KDYL
KLZ			

THE GAUCHOS

11:30 p.m.	10:30	9:30	8:30
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WKBW	WLBZ	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WORC	WCAU
W3XAU	WHP	WJAS	WLBW
WMAL	WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ
WADC	WHK	WBT	WTOC
WQAM	WDBO	WDAE	WXYZ
WSPD	WLAP	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WDSU	WISN
WFBM	WMT	KMOX	KMBC
KLRA	WNAX	KOIL	KFH
KFJF	KRLD	KOH	KVOR
KOL	KFPY	KDYL	KLZ
CFRB			

Monday

LE TRIO CHARMANTE—

9:00 a.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WEAF	WTIC	WFBR	WRC
CFCF	WRVA		

CHATTING WITH IDA BAILEY ALLEN—

10:00 a.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WHEC
WKBW	WLBZ	WEAN	WAAB
WCAU	W3XAU	WHP	WJAS
WLBW	WMAL	WDBJ	WWVA
WBT	WQAM	WDBO	WDAE
WXYZ	WBCM	WSPD	WDOD
WREC	WLAC	WDSU	WISN
WTAQ	KSCJ	KMBC	KLRA
KOIL	KFJF	KVOR	CFRB

SWEET AND HOT—

10:15 a.m.	9:15	8:15	7:15
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WKBW	WLBZ	WEAN
WDRC	WAAB	WORC	WCAU
W3XAU	WHP	WJAS	WLBW
WMAL	WCAO	WDBJ	WADC
WBT	WQAM	WDBO	WXYZ
WBCM	WSPD	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WDSU	WISN
WTAQ	WCCO	KSCJ	KMOX
KMBC	KLRA	KOIL	KFH
KFJF	KRLD	KTSA	KVOR
KDYL	CFRB		

JEAN CARROLL—

10:30 a.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30
WEAF	WRC	WTIC	WEEI
WJAR	WOW	WTAG	WCSH
WFI	WGY	WBEN	WTAM
KYW	WWJ	WSAI	KSD
WOC	WHO	WDAF	

MRS. A. M. GOUDISS—

11:00 a.m.	10:00	9:00	8:00
WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	KDKA	WGAR	KYW
WREN	KWK		

THE MADISON SINGERS—

11:15 a.m.	10:15	9:15	8:15
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WKBW	WLBZ	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WORC	WPG
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WDBJ	WWVA	WBT
WTOC	WQAM	WDBO	WDAE
WXYZ	WBCM	WSPD	WLAP
WDOD	WREC	WLAC	WBRC
WDSU	WISN	WTAQ	WOWO
KSCJ	KMOX	KMBC	KLRA
KOIL	KFJF	KTSA	WACO
KOH	KVOR		

ANNE LAZAR, "Front Page Personalities." Radio Digest.

11:30 a.m.	10:30	9:30	8:30
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WKBW	WLBZ	WEAN
WNAC	WORC	WPG	WCAU
W3XAU	WHP	WJAS	WLBW
WMAL	WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ
WBT	WTOC	WQAM	WDBO
WDAE	WXYZ	WSPD	WLAP
WDOD	WLAC	WISN	WTAQ
WOWO	KSCJ	WMT	KMBC
KLRA	KOIL	KFJF	KTSA
WACO	KOH	KVOR	KDYL
CFRB			

ROGERS MUSICAL TRIO—

11:30 a.m.	10:30	9:30	8:30
WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	KDKA	WGAR	WJR
WLW	WENR	KWK	WREN
KOIL			

THE NOMADS—

2:15 p.m.	1:15	12:15	11:15 a.m.
WEAF	WTIC	WRC	WBEN
WTAM	WWJ	KSD	

BEN AND HELEN—

3:45 p.m.	2:45	1:45	12:45
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WGR	WLBZ	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WORC	WPG
WCAU	W3XAU	WHP	WLBW
WMAL	WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ
WWVA	WADC	WHK	WBT
WTOC	WQAM	WDBO	WDAE
WXYZ	WBCM	WSPD	WLAP
WDOD	WREC	WLAC	WBRC
WDSU	WISN	WTAQ	WGL
WCCO	KSCJ	WMT	KMOX
KLRA	KOIL	KFJF	WACO
KOH	KVOR	KVI	KFPY
KDYL	KLZ	CFRB	

MAZE OF MELODY—

4:45 p.m.	3:45	2:45	1:45
WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	WJR	WIBA	WHAS
WSM	WSB		

CURRENT EVENTS—H. V. Kaltenborn.

6:00 p.m.	5:00	4:00	3:00
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WAAB
WHP	WLBW	WWVA	WDAE
WBCM	WLAP	WDOD	WTAQ
WGL	WBBM	KSCJ	WMT
KOIL	KFH	KFJF	KRLD
KTSA	KOH	KVOR	

DON BIGELOW AND HIS YOENG'S ORCHESTRA—

6:15 p.m.	5:15	4:15	3:15
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WGR
WLBZ	WDRC	WAAB	WHP
WLBW	WWVA	WADC	WDAE
WBCM	WLAP	WDOD	WREC
WTAQ	WGL	KSCJ	KLRA
KOIL	KFJF	KRLD	KTSA
KOH	KVOR		

BAKER CHOCOLATE PROGRAM—Boswell Sisters and Bob Haring's Orchestra—(Mon., Wed. and Fri.)

7:30 p.m.	6:30	5:30	4:30
WOKO	WFBL	WGR	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WORC	WJAS
WWVA	WADC	WHK	WKRC
WCAH	WXYZ	WSPD	WISN
WCCO	KMOX	KMBC	KOIL
KFH			

SOCONYLAND SKETCHES—

8:00 p.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WEAF	WTIC	WTAG	WEEI
WJAR	WCSH	WBEN	WGY

DEATH VALLEY DAYS—

8:00 p.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	KDKA	WGAR	WLS
KWK	WREN	KFAB	KSTP
WEBC	KFYR	WIBA	KOA
KSL	KGO	KFI	KGW
KHQ	KTAR	KFSD	

VOICE OF FIRESTONE—

8:30 p.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30
WEAF	WTIC	WTAG	WEEI
WJAR	WCSH	WLIT	WRC
WGY	WBEN	WCAE	WTAM
WWJ	WSAI	KSD	WOC
WHO	WOW	WDAF	CKGW
CFCF	WRVA	WJAX	WIOD
WFLA	WSB	WSMB	KTHS
KVOO	KPRC	WOAI	WWNC
WFBR	WMAQ	WHAS	WIS
WFAA	WKY	WJDX	

OZIE AND GEORGE—

8:45 p.m.	7:45	6:45	5:45
KOIL	KHJ	KOIN	KFRC
KOL	KFPY	KVI	KGB
KVOR	KRLD	KLZ	KTRH
KFJF	KOH	KSCJ	KTSA
KDYL	WIBW	WACO	KFH
WNAX			

POMPEIAN MAKE-UP BOX—

9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WABC	WFBL	WKBW	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WCAU	W3XAU
WJAS	WMAL	WCAO	WADC
WHK	WKRC	WXYZ	WSPD
WOWO	WMAQ	KMOX	KMBC
KOIL	CFRB		

RHYTHM AIRES—

9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
KHJ	KOIN	KFRC	KOL
KFPY	KVI	KGB	KVOR
KRLD	KLZ	KTRH	KFJF
KOH	KTSA	KDYL	WIBW
WACO	KFH		

A. & P. GYPSIES—

9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WEAF	WTIC	WEEI	WTAG
WJAR	WCSH	WLIT	WRC
WGY	WOC	KSD	WHO
WOW	WFSD	WTAM	WBEN
WWJ	WSAI	WCAE	WMZQ

MAYTAG ORCHESTRA—

9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	KDKA	WGAR	WJR
WLS	KWK	WREN	WTMJ
WEBC	WDAY	KFYR	WSM
WMC	KVOO	WFAA	WKY
KPRC	WOAI	KOA	KSL
KGO	KECA	KGW	KOMO
KGW	KTAR	KFSD	

GENERAL MOTORS PARADE OF THE STATES—Erno Rapee's Orchestra.

9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WEAF	WTIC	WEEI	WJAR
WCSH	WTAG	WLIT	KSTP
WMC	WSB	WJAX	KPRC
WOAI	WKY	KOA	KSL
KGO	KGW	KSD	WOC
WOW	WDAF	WSM	WFAA
KOMO	KFYR	KFI	KHQ
WRC	WGY	WBEN	WCAE
WTAM	WWJ	WSAI	WHO
WTMJ	KTAR	WMAQ	

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
MUSICAL DOMINOS—			
9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WHAM
KDKA	WGAR	WJR	WLW
KYW	KWK	WREN	
BOURJOIS—AN EVENING IN PARIS—			
9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WABC	WFBL	WHEC	WKBW
WEAN	WNAC	WCAU	W3XAU
WJAS	WMAL	WCAO	WADC
WHK	WKRC	WBT	WGST
WXYZ	WSPD	WDSU	WOWO
WBBM	WCCO	KMOX	KMBC
KOIL	KFJF	KRLD	KOL
KFPY	KOIN	KFRC	KHJ
KDYL	KLZ		
TRUE STORY—			
10:00 p. m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WEAF	WTAG	WEEI	WJAR
WCSH	WLIT	WFBR	WGY
WBEN	WCAE	WTAM	WWJ
WSAI	WENR	KSD	WOC
WHO			
GOLD MEDAL EXPRESS—			
10:00 p. m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	KDKA	WJR	WREN
KWK	WTMJ	KSTP	WEBC
WRVA	WJAX	WIOD	WFLA
WSM	WMC	WSB	WBAP
WOAI	WKY	KOA	KSL
KGO	KFI	KGW	KOMO
KHQ	KFSD	KTAR	WMAQ
ROBERT BURNS PANATELA PROGRAM—			
10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WABC	WFBL	WKBW	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WCAU	W3XAU
WJAS	WMAL	WCAO	WADC
WHK	WKRC	WXYZ	WSPD
WOWO	WFBM	WMAQ	WCCO
KMOX	KMBC	KOIL	KFJF
KRLD	KTRH	KTSA	KOL
KFPY	KOIN	KFRC	KHJ
KDYL	KLZ		
TOSCHA SEIDEL—			
10:30 p.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30
WABC	WOKO	WFBL	WHEC
WKBW	WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC
WAAB	WORC	WIP-WFAN	
WHP	WJAS	WLBW	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ	WADC
WHK	WBT	WTOC	WQAM
WDBO	WDAE	WXYZ	WBCM
WSPD	WLAP	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WDSU	WISN
WTAQ	WFBM	WCCO	WMT
KMBC	KLRA	WNAX	KOIL
KFJF	KTSA	WACO	KOH
KVOR	KOL	KFPY	KDYL
KLZ	CFRB		
CHESEBROUGH REAL FOLKS—			
10:30 p. m.	9:30	8:30	7:30
WJZ	EBAL	EBZ	WBZA
WHAM	KDKA	WJR	WGAR
WLW	KYW	KWK	WREN
WTMJ	WEBC	WDAY	KFYR
WIBA	WRVA	WIOD	WFLA
WHAS	WSM	WSB	WAPI
WSMB	WJDX	KTHS	WBAP
KPRC	WOAI	KOA	KGO
KFI	KGW	KHQ	KFSD
KTAR			

Tuesday

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
COLUMBIA MIXED QUARTET—			
10:45 a.m.	9:45	8:45	7:45
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WKBW	WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC
WAAB	WORC	WCAU	W3XAU
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WDBJ	WWVA	WADC	WBT
WTOC	WQAM	WDBO	WDAE
WXYZ	WBCM	WSPD	WLAP
WDOD	WREC	WLAC	WBRC
WDSU	WISN	WTAQ	WOWO
KSCJ	WMT	KMOX	KMBC
KLRA	KOIL	KFJF	KTSA
KVOR	CFRB	WHEC	
YOUR CHILD—			
11:00 a.m.	10:00	9:00	8:00
WEAF	WTAG	WJAR	WCSH
WLIT	WFBR	WRC	WGY
WBEN	WCAE	WWJ	WSAI
KSD	WOC	WHO	WDAF
WEBC	WDAY	KFYR	WRVA
WPTF	WWNC	WJAX	WIOD
WFLA	WHAS	WSM	WSB
WSMB	WJDX	KTHS	KVOO
WBAP	KPRC	WOAI	WKY
THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS—			
11:30 a.m.	10:30	9:30	8:30
WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	KDKA	WGAR	WJR
WLW	WREN	KWK	KYW
KFAB	CKGW	WTMJ	WEBC
WDAY	KFYR	WIBA	WRVA
WJAX	WIOD	WFLA	WHAS
WSM	WMC	WSB	WAPI
WSMB	WJDX	KVOO	WFAA
KPRC			
MUSIC IN THE AIR—			
3:00 p.m.	2:00	1:00	12:00
WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WGAR	WJR	WLW	KWK
WREN	KFAB	WIBA	WEBC
WDAY	WRVA	WPTF	WWNC
WIS	WJAX	WIOD	WFLA
WSM	WMC	WSB	WAPI
WSMB	WJDX	KTHS	KVOO
WBAP	KPRC	WKY	KOA
CKGW			
PHIL FISHER AND HIS TEN EYCK HOTEL ORCHESTRA—			
4:30 p.m.	3:30	2:30	1:30
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WGR
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WORC
WPG	WIP-WFAN		WHP
WLBW	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WDBJ	WWVA	WADC	WBT
WTOC	WQAM	WDBO	WDAE
WXYZ	WBCM	WSPD	WLAP
WDOD	WREC	WLAC	WBRC
WDSU	WISN	WTAQ	WCCO
KSCJ	WMT	KMBC	KFJF
KRLD	WACO	KOH	KVOR
KOL	KFPY	KFRC	KDYL
KLZ			
MALTINE STORY PROGRAM—			
5:00 p.m.	4:00	3:00	2:00
WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	WGAR	KDKA	WLW
KYW	KWK	WREN	KFAB
"MEET THE ARTIST"—			
5:15 p.m.	4:15	3:15	2:15
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WHEC
WGR	WDRC	WAAB	WORC
WIP-WFAN		WHP	WJAS
WLBW	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WDBJ	WBT	WTOC	WQAM
WDBO	WDAE	WBCM	WSPD
WLAP	WDOD	WREC	WLAC
WBRC	WDSU	WTAQ	WGL
WCCO	KSCJ	WMT	KMOX
KMBC	KOIL	KFH	KFJF
KRLD	KTSA	WACO	KOH
KVOR	KDYL	KLZ	WFBL
SAVANNAH LINERS ORCHESTRA—			
6:30 p.m.	5:30	4:30	3:30
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	
MID WEEK FEDERATION HYMN SING—			
7:03 p.m.	6:00	5:00	4:00
WEAF	WTIC	WTAG	WFI
WJDX	WBEN	WCAE	WSAI
WSB	WSM	KSTP	KOA
GAYTEES ORCHESTRA—			
7:15 p.m.	6:15	5:15	4:15
WJZ	WBAL	WLW	WENR
KWK	WREN		
ORGANALITIES—Organ and Piano Duo			
8:15 p.m.	7:15	6:15	5:15
KHJ	KOIN	KFRC	KOL
KFPY	KVI	KGB	KVOR
KRLD	KLZ	KTRH	KFJF
KOH	KTSA	KDYL	WIBW
WACO	KFH		
HEEL HUGGER HARMONIES—			
8:30 p.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30
WJZ	WHAM	WLS	WREN
KOA	KSL	KPO	KFI
KGW	KOMO	KHQ	KFSD
KTAR			
GOODYEAR PROGRAM—John Philip Sousa and his Band			
8:30 p.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30
WEAF	WTIC	WTAG	WEEI
WJAR	WCSH	WFI	WFBR
WRC	WGY	WBEN	WTAM
WWJ	WSAI	KYW	KSD
WOC	WHO	WOW	WDAF
WRVA	WWNC	WIS	WJAX
WIOD	WFLA	WHAS	WSM
WMC	WSB	WSMB	WJDX
WALTER WINCHELL—			
8:45 p.m.	7:45	6:45	5:45
WABC	WFBL	WGR	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WCAU	W3XAU
WJAS	WMAL	WCAO	WADC
WHK	WKRC	WXYZ	WSPD
WOWO	WJJD	KMOX	KMBC
KOIL			
BOBBY BLUES AND HER BOY FRIENDS—			
8:45 p.m.	7:45	6:45	5:45
KOIL	KHJ	KOIN	KFRC
KOL	KFPY	KVI	KGB
KVOR	KRLD	KLZ	KTRH
KFJF	KOH	KSCJ	KTSA
KDYL	WIBW	WACO	KFH
WNAX			
BEN BERNIE AND HIS BLUE RIBBON ORCHESTRA—			
9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WABC	WFBL	WEAN	WDRC
WNAC	WCAU	W3XAU	WJAS
WMAL	WCAO	WADC	WHK
WKRC	WKBN	WBT	WXYZ
WSPD	WLAC	WBRC	WDSU
WOWO	WBBM	WCCO	KMBC
KOIL	KFH	KFJF	KMJ
KFBK	KOL	KFPY	KOIN
KFRC	KHJ	KDYL	KLZ
McKESSON MUSICAL MAGAZINE—			
9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WEAF	WTIC	WTAG	WEEI
WJAR	WCSH	WFI	WRC
WBEN	WCAE	WTAM	WWJ
WSAI	WLS	KSD	WOC
WHO	WOW	WDAF	WTMJ
WEBC	WDAY	KFYR	WRVA
WJAX	WIOD	WFLA	WSUN
WHAS	WSM	WMC	WSB
WSMB	WJDX	KTHS	KVOO
WOAI	WKY	KOA	KSL
KGO	KTAR	KFSD	KGW
KHQ	KFI	KOMO	
HOUSEHOLD CELEBRITIES PROGRAM—			
9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	KDKA	WMAQ	KWK
WREN			
GREAT PERSONALITIES—			
9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	KDKA	WGAR	WJR
WLW	WENR	KWK	WREN
WRVA			
THE FULLER MAN—			
9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WEAF	WTIC	WTAG	WEEI
WJAR	WCSH	WFI	WRC
WGY	WBEN	WCAE	WTAM
WWJ	WSAI	KYW	KSD
WOC	WHO	WOW	WDAF
WTMJ	KSTP	WEBC	WSB
WBAP	WOAI	WKY	KOA
KSL	KGO	KECA	KGW
KOMO	KHQ		
ROMANCES OF THE SEA—			
9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WABC	WFBL	WKBW	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WCAU	W3XAU
WJAS	WMAL	WCAO	WADC
WHK	WKRC	WXYZ	WSPD
WOWO	WMAQ	KMOX	KMBC
KOIL	CFRB		
CHIC SCROGGINS ORCHESTRA—			
9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
KHJ	KOIN	KFRC	KOL
KFPY	KVI	KGB	KVOR
KRLD	KLZ	KTRH	KFJF
KOH	KTSA	KDYL	WIBW
WACO	KFH		
THE MILLS BROTHERS—Negro Quartet			
10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WABC	WOKO	WFBL	WKBW
WLBZ	WEAN	WAAB	WORC
WCAU	W3XAU	WHP	WJAS
WLBW	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WDBJ	WADC	WBT	WTOC
WQAM	WDBO	WDAE	WXYZ
WBCM	WSPD	WLAP	WDOD
WREC	WLAC	WBRC	WDSU
WISN	WFBM	WCCO	KSCJ
WMT	KLRA	WNAX	KOIL
KFH	KFJF	KRLD	KOH
KVOR	KFPY	KFRC	KHJ
KDYL	CFRB		
STAR BRAND SHOEMAKERS—			
10:15 p.m.	9:15	8:15	7:15
WABC	WKBW	WCAU	W3XAU
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WDBJ	WADC	WHK
WKRC	WCAH	WKBN	WWNC
WBT	WIS	WGST	WTOC
WQAM	WDBO	WDAE	WXYZ
WBCM	WSPD	WLAP	WDOD
WREC	WLAC	WNOX	WBRC
WDSU	WISN	WOWO	WFBM
WBBM	WCCO	KSCJ	WMT
KMOX	KMBC	WNAX	KOIL
WIBW	KFH	KFJF	KRLD
KTRH	KOH	KGB	KOL
KFPY	KOIN	KFRC	KHJ
KDYL	KLZ	WMBG	
ROUND TOWNERS—			
10:15 p.m.	9:15	8:15	7:15
WLBZ	WDRC	WAAB	WORC
WJAS	WNAL	WDAE	WXYZ
WDOD	WISN	KMBC	KLRA
KFJF			
ARABESQUE—Desert Play			
10:30 p.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30
WABC	WOKO	WFBL	WHEC
WKBW	WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC
WAAB	WORC	WPG	WIP-
WFAN	WHP	WJAS	WLBW
WMAL	WCAO	WDBJ	WWVA
WADC	WBT	WTOC	WQAM
WDBO	WXYZ	WBCM	WSPD
WLAP	WDOD	WREC	WLAC
WBRC	WDSU	WISN	WFBM
WCCO	KSCJ	WMT	KMBC
KLRA	WNAX	KFH	KFJF
KRLD	WACO	KOH	KVOR
KFPY	KDYL	KLZ	CFRB
ASBURY PARKCASINO ORCHESTRA			
11:30 p.m.	10:30	9:30	8:30
WABC	W2XE	WLBZ	WDRC
WAAB	WORC	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WDBJ	WBT	WTOC
WQAM	WDBO	WDAE	WDOD
WREC	WLAC	WBRC	WDSU
KLRA	KFJF		

Wednesday

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
FLYING FINGERS—			
9:30 a.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WTAM	WEAF	WTIC	WJAR
WLIT	WCAE	WWJ	WEEI
WGY	WRC	WFBR	
MARY HALE MARTIN'S HOUSEHOLD PERIOD—			
10:00 a.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WJZ	WBAL	WHAM	WMAQ
WREN	WRVA	WWNC	WHAS
WSM	WMC	WFAA	
JANE GRANT'S STEERO PROGRAM			
10:15 a.m.	9:15	8:15	7:15
WEAF	WJAR	WTIC	WGY
WJC	WHO	WTIC	WEEI
WRC	WBEN	WTAM	WWJ
KYW	WTAG	WSAI	WCAE
WILDROOT CHAT—			
10:30 a.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30
WEAF	WTIC	WEEI	WJAR
WTAG	WCSH	WFI	WRC
WWJ	WSAI	WCAE	WDAF
WBEN	WTAM	WGY	KYW
KEEPING UP WITH DAUGHTER—			
11:00 a.m.	10:00	9:00	8:00
WEAF	WTIC	WTAG	WJAR
WCSH	WLIT	WRC	WGY
WBEN	WCAE	WTAM	WWJ
WSAI	WLS	KSD	WOC
WHO	WDAF	WEBC	WDAY
KFYR	WRVA	WPTF	WJAX
WIOD	WFLA	WHAS	WSM
RHYTHM RAMBLERS—Nat Brusiloff, Conductor			
11:00 a.m.	10:00	9:00	8:00
WOKO	WFBL	WHEC	WKBW
WABC	W2XE	WLBZ	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WPG	WJAS
WLBW	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WDBJ	WWVA	WBT	WTOC
WQAM	WDAE	WBCM	WSPD
WLAP	WDOD	WREC	WLAC
WDSU	WISN	WTAQ	KSCJ
KMBC	KOIL	KFH	KFJF
KTSA	WACO	KOH	KVOR
WXYZ			
RADIO HOUSEHOLD INSTITUTE—			
11:15 a.m.	10:15	9:15	8:15
WEAF	WTIC	WEEI	WJAR
WTAG	WCSH	WLIT	WRC
WGY	WCAE	WTAM	WSAI
WEEI	KSD	WTMJ	KSTP
WEBC	WHAS	WSM	WSB
WAPI	WSMB	KVOO	WOAI
WKY	WWJ	KTHS	KVOO
WBAP	KPRC	WOAI	WKY
KOA			
THREE MEN IN A TUB—			
11:15 a.m.	10:15	9:15	8:15
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WKBW	WLBZ	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WORC	WPG
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WDBJ	WBT	WTOC
WQAM	WDBO	WDAE	WXYZ
WBCM	WSPD	WLAP	WDOD
WLAC	WBRC	WDSU	WISN
WTAQ	WCCO	KSCJ	KMOX
KOIL	KFJF	KTSA	WACO
KOH	KVOR	KMBC	
MUSICAL ALPHABET—			
11:30 a.m.	10:30	9:30	8:30
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WKBW	WLBZ	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WORC	WPG
WIP-WFAN		WHP	WJAS
WLBW	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WDBJ	WBT	WTOC	WQAM
WDBO	WDAE	WXYZ	WSPD
WLAP	WDOD	WLAC	WDSU
WISN	WTAQ	KSCJ	WMT
KOIL	KFH	KFJF	KTSA
WACO	KOH	KVOR	KDYL
CFRB			
ADVERTISING CLUB LUNCHEON—			
1:15 p.m.	12:15	11:15 a.m.	10:15
WEAF	WTIC	WTAG	WJAR
RITZ CARLTON HOTEL ORCHESTRA—			
1:30 p.m.	12:30	11:30	10:30
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WGR	WLBZ	WDRC	WAAB
WORC	WPG	WCAU	W3XAU
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WDBJ	WADC	WHK
WBT	WTOC	WQAM	WDAE
WBCM	WSPD	WDOD	WLAC
WBRC	WDSU	KFJF	CFRB
PACIFIC VAGABONDS—			
4:00 p.m.	3:00	2:00	1:00
WJZ	WBAL	WHAM	WJR
WREN	KSTP	WIBA	KFYR
WSM	WMC	WAPI	WKY
KOA	KGO	KECA	KTAR
EASTMAN SCHOOL CHAMBER MUSIC—			
4:30 p.m.	3:30	2:30	1:30
WJZ	WBAL	WHAM	WENR
WJR	WWNC	WHAS	WSM
WAPI			
"MOUTH HEALTH"—			
5:15 p.m.	4:15	3:15	2:15
WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	WLW	WENR	
SAM LLOYD—The Puzzle Man			
5:30 p.m.	4:30	3:30	2:30
WEAF	WTIC	WTAG	WJAR
WCSH	WGY	WBEN	WWJ
JOLLY JUGGLERS—			
5:45 p.m.	4:45	3:45	2:45
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WKBW	WLBZ	WAAB
WORC	WPG	WCAU	W3XAU
WHP	WJAS	WLBW	WCAO
WTAR	WBT	WTOC	WQAM
WDBO	WREC	WLAC	WBRC
WDSU	WTAQ	WCCO	KSCJ
WMT	KMOX	KMBC	KOIL
KFH	KFJF	KRLD	KTSA
KOH	KVOR	KDYL	KLZ
CFRB	WDAE	WXYZ	WLAP
WDOD			
"BILL SCHUDT'S GOING TO PRESS"			
6:00 p.m.	5:00	4:00	3:00
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WAAB	WHP	WLBW	WWVA
WADC	WDAE	WBCM	WLAP
WDOD	WTAQ	KSCJ	WMT
KOIL	KFH	KFJF	KRLD
KTSA	KOH	KVOR	
MUSIC TREASURE BOX—			
6:00 p.m.	5:00	4:00	3:00
WJZ	WBAL	WHAM	WENR
WREN	WRC	WRVA	WSM
WSB	WJDX	KTHS	WHAS
SNOOP AND PEEP—			
7:15 p.m.	6:15	5:15	4:15
WJAF	WJAR	KSD	KOA
KLCA	WBEN	KFYR	WSM
WJDX			
SILVER FLUTE—			
8:00 p.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WJAF	WTAG	WLIT	WJAR
WCSH	WLIT	WFBR	WRC
WGY	WBEN	WTAM	CKGW
CFCF			

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
COLLEGE MEMORIES—			
8:00 p.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WJZ	WBAL	WHAM	WGAR
WJR	WCKY	KYW	KWK
WREN	WTMJ	KSTP	WEBC
WDAY	KFYR	WIBA	WSM
WMC	WSB	WSMB	WJDX
KVOO	WFAA	KPRC	WOAI
KOA	KSL	KGO	KFI
KGW	KOMO	KHQ	KTAR
KFSD			
OHMAN AND ARDEN—			
8:15 p.m.	7:15	6:15	5:15
WEAF	WTAG	WEEI	WJAR
WCSH	WRC	WGY	WBEN
WWJ	WSAI	WLS	KSD
WOC	WHO	WOW	WDAF
WTAM			
GUY ROBERTSON—			
8:15 p.m.	7:15	6:15	5:15
WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	WGAR	WJR	WCKY
KYW	KWK	WREN	KFAB
KSTP	WEBC	WDAY	KFYR
WIBA	WRVA	WPTF	WJAX
WIOD	WFLA	WHAS	WSM
WMC	WSB	WSMB	WJDX
KVOO	WFAA	WBAP	KPRC
WOAI	WKY	KOA	KSL
MOBILOIL CONCERT—			
8:30 p.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WCSH
WTAG	WLIT	WRC	WSAI
KSD	WOW	WTAM	KOA
KVOO	WFAA	WIBA	WOAI
WKY	WTIC	KSD	WGY
WEBC	WDAF	WCAE	WHO
WOW	WWJ	WBEN	KSTP
WDAY	KFYR	KYW	
JACK FROST MELODY MOMENTS—			
8:30 p.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30
WJZ	WBAL	WHAM	KDKA
WGAR	WJR	WLW	WLS
THE MILLS BROTHERS—			
8:45 p.m.	7:45	6:45	5:45
WABC	WFBL	WGR	WLBZ
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WORC
WCAU	W3XAU	WJAS	WCAO
WADC	WHK	WCAH	WXYZ
WSPD	WDSU	WFBM	WMAQ
WCCO	KMOX	KMBC	
WAHDEMNA CHORAL CLUB—			
8:45 p.m.	7:45	6:45	5:45
KOIL	KHJ	KOIN	KFRC
KOL	KFPY	KVI	KGB
KVOR	KRLD	KLZ	KTRH
KFJF	KOH	KSCJ	KTSA
KDYL	WIBW	WACO	KFH
WNAX			
HALSEY STUART PROGRAM—			
9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WEAF	WJAR	WTAG	WCSH
WLIT	WRC	WGY	WCAE
KOA	KSL	KGO	KGW
KOMO	KHQ	WSAI	KSD
WOC	WHO	WOW	WWJ
WSMB	KPRC	WOAI	WTMJ
KSTP	KYW	WSM	WHAS
WRVA	WMC	WSB	WBEN
WTAM	KFI	CKGW	WJDX
KVOO	WFBR		
GOLD MEDAL FAST FREIGHT—			
9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WABC	WOKO	WFBL	WKBW
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WCAU
W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL	WCAO
WDBJ	WADC	WHK	WKRC
WXYZ	WSPD	WOWO	WFBM
WMAQ	WCCO	KSCJ	WMT
KMOX	KMBC	KOIL	KFH
ENO CRIME CLUB—			
9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WABC	WFBL	WKBW	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WCAU	W3XAU
WJAS	WMAL	WCAO	WADC
WHK	WKRC	WXYZ	WSPD
WOWO	WMAQ	KMOX	KMBC
KOIL	CFRB		
SALONESQUE—			
9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
KHJ	KOIN	KFRC	KOL
KFPY	KVI	KGB	KVOR
KRLD	KLZ	KTRH	KFJF
KOH	KTSA	KDYL	WIBW
WACO	KFH		
DUTCH MASTERS PROGRAM—			
9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	KDKA	WGAR	WJR
WENR	KWK	WREN	
ROCHESTER CIVIC ORCHESTRA			
10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WJZ	WBAL	WHAM	KDKA
WGAR	WJR	WCFL	WREN
WWNC	WIS	WIOD	WFLA
VITALITY PERSONALITIES—			
10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WABC	WOKO	WFBL	WKBW
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WCAU
W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL	WCAO
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WCAH
WBT	WGST	WXYZ	WSPD
WLAP	WREC	WLAC	WBRC
WDSU	WISN	WOWO	WFBM
WBBM	WCCO	KMOX	KMBC
KLRA	KOIL	KFJF	KRLD
KTRH	KTSA	KOL	KVI
KFPY	KOIN	KFRC	KHJ
KDYL	KLZ		

Blue Ribbon Chain

Throughout the Week

7:45 a.m.—WJZ—Jolly Bill and Jane take one on an excursion into the land of childhood fancies and dreams. (Daily ex. Sun.)

8:00 a.m. — WEAF — Gene and Glenn, Quaker Early Birds, present light and original songs and chatter. (Daily ex. Sun.)

9:00 a.m.—WJZ—Tom Brennie, the Laugh Club, portrays several characters of several nationalities in many voices. (Daily ex. Sun.)

11:45 a.m.—WABC—Ben Alley in his program of love lyrics.

12:15 p.m.—WJZ—Pat Barnes in person, offering many impersonations of celebrities. (Daily ex. Sun.)

2:00 p.m. — WABC — Aunt Jemima. Hot blues, sung in such a way as to make the deepest blue seem several shades deeper, in a deep, deep voice. (Tues., Wed. and Thurs.)

3:30 p.m.—WABC—Art Jarrett, the New Yorker who made good in Chicago, now giving the east the full benefit of his tenor voice. (Mon., Wed. and Fri.)

3:30 p.m.—WJZ—The Three Doctors, Pratt, Sherman and Rudolph, give radio's most hilarious ad lib program. (Daily ex. Sat. and Sun.)

5:30 p.m.—WABC—Uncle Olie and his Kre-Mel Gang. Swedish dialect, hill-billy music, and little acts built around youngsters, who take part, make this one of the more unusual presentations for children. (Mon. and Fri.)

5:30 p.m.—WABC—Salty Sam the Sailor. Brings a salt-sea tang into the studio as he arrives, parrot on shoulder, to give informal entertainment, assisted by the parrot. (Tues., Wed. and Thurs.)

6:30 p.m.—WEAF—Ray Perkins, The Old Topper, continues to claim the throne of radio's king of satire. (Wed. and Fri.)

6:45 p.m.—WJZ—Lowell Thomas, author and adventurer, interprets the important comments on the whimsical news of the day. (Daily ex. Sun.)

7:00 p.m.—WJZ—Amos 'n' Andy, blackface comedians, in a program known by all of us. (Daily ex. Sun.)

7:30 p.m. — WEAF — The Prince Albert Quarter Hour, featuring Alice Joy, crooner, and Van Loan's catchy orchestra. (Daily ex. Sun.)

7:30 p.m.—WABC—Baker Chocolate Program. Those Boswell Sisters, all three of them, Connie, Martha and Vet, in "that Boswell Manner." With Bob Haring's Orchestra. (Mon., Wed. and Fri.)

7:45 p.m. — WEAF — The Goldbergs, a dramatization of the home life of a Hebrew family. (Daily ex. Sun.)

8:00 p.m.—WEAF — Blackstone Plantation presents the two stage stars, Julia Sanderson and Frank Crumit. (Tues.). (Thurs. at 9:00 on WJZ.)

8:15 p.m. — WABC — Colonel Stoopnagle and Budd, in their inimitable brand of ad lib humor, with a number of startling impersonations. (Tues., Thurs. and Sat.)

10:00 p.m.—WEAF—Lucky Strike Dance Orchestra, a triumvirate of orchestras from three places three times a week. (Tues., Thurs. and Sat.)

10:30 p.m.—WJZ—Clara, Lu and 'Em, three brilliant college girls reveal our foibles and shortcomings in a droll manner. (Daily ex. Sun. and Mon.)

10:30 p.m. — WABC — Nat Shilkret's Orchestra, with Alex Gray as soloist, in a sparkling new program for Chesterfield cigarettes. (Daily ex. Sun.)

11:00 p.m. — WJZ — Slumber Music enters its fifth year under the baton of Ludwig Laurier. (Daily ex. Sun.)

Sunday

1:00 p.m.—WABC—Cathedral Hour. One of the oldest religious features on the air, presenting the best in sacred music. Orchestra, choir and soloists under the baton of Channon Collinge.

1:15 p.m.—WJZ—NBC Symphonic Hour. Walter Damrosch's newest symphonic program designed for post graduate music lovers.

3:15 p.m. — WABC — New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra, with Arturo Toscanini conducting, in compositions from the old masters.

5:30 p.m.—WEAF—General Electric Home Circle with its operatic and concert stars is a real treat to music lovers.

7:00 p.m.—WABC—Dr. Julius Klein—The World's Business. One of President Hoover's sub-cabinet, who is very close to both American and world commerce, shows how inter-related it all is.

7:30 p.m. — WJZ — The Three Bakers — Frank Luther, Jack Parker and Darrell Woodyard with Billy Artz' dance orchestra.

8:00 p.m. — WEAF — Chase and Sanborn gives you Eddie Cantor, humorist, and Dave Rubinoff's orchestra.

9:00 p.m. — WABC — Roxy Theatre Symphony. Latest of the big symphony orchestras to be heard through the Columbia chain. Maurice Baron conducting a program of popular classics.

Monday

11:30 a.m.—WABC—Front Page Personalities in which Anne B. Lazar, Woman's Feature Editor of Radio Digest, talks about celebrities she has met.

8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Soconyland Sketches, colorful dramatizations written for radio and produced by an all-star cast.

8:30 p.m. — WEAF — Voice of Firestone gives you voices of Gladys Rice, James Melton and others, and William Merrigan Daly's orchestra.

9:15 p.m.—WABC—Howard Barlow conducting a special symphony orchestra, in programs devoted to a different composer each week, and presenting their most outstanding works.

9:30 p.m.—WABC—An Evening in Paris. Pierre Brugnon, the very French master of ceremonies; Max Smolen's Orchestra and a guest artist.

9:30 p.m. — WEAF — General Motors "Parade of States" provides a program dedicated to and depicting the colorful characteristics of individual states. (Erno Rapee's Orchestra.)

10:30 p.m. — WJZ — Chesebrough Real Folks, the down east dialect given realistically by famous radio players.

Features ▲

Tuesday

5:15 p.m.—WABC—"Meet the Artist." Bob Taplinger reveals the private lives of CBS stars, many of whom have played for years, but never spoken, into a microphone.

7:00 p.m.—WEAF—Mid-Week Federation Hymn Sing, features a mixed quartet, composed of Muriel Savage, Helen Janke, Richard Maxwell and Arthur Billings Hunt.

8:30 p.m.—WJZ—Heel Hugger Harmonies—a string ensemble directed by Robert Armbruster, and a male quartet.

8:30 p.m.—WEAF—Goodyear Program—Sousa's Band and Male Quartet.

8:45 p.m.—WABC—La Gerardine Program. Walter Winchell, columnist of Broadway, steps to Madison Avenue and tells lots.

9:00 p.m.—WEAF—McKesson Musical Magazine, a concert orchestra directed by Erno Rapee, offering a variety of musical numbers.

9:30 p.m.—WJZ—Great Personalities—intimate word pictures of the living great as told by Frazier Hunt, famed interviewer.

10:30 p.m.—WABC—Arabesque. The "Desert Song" of the air—still running, and probably good for a thousand and one Arabian nights.

Wednesday

11:00 a.m.—WEAF—Keeping Up With Daughter, a humorous dramatic sketch with Nan Dorland, Janett Kling and Van Harvey.

11:15 a.m.—WABC—Ralph Christman. Brilliant young pianist going through the musical alphabet, all the way from Albeniz to Zoltan Kodaly.

3:00 p.m.—WABC—Kathryn Parsons. "The Girl o' Yesterday" singing songs of yesterday and the day before.

4:00 p.m.—WEAF—Pop Concert. Christian Kriens, director, and soloists of Hartford, Conn.

8:15 p.m.—WEAF—Ohman and Arden, one of the leading popular piano duos of the radio studios.

9:00 p.m.—WEAF—Halsey Stuart Program, an engaging discussion by "Old Counsellor" of financial problems plus racy music.

9:30 p.m.—WJZ—Dutch Masters offer you the comedy trio composed of Walter Scanlon, Billy Murray and Marcella Shields.

10:15 p.m.—WABC—Weed Tire Chain Program. Symphony orchestra under the direction of Andre Kostelanetz, in a new program with wide popular appeal.

11:00 p.m.—WEAF—Nellie Revell, Voice of the Radio Digest, one of the foremost personalities on the air, gives whimsical biographical sketches of the studio great.

Thursday

8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Fleishmann Hour presents Rudy Vallee, his orchestra and a brilliant guest star.

8:15 p.m.—WJZ—Rin Tin Tin Thriller, dramatic sketch with Bob White and Tom Corwine.

9:00 p.m.—WEAF—Arco Dramatic Musicale, harks back to maestros of olden days. Music by Jeffrey Harris' orchestra.

9:00 p.m.—WABC—Eugene Ormandy Presents unusual music in an unusual manner.

9:30 p.m.—WABC—Love Story Hour. Dramatizations of stories you are accustomed to reading in the magazine.

Selected by the Editors

To provide you with the outstanding features for each day of the week the RADIO DIGEST *program editor has selected the programs indicated as Blue Ribbon. Do you agree with her selections? (For stations taking the programs, see adjoining list.)*

▲

9:30 p.m.—WJZ—Maxwell House Ensemble presents Don Voorhees' orchestra, the Songsmiths, a male quartet, and others.

10:00 p.m.—WABC—Hart, Schaffner and Marx Trumpeters. Vic Young's orchestra, vocalist, and Edwin C. Hill, "The Man in the Front Row," to tell the news of today and about the people in the news of yesterday.

Friday

11:00 a.m.—WEAF—WJZ—NBC Music Appreciation Hour—symphonic music for undergraduates, with Walter Damrosch.

2:45 p.m.—WJZ—Mormon Tabernacle Choir and Organ broadcasts from the historic Mormon Tabernacle under the direction of Anthony Lund.

4:15 p.m.—WJZ—Radio Guild presents the classical dramas of the masters under the direction of Vernon Radcliffe.

4:45 p.m.—WABC—Curtis Institute of Music. Students in all departments present concerts and recitals of the best music written for their groups of instruments.

8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Cities Service offers Jessica Dragonette, the Cavaliers and a concert orchestra directed by Rosario Bourdon.

9:00 p.m.—WEAF—The Cliquot Club, a lively and rhythmic dance band under the baton of Harry Reser.

9:45 p.m.—WABC—Friendly Five Footnotes. Hear the latest news about aviation by radio's aviation columnist—the famous pilot, Casey Jones.

10:45 p.m.—WABC—Tito Guizar. Romantic Spanish tenor, in distinctive music from Cuba and South America.

Saturday

11:00 a.m.—WEAF—Two Seats in the Balcony revives the light opera hits of yesterdays, featuring Henry M. (Ols Stager) Neely and Harold Sanford.

11:30 a.m.—WEAF—Keys to Happiness presents piano lessons for the amateur with Dr. Sigmund Spaeth.

6:30 p.m.—WEAF—Mr. Bones and Company features Paul Dumont and Jim Dandy in colorful minstrel roles.

7:00 p.m.—WABC—Political Situation in Washington. Told by Columbia's in-the-knowing political analyst, Frederic William Wile.

7:15 p.m.—WEAF—Laws that Safeguard Society—in which Gleason L. Archer decodes in simple terms legislation concerning the welfare of the public.

8:45 p.m.—WABC—Chicago Variety Program. Headliners from the Windy City, in a fast-moving presentation of all-star talent.

9:00 p.m.—WABC—Carborundum Band. Edward d'Anna's unusual combination, including some real American Indians, with an Indian legend told by Francis Bowman.

9:00 p.m.—WEAF—Goodyear Program—Pryor's Band and male quartet and we're off for a snappy program.

10:00 p.m.—WJZ—Cuckoo, radio's only burlesque of broadcasting with Station Master Ambrose J. Weems.

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific

WEED TIRE CHAIN PROGRAM—

10:15 p.m.	9:15	8:15	7:15
WABC	WADC	WCAO	WNAC
WKBW	WGN	WKRC	WHK
WXYZ	WOWO	WDRC	KMBC
KOIL	WCAU	W3XAU	WJAS
KMOX	WFBL	WSPD	WMAL
WLBZ	KRLD	KLZ	WCCO
CKAC	KFJF	KDYL	

COCA COLA—

10:30 p.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30
WEAF	WEEI	WTIC	WTAG
WCSH	WLIT	WRC	WSAI
WOC	WEBC	WKY	WRVA
KSD	KFSD	WHAS	WJAX
KSTP	WIOD	WSM	KPRC
WOAI	KOA	KSL	KGW
KGO	KHQ	KOMO	WDAF
WHAS	WTAM	WHO	WOW
WMC	WPTF	WSB	WWJ
WBEN	WFI	WGY	WTMJ
WJAR	WFLA	WSUN	KTAR
CFCF	WSMB		

COLUMBIA CONCERTS CORPORATION PROGRAM—

10:30 p.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30
WABC	WOKO	WFBL	WKBW
WLBZ	WDRC	WAAB	WORC
WPG	WIP-WFAN		WHP
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WDBJ	WADC	WBT
WTOC	WQAM	WDBO	WDAE
WXYZ	WBCM	WSPD	WLAP
WDOD	WREC	WLAC	WBRC
WDSU	WISN	WTAQ	WFBM
WCCO	WMT	KMBC	WNAX
KOIL	KFJF	KTSA	WACO
KOH	KFPY	KFRC	KDYL
CFRB	WHEC	KVOR	

NELLIE REVELL—The Voice of Radio Digest

11:00 p.m.	10:00	9:00	8:00
WEAF	KSD	WRC	WJAR
WCSH	WEBC	WOW	WTAM
WGY	WWJ		

Thursday

MACHINE AGE HOUSEKEEPING—

10:15 a.m.	9:15	8:15	7:15
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WKBW
WAAB	WCAU	W3XAU	WJAS
WCAO	WHK	WKRC	WXYZ
WOWO	WBBM	WCCO	KMOX
KMBC	KOIL	KRLD	

FORECAST SCHOOL OF COOKERY

11:00 a.m.	10:00	9:00	8:00
WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	KDKA	WCKY	KYW
KWK	WREN		

DOROTHY CHASE AND MUSICIANS

11:15 a.m.	10:15	9:15	8:15
WJZ	WBAL		

HELPS FOR POULTRY AND STOCK FEEDERS—

1:00 p.m.	12:00	11:00 a.m.	10:00
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WGR
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WCAU
W3XAU	WHP	WJAS	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ	WADC
WHK	WKRC	WWNC	WBT
WXYZ	WSPD	WISN	WOWO
WBBM			

LA FORGE BERUMEN MUSICALE—

3:00 p.m.	2:00	1:00	12:00
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WGR	WLBZ	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WORC	WPG
WHP	WIP-WFAN	WLBW	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ	WWVA
WADC	WHK	WBT	WTOC
WQAM	WDBO	WDAE	WXYZ
WBCM	WSPD	WLAP	WDOD
WREC	WLAC	WBRC	WDSU
WISN	WTAQ	WGL	WFBM
WCCO	KSCJ	WMT	KMOX
KMBC	KLRA	KOIL	KFJF
KTSA	WACO	KOH	KVOR
KOL	KVI	KFPY	KDYL
KLZ	CFRB		

MIRIAM RAY—

3:30 p.m.	2:30	1:30	12:30
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WGR	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WORC	WPG	WLBW	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WADC	WBT
WQAM	WBCM	WSPD	WBRC
WDSU	WISN	WTAQ	WMT
KMBC	WIBW	KFJF	WACO
KOH	KVOR	KGB	KVI
KDYL	KLZ	CFRB	

VIRGINIA ARNOLD, Pianist—

3:45 p.m.	2:45	1:45	12:45
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WGR	WLBZ	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WORC	WPG
WCAU	W3XAU	WHP	WLBW
WMAL	WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ
WWVA	WADC	WBT	WTOC
WQAM	WDBO	WDAE	WXYZ
WBCM	WSPD	WLAP	WDOD
WREC	WLAC	WBRC	WDSU
WISN	WTAQ	WGL	WCCO
KSCJ	WMT	KLRA	KOIL
KFJF	WACO	KOH	KVOR
KVI	KFPY	KDYL	KLZ
CFRB			

MELODY MAGIC—Emery Deutsch's Orchestra with Female Trio

4:00 p.m.	3:00	2:00	1:00
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WGR	WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC
WNAC	WORC	WPG	WCAU
W3XAU	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WDBJ	WWVA	WADC
WBT	WTOC	WQAM	WDBO
WDAE	WXYZ	WBCM	WSPD
WLAP	WDOD	WREC	WLAC
WBRC	WDSU	WISN	WTAQ
WBBM	WCCO	KSCJ	WMT
KMOX	KMBC	KOIL	KFJF
WACO	KOH	KVOR	KOL
KVI	KFPY	KFRC	KDYL

SALON SINGERS

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
4:00 p.m.	3:00	2:00	1:00
WEAF	WTIC	WJAR	WBEN
WTAM	KSTP	WSM	WRC

INTERNATIONAL BROADCAST FROM LONDON—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
4:20 p.m.	3:20	2:20	1:20
WEAF	WTIC	WTAG	WJAR
WCSH	WLIT	WFBR	WBEN
WCAE	WTAM	WDAF	CKGW
WIBA	KSTP	KFYR	WPTF
WIS	WIOD	WSM	WAPI
KVOO	KPRC	KOA	KGO
KFI	KGW	KOMO	KFSD
KTAR			

COFFEE MATINEE—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
5:00 p.m.	4:00	3:00	2:00
WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	WGAR	KDKA	WLW
KYW	KWK	WREN	KFAB

HOTEL BOSSERT ORCHESTRA—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
6:15 p.m.	5:15	4:15	3:15
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WGR	WLBZ	WDRC	WAAB
WORC	WHP	WLBW	WTAR
WDBJ	WWVA	WADC	WBT
WTOC	WQAM	WDBO	WDAE
WXYZ	WBCM	WSPD	WLAP
WDOD	WREC	WLAC	WBRC
WDSU	WTAQ	WGL	WFBM
WCCO	KSCJ	KMBC	KLRA
KOIL	KFH	KFJF	KRLD
KTSA	KOH	KVOR	CFRB

CONNIE BOSWELL—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
6:30 p.m.	5:30	4:30	3:30
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WGR	WLBZ	WDRC	WAAB
WORC	WHP	WLBW	WCAO
WTAR	WDBJ	WWVA	WBT
WTOC	WQAM	WDAE	WBCM
WLAP	WDOD	WREC	WLAC
WBRC	WDSU	WTAQ	WGL
WCCO	KSCJ	KMOX	KMBC
KLRA	KOIL	KFH	KFJF
KRLD	KOH	KVOR	

"THE WORLD TODAY"—James G. McDonald

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
6:30 p.m.	5:30	4:30	3:30
WEAF	WTIC	WIOD	WWNC

BETWEEN THE BOOK ENDS—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:30 p.m.	6:30	5:30	4:30
KHJ	KOIN	KFRC	KOL
KFPY	KGB	KVOR	KRLD
KLZ	KTRH	KFJF	KOH
KTSA	KDYL	WIBW	WACO
KFH	KVI		

FAMOUS FALLACIES OF BUSINESS

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:45 p.m.	6:45	5:45	4:45
WJZ	WBAL	WGAR	WLS
WCKY	WREN	WRC	WEBC
WRVA	WWNC	WIS	WJAX
KOMO	KHQ	KFSD	KTAR
WFLA	KOA	KGO	KFI
KGW			

DIXIE SPIRITUAL SINGERS—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:00 p.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	KDKA	WCKY	WLS
KWK	WREN	WKFAB	WRVA

FLEISCHMANN HOUR—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:00 p.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WEAF	WTIC	WEEI	WTAG
WJAR	WFI	WCSH	WRC
WGY	WGO	WOW	WWJ
WHAS	WMC	WSAI	WSB
WSMB	WEBC	KOA	WRVA
KTHS	KSL	KOMO	WOAI
WSM	WOC	WAPI	KGO
KHQ	WTAM	KECA	KSD
CKGW	WGN	WBEN	KPRC
WTMJ	WIOD	WPTF	WSUN
WCAE	CFCF	WFBR	KTAR
WDAF	(KSTP on 8:15)		
(WKY	WBAP off 8:30)		

RIN TIN TIN THRILLER—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:00 p.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
KDKA	WGAR	WLW	WLS
KWK	WREN	KFAB	

ARCO DRAMATIC MUSICALE—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WEAF	WTIC	WEEI	WJAR
WTAG	WCSH	WFI	CKGW
WRC	WGY	WSM	WIOD
WJAX	WOAI	WKY	KOA
WPAP	WRVA	WWJ	WSAI
KSD	WDAF	KYW	WEBC
WOW	WSM	WJDX	WOC
WHO	WGO	KECA	WAPI
KOMO	KHQ	KGW	WTAM
KTAR	KFSD	WSB	KSTP
WMC	WPTF	KSL	WHAS
WCAE	WFBR	WTMJ	WSMB

EUGENE ORMANDY PRESENTS—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WABC	WOKO	WFBL	WKBW
WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WORC	WCAU	W3XAU	WHP
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WDBJ	WADC	WBT	WTOC
WQAM	WDBO	WDAE	WXYZ
WBCM	WLAP	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WDSU	WOWO
WFBM	KSCJ	WMT	KMBC
WNAX	KOIL	KFH	KFJF
KTSA	KOH	KVOR	KOL
KFPY	KFRC	KHJ	KLZ
CFRB			

MAXWELL HOUSE ENSEMBLE—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	KDKA	WJR	WLW
KYW	WREN	WTMJ	KSTP
WEBC	WRVA	WJAX	WIOD
WFLA	WHAS	WSM	WMC
WSB	WAPI	WJDX	WSMB
WBAP	KPRC	WOAI	WKY
KOA	KSL	KGO	KECA
KGW	KOMO	KHQ	KTAR
KFSD			

ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WEAF	WTIC	WTAG	WEEI
WJAR	WCSH	WFI	WRC
WGY	WBEN	WTAM	WWJ
WSAI	WENR	KSD	WOC
WHO	WOW	WDAF	CKGW
CFCF			

LOVE STORY HOUR—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WABC	WFBL	WKBW	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WCAU	W3XAU
WJAS	WMAL	WCAO	WADC
WHK	WKRC	WXYZ	WSPD
WOWO	WBBM	KMOX	KMBC
KOIL			

CHIC SCROGGINS ORCHESTRA—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
KHJ	KOIN	KFRC	KOL
KFPY	KVI	KGB	KVOR
KRLD	KLZ	KTRH	KFJF
KOIL	KTSA	KDYL	WIBW

A. & P. DANCE GYPSIES—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	KDKA	WGAR	WLW
WMAQ	KWK	WREN	

HART, SCHAFFNER AND MARX TRUMPETERS—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WABC	WFBL	WEAN	WDRC
WAAB	WCAU	W3XAU	WJAS
WMAL	WCAO	WADC	WHK
WKRC	WGST	WXYZ	WSPD
WLAP	KDSU	WOWO	WBBM
WCCO	KMOX	KMBC	KOIL
KFJF	KRLD	KLZ	

TITO GUIZAR—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:30 p.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30
WABC	WOKO	WFBL	WHEC
WKBW	WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC
WAAB	WORC	WPG	WIP-
WFAN	WHP	WJAS	WLBW
WMAL	WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ
WWVA	WADC	WHK	WBT
WTOC	WQAM	WDBO	WDAE
WXYZ	WBCM	WSPD	WDOD
WREC	WLAC	WBRC	WDSU
WISN	WOWO	WFBM	WCCO
KSCJ	WMT	KMBC	KLRA
WNAX	KOIL	KFJF	KRLD
WACO	KOH	KLZ	CFRB

PETERS PARADE—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:45 p.m.	9:45	8:45	7:45
WABC	WKBW	WJAS	WLBW
WCAO	WDBJ	WADC	WHK
WKRC	WCAH	WKBN	WWNC
WBT	WIS	WGST	WTOC
WQAM	WDBO	WDAE	WXYZ
WBCM	WSPD	WLAP	WDOD
WREC	WLAC	WBRC	WDSU
WISN	WOWO	WBBM	WCCO
KSCJ	WMT	KMOX	KMBC
WNAX	KOIL	WIBW	KFJF
KTRH	KOH	KGB	KOL
KFPY	KOIN	KFRC	KHJ
KDYL	KLZ	WMBG	

PARIS NIGHT LIFE—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:45 p.m.	9:45	8:45	7:45
WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	KDKA	WGAR	KYW
WREN			

RADIO ROUNDUP—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
11:30 p.m.	10:30	9:30	8:30
WABC	W2XE	WLBZ	WDRC
WAAB	WORC	WCAU	W3XAU
WMAL	WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ
WBT	WTOC	WQAM	WDBO
WDAE	WDOD	WREC	WLAC
WBRC	WDSU	KLRA	KFJF
WWNC			

Friday

BOND BREAD PROGRAM—Frank Crumit and Julia Sanderson

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:15 a.m.	9:15	8:15	7:15
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WGR	WEAN	WDRC
WAAB	WORC	WCAU	W3XAU
WMAL	WCAO	WTAR	WWVA
WADC	WHK	WCAH	WXYZ
WSPD	WDSU	WFBM	KMOX
KMBC	KOIL	KFH	KFJF

SAVORY KITCHEN INSTITUTE—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:30 a.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30
WEAF	WTIC	WJAR	WTAG
WCSH	WFI	WRC	WGY
WTAM	WBEN	WEEI	WWJ
WDAF	WCAE	KYW	WSAI

DON AND BETTY—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:45 a.m.	9:45	8:45	7:45
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WHEC
WGR	WLBZ	WAAB	WCAU
W3XAU	WJAS	WDBJ	WHK
WKRC	WCAH	WXYZ	WREC
WOWO	WBBM	WCCO	KSCJ
KMOX	KMBC	KFH	

NBC MUSIC APPRECIATION HOUR

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
11:00 a.m.	10:00	9:00	8:00
WEAF	WJZ	WTIC	WTAG
WEEI	WJAR	WCSH	WLIT
WRC	WBEN	WGY	WCAE
WTAM	WWJ	WSAI	KYW
WENR	WIBO	KSD	WOC
WHO	WDAF	CFCF	WIBA
WEBC	WTMJ	KSTP	WDAY
KFYR	WRVA	WPTF	WJAX
WIOD	WFLA	WSUN	WHAS
WMC	WSB	WAPI	WSMB
WJDX	KTHS	KVOO	WBAP
KPRC	WOAI	WKY	KOA
KSL	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	KDKA	WJR	KWK
WREN	KFAB	WFBR	WWNC
WIS	WSM	WFAA	WGAR
WLW	WIOD		

BLUE MOONLIGHT — Ida Bailey Allen

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
11:15 a.m.	10:15	9:15	8:15
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WKBW
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WCAU
W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL	WCAO
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WXYZ
WSPD	WOWO	WBBM	WCCO
KMOX	KMBC	KOIL	

MORMON TABERNACLE CHOIR AND ORGAN—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
2:45 p.m.	1:45	12:45	11:45 a.m.
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	KDKA
WGAR	WJR	WDAY	WSMB
WREN	KFAB	CKGW	WIBA
KSTP	WEBC	KFYR	WSM
WAPI	WJDX	KOA	KSL
KPO			

COLUMBIA EDUCATIONAL FEATURES—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
3:45 p.m.	2:45	1:45	12:45
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WGR	WLBZ	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WORC	WPG
WCAU	W3XAU	WHP	WLBW
WMAL	WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ
WWVA	WADC	WBT	WTOC
WQAM	WDBO	WDAE	WXYZ
WBCM	WSPD	WLAP	WDOD
WREC	WLAC	WBRC	WDSU
WTAQ	WGL	WBBM	WCCO
KSCJ	WMT	KMOX	KMBC
KOIL	WIBW	KFH	KFJF
KRLD	KTSA	KOH	KVOR
KOL	KDYL	KLZ	CFRB

JOHN B. KENNEDY—Talk

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
6:25 p.m.	5:25	4:25	3:25
WJZ	WBAL	WENR	

THREE MASTACHIOS—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
6:30 p.m.	5:30	4:30	3:30
WFI	WRC	WGY	WCAE
WENR	KSD	KSTP	WIOD
WAPI			

JOHN KELVIN—Irish Tenor

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
6:30 p.m.	5:30	4:30	3:30
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WLBZ
WDRC	WAAB	WORC	WHP
WJAS	WLBW	WCAO	WDBJ
WWVA	WBT	WTOC	WQAM
WDBO	WDAE	WXYZ	WBCM
WDOD	WREC	WLAC	WBRC
WDSU	WISN	WTAQ	WGL
WFBM	KSCJ	KMOX	KMBC
KLRA	KFJF	KRLD	KOH
KVOR	KLZ		

SUNDIAL BONNIE LADDIES—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
6:30 p.m.	5:30	4:30	3:30
WJZ	WBAL		

BOSCUL MOMENTS—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:15 p.m.	6:15	5:15	4:15
WJZ	WBAL		

CITIES SERVICE CONCERT ORCHESTRA AND THE CAVALIERS

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:00 a.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WEAF	WTIC	WEEI	WRC
WLIT	WCAE	WJAR	WCSH
WOW	WDAF	KSD	WKY
WOC	WEBC	KOA	WOAI
KOMO	KGO	KHQ	WTAG
KSL	KTHS	CKGW	WSAI
WHO	KECA	WTAM	WBEN
WWJ	KSTP	WTMJ	
(KVOO	KTHS on 8:30)		

NESTLE'S PROGRAM—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:00 p.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	KDKA	WGAR	WJR
WCKY	WLS	KWK	WREN
KFAB			

THE SONGSMITHS—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:15 p.m.	7:15	6:15	5:15
KOIL	KHJ	KOIN	KFRC
KOL	KFPY	KVI	KGB
KVOR	KRLD	KLZ	KTRH
KFJF	KOH	KSCJ	KTSA
KDYL	WIBW	WACO	KFH
WNAX			

MARCH OF TIME—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:30 p.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30
WABC	WFBL	WGR	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WCAU	W3XAU
WJAS	WMAL	WCAO	WADC
WHK	WKRC	WBT	WXYZ
WSPD	WLAC	WDSU	WMAQ
WCCO	KMOX	KMBC	KOIL
KOL	KVI	KOIN	KFRC
KHJ	KDYL	KLZ	KFPY

SMITH BROTHERS—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:30 p.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30
WJZ	WBAL	WGAR	WLS

INTERWOVEN PAIR

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	KDKA	WGAR	WJR
WCKY	KYW	WREN	KWK
WTMJ	KSTP	WEBC	WRVA
WJAX	WIOD	WHAS	WSM
WMC	WSB	WAPI	WSMB
WFAA	KPRC	WOAI	WKY
KOA	KSL	KGO	KFI
KGW	KOMO	KHQ	KFSD
KTAR			

CLICQUOT CLUB—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WEAF	WTIC	WEEI	WJAR
WTAG	WCSH	WLIT	WRC
WCAE	WSAI	WLS	KSD
WWJ	WDAF	WOC	WHO
WGY	WBEN		

RADIO REPRODUCTIONS—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WABC	WFBL	WKBW	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WCAU	W3XAU
WJAS	WMAL	WCAO	WHK
WKRC	WXYZ	WBBM	KMOX
KMBC			

BARN DANCE VARIETIES—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
KOIL	KHJ	KOIN	KFRC
KOL	KFPY	KVI	KGB
KVOR	KRLD	KLZ	KTRH
KFJF	KOH	KSCJ	KTSA
KDYL	WIBW	WACO	KFH
WNAX			

LIBERTY MAGAZINE HOUR—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:15 p.m.	8:15	7:15	6:15
WABC	WFBL	WKBW	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WCAU	W3XAU
WJAS	WMAL	WCAO	WADC
WHK	WKRC	WXYZ	WSPD
WOWO	WMAQ	KMOX	KMBC
KOIL			

ARMOUR PROGRAM—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	KDKA	WGAR	WJR
WLW	KYW	WREN	WTMJ
KSTP	WEBC	WRVA	WJAX
WIOD	WHAS	WSM	WMC
WSB	WAPI	WJDX	WSMB
KPRC	WOAI	WKY	KOA
KSL	KGO	KGW	KOMO
KHQ			

POND'S PROGRAM—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WEAF	WJAR	WTAG	WBEN
WCSH	WLIT	WFBR	WRC
WGY	WCAE	WTAM	WSAI
WENR	KSD	WOC	WHO
WOW	WDAF		

FRIENDLY FIVE FOOTNOTES—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:45 p.m.	8:45	7:45	6:45
WABC	WFBL	WKBW	WEAN
WNAC	WCAU	W3XAU	WJAS
WMAL	WCAO	WHK	WKRC
WBT	WGST	WXYZ	WLAP
WREC	WLAC	WNOX	WBRC
WDSU	WMAQ	WCCO	WMT
KMOX	KMBC	KFJF	KRLD
KLZ			

PILLSBURY PAGEANT—Featuring Toscha Seidel

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WABC	WOKO	WFBL	WKBW
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WORC
WCAU	W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ	WADC
WHK	WKRC	WGST	WXYZ
WSPD	WREC	WOWO	WMAQ
WCCO	KMOX	KMBC	KFJF
KRLD			

NBC ARTISTS SERVICE PROGRAM

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WEAF	WTAG	WEEI	WJAR
WCSH	WLIT	WFBR	WRC
WGY	WBEN	WCAE	WTAM
WWJ	WSAI	WMAQ	WOW
CFCF			

PAUL WHITEMAN'S PAINT MEN—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	KDKA	WGAR	WJR
WENR	KWK	WREN	WTMJ
KSTP	WEBC	WDAY	KFYR
WRVA	WJAX	WIOD	WFLA
WHAS	WSM	WMC	WSB
WSMB	WJDX	KVOO	WBAP
KPRC	WOAI	WKY	KOA
KSL	KGO	KFI	KGW
KOMO	KFSD	KTAR	

RKO THEATRE OF THE AIR—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:30 p.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30
WEAF	WTIC	WJAR	WTAG
WLIT	WGY	WJDX	KGO
WOAI	WKY	WRC	WCSH
WTMJ	KOA	KGO	KHQ
KOMO	KTAR	KFSD	WHO
WOW	WTAM	KSL	WBEN
WDAY	WEEI	WENR	WHAS
WFBY	WIBA	WCAE	WWJ
WSAI	KSD	WRVA	WJAX
WIOD	WSB	WSMB	KGW
WMC			

PRAY AND BRAGGIOTTI—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:45 p.m.	9:45	8:45	7:45
WABC	WOKO	WFBL	WHEC
WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC	WORC
WCAU	W3XAU	WHP	WJAS
WLBW	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WDBJ	WADC	WHK	WTOC
WQAM	WDBO	WDAE	WXYZ
WBCM	WSPD	WLAP	WDOD
WREC	WLAC	WBRC	WDSU
WISN	WTAQ	WCCO	WMT
KLRA	WNAX	KOIL	KFJF
KTSA	WACO	KOH	KVOR
KFPY	KFRC	KDYL	KLZ
CFRB			

Saturday

JEWISH ART PROGRAM—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:00 a.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WLBZ	WDRC	WAAB
WORC	WCAU	W3XAU	WHP
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WDBJ
WWVA	WADC	WHK	WBT
WTOC	WQAM	WDBO	WDAE
WXYZ	WBCM	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WDSU	WISN
WTAQ	WGL	WFBM	WCCO
KSCJ	KMOX	KMBC	KLRA
KOIL	KFH	KFJF	KRLD
KVOR	KDYL	CFRB	WKBW

NEW WORLD SALON ORCHESTRA—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:30 a.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WKBW	WLBZ	WDRC
WAAB	WIP-WFAN		WJAS
WMAL	WDBJ	WADC	WHK
WBT	WTOC	WQAM	WDBO
WXYZ	WBCM	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WDSU	WISN
WTAQ	WOWO	WGL	WFBM
KSCJ	WMT	KMOX	KLRA
KOIL	KFJF	KRLD	KTSA
KVOR	CFRB		

HAWAIIAN SERENADERS—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:30 a.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WFI
WRC	WGY	WBEN	KSD
WCAE	WTAM	WWJ	KYW
WDAF	KOA		

TWO SEATS IN THE BALCONY—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
11:00 a.m.	10:00	9:00	8:00
WEAF	WJAR	WRC	WGY
WBEN	KSD	WCSH	WCAE
WTAM	KYW	WDAF	CKGW
KTHS	KOA		

ADVENTURES OF HELEN AND MARY—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
11:00 a.m.	10:00	9:00	8:00
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WKBW	WLBZ	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WORC	WPG
WJAS	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WDBJ	WBT	WTOC	WQAM
WDBO	WDAE	WXYZ	WBCM
WSPD	WLAP	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WDSU	WISN	WTAQ
WGL	WFBM	WCCO	KSCJ
KMBC	KLRA	KOIL	KFJF
KTSA	WACO	KOH	KVOR
CFRB			

KEYS TO HAPPINESS—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
11:30 a.m.	10:30	9:30	8:30
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WTAG
WFLA	WCSH	WLIT	WRC
WBEN	WWJ	WOAI	KSTP
CKGW	WRVA	WHAS	WSM
WSMB	WJDX	KVOO	CFCF
WEBC	WPTF	WDAF	KOA
WDAY	KSD	KFYR	WFAA
WTIC	WGY	WIOD	KTHS
KYW	WIBA	WWNC	WIS
KPRC			

SCHOOL ATHLETIC PROGRAM—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
12:45p.m.	11:45a.m.	10:45	9:45
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WHEC
WGR	WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC
WNAC	WORC	WIP-WFAN	
WHP	WJAS	WLBW	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ	WWVA
WADC	WBT	WQAM	WDBO
WDAE	WXYZ	WBCM	WLAP
WDOD	WREC	WLAC	WBRC
WDSU	WISN	WTAQ	WFBM
WCCO	KSCJ	WMT	KMBC
KOIL	KFH	KFJF	WACO
KOH	KVOR	KOL	KVI
KFPY	KFRC	KHJ	KDYL
KLZ	WPG		

EDDIE DUCHIN AND HIS CENTRAL PARK CASINO ORCHESTRA—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
5:00 p.m.	4:00	3:00	2:00
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WGR	WLBZ	WDRC	WORC
WPG	WIP-WFAN		WHP
WJAS	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WDBJ	WWVA	WCAH	WBT
WTOC	WQAM	WDBO	WXYZ
WBCM	WSPD	WLAP	WREC
WLAC	WISN	WGL	WCCO
KSCJ	WMT	KMBC	KFH
KOH	KGB	KOL	KVI
KFPY	KFRC	KHJ	KDYL
CFRB			

COLORADO COWBOYS—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
5:00 p.m.	4:00	3:00	2:00
WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	KDKA	WGAR	WLW
KYW	KWK	WREN	KFAB

BERT LOWN AND HIS BILTMORE ORCHESTRA—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
5:30 p.m.	4:30	2:30	1:30
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WGR	WLBZ	WDRC	WAAB
WORC	WPG	WCAU	W3XAU
WHP	WJAS	WCAO	WTAR
WCAH	WBT	WTOC	WQAM
WDBO	WDAE	WXYZ	WBCM
WLAP	WREC	WLAC	WISN
WGL	WCCO	KSCJ	WMT
KFH	KOH	KGB	KOL
KVI	KFPY	KFRC	KHJ
KDYL	CFRB		

TROPIC-AIRE PROGRAM—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
5:45 p.m.	4:45	3:45	2:45
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WKBW	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WCAU	W3XAU	WJAS	WCAO
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WCAH
WXYZ	WSPD		

DANDIES OF YESTERDAY—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
5:45 p.m.	4:45	3:45	2:45
WEAF	WRC	WBEN	WGY
WWJ	WOC	WHO	WOW
WCAE	WENR	WMC	WSB
WAPI	WJDX	KEX	KJR
KGA	KFSD		

ARTHUR JARRETT WITH FREDDIE RICH'S ORCHESTRA—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
6:00 p.m.	5:00	4:00	3:00
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WKBW	WLBZ	WDRC	WAAB
WORC	WIP-WFAN		WHP
WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ	WWVA
WADC	WCAH	WBT	WTOC
WQAM	WDBO	WDAE	WBCM
WSPD	WLAP	WREC	WLAC
WISN	WGL	KSCJ	WMT
KFH	WACO	KOH	KGB
KOL	KVI	KFPY	KFRC
KHJ	CFRB		

DANGER FIGHTERS—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:00 p.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WJZ	WHAM	KDKA	WLS
KWK	WREN	KFAB	WIBA
WTMJ	KSTP	WEBC	WDAY
KFYR	WHAS	WSM	WMC
WSB	WAPI	WSMB	WJDX
KPRC	WOAI	KOA	KSL
KGO	KGW	KOMO	KHQ
KFSD	KTAR	KFI	

CIVIC CONCERTS SERVICE PROGRAM—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:00 p.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WEAF	WTIC	WJAR	WCSH
WFI	WFBR	WRC	WBEN
WCAE	WWJ	WMAQ	KSD
WOC	WHO	WOW	WDAF
CKGW	WWNC	WIS	WJAX
WIOD			

DANCE WITH COUNTESS D'ORSAY

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:30 p.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30
WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	WGAR	KDKA	WJR
WLW	WLS	KWK	WREN
CKGW	CFCF		

CLUB VALSPAR—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WEAF	WTIC	WJAR	WTAG
WCSH	WFI	WRC	WBEN
WCAE	WTAM	WWJ	WSAI
WEEI	WOC	KSD	WHO
WDAF	WOW	CKGW	CFCF
WFBR	WLS		

NATIONAL RADIO FORUM—From Washington, D. C.

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WABC	WOKO	WHEC	WKBW
WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WORC	WPG	WCAU	W3XAU
WHP	WJAS	WLBW	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ	WBT
WTOC	WQAM	WDBO	WDAE
WXYZ	WBCM	WSPD	WLAP
WDOD	WLAC	WDSU	WISN
WGL	WFBM	WMAQ	WCCO
KSCJ	WMT	KMOX	KMBC
WNAX	KOIL	KFH	KFJF
KTSA	KOH	KVOR	KFPY
KDYL	KLZ		

HANK SIMMONS' SHOW BOAT—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WKBW	WLBZ	WDRC
WAAB	WORC	WPG	WCAU
W3XAU	WHP	WJAS	WLBW
WMAL	WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ
WWVA	WADC	WHK	WBT
WTOC	WQAM	WDBO	WDAE
WXYZ	WBCM	WSPD	WLAP
WDOD	WREC	WLAC	WBRC
WDSU	WISN	WGL	WFBM
WCCO	KSCJ	WMT	KMBC
KLRA	WNAX	KOIL	KFH
KFJF	WACO	KOH	KVOR
KOL	KFPY	KFRC	KHJ
KDYL	KLZ	CFRB	WEAN

CUCKOO—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:15 p.m.	9:15	8:15	7:15
WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	KDKA	WGAR	WJR
KWK	WREN		

TWENTY FINGERS OF HARMONY—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:45 p.m.	9:45	8:45	7:45
WJZ	WBAL	WHAM	KDKA
WJR	WREN	CFCF	

INDEX TO NETWORK KILOCYCLES

National Broadcasting Company

	Kc.		Kc.
CFCF	1030	WENR	870
CKGW	840	WFAA	800
KDKA	980	WFBR	1270
KECA	1340	WFI	560
KEX	1180	WFLA	620
KFAB	770	WGAR	1450
KFI	640	WGY	790
KFKX	1020	WHAM	1150
KFSD	600	WHAS	820
KFYR	550	WHO	1000
KGA	1470	WIBA	1280
KGB	1330	WIOD	1300
KGO	790	WIS	1010
KGW	620	WJAR	890
KHQ	590	WJAX	900
KJR	970	WJDX	1270
KOA	830	WJR	750
KOMO	920	WJZ	760
KPO	680	WKY	900
KPRC	920	WLIT	560
KSD	550	WLS	870
KSL	1130	WLW	700
KSTP	1460	WMAQ	670
KTAR	620	WMC	780
KTHS	1040	WOAI	1190
KVOO	1140	WOC	1000
KWK	1350	WOW	590
KYW	1020	WPTF	680
WAPI	1140	WRC	950
WBAL	1060	WREN	1220
WBAP	800	WRVA	1110
WBEN	900	WSAI	1330
WBZ	990	WSB	740
WBZA	990	WSM	650
WCAE	1220	WSMB	1320
WCFL	970	WSUN	620
WCKY	1480	WTAG	580
WCSH	940	WTAM	1070
WDAF	610	WTIC	1060
WDAY	940	WTMJ	620
WEAF	660	WWJ	920
WEBC	1290	WWNC	570
WEEI	590		

Columbia Broadcasting System

	Kc.		Kc.
CFRB	960	WFAN	610
CKAC	730	WFBL	1360
KDYL	1290	WFBM	1230
KFH	1300	WFIW	940
KFJF	1480	WGL	1370
KFPY	1340	WGN	720
KFRC	610	WGR	550
KGB	1330	WGST	890
KHJ	900	WHEC	1440
KLRA	1390	WHK	1390
KLZ	560	WHP	1430
KMBC	950	WIBW	580
KMOX	1090	WIP	610
KOH	1380	WISN	1120
KOIL	1260	WJAS	1290
KOIN	940	WJJD	1130
KOL	1270	WKBN	570
KRLD	1040	WKBW	1480
KSCJ	1330	WKRC	550
KTRH	1120	WLAC	1470
KTSA	1290	WLAP	1200
KVI	760	WLBW	1260
KVOR	1270	WLBZ	620
WAAB	1410	WMAL	630
WABC	860	WMT	600
WACO	1240	WNAC	1230
WADC	1320	WNAX	570
WAIU	640	WNOX	560
WBBM	770	WOKO	1440
WBCM	1410	WORC	1200
WBRC	930	WOWO	1160
WBT	1080	WPG	1100
WCAH	1430	WQAM	560
WCAO	600	WREC	600
WCAU	1170	WRR	1280
WCCO	810	WSPD	1340
WDAE	1220	WTAQ	1330
WDBJ	930	WTAR	780
WDBO	1120	WTOC	1260
WDOD	1280	WWVA	1160
WDRC	1330	WXYZ	1240
WDSU	1250	W2XE	6120
WEAN	780		
W3XAU	6060—9590		

MR. BONES AND COMPANY—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
6:30 p.m.	5:30	4:30	3:30
WEAF	WTIC	WTAG	WENR
WJAR	WFI	WFBR	WRC
WGY	WCAE	WSAI	WIBO
CKGW	WOC	WHO	WOW
WWNC	WIS	WIOD	WSM
WJDX	KPO	KECA	

THE POLITICAL SITUATION IN WASHINGTON TONIGHT — Frederic William Wile

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:00 p.m.	6:00	5:00	4:00
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WGR	WLBZ	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WORC	WCAU
W3XAU	WHP	WJAS	WLBW
WMAL	WTAR	WDBJ	WWVA
WADC	WQAM	WDBO	WDAE
WXYZ	WBCM	WSPD	WLAP
WDOD	WREC	WLAC	WDSU
WISN	WTAQ	WGL	WFBM
WMT	KMOX	KLRA	WNAX
KOIL	KFH	KFJF	KTSA
WACO	KOH	KVOR	KVI
KFPY	KDYL		

LAWS THAT SAFEGUARD SOCIETY —Gleason L. Archer

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:15 p.m.	6:15	5:15	4:15
WEAF	WJAR	WTAG	WFI
WGY	WBEN	WOC	WHO
WEBC	KOA	WEBA	KTAR
WTIC	WJDX	WDAY	WENR
WOW	WCAE	WTAM	WSAI
WFYR	WAPI	KTHS	KPRC
KFSD			

BENRUS PROGRAM—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:30 p.m.	6:30	5:30	4:30
WJZ			

HOLLYWOOD NIGHTS—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:45 p.m.	6:45	5:45	4:45
WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	KDKA	WGAR	WJR
WCKY	WMAQ	KWK	WREN

NATIONAL ADVISORY COUNCIL ON RADIO IN EDUCATION—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:30 p.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30
WEAF	WTIC	WGY	KSD
WDAF	WJAR	WWJ	WHO
WTAG	WCSH	WFI	WEEI
WFBR	WRC	WBEN	WCAE
WTAM	WOC	WTMJ	WIBA
WEBC	WKAY	KFYR	WRVA
WWNC	WIS	WJAX	WIOD
WFLA	WHAS	WSM	WSMB
WJDX	KPRC	WOAI	KSL
KGO	KGW	KOMO	KHQ
KTAR	KFSD	WJDX	WDAY
KFYR	WIOD	WEEI	WFBR
KYW	WOW	WKY	KOA

GOODYEAR PROGRAM — Arthur Pryor and His Orchestra

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WEAF	WTIC	WTAG	WEEI
WJAR	WCSH	WFI	WFBR
WRC	WGY	WBEN	WCAE
WTAM	WWJ	WSAI	KYW
KSD	WOC	WHO	WOW
WDAF	WTMJ	WIBA	KSTP
WEBC	WDAY	KFYR	WRVA
WWNC	WIS	WJAX	WIOD
WFLA	WHAS	WMC	WSB
WAPI	WSMB	WJDX	WBAP
KPRC	WOAI	WKY	KOA
KSL	KGO	KGW	KOMO
KHQ	KFSD	KTAR	

CHICAGO CIVIC OPERA—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	WGAR	WCKY	WLS
KWK	WREN	CKGW	CFCF

THE FIRST NIGHTER—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	KDKA	WGAR	WJR
WLW	KYW	KWK	WREN
WTMJ	KSTP	WEBC	WDAY
KFYR	KOA	KSL	KGO
KFI	KGW	KOMO	KHQ
KFSD	KTAR		

Television

2000–2100 kc. band

W2XCR.....New York, N. Y.
Jenkins Television Corp.
48 lines per picture—5000 w.
W3XK.....Wheaton, Md.
Jenkins Laboratories
48 lines per picture—5000 w.
W2XCD.....Passaic, N. J.
DeForest Radio Corp.
48 lines per picture—5000 w.
W2XBU.....Beacon, N. Y.
Harold E. Smith
48 lines per picture—100 w.
W9XAO.....Chicago, Ill.
Western Television Corp.
45 lines per picture—500 w.
W2XAP.....Portable
Jenkins Television Corp.
48 lines per picture—250 w.

2100–2200 kc. band

W3XAD.....Camden, N. J.
RCA Victor Co.
60 lines per picture—500 w.
W2XBS.....New York, N. Y.
National Broadcasting Co.
60 lines per picture—5000 w.
W2XCW.....Schenectady, N. Y.
General Electric Co.
— lines per picture—20,000 w.
W8XAV.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
Westinghouse Electric Co
60 lines per picture—20,000 w.
W2XR.....Long Island City, N. Y.
Radio Pictures, Inc.
48 lines per picture—500 w.
W9XAP.....Chicago, Ill.
Chicago Daily News
45 lines per picture—1000 w.
W3XAK.....Bound Brook, N. J.
National Broadcasting Co.
60 lines per picture—5000 w.

2750–2850 kc. band

W2XAB.....New York, N. Y.
Columbia Broadcasting System
60 lines per picture—500 w
W9XAA.....Chicago, Ill.
Chicago Federation of Labor
48 lines per picture—1000 w
W9XG.....West Lafayette, Ind
Purdue University—1500 w
W2XBO.....Long Island City, N. Y.
United Research Corp.—500 w

2850–2950 kc. band

W1XAV.....Boston, Mass
Shortwave & Television Lab.
48 lines per picture—500 w
W9XR.....Downer's Grove, Ill
Great Lakes Broadcasting Co.
24 lines per picture—500 w
W2XR.....Long Island City, N. Y.
Radio Pictures Inc
48 lines per picture—500 w.
W6XK.....Los Angeles, Cal.
Don Lee, Inc
— lines per picture—500 w.

43,000–44,000 keys

W9XD (CP-S).....Milwaukee, Wis.
The Milwaukee Journal—500 w

43,000–46,000; 48,500–50,300; 60,000–80,000 keys

W3XAD.....Camden, N. J.
RCA Victor Co.—50 w.
W2XB2.....New York City, N. Y.
National Broadcasting Co—750 w
W1XAV (CP).....Boston, Mass
Short Wave & Television Laboratories—50 w.

Stations Alphabetically Listed

The following list of stations has been corrected from the latest authentic sources. However, station managers are invited to report any inaccuracies.—EDITOR

K

KABC.....San Antonio, Tex. 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KARK.....Little Rock, Ark. 250 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
KBPS.....Portland, Ore. 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KBTM.....Paragould, Ark. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
KCRC.....Enid, Okla. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m. 250 w. until local sunset.
KCRJ.....Jerome, Ariz. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KDB.....Santa Barbara, Calif. 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
KDFN.....Casper, Wyo. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
KDKA.....Pittsburgh, Pa. 50,000 w.—980 kc.—305.9 m.
KDLR.....Devils Lake, N. D. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
KDYL....Salt Lake City, Utah 1000 w.—1290 kc.—232.4 m.
KECA.....Los Angeles, Calif. 1000 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.
KELW.....Burbank, Calif. 500 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.
KEX.....Portland, Ore. 5000 w.—1180 kc.—254.1 m.
KFAB.....Lincoln, Nebr. 25,000 w.—770 kc.—389.4 m.
KFBB.....Great Falls, Mont. 2500 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.
KFBI.....Milford, Kans. 5000 w.—1050 kc.—285.5 m.
KFBK.....Sacramento, Calif. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KFBL.....Everett, Wash. 50 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
KFDM.....Beaumont, Texas 500 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m. 1000 w. until local sunset.
KFDY.....Brookings, S. D. 500 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m. 1000 w. until local sunset.
KFEL.....Denver, Colo. 500 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.
KFEQ.....St. Joseph, Mo. 2500 w.—680 kc.—440.9 m.
KFGQ.....Boone, Iowa 100 w.—1310 kc.—229 m.
KFH.....Wichita, Kans. 1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
KFI.....Los Angeles, Calif. 50,000 w.—640 kc.—468.5 m.
KFIO.....Spokane, Wash. 100 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
KFIU.....Juneau, Alaska 10 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KFIZ.....Fond du Lac, Wis. 100 w.—1120 kc.—267.9 m.
KFJB.....Marshalltown, Iowa 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m. 250 w. until local sunset.
KFJF.....Oklahoma City, Okla. 5000 w.—1480 kc.—202.6 m.
KFJI.....Astoria, Ore. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
KFJM.....Grand Forks, N. D. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
KFJR.....Portland, Ore. 500 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
KFJY.....Fort Dodge, Iowa 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KFJZ.....Fort Worth, Texas 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
KFKA.....Greeley, Colo. 500 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m. 1000 w. until local sunset.
KFKU.....Lawrence, Kans. 500 w.—1220 kc.—245.8 m.
KFKX.....Chicago, Ill. 10,000 w.—1020 kc.—293.9 m.
KFLV.....Rockford, Ill. 500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
KFLX.....Galveston, Texas 100 w.—1370kc.—218.7 m.
KFMX.....Northfield, Minn. 1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
KFNF.....Shenandoah, Iowa 500 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m. 1000 w. until local sunset.
KFOR.....Lincoln, Nebr. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m. 250 w. until local sunset.
KFOX.....Long Beach, Calif. 1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m
KFPL.....Dublin, Texas 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KFPM.....Greenville, Texas 15 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KFPW.....Fort Smith, Ark. 50 w.—1340 kc.—223.7 m.
KFPY.....Spokane, Wash. 1000 w.—1340 kc.—223.7 m.
KFQD.....Anchorage, Alaska 100 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
KFQU.....Holy City, Calif. 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KFRC.....San Francisco, Calif. 1000 w.—610 kc.—419.5 m.
KFRU.....Columbia, Mo. 500 w.—630 kc.—475.9 m.
KFSD.....San Diego, Calif. 500 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m. 1000 w. until local sunset.
KFSG.....Los Angeles, Calif. 500 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
KFUL.....Galveston, Texas 500 w.—1290 kc.—232.4 m.
KFUO.....St. Louis, Mo. 500 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m. 1000 w. until L. S.
KFUP.....Denver, Colo. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KFVD.....Culver City, Calif. 250 w.—1000 kc.—299.8 m.
KFVS.....Cape Girardeau, Mo. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
KFWB.....Hollywood, Calif. 1000 w.—950 kc.—316 m.
KFWF.....St. Louis, Mo. 100 w.—1200 kc.—250 m.
KFWI.....San Francisco, Calif. 500 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.
KFXD.....Nampah, Idaho 50 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KFXF.....Denver, Colo. 500 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.
KFXJ....Grand Junction, Colo. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KFXM.San Bernardino, Calif. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
KFXR....Oklahoma City, Okla. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m. 250 w. until local sunset.
KFXY.....Flagstaff, Ariz. 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KFYO.....Abilene, Texas 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m. 250 w. until local sunset.
KFYR.....Bismarck, N. D. 1000 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m. 2500 until local sunset.
KGA.....Spokane, Wash. 5000 w.—1470 kc.—204 m.
KGAR.....Tucson, Ariz. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m. 250 w.—KGAR until L. S.
KGB.....San Diego, Calif. 500 w.—1330 kc.—225.4 m.
KGBU.....Ketchikan, Alaska 500 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
KGBX.....St. Joseph, Mo. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KGBZ.....York, Nebr. 500 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m. 1000 w. until local sunset.
KGCA.....Decorah, Iowa 50 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
KGCR.....Watertown, S. D. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
KGCU.....Mandan, N. D. 100 w.—1240 kc.—241.8 m.
KGCX.....Wolf Point, Mont. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m. 250 w. until local sunset.
KGDA.....Mitchell, S. D. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
KGDE.....Fergus Falls, Minn. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m. 250 w. until local sunset.
KGDM.....Stockton, Calif. 250 w.—1100 kc.—272.6 m.
KGDY.....Huron, S. C. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
KGEF.....Los Angeles, Calif. 1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
KGEK.....Yuma, Colo. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
KGER.....Long Beach, Calif. 1000 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
KGEW.....Fort Morgan, Colo. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
KGEZ.....Kalispell, Mont. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KGFF.....Shawnee, Okla. 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KGFG....Oklahoma City, Okla. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
KGFI.....Corpus Christi, Texas 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m. 250 w. until local sunset.
KGFJ.....Los Angeles, Calif. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
KGFK.....Moorehead, Minn. 50 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
KGFL.....Raton, N. M. 50 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
KGFW.....Ravenna, Nebr. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KGFX.....Pierre, S. D. 200 w.—580 kc.—516.9 m.
KGGC....San Francisco, Calif. 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KGGF..South Coffeyville, Okla. 500 w.—1010 kc.—296.8 m.
KGGM.....Albuquerque, N. M. 250 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m. 500 w. until local sunset.
KGHF.....Pueblo, Colo. 250 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m. 500 w. until local sunset.
KGHI.....Little Rock, Ark. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
KGHL.....Billings, Mont. 1000 w.—950 kc.—315.6 m.
KGIR.....Butte, Mont. 500 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
KGIW.....Trinidad, Colo. 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KGIX.....Las Vegas, Nev. 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KGIZ.....Grant City, Mo. 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
KGKB.....Brownwood, Texas 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
KGKL.....San Angelo, Texas 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
KGKO.....Wichita Falls, Texas 250 w.—570 kc.—526 m. 500 w. until local sunset.
KGKX.....Sandpoint, Idaho 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KGKY.....Scottsbluff, Nebr. 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
KGMB.....Honolulu, Hawaii 500 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.
KGMP.....Elk City, Okla. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.9 m.
KGNF.....North Platte, Nebr. 500 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.
KGNO.....Dodge City, Kans. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
KGO.....San Francisco, Calif. 7500 w.—790 kc.—379.5 m.
KGRS.....Amarillo, Texas 1000 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
KGU.....Honolulu, Hawaii 1000 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
KGVO.....Missoula, Mont. 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KGW.....Portland, Ore. 1000 w.—620 kc.—483.6 m.
KGY.....Lacey, Wash. 10 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
KHJ.....Los Angeles, Calif. 1000 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
KHQ.....Spokane, Wash. 1000 w.—590 kc.—508.2 m. 2000 w. until local sunset.
KICK.....Red Oak, Iowa 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KID.....Idaho Falls, Idaho 250 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m. 500 w. until local sunset.
KIDO.....Boise, Idaho 1000 w.—1350 kc.—239.9 m.
KIT.....Yakima, Wash. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KJBS.....San Francisco, Calif. 100 w.—1070 kc.—280.2 m.
KJR.....Seattle, Wash. 5000 w.—970 kc.—309.1 m.
KLCN.....Blytheville, Ark. 50 w.—1290 kc.—232.4 m.
KLO.....Ogden, Utah 500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
KLPM.....Minot, N. D. 250 w.—1240 kc.—241.9 m.
KLRA.....Little Rock, Ark. 1000 w.—1390 kc.—215.7 m.
KLS.....Oakland, Calif 250 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
KLX.....Oakland, Calif. 500 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.
KLZ.....Denver, Colo. 1000 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
KMA.....Shenandoah, Iowa 500 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m. 1000 w. until local sunset.
KMAC.....San Antonio, Texas 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
KMBC.....Kansas City, Mo. 1000 w.—950 kc.—315.6 m.
KMCS.....Los Angeles, Calif. 500 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
KMED.....Medford, Oregon 100 w.—1310 kc.—229 m.
KMJ.....Fresno, Calif. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
KMLB.....Monroe, La. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
KMMJ.....Clay Center, Nebr. 1000 w.—740 kc.—405.2 m.
KMO.....Tacoma, Wash. 500 w.—860 kc.—348.6 m.
KMOX.....St. Louis, Mo. 50,000 w.—1090 kc.—275.1 m.
KMPC.....Beverly Hills, Calif. 500 w.—710 kc.—422.3 m.
KMTR.....Los Angeles, Calif. 500 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
KNX.....Hollywood, Calif. 50,000 w.—1050 kc.—285.5 m.
KOA.....Denver, Colo. 50,000 w.—830 kc.—361.2 m.
KOAC.....Corvallis, Ore. 1000 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.
KOB.....State College, N. M. 20,000 w.—1180 kc.—254.1 m.
KOCW.....Chickasha, Okla. 250 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m. 500 w. until local sunset.
KOH.....Reno, Nev. 500 w.—1380 kc.—217.3 m.
KOIL.....Council Bluffs, Iowa 1000 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.
KOIN.....Portland, Ore. 1000 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
KOL.....Seattle, Wash. 1000 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
KOMO.....Seattle, Wash. 1000 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.
KONO.....San Antonio, Texas 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
KOOS.....Marshfield, Ore. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
KORE.....Eugene, Ore. 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KOY.....Phoenix, Ariz. 500 w.—1390 kc.—215.7 m.
KPCB.....Seattle, Wash. 100 w.—650 kc.—461.3 m.
KPJM.....Prescott, Ariz. 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
KPO.....San Francisco, Calif. 50,000 w.—680 kc.—440.9 m.
KPOF.....Denver, Colo. 500 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.
KPPC.....Pasadena, Calif. 50 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
KPQ.....Wenatchee, Wash. 50 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
KPRC.....Houston, Texas 1000 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m. 2500 w. until local sunset.
KQV.....Pittsburgh, Pa. 500 w.—1380 kc.—217.3 m.
KQW.....San Jose, Calif. 500 w.—1010 kc.—296.8 m.
KRE.....Berkeley, Calif. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
KREG.....Santa Ana, Calif. 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
KRGV.....Harlingen, Texas 500 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.
KRLD.....Dallas, Texas 10,000 w.—1040 kc.—288.3 m.
KRMD.....Shreveport, La. 50 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KROW.....Oakland, Calif. 500 w.—930 kc.—322.4. 1000 w.—KROW until L. S.
KRSC.....Seattle, Wash. 50 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
KSAC.....Manhattan, Kans. 500 w.—580 kc.—516.9 m. 1000 w. until local sunset.
KSCJ.....Sioux City, Iowa 1000 w.—1330 kc.—225.4 m. 2500 w. until local sunset.
KSD.....St. Louis, Mo. 500 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.
KSEI.....Pocatello, Idaho 250 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
KSL.....Salt Lake City, Utah 50,000 w.—1130 kc.—265.3 m.
KSMR.....Santa Maria, Calif. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
KSO.....Clarinda, Iowa 500 w.—1380 kc.—217.3 m.
KSOO.....Sioux Falls, S. D. 2500 w.—1110 kc.—270.3 m.
KSTP.....St. Paul, Minn. 10,000 w.—1460 kc.—205.4 m.
KTAB.....San Francisco, Calif. 1000 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
KTAR.....Phoenix, Ariz. 500 w.—620 kc.—483.6 m. 1000 w. until local sunset.
KTAT.....Fort Worth, Texas 1000 w.—1240 kc.—241.8 m.
KTBR.....Portland, Ore. 500 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
KTBS.....Shreveport, La. 1000 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
KTFI.....Twin Falls, Idaho 250 w.—1320 kc.—227.3 m. 500 w. until local sunset.
KTHS....Hot Springs National Park, Ark. 10,000 w.—1040 kc.—288.3 m.
KTLC.....Houston, Texas 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KTM.....Los Angeles, Calif. 500 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m. 1000 w. until local sunset.
KTNT.....Muscatine, Iowa 5000 w.—1170 kc.—256.3 m.
KTRH.....Houston, Texas 500 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
KTSA.....San Antonio, Texas 1000 w.—1290 kc.—232.4 m. 2500 w. until local sunset.
KTSM.....El Paso, Texas 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KTW.....Seattle, Wash. 1000 w.—1220 kc.—245.8 m.
KUJ.....Walla Walla, Wash. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
KUOA.....Fayetteville, Ark. 1000 w.—1390 kc.—215.7 m.
KUSD.....Vermillion, S. D. 500 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m. 750 w. until local sunset.
KUT.....Austin, Texas 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
KVI.....Tacoma, Wash. 1000 w.—760 kc.—394.5 m.
KVL.....Seattle, Wash. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
KVOA.....Tucson, Ariz. 500 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.
KVOO.....Tulsa, Okla. 25,000 w.—1140 kc.—263 m.
KVOR....Colorado Springs, Col. 1000 w.—1270 kc.—236.2 m.
KVOS.....Bellingham, Wash. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
KWCR.....Cedar Rapids, Iowa 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KWEA.....Shreveport, La. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
KWG.....Stockton, Calif. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
KWJJ.....Portland, Ore. 500 w.—1060 kc.—282.8 m.
KWK.....St. Louis, Mo. 1000 w.—1350 kc.—222.1 m.
KWKC.....Kansas City, Mo. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
KWKH.....Shreveport, La. 10,000 w.—850 kc.—352.7 m.
KWLC.....Decorah, Iowa 100 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
KWSC.....Pullman, Wash. 1000 w.—1220 kc.—245.8 m. 2000 w. until local sunset
KWWG.....Brownsville, Texas 500 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.
KXA.....Seattle, Wash. 500 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
KXL.....Portland, Ore. 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KXO.....El Centro, Calif. 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
KXRO.....Aberdeen, Wash. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KXYZ.....Houston, Texas 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KYA.....San Francisco, Calif. 1000 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
KYW.....Chicago, Ill. 10,000 w.—1020 kc.—293.9 m.

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☐ Broadcast Station or Studio ☐ Disc and Film Recording
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Name _____

Address _____

Occupation _____ *Age* _____

W

WAAB.....Boston, Mass.
500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
WAAF.....Chicago, Ill.
500 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.
WAAM.....Newark, N. J.
1000 w.—1250 kc.—240 m.
2000 w. until local sunset.
WAAT.....Jersey City, N. J.
300 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
WAAW.....Omaha, Nebr.
500 w.—660 kc.—454.3 m.
WABC.....New York City
50,000 w.—860 kc.—348.6 m.
WABI.....Bangor, Me.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WABZ.....New Orleans, La.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WACO.....Waco, Texas
1000 w.—1240 kc.—241.8 m.
WADC.....Tallmadge, Ohio
1000 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.
WAGM.....Presque Isle, Me.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.3 m.
WAIU.....Columbus, Ohio
500 w.—640 kc.—468.5 m.
WALR.....Zanesville, Ohio
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WAPI.....Birmingham, Ala.
25,000 w.—1140 kc.—263 m.
WASH....Grand Rapids, Mich.
500 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
WAWZ.....Zarepath, N. J.
250 w.—1350 kc.—222.1 m.
WBAA.....W. Lafayette, Ind.
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
1000 w. until local sunset.
WBAK.....Harrisburg, Pa.
500 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.
1000 w. until local sunset.
WBAL.....Baltimore, Md.
10,000 w.—1060 kc.—282.8 m.
WBAP.....Fort Worth, Texas
50,000 w.—800 kc.—374.8 m.
WBAX.....Wilkes Barre, Pa.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WBBC.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
WBBL.....Richmond, Va.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WBBM-WJBT.....Chicago, Ill.
25,000 w.—770 kc.—389.4 m.
WBBR.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
WBBZ.....Ponca City, Okla.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WBCM.....Bay City, Mich.
500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
WBEN.....Buffalo, N. Y.
1000 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
WBEO.....Marquette, Mich.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WBGF.....Glens Falls, N. Y.
50 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
WBIG.....Greensboro, N. C.
1000 w.—1440 kc.—208.3 m.
WBIS.....Quincy, Mass.
1000 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
WBMS.....Hackensack, N. J.
250 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
WBNX.....New York, N. Y.
250 w.—1350 kc.—222.1 m.
WBOQ.....New York, N. Y.
50,000 w.—860 kc.—348.6 m.
WBOW.....Terre Haute, Ind.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WBRC.....Birmingham, Ala.
500 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.
1000 w. until local sunset.
WBRE.....Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WBSO.....Needham, Mass.
500 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.
WBT.....Charlotte, N. C.
25,000 w.—1080 kc.—277.6 m.
WBTM.....Danville, Va.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
WBZ.....Boston, Mass.
25,000 w.—990 kc.—302.8 m.
WBZA.....Springfield, Mass.
1000 w.—990 kc.—302.8 m.
WCAC.....Storrs, Conn.
250 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.
WCAD.....Canton, N. Y.
500 w.—1220 kc.—245.8 m.
WCAE.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
1000 w.—1220 kc.—245.8 m.
WCAH.....Columbus, Ohio
500 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.
WCAJ.....Lincoln, Nebr.
500 w.—590 kc.—508.2 m.
WCAL.....Northfield, Minn.
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
WCAM.....Camden, N. J.
500 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.
WCAO.....Baltimore, Md.
250 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.
WCAP.....Asbury Park, N. J.
500 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.
WCAT.....Rapid City, S. D.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WCAU.....Philadelphia, Pa.
50,000 w.—1170 kc.—256.3 m.
WCAX.....Burlington, Vt.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WCAZ.....Carthage, Ill.
50 w.—1070 kc.—280.2 m.
WCBA.....Allentown, Pa.
250 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
WCBD.....Zion, Ill.
5000 w.—1080 kc.—277.6 m.
WCBM.....Baltimore, Md.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
250 w. until local sunset.
WCBS.....Springfield, Ill.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WCCO.....Minneapolis, Minn.
50,000 w.—810 kc.—370.2 m.
WCDA.....New York City
250 w.—1350 kc.—222.1 m.
WCFL.....Chicago, Ill.
1500 w.—970 kc.—309.1 m.
WCGU.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
WCHI.....Chicago, Ill.
5000 w.—1490 kc.—201.2 m.
WCKY.....Covington, Ky.
5000 w.—1490 kc.—201.2 m.
WCLO.....Janesville, Wis.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WCLS.....Joliet, Ill.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WCMA.....Culver, Ind.
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
WCOA.....Pensacola, Fla.
500 w.—1340 kc.—223.7 m.
WCOC.....Meridian, Miss.
500 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.
1000 w. until local sunset.
WCOD.....Harrisburg, Pa.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WCOH.....Yonkers, N. Y.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WCRW.....Chicago, Ill.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WCSC.....Charlestown, S. C.
500 w.—1360 kc.—220.6 m.
WCSH.....Portland, Me.
1000 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
WDAE.....Tampa, Fla.
1000 w.—1220 kc.—245.8 m.
WDAF.....Kansas City, Mo.
1000 w.—610 kc.—491.5 m.
WDAG.....Amarillo, Texas
1000 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
WDAH.....El Paso, Texas
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WDAY.....Fargo, N. D.
1000 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
WDBJ.....Roanoke, Va.
250 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.
500 w. until local sunset.
WDBO.....Orlando, Fla.
500 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
1000 w. until local sunset.
WDEL.....Wilmington, Dela.
250 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
500 w. until local sunset.
WDEV.....Waterbury, Vt.
50 w.—1420 kc.—211.3 m.
WDGY.....Minneapolis, Minn.
1000 w.—1180 kc.—254.1 m.
WDIX.....Tupelo, Miss.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WDOD.....Chattanooga, Tenn.
1000 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.
2500 w. until local sunset.
WDRC.....Hartford, Conn.
500 w.—1330 kc.—225.4 m.
WDSU.....New Orleans, La.
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
WDZ.....Tuscola, Ill.
100 w.—1070 kc.—280.2 m.
WEAF.....New York, N. Y.
50,000 w.—660 kc.—454.3 m.
WEAI.....Ithaca, N. Y.
1000 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
WEAN.....Providence, R. I.
250 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.
500 w. until local sunset.
WEAO.....Columbus, Ohio
750 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
WEBC.....Superior, Wis.
1000 w.—1290 kc.—232.4 m.
2500 w. until local sunset.
WEBQ.....Harrisburg, Ill.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.9 m.
WEBR.....Buffalo, N. Y.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
200 w. until local sunset.
WEDC.....Chicago, Ill.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WEDH.....Erie, Pa.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WEEI.....Boston, Mass.
1000 w.—590 kc.—508.2 m.
WEEU.....Reading, Pa.
1000 w.—830 kc.—361.2 m.
WEHC.....Emory, Va.
500 w.—1350 kc.—222.1 m.
WEHS.....Evanston, Ill.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WELK.....Philadelphia, Pa.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
250 w. until local sunset.
WELL.....Battle Creek, Mich.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WENR.....Chicago, Ill.
50,000 w.—870 kc.—344.6 m.
WEPS.....Worcester, Mass.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WEVD.....New York City
500 w.—1300 kc.—230.8 m.
WEW.....St. Louis, Mo.
1000 w.—760 kc.—394.5 m.
WEXL.....Royal Oak, Mich.
50 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WFAA.....Dallas, Texas
50,000 w.—800 kc.—374.8 m.
WFAM.....South Bend, Ind.
100 w.—1200 kc.—250 m.
WFAN.....Philadelphia, Pa.
500 w.—610 kc.—491.5 m.
WFBC.....Knoxville, Tenn.
50 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WFBE.....Cincinnati, Ohio
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset.
WFBG.....Altoona, Pa.
100 w.—1310 kc.—229 m.
WFBL.....Syracuse, N. Y.
1000 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
2500 w. until local sunset.
WFBM.....Indianapolis, Ind.
1000 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
WFBR.....Baltimore, Md.
500 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
WFDF.....Flint, Mich.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WFDV.....Rome, Ga.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
WFDW.....Anniston, Ala.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WFEA.....Manchester, N. H.
500 w.—1430 kc.—209.8 m.
WFGB.....Altoona, Pa.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WFI.....Philadelphia, Pa.
500 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
WFIW.....Hopkinsville, Ky.
1000 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
WFLA-WSUN..Clearwater, Fla.
1000 w.—620 kc.—483.6 m.
2500 w. until local sunset.
WFOX.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
WGAL.....Lancaster, Pa.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WGAR.....Cleveland, Ohio
500 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
WGBB.....Freeport, N. Y.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WGBC.....Memphis, Tenn.
500 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.
WGBF.....Evansville, Ind.
500 w.—630 kc.—475.9 m.
WGBI.....Scranton, Pa.
250 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.
WGBS.....New York City
500 w.—1180 kc.—254.2 m.
WGCM.....Gulfport, Miss.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.9 m.
WGCP.....Newark, N. J.
250 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
WGEO.....York, Pa.
1000 w.—1000 kc.—299.8 m.
WGES.....Chicago, Ill.
500 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
1000 w. until local sunset.
WGH.....Newport News, Va.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WGL.....Fort Wayne, Ind.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
WGN.....Chicago, Ill.
25,000 w.—720 kc.—416.4 m.
WGR.....Buffalo, N. Y.
1000 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.
WGST.....Atlanta, Ga.
250 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
500 w. until local sunset.
WGY.....Schenectady, N. Y.
50,000 w.—790 kc.—379.5 m.
WHA.....Madison, Wis.
750 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
WHAD.....Milwaukee, Wis.
250 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
WHAM.....Rochester, N. Y.
50,000 w.—1150 kc.—260.7 m.
WHAP.....New York City
1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.8 m.
WHAS.....Louisville, Ky.
25,000 w.—820 kc.—365.6 m.
WHAT.....Philadelphia, Pa.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WHAZ.....Troy, N. Y.
500 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
WHB.....Kansas City, Mo.
500 w.—860 kc.—348.6 m.
WHBC.....Canton, Ohio
10 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WHBD.....Bellefontaine, Ohio
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
WHBF.....Rock Island, Ill.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WHBL.....Sheboygan, Wis.
500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
WHBQ.....Memphis, Tenn.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
WHBU.....Anderson, Ind.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WHBY.....Green Bay, Wis.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WHDF.....Calumet, Mich.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
250 w. until local sunset.
WHDH.....Boston, Mass.
1000 w.—830 kc.—361.2 m.
WHDL.....Tupper Lake, N. Y.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.3 m.
WHEC-WABO.Rochester, N. Y.
500 w.—1440 kc.—208.3 m.
WHFC.....Cicero, Ill.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WHIS.....Bluefield, W. Va.
250 w.—1410 kc.—212.8 m.
WHK.....Cleveland, Ohio
1000 w.—1390 kc.—215.7 m.
WHN.....New York, N. Y.
250 w.—1010 kc.—296.8 m.
WHO.....Des Moines, Ia.
50,000 w.—1000 kc.—299.8 m.
WHOM.....Jersey City, N. J.
250 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
WHP.....Harrisburg, Pa.
500 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.
1000 w. until local sunset.
WIAS.....Ottumwa, Iowa
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WIBA.....Madison, Wis.
500 w.—1280 kc.—234.4 m.
1000 w. until local sunset.
WIBG.....Elkins Park, Pa.
25 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.
WIBM.....Jackson, Mich.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
WIBO.....Chicago, Ill.
1000 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
1500 w. until local sunset.
WIBU.....Poynette, Wis.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WIBW.....Topeka, Kansas
1000 w.—580 kc.—516.9 m.
WIBX.....Utica, N. Y.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
300 w. until local sunset.
WICC.....Bridgeport, Conn.
250 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.
500 w. until local sunset.
WIL.....St. Louis, Mo.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset.
WILL.....Urbana, Ill.
250 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
500 w. until local sunset.
WILM.....Wilmington, Del.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WIOD.....Miami Beach, Fla.
1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
WIP.....Philadelphia, Pa.
500 w.—610 kc.—491.5 m.
WIS.....Columbia, S. C.
500 w.—1010 kc.—296.8 m.
1000 w. until local sunset.
WISN..... Milwaukee, Wis.
250 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
WJAC.....Johnstown, Pa.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WJAG.....Norfolk, Nebr.
1000 w.—1060 kc.—282.8 m.
WJAK.....Elkhart, Ind.
50 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WJAR.....Providence, R. I.
250 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
400 w. until local sunset.
WJAS.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
1000 w.—1290 kc.—232.4 m.
2500 w. until local sunset.
WJAX.....Jacksonville, Fla.
1000 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
WJAY.....Cleveland, Ohio
500 w.—610 kc.—491.5 m.
WJBC.....La Salle, Ill.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WJBI.....Red Bank, N. J.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WJBK...Highland Park, Mich.
50 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
WJBL.....Decatur, Ill.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WJBO.....New Orleans, La.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WJBT-WBBM....Glenview, Ill.
25,000 w.—770 kc.—389.4 m.
WJBU.....Lewisburg, Pa.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WJBW.....New Orleans, La.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WJBY.....Gadsden, Ala.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WJDX.....Jackson, Miss.
1000 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
WJJD.....Mooseheart, Ill.
20,000 w.—1130 kc.—265.3 m.
WJKS.....Gary, Ind.
1000 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
1250 w. until local sunset.
WJR.....Detroit, Mich.
10,000 w.—750 kc.—399.8 m.
WJSV...Mt. Vernon Hills, Va.
10,000 w.—1460 kc.—205.4 m.
WJTL...Oglethorpe University,
100 w.—1370 kc.—219 m. [Ga.
WJW.....Mansfield, Ohio
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WJZ.....New York City
30,000 w.—760 kc.—394.5 m.
WKAQ.....San Juan, P. R.
500 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
WKAR.....E. Lansing, Mich.
1000 w.—1040 kc.—288.3 m.
WKAV.....Laconia, N. H.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WKBB.....Joliet, Ill.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WKBC.....Birmingham, Ala.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WKBF.....Indianapolis, Ind.
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
WKBH.....La Crosse, Wis.
1000 w.—1380 kc.—217.3 m.
WKBI.....Chicago, Ill.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.3 m.
WKBN.....Youngstown, Ohio
500 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
WKBO.....Jersey City, N. J.
250 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
WKBS.....Galesburg, Ill.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WKBV.....Connersville, Ind.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WKBW.....Buffalo, N. Y.
5000 w.—1480 kc.—202.6 m.
WKBZ.....Ludington, Mich.
50 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WKJC.....Lancaster, Pa.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WKRC.....Cincinnati, Ohio
1000 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.
WKY.....Oklahoma City, Okla.
1000 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
WKZO..Berrien Springs, Mich.
1000 w.—590 kc.—508.2 m.
WLAC.....Nashville, Tenn.
5000 w.—1470 kc.—204 m.
WLAP.....Louisville, Ky.
100 w.—1200 kc.—250 m.
250 w. until local sunset.
WLB.....Minneapolis, Minn.
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
WLBC.....Muncie, Ind.
50 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WLBF.....Kansas City, Kans.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WLBG.....Petersburg, Va.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset.
WLBL....Stevens Point, Wis.
2000 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
WLBW.....Oil City, Pa.
500 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.
1000 w. until local sunset.
WLBX.....L. I. City, N. Y.
1000 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WLBZ.....Bangor, Me.
500 w.—620 kc.—483.6 m.
WLCI.....Ithaca, N. Y.
50 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WLEY..... Lexington, Mass.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
250 w. until local sunset.
WLIT.....Philadelphia, Pa.
500 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
WLOE.....Boston, Mass.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset.
WLS.....Chicago, Ill.
50,000 w.—870 kc.—344.6 m.
WLTH.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
WLVA.....Lynchburg, Va.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
WLW.....Cincinnati, O.
50,000 w.—700 kc.—428.3 m.
WLWL.....New York City
5000 w.—1100 kc.—272.6 m.
WMAC.....Syracuse, N. Y.
250 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
WMAF....S. Dartmouth, Mass.
500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
WMAK.....Buffalo, N. Y.
1000 w.—1040 kc.—288.3 m.
WMAL.....Washington, D. C.
250 w.—630 kc.—475.9 m.
500 w. until local sunset.
WMAQ.....Chicago, Ill.
5000 w.—670 kc.—447.5 m.
WMAZ.....Macon, Ga.
500 w.—1180 kc.—254.1 m.
WMBA.....Newport, R. I.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WMBC.....Detroit, Mich.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
250 w. until local sunset.
WMBD.....Peoria Hts., Ill.
500 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
1000 w. until local sunset.
WMBG.....Richmond, Va.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WMBH.....Joplin, Mo.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
250 w. until local sunset.
WMBI.....Chicago, Ill.
5000 w.—1080 kc.—277.6 m.
WMBO.....Auburn, N. Y.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WMBQ.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WMBR.....Tampa, Fla.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
WMC.....Memphis, Tenn.
500 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.
1000 w. until local sunset.
WMCA.....New York City
500 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
WMIL.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
100 w.—1500 kc.—200 m.
WMMN.....Fairmont, W. Va.
250 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
500 w. until local sunset.

WMPC.....Lapeer, Mich.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WMRJ.....Jamaica, N. Y.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WMSG.....New York, N. Y.
250 w.—1360 kc.—222.1 m.
WMT.....Waterloo, Iowa
500 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.
WNAC.....Boston, Mass.
1000 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
WNAD.....Norman, Okla.
500 w.—1010 kc.—296.8 m.
WNAX.....Yankton, S. Dak.
1000 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
WNBF.....Binghamton, N. Y.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WNBH.....New Bedford, Mass.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WNBO.....Silver Haven, Pa.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WNBR.....Memphis, Tenn.
500 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.
WNBW.....Carbondale, Pa.
10 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WNBX.....Springfield, Vt.
10 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WNBZ....Saranac Lake, N. Y.
50 w.—1290 kc.—232.6 m.
WNJ.....Newark, N. J.
250 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
WNOX.....Knoxville, Tenn.
1000 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
2000 w. until local sunset.
WNYC.....New York, N. Y.
500 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
WOAI.....San Antonio, Tex.
50,000 w.—1190 kc.—252 m.
WOAX.....Trenton, N. J.
500 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.
WOBU....Charleston, W. Va.
250 w.—580 kc.—516.9 m.
500 w. until local sunset.
WOC.....Davenport, Iowa
5000 w.—1000 kc.—299.8 m.
WOCL.....Jamestown, N. Y.
50 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WODA.....Paterson, N. J.
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
WODX.....Mobile, Ala.
500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
WOI.....Ames, Iowa
5000 w.—640 kc.—468.5 m.
WOKO.....Albany, N. Y.
500 w.—1440 kc.—208.3 m.
WOL.....Washington, D. C.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WOMT.....Manitowoc, Wis.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WOOD.....Grand Rapids, Mich.
500 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
WOPI.....Bristol, Tenn.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WOQ.....Kansas City, Mo.
1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
WOR.....Newark, N. J.
50,000 w.—710 kc.—422.3 m.
WORC.....Worcester, Mass.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WOS.....Jefferson City, Mo.
500 w.—630 kc.—475.9 m.
WOV.....New York City
1000 w.—1130 kc.—265.3 m.
WOW.....Omaha, Nebr.
1000 w.—590 kc.—508.2 m.
WOWO.....Ft. Wayne, Ind.
10,000 w.—1160 kc.—258.5 m.
WPAD.....Paducah, Ky.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WPAP.....New York, N. Y.
250 w.—1010 kc.—297 m.
WPAW.....Pawtucket, R. I.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WPCC.....Chicago, Ill.
500 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
WPCH.....New York City
500 w.—810 kc.—370.2 m.
WPEN.....Philadelphia, Pa.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset.
WPG.....Atlantic City, N. J.
5000 w.—1100 kc.—272.6 m.
WPOE.....Patchogue, N. Y.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
WPOR.....Norfolk, Va.
500 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.
WPRO.....Providence, R. I.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.9 m.
WPSC.....State College, Pa.
500 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
WPTF.....Raleigh, N. C.
1000 w.—680 kc.—440.9 m.
WQAM.....Miami, Fla.
1000 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
WQAN.....Scranton, Pa.
250 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.
WQAO.....New York, N. Y.
250 w.—1010 kc.—297 m.
WQBC.....Vicksburg, Miss.
500 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
WQDM.....St. Albans, Vt.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
WQDX.....Thomasville, Ga.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WRAK.....Williamsport, Pa.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
WRAM.....Wilmington, N. C.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.

WRAX.....Philadelphia, Pa.
250 w.—1020 kc.—293.9 m.
WRAW.....Reading, Pa.
100 w.—1310 kc.—229 m.
WRBJ.....Hattiesburg, Miss.
10 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
WRBQ.....Greenville, Miss.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
250 w. until local sunset.
WRBX.....Roanoke, Va.
250 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
WRC.....Washington, D. C.
500 w.—950 kc.—315.6 m.
WRDO.....Augusta, Maine
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
WRDW.....Augusta, Ga.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WREC.....Memphis, Tenn.
500 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.
1000 w. until local sunset.
WREN.....Lawrence, Kans.
1000 w.—1220 kc.—245.8 m.
WRHM.....Minneapolis, Minn.
1000 w.—1250 kc.—240 m.
WRJN.....Racine, Wis.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
WRNY.....New York City
250 w.—1010 kc.—296.9 m.
WROL.....Knoxville, Tenn.
100 w.—1310 kc.—229 m.
WRR.....Dallas, Texas
500 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.
WRUF.....Gainesville, Fla.
5000 w.—830 kc.—361.2 m.
WRVA.....Richmond, Va.
5000 w.—1110 kc.—270.1 m.
WSAI.....Cincinnati, Ohio
500 w.—1330 kc.—225.4 m.
1000 w. until local sunset.
WSAJ.....Grove City, Pa.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WSAN.....Allentown, Pa.
250 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
WSAR.....Fall River, Mass.
250 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
WSAZ.....Huntington, W. Va.
250 w.—580 kc.—516.9 m.
WSB.....Atlanta, Ga.
50,000 w.—740 kc.—405.2 m.
WSBC.....Chicago, Ill.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WSBT.....South Bend, Ind.
500 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
WSEN.....Columbus, Ohio
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WSFA.....Montgomery, Ala.
500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
WSIX.....Springfield, Tenn.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WSJS...Winston-Salem, N. C.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WSM.....Nashville, Tenn.
50,000 w.—650 kc.—461.3 m.
WSMB.....New Orleans, La.
500 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.
WSMK.....Dayton, Ohio
200 w.—1380 kc.—217.3 m.
WSOC.....Gastonia, N. C.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WSPA.....Spartanburg, S. C.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
250 w. until local sunset.
WSPD.....Toledo, Ohio
1000 w.—1340 kc.—223.7 m.
WSUI.....Iowa City, Iowa
500 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.
WSUN-WFLA..Clearwater, Fla.
1000 w.—620 kc.—483.6 m.
2500 w. until local sunset.
WSVS.....Buffalo, N. Y.
50 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
WSYB.....Rutland, Vt.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WSYR.....Syracuse, N. Y.
250 w.—570 kc.—576 m.
WTAD.....Quincy, Ill.
500 w.—1440 kc.—208 m.
WTAG.....Worcester, Mass.
250 w.—580 kc.—516.9 m.
WTAM.....Cleveland, Ohio
50,000 w.—1070 kc.—280.2 m.
WTAQ.....Eau Claire, Wis.
1000 w.—1330 kc.—225.4 m.
WTAR.....Norfolk, Va.
500 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.
WTAW...College Station, Tex.
500 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
WTAX.....Springfield, Ill.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.9 m.
WTBO.....Cumberland, Md.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
250 w. until local sunset.
WTEL.....Philadelphia, Pa.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WTFI.....Toccoa, Ga.
500 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
WTIC.....Hartford, Conn.
50,000 w.—1060 kc.—282.8 m.
WTJS.....Jackson, Tenn.
100 w.—1310 kc.—229 m.
250 w. until local sunset.
WTMJ.....Milwaukee, Wis.
1000 w.—620 kc.—483.6 m.
2500 w. until local sunset.

WTOC.....Savannah, Ga.
500 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.
WTSL.....Laurel, Miss.
100 w.—1310 kc.—229 m.
WWAE.....Hammond, Ind.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WWJ.....Detroit, Mich.
1000 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.
WWL.....New Orleans, La.
5000 w.—850 kc.—352.7 m.
WWNC.....Asheville, N. C.
1000 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
WWRL.....Woodside, N. Y.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WWSW.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WWVA.....Wheeling, W. Va.
5000 w.—1160 kc.—258.5 m.
WXYZ.....Detroit, Mich.
1000 w.—1240 kc.—241.8 m.

Canada

CFAC-CNRC.....Calgary, Alta.
500 w.—690 kc.—435 m.
CFBO.....St. John, N. B.
500 w.—890 kc.—337 m.
CFCA-CNRT.....Toronto, Ont.
500 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
CFCF.....Montreal, P. Q.
500 w.—1030 kc.—291 m.
CFCH.....North Bay, Ont.
50 w.—930 kc.—322 m.
CFCL-CKCL-CKNC
Toronto, Ont.
500 w.—580 kc.—517 m.
CFCN.....Calgary, Alta.
10,000 w.—985 kc.—435 m.
CFCO.....Ottawa, Ont.
100 w.—890 kc.—337 m.
CKCR.....Waterloo, Ont.
50 w.—645 kc.—468.5 m.
CFCT.....Victoria, B. C.
50 w.—630 kc.—476 m.
CFCY...Charlottetown, P. E. I.
500 w.—580 kc.—516.9 m.
CFJC.....Kamloops, B. C.
15 w.—1120 kc.—268 m.
CFLC.....Prescott, Ont.
50 w.—1010 kc.—297 m.
CFNB.....Fredericton, N. B.
500 w.—1210 kc.—248 m.
CFQC-CNRS...Saskatoon, Sask.
500 w.—910 kc.—330 m.
CFRB-CNRX...King York Co., Ont.
4000 w.—960 kc.—313 m.
CFRC.....Kingston, Ont.
500 w.—930 kc.—323 m.
CHCK..Charlottetown, P. E. I.
100 w.—960 kc.—313 m.
CHCS.....Hamilton, Ont.
500 w.—630 kc.—475.9 m.
CHGS....Summerside, P. E. I.
100 w.—1120 kc.—268 m.
CHMA.....Edmonton, Alta.
250 w.—580 kc.—517 m.
CHML.....Hamilton, Ont.
50 w.—880 kc.—341 m.
CHNS-CNRH....Halifax, N. S.
500 w.—910 kc.—330 m.
CHRC.....Quebec, P. Q.
100 w.—880 kc.—341 m.
CHWC.....Regina, Sask.
500 w.—960 kc.—313 m.
CHWK.....Chilliwack, B. C.
100 w.—665 kc.—454.3 m.
CHYC.....Montreal
5000 w.—730 kc.—411 m.
CJCA.....Edmonton, Alta.
500 w.—930 kc.—323 m.
CJCB.....Sydney, N. S.
50 w.—880 kc.—341 m.
CJCJ.....Calgary, Alta.
500 w.—690 kc.—435 m.
CJGC-CNRL.....London, Ont.
5000 w.—910 kc.—330 m.
CJGX.....Yorkton, Sask.
500 w.—630 kc.—476 m.
CJOC.....Lethbridge, Alta.
100 w.—1120 kc.—268 m.
CJRM.....Moose Jaw, Sask.
500 w.—600 kc.—500 m.
CJRW.....Fleming, Sask.
500 w.—600 kc.—500 m.
CKAC-CHYC-CNRM
Montreal, Quebec
5000 w.—730 kc.—411 m.
CKCD-CHLS..Vancouver, B. C.
50 w.—730 kc.—411 m.
CKCI.....Quebec, P. Q.
100 w.—880 kc.—341 m.
CKCK-CJBR-CNRR
Regina, Sask.
500 w.—960 kc.—313 m.
CKCL.....Toronto, Ont.
500 w.—960 kc.—312.3 m.
CKCO.....Ottawa, Ont.
100 w.—890 kc.—337 m.
CKCR.....Waterloo, Ont.
50 w.—645 kc.—468.5 m.
CKCV-CNRQ.....Quebec, P. Q.
50 w.—880 kc.—341 m.
CKFC.....Vancouver, B. C.
50 w.—730 kc.—411 m.
CKIC.....Wolfville, N. S.
50 w.—1010 kc.—297 m.

CKGW-CPRY.....Ontario, Ont.
5000 w.—840 kc.—356.9 m.
CKLC-CHCT-CNRD
Red Deer, Alberta
1000 w.—840 kc.—357 m.
CKMC.....Cobalt, Ont.
100 w.—1210 kc.—248 m.
CKMO.....Vancouver, B. C.
50 w.—730 kc.—411 m.
CKNC.....Toronto, Ont.
500 w.—960 kc.—312.3 m.
CKOC.....Hamilton, Ont.
1000 w.—630 kc.—475.9 m.
CKPC.....Preston, Ont.
50 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.
CKPR.....Midland, Ont.
50 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
CKUA.....Edmonton, Alta.
500 w.—580 kc.—517 m.
CKWX.....Vancouver, B. C.
100 w.—730 kc.—411 m.
CKX.....Brandon, Manitoba
500 w.—540 kc.—555.6 m.
CKY-CNRW...Winnipeg, Man.
5000 w.—780 kc.—385 m.
CNRA.....Moncton, N. B.
500 w.—630 kc.—476 m.
CNRO.....Ottawa
500 w.—600 kc.—500 m.
CNRV.....Vancouver, B. C.
500 w.—1030 kc.—291 m.

Cuba

CMC..... Havana
500 w.—840 kc.—357 m.
CMBC..... Havana
150 w.—955 kc.—314 m.
CMBH..... Havana
30 w.—1500 kc.—200 m.
CMCD..... Havana
14 w.—1345 kc.—223 m.
CMCF..... Havana
250 w.—890 kc.—337 m.
CMCG..... Guanabacoa
30 w.—1286 kc.—233 m.
CMCH..... Havana
15 w.—1286 kc.—233 m.
CMCM..... Havana
100 w.—1500 kc.—200 m.
CMCO..... Marianao
225 w.—660 kc.—455 m.
CMCQ..... Havana
600 w.—1150 kc.—261 m.
CMCR..... Havana
20 w.—1286 kc.—233 m.
CMCU..... Havana
50 w.—1345 kc.—223 m.
CMGA..... Colon
100 w.—834 kc.—360 m.
CMGC..... Matanzas
30 w.—1375 kc.—218 m.
CMGH..... Matanzas
60 w.—1250 kc.—240 m.
CMGE..... Cardenas
30 w.—1375 kc.—218 m.
CMHA..... Cienfuegos
200 w.—1154 kc.—260 m.
CMHB.....Sagua la Grande
10 w.—1500 kc.—200 m.
CMHC..... Tuinucu
500 w.—791 kc.—379 m.
CMHD..... Caibarien
250 w.—920 kc.—325 m.
CMHE.....Santa Clara
20 w.—1429 kc.—210 m.
CMHI.....Santa Clara
15 w.—1110 kc.—270 m.
CMJB.....Ciego de Avila
20 w.—1276 kc.—275 m.
CMK..... Havana
3000 w.—730 kc.—411 m.
CMKA.....Santiago de Cuba
20 w.—1450 kc.—207 m.
CMKB.....Santiago de Cuba
15 w.—1200 kc.—250 m.
CMKD.....Santiago de Cuba
40 w.—1100 kc.—272 m.
CMKE.....Santiago de Cuba
250 w.—1249 kc.—240 m.
CMKG.....Santiago de Cuba
30 w.—1176 kc.—255 m.
CMAA..... Guanajay
30 w.—1090 kc.—275 m.
CMAB.....Pinar del Rio
20 w.—1249 kc.—240 m.
CMBA..... Habana
50 w.—1176 kc.—255 m.
CMBC.....Habana
150 w.—955 kc.—314 m.
CMBD.....Habana
150 w.—965 kc.—312 m.
CMBF.....Habana
7½ w.—1345 kc.—223 m.
CMBG.....Marianao
150 w.—1070 kc.—280 m.
CMBI.....Habana
30 w.—1405 kc.—213 m.
CMBJ.....Habana
15 w.—1285 kc.—233 m.
CMBK.....Marianao
15 w.—1405 kc.—213 m.
CMBL.....Habana
15 w.—1500 kc.—200 m.
CMBM.....Havana
15 w.—1285 kc.—233 m.
CMBN.....Habana
30 w.—1405 kc.—213 m.

CMBP.....Habana
15 w.—1500 kc.—200 m.
CMBQ..... Marianao
50 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
CMBR.....Habana
15 w.—1500 kc.—200 m.
CMBS..... Havana
150 w.—790 kc.—380 m.
CMBT.....Habana
150 w.—1070 kc.—280 m.
CMBW.....Marianao
150 w.—1010 kc.—297 m.
CMBX.....Habana
30 w.—1405 kc.—213 m.
CMBY.....Habana
100 w.—1220 kc.—245.8 m.
CMBZ.....Habana
150 w.—1010 kc.—297 m.
CMC..... Habana
500 w.—840 kc...357 m.
CMCA..... Havana
150 w.—1225 kc.—245 m.
CMCX..... Marianao
250 w.—1010 kc.—297 m.
CMCJ..... Havana
250 w.—550 kc.—545 m.
CMJE..... Camaguey
20 w.—856 kc.—350 m.
CMKC.....Santiago de Cuba
150 w.—1034 kc.—290 m.
CMJC..... Camaguey
15 w.—1321 kc.—227 m.
CMQ..... Habana
250 w.—1150 kc.—261 m.
CMW..... Havana
1400 w.—588 kc.—508 m.
CMX..... Havana
500 w.—900 kc.—333 m.

Mexico

XEA.....Guadalajara, Jal.
100 w.—1000 kc.—300 m.
XEB.....Mexico City
1000 w.—1000 kc.—300 m.
XEC..... Toluca
50 w.—1000 kc.—300 m.
XED.....Reynosa, Tamps
10,000 w.—977 kc.—307 m.
XEE.....Linares, N. L.
10 w.—1000 kc.—300 m.
XEF.....Oaxaca, Oax.
100 w.—1000 kc.—300 m.
XEFA.....Mexico City
250 w.—1250 kc.—240 m.
XEFE....Nuevo Laredo, Tamps
1000 w.—1000 kc.—300 m.
XEH.....Monterrey
1000 w.—964 kc.
XEI.....Morelia
100 w.—1000 kc.—300 m.
XEJ.....C. Juarez, Chih.
101 w.—857 kc.—300 m.
XEK.....Mexico City
100 w.—1000 kc.—300 m.
XEL.....Satillo, Coah.
10 w.—1090 kc.—275 m.
XEM.....Tampico, Tamps
500 w.—730 kc.—411 m.
XEN.....Mexico City
1000 w.—711 kc.—422 m.
XEO.....Mexico City
5000 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
XEP..... Tamaulipas
200 w.—1500 kc.—200 m.
XEQ.....Ciudad Juarez, Chih.
1000 w.—1000 kc.—300 m.
XER.....Mexico City
100 w.—650 kc.—461 m.
XER.....Villa Acuna
75,000 w.—735 kc.—410.7 m.
XES.....Tampico, Tamps
550 w.—890 kc.—337 m.
XET.....Monterey, N. L.
1500 w.—630 kc.—476 m.
XETA.....Mexico City
500 w.—1140 kc.—263 m.
XETF.....Vera Cruz
500 w.—680 kc.—441 m.
XEU.....Vera Cruz, Ver.
100 w.—1000 kc.—300 m.
XEV.....Puebla, Pue.
100 w.—1000 kc.—300 m.
XEW.....Mexico City
5000 w.—780 kc.—385 m.
XEX.....Mexico City
500 w.—890 kc.—337 m.
XEY.....Merida, Yucatan
101 w.—547 kc.—551 m.
XEZ.....Mexico City
500 w.—588 kc.—508 m.
XFFA.....Mexico City
500 w.—1140 kc.—263 m.
XFA.....Mexico City
50 w.—7143 kc.—42 m.
XFC..... Aguascalientes
350 w.—805 kc.—373 m.
XFD.....Mexico City
50 w.—11,111 kc.—27 m.
XFF.....Chihuahua, Chih.
250 w.—915 kc.—328 m.
XFG.....Mexico City
2000 w.—638 kc.—470 m.
XFI.....Mexico City
1000 w.—818 kc.—367 m.
XFX..... Mexico City
500 w.—860 kc.—349 m.

Sousa at 77

(Continued from page 23)

business are Harry Askin, a gray haired gentleman, like Sousa in many of his tastes, and Miss Lillian Finegan, both of whom have been with the noted band leader for fifteen years. Their office is just a block from Times Square, one of the busiest corners in the world, and yet they frequently forget the passage of time as they chat with newspapermen and old friends.

The association of Sousa and Askin and Finegan—they all feel like they are members of the firm of "Sousa and Company"—began with the triumphal tour of Sousa in 1916 and 1917. At that time Askin was manager of the huge New York Hippodrome, and Miss Finegan also was connected with the staff of that playhouse. When it was decided that Sousa would go on tour with "Hip Hip Hooray," carrying not only his band but a company of seventy-five men as well, nothing would do but that Askin and Miss Finegan join the troupe and join they did. Askin became Mr. Sousa's manager and Miss Finegan his secretary. They were still present this year when he signed, along with Arthur Pryor, the Goodyear radio contract. And they remain, with Sousa, to form a delightful company of Broadwayites who have traveled into most of the states of the Union and are able to give out,—just a block from Broadway's busy corner—the mellowness of people who know.

What do they do with their time?

"A telegram for Mr. Sousa." "Will Mr. Sousa be present at Washington, D. C., and lead the Marine Band at dedication of a memorial to aviators, on Armistice Day?" The request is from Mr. Frank B. Noyes, chairman of the Memorial Committee.

"Will Mr. Sousa participate in a birthday party in his honor?"

The request is from a group of noted band and orchestra leaders, headed by Walter Damrosch and Sousa's associate on the Goodyear time, Arthur Pryor.

A CALL for Mr. Sousa!

"The president of the Circumnavigators' Club speaking. Will Mr. Sousa attend a banquet of the Circumnavigators' Club and consent to the occasion being known as 'Sousa Night'?"

There are countless other requests—will Sousa come to Washington to the Gridiron Banquet, will he lead a band for charity, will he allow his name to be used in connection with the unemployment drive? And for these latter requests Sousa has a ready answer. In fact Askin frequently gives a consent without even speaking to the band leader about it. "Whenever it is physically possible," Askin said recently, "Mr. Sousa has given us orders to refuse no invitations to participate in philanthropic or similar affairs. We need have no hesitancy in accepting such invitations."

It was in honor of his "Circumnavigators' Club" that Sousa composed the march, "The Circumnavigators." This unique organization, which had its annual meeting and called it "Sousa Night" on Dec. 10, is composed only of men who have girdled the globe. Sousa's new march was played for the first time on this occasion. Later in the month, with General George Richards and Colonel A. J. Reisinger, both of the U. S. Marines, as his guests, Sousa attended the Gridiron Banquet in Washington.

Several times in the last few months he has toyed with the idea of a ride in a Goodyear blimp, or perhaps in the great Navy Dirigible, U. S. S. Akron. The trip failed to materialize because Sousa was so well dated up in New York—what with radio and banquets and the like—that he was unable to get away long enough from his chief scene of activity. But those who are in the know declare that such a jaunt in the air is one of the leading items on the Sousa calendar for 1932.

Two Men in a Tub

(Continued from page 25)

We saw marvelous engineering, too—passages and rooms cut right out of the rock, we saw the 75 millimeter gun firing higher up than a gun of that size has ever fired before or since. Artillery has never sounded to me as it did up there in the Alps. Each gun made five, ten, twenty crashing reports as the echoes reverberated from crag to crag. I could never be sure from what direction the firing was coming because of the rolling thunder made by the echoes.

The afternoon, at the end of which we were to leave, became grayer and grayer until a mountain blizzard turned all the air white, blotting out the gorges and the surrounding peaks.

Hale and I had each gone his own way that afternoon but we came together again shortly after four o'clock for a final cup of coffee with the Commanding Officer in his cave. They were all cave men up there.

It was dark when we made our way to the take-off platform to get into the basket. The C. O. had invited us to stay until the storm would be over. But as it seemed to have set in for a long spell, and tomorrow night was Christmas Eve, and Hale and I decided to get away before we were snowed in.

I didn't like the rhythm, or rather the lack of it, of the gasoline engine when we started out but I tried to tell myself that it just needed warming up. It was a weird sensation casting off into that dizzy white whirl with the flakes so thick and the early winter evening so dark that I couldn't see my—well, I could hardly see Hale's foot in front of my face.

AWAY from the mountain wall we could hear nothing but the howling of the storm wind away up there among the frozen crags of the summits of the Alps. We were now on our way and there was nothing to do but muffle our faces against the stinging flakes. I lost track of time and space and distances when there was a queer sudden jerk. Up to now the movement had been smooth.

"What's the matter? Have we hit something or have we stopped?" came the voice of Hale.

I wasn't sure. But I had a horrible feeling. If the wind weren't roaring and howling so, I could hear whether or not the pulley wheels were turning. If the sky were not a blinding whirl of cutting snowflakes I could have caught enough shadow glimpses of the crags to know whether we were moving or had stopped.

After enough minutes had gone by we knew that we had stopped all right. The fact that he hadn't arrived at the next landing platform was sufficient proof of that. Mmm—and the snow was piling in on us. I started to clear it away with my hands.

"Don't do that," Smiler Jack cautioned. "If they don't get that engine to working for some time the snow will be warmer next to us than the wind."

"We've got to wiggle our arms and legs though," I protested. "I don't dare stay perfectly still, I don't want to freeze."

"Well wiggle your fingers and toes the way I'm doing and let that snow stay on us," said the man from Australia to the man from New England. "They ought to be able to get that thing started pretty soon."

"How far do you think we came before we stopped?" I asked seriously.

"What difference does it make?"

"It may make a lot, Jack," I answered. "Do you remember that long flat ledge we saw about thirty feet under us when we were coming up?"

"Yes, what are you going to do with it?"

"Do you figure that it is under us now or that we've passed beyond it?" I asked.

"Keep calm, boy," came from Jack. "For heavens sakes, don't get wild and panicky and commit suicide."

"Staying in this basket may be committing suicide, Jack."

He didn't answer. But somehow I felt sorry and ashamed that I had brought the possibility of death into my conversation. In my chumming with

Hale I had learned that it was his custom never to admit that anything could ever happen to him—not out loud, anyhow. But I also had good reason to know that a bold decision can sometimes mean the difference between life and death. I had made the biggest kind of a discovery in that respect early in the afternoon.

It was Jack who spoke first. "Forget that ledge, boy," he said in a tone of authority. "I've been figuring the thing out and we're way past it. There's about three thousand feet of pure air under this basket right now, and the Italians forgot to supply this craft with parachutes. So, let's take it easy. They'll get that toy engine running again pretty soon."

"But suppose they don't?" I asked. "What are you going to do then?"

"I'm going to stay right here until they do, and so are you."

When he said no more I was certain that he hadn't heard the story that I'd heard. So I thought I might as well tell it to him so that we'd have all the facts in common to base a decision on.

"Remember this afternoon, Jack," I asked, "while you stayed talking to the Colonel and I went to take a look at the hospital ward that they'd dug right out of the rock?"

"Why talk about hospitals?" came from Jack.

"I MET a lieutenant in that hospital who has a very interesting story," I went on. "I'm going to tell you about him. He and another lieutenant were coming up in one of these baskets last week when the engine broke down. It was cold; the Italians told me it was the coldest night of the winter so far. It was after dusk they started up from the third platform and they'd reached—about here—when the basket stopped moving. The two men waited hour after hour. Under them they could make out the shadowy form of the ledge. Finally one lieutenant, the one I saw in the hospital, made up his mind that he'd rather take a chance and drop to the ledge than stay up there until he froze to death. You see, he lives in these mountains, Jack, and *he knows.*"

I paused for Hale to say something but he didn't, so I went on with the story.

"The lieutenant put the proposition up to his comrade, 'I think we'd better jump,' he said. But the comrade argued the other way. 'Let us wait a little longer, the engine will soon be running again.' So they waited almost up to the danger point, the point where they would begin to grow numb; where the brain would begin to grow numb as well as the body. The point where they wouldn't feel so cold any more; the point where there wouldn't be the strength left to make a decision or the energy left to carry it out.

"But it wasn't snowing," said Hale. They could see the ledge under them, couldn't they?"

"Yes, and I think its under us right now," I answered. "Anyway, the lieutenant finally acted on his hunch and dropped over the side. He didn't land quite right and he broke his leg, but he crawled and kept on crawling until he reached the road where he was picked up and brought in. He looked pretty well to me this afternoon and when his leg mends he'll be all right again. But the other fellow couldn't make up his mind to jump. He kept waiting and waiting for the engine to start until the next day and when they finally hauled him up they found him frozen to death. I'm not sure that I'll have the nerve to jump myself, Jack; but if we decided later on, before we get numb I mean, that—"

Snap! Jerk! A sudden jerk that made me clutch at the precious sides of the basket. The thing,—yes, we must be moving. A minute of hardly daring to hope, and then a light stabbed out of the dark and whirled ahead. A harbor light on a mountain crag! It marked the platform where we'd dock. And then there'd be the engine house and the basket on the other side of the platform for the second stage of the journey down.

BELIEVE me, we spent time in the engine room warming our blood before tackling the next basket. Jack hadn't said a word, not even when we had begun to move. His face was blue and white from exposure and it must have been half an hour before he gave the signal that he was ready to start out again.

He crawled into the snowy wet bottom under the tackle and once more I perched outside between his knees. But he tapped me on the shoulder just before we swung out into space. It was a meaningful sort of tap, and I turned to be sure to catch his words.

"Curtin," he began significantly, "if you know any more little basket stories, would you mind saving them until we get down out of these mountains."

Station Parade

(Continued from page 62)

taches of the government and the advertising public.

The Government installed a wired local broadcast system with up-to-date studios in the reserves, and is on the air locally day and night giving service to its various departments, their halls, recreation places and residences. The principal reservation is 30 miles from the business portion of Honolulu and this distance was overcome by the Honolulu Broadcasting Company leasing a phantom circuit from the Telephone Company, which operates long lines. Thus from 10 a. m. to midnight the two systems are in joint operation—The Government system also gives KGMB much entertainment, such as band concerts, golf and boxing events.

Another advantage which such a connection offers to KGMB audiences is that the very finest talent is always available among the personnel of the staffs for special musicals or addresses.

The studios of KGMB are located near the Aloha Tower, the principal place of entry on the harbor in Honolulu and the listening audience often has the privilege of hearing over KGMB from 50 to 300 air planes circling over the bay, doing honor to some incoming ship with notables on board—a very common thing in Honolulu as all ships to and from America and the Orient stop at Honolulu for a day in transit.

Stokowski

(Continued from page 12)

said that he was always several steps ahead of the times and his audiences.

"Of course, I am," replied Stokowski. "I must be. I am a leader and that is what leaders are for, to lead."

This year in the series of seven broadcasts presented by the Philadelphia Orchestra more symphonic radio history is being made. Mr. Stokowski has planned these concerts to present a tonal panorama of the development of music from the placid classic period down to our own extremely high-pitched, nervously attuned days.

On the sixteenth of January radio audiences will be allowed to judge the merits of Schoenberg's "Gurrelieder," and in the remaining programs (whose numbers have not yet been announced but are simply labeled "Modern Russian" and "Modern American") they will hear modern music most hectic.

It is to be hoped that radio-listeners will not send in written hisses of disapproval of Mr. Stokowski's progressiveness in presenting the music of today no matter how dissonant it may seem, and that they will be more broadminded than audiences at the Academy have been at times when some have hissed like untractable snakes and others have left the Academy to smoke their "Classical cigarettes" (to quote Mr. Stokowski) undisturbed by modern music.

Whatever the result, it is pretty certain that Mr. Stokowski, the Colossus of conductors, will remain in the manner of the Colossus of Rhodes with one foot firmly planted in the classics and the other poised upon the atonal pages of the moderns.

When Is Marriage Legal?

(Continued from page 53)

upon, because of their own folly or otherwise, to bear children at an extremely youthful age. In such a contingency the law extends the mantle of charity to cover the unfortunate mother and the equally unfortunate child of a precocious mating.

The reason for setting the age of marriage at fourteen for males is also a recognition of biologic truth. Girls, on the average, develop characteristics of the adult at least two years earlier than do boys. Fourteen was therefore set by the common law as the minimum marriage age of boys.

Eligibility to Marry In Case of Insanity

Seventy-Fourth Broadcast—NBC Chain
December 26, 1931

MY TALKS, as you know, are centered on the home and the great problems of the home. We are just now beginning an intensive discussion of the legal aspects of that great human and divine institution, marriage, from which homes and home firesides derive their sweetness and light and by means of which the children of the nation are born into the world.

Last week we considered the age at which marriage may lawfully be contracted by youths and maidens. We then found that at common law the astonishingly youthful age of twelve years for females and fourteen years for males was the fixed rule. We also discussed the great biological truths that dictated the age limits thus set. But before leaving that topic it is needful to point out that the legislature of any state has the right to change the law of consent, so that it may conform to the wishes of the people from generation to generation. If, for instance, in a desire to discourage child marriages, the legislature of a given state should make it unlawful for children under certain ages to marry there is usually a provision inserted in the law giving the courts a right, in special cases, to waive the age limit.

According to the World Almanac there are many states in the Union that, by statute, set the age of marriage at 21 years for males and 18 years for females, while others establish the limits at 18 and 16 respectively and so on ranging down the line to the common law regulations.

MARRIAGE of minors may, and usually does, involve serious legal problems for the parent of such domestically entangled minors. Under the law, as we shall see in a later broadcast, parents are legally responsible for necessaries furnished to their minor children. Suppose such children marry and have a number of children born to them during their own minority, would the parents of the groom be liable for necessaries furnished to the grandchildren; or does marriage itself cancel the obligation of support of the minor bridegroom? I merely throw this question out to you to indicate the practical nature of some of the problems that lie ahead of us. Tonight we are considering merely the preliminary investigations that should precede a lawful marriage.

In the eyes of the law a marriage is in certain aspects a civil contract. So far as the parties themselves are concerned marriage is subject to the ordinary rules of contracts, especially with reference to the formation thereof. Since a contract arises from an offer made by one party and accepted by the other, *it is absolutely essential that both offer and acceptance proceed from minds that are capable of understanding the nature and effect of the agreement into which they are entering.* For this reason, an insane person is incapable of making a binding contract. Let us see how this rule affects the validity of a marriage in which one of the parties is of unsound mind.

Marriage by an Insane Person— Common Law Rule

LET us suppose a young woman falls deeply in love with a man who is generally considered "queer." Even during the courtship days he has spells which alarm her greatly, but believing that all persons who are in love are more or less crazy, she marries the man, hoping that when in a home of their own the "queer spells" will vanish. She soon discovers to her horror that she has married a mad-man. What remedy would she have had at common law? Bear in mind that statutes vary so greatly in various states that, with benefit to this world-wide audience, we cannot discuss more than the common law provisions as to insanity. What I now tell you may not be the statutory law of your own jurisdiction.

By the common law, a marriage with a person who is insane at the time of marriage is absolutely void, which means that the girl in the case stated is as free as though no marriage had occurred at all. But it is, of course, necessary to have the fact of insanity established by a court of justice. *It should be remembered also that in order to justify the legal annulment of such a marriage, it must be proven that the insanity actually existed at the time of the marriage.*

For Example: Hagenson was captain of a steamer that operated on the Great Lakes from April to November of each year. For years prior to the alleged marriage he had been engaged to Louise Henderson; but for one reason or another they had delayed their marriage. In May, 1911, Hagenson was seized with an attack of earache, violent pains in the head and a high fever. He was taken to a hospital where he became delirious, suffered great pain and ran a dangerously high temperature. The attending surgeon finally decided that he had an abscess of the brain. An operation was performed. A portion of the skull was removed. The patient improved and a month later left the hospital. The wound continued to trouble him. It became difficult for him to hear or to talk. Miss Henderson had become acquainted with the doctors at the hospital and in August took Hagenson to them for examination. The surgeon declared that the patient was not getting the proper care or treatment and that further hospital treatment would be necessary. The girl declared that, if the surgeon thought it wise, she would marry the sick man immediately, get a nurse's uniform and care for him while he was in the hospital, thus learning the proper method of care. The plan was approved. Miss Henderson secured a marriage license and made all arrangements for the wedding at the home of her aunt.

Hagenson was brought to the house by his landlord. He appeared to be in a happy mood and he talked and acted like the ordinary bridegroom. The ceremony was performed in the usual manner. After a wedding supper the bridegroom was taken to his lodgings and the bride remained at the home of her aunt. The plan was for Hagenson to be taken to the hospital next day. Upon his arrival at the institution the surgeon observed symptoms of paresis, or softening of the brain, which is a form of insanity. Upon examination of his blood, syphilitic microbes were discovered. The further fact was disclosed that, twenty years previously, Hagenson had been treated for that evil malady.

THE bride cared for him at the hospital for about a week when he suddenly died from a stroke of apoplexy. He left a small estate. In the wrangle over this property his relatives sought to have the marriage annulled on the ground of insanity.

While it was evident that the man was suffering from paresis on the day following the ceremony, yet the fact that he looked and acted normal at the time was treated by the court as rendering the marriage valid and binding. The case was Hagenson v. Hagenson, 258 Ill. 197; 101 N. E. 606.

Effect of Knowingly Marrying an Insane Person

IF A PERSON has officially been declared insane, *to the knowledge of the other party,* no legal marriage can occur. The same is true if proceedings are pending to have a person declared insane and the other, with knowledge of the facts, persists in marrying the lunatic. Under certain circumstances, however, especially if common law marriages are recognized in the jurisdiction, the law may consider that living together as man and wife for many years after a marriage void for insanity will amount to a valid marriage.

Example One: Wiley when 71 years of age was suspected of insanity. Proceedings were pending to have him adjudged insane. The defendant was a young woman whose evil manner of life had resulted in pregnancy. She already had an illegitimate child three years old. With fraudulent intent to secure Wiley's property she contrived to meet him on April 15, 1911 and to pretend infatuation.

The gullible lunatic at once proposed marriage and on April 17th, two days after his first meeting with the woman, they went to the clerk of courts for a marriage license. He refused to issue it on the ground that insanity proceedings were pending.

Two days later the couple were married in another jurisdiction. They lived together as husband and wife for about three weeks when an official decree of insanity was entered against Wiley.

He was at once seized and committed to an insane asylum. After the birth of the child the woman still claimed to be the wife of the lunatic. He died in January, 1916.

Action was at once brought by an assignee of one of Wiley's heirs-at-law to have the marriage declared void. The court held that this marriage was invalid and that the woman would not be entitled to the property of the deceased. The case was Wiley v. Wiley, 123 N. E. 252.

EXAMPLE TWO: John Blackburn was declared insane by a proper court in August, 1840 and a guardian was thereupon appointed. Notwithstanding this fact, in November, 1843, John Blackburn and Esther Conrad went through a ceremony of marriage. The guardian was not discharged until three years after the marriage. John and Esther lived together as husband and wife until the death of the man thirty-three years after the alleged marriage.

After the death of the wife, a sister and other relatives of Blackburn endeavored to recover certain real estate that had been conveyed by John and Esther. If the marriage were legal then the conveyance would stand and the plaintiffs could not recover.

If, however, the marriage were void then the property conveyed would be subject to the claims of the heirs of John Blackburn. The court declared that while the original marriage was void because of insanity, yet in the state of Indiana so-called "common law" marriages were recognized. By common law marriage is meant the living together for more than a year of a man and woman ostensibly as husband and wife.

Blackburn and Esther Conrad had so lived for thirty-three years. They had been received by society as husband and wife. They had transacted business affairs as such. There was clearly a valid common law marriage in this case. See Castor v. Davis, 120 Ind. 231, 22 N. E. 110.

Certain types of mental derangement, usually classified as insanity, will not be sufficient to render a marriage void even though the aggrieved party seeks annulment of the union. Neither will such causes be considered sufficient grounds for annulment. *The insanity must be of an aggravated or dangerous nature in order to be an effective barrier to matrimony.* It must affect the marriage contract itself by rendering the party incapable of understanding the nature of the undertaking, or of fulfilling its obligations.

For Example: Lewis brought an action for annulment of his marriage to the defendant, on the ground that at the time of and prior to the marriage she had been a confirmed kleptomaniac. This of course meant that she had a mental disease that caused her to steal for no other reason than the joy of stealing. Knowledge of this fact was kept from him until he discovered it after the marriage. This defect of the wife caused him great humiliation and distress of mind. Her insane impulse in this regard seems to have been beyond control or cure, but she was sane in all other respects. The court held that this was not a common law, nor under the statute, a cause for annulment, since it did not affect her mental capacity to enter into the contract of marriage. The case was Lewis v. Lewis, 46 N. W. 323.

MARRIAGE and the law concerns every human being. From the moment of betrothal there is a statute for every mile on through the journey of wedded life until the children gather about to settle the estate. Dean Archer will follow through with this interesting and instructive series. It will be available in printed form only in Radio Digest. Arrange to keep your record complete.

Why waste time on *old fashioned methods*

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DON'T let the thought of long years of tiresome practice and an expensive teacher scare you away from learning to play! For you can easily *teach yourself*—right in your own home.

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Name.....

Address.....

Have you Instrument.....

group of entries appears in the first nine pages of this issue in the rotogravure section. Check the names listed under Zone Two on this page with the pictures and then VOTE.

There are more than thirty entries of beautiful girls and this represents several hundred stations.

In order to simplify the selection of the Beauty Queen of American Radio, the country has been divided into three zones: First, the eastern seaboard; second, from a point approximately the western end of Pennsylvania to the Mississippi; third, from the Mississippi to the west coast. This month the entries from the second zone appear in the first nine pages of the rotogravure section. The names of all the entries, listed alphabetically according to the zone under which they appear, are given on page 32. Their names also appear under their pictures.

The entries from the third zone will appear in the rotogravure section in February Radio Digest.

You may cast a vote each month for your selection as the Beauty Queen of American Radio. That is you have three votes. There is only one restriction and that is the coupon on this page must be used by voters. This is to prevent unfairness in the voting.

In March we will count the votes cast for each entry and the artist receiving the most votes in each of the three zones will be selected as the most beautiful in that zone. Then in April come the finals.

The three girls who receive the most votes, that is, the girl from each of the three zones receiving the greatest number of votes will be entered in the final and every reader of Radio Digest will have the privilege of making the final selection from the zone winners.

The final votes will then be counted and the artist receiving the greatest number will be declared the Beauty Queen of American Radio. Her picture will be painted by a famous portrait painter and she will adorn the cover of Radio Digest. Then the Beauty Queen will be presented by Radio Digest with the original painting. In the event of a tie, between two or more of the entries, each one will in turn appear as the Radio Digest cover girl and will be presented with the original painting of her portrait.

As has been mentioned there are absolutely no restrictions on voting with the exception that the special coupon provided for the purpose in the December, January, February and April issues of Radio Digest must be used for that purpose. You may vote for any one of the contestants, whether or not you reside in the zone from which the artist was entered. You may hold your votes until the end of February or you may send them in each month. You may send a letter outlining your reasons for your selection or not, just as you prefer. The coupon is the only vote that counts. There will be no bonus votes of any kind in the election of the queen.

But, and this is important: The preliminary votes—that is the votes on which the three winners in the three zones will be decided—must be mailed so that they arrive at the offices of Radio Digest in New York not later than March 3rd.

When voting in the finals the ballots must be in the New York offices of Radio Digest not later than May 3rd. Be sure to comply with these few simple rules and you will be certain that your votes will count in the selection of the Beauty Queen of American Radio.

The complete list of entries appears in this issue. It is not necessary for the picture to appear to enable you to cast your vote. You may know the artist or perhaps you have seen her picture and are familiar with her features. In that event, don't wait for the picture. Cast your ballot without delay and do your part to make the girl of your choice Beauty Queen of American Radio.

Marcella

(Continued from page 68)

band. Found Henry Busse in the first saloon. He bought the first two drinks so it was a cinch for him to get a job with me. Rainbow Lane was a great success. Art and I were then competitors but still pals. Just as everything was running smoothly, my health broke down. Held all records for losing weight as I went from 307 pounds to 184 in four months. Rudy sent me to an easier job in the Hotel Belvedere in Santa Barabara, Cal. Great break for me as John Hernan was the manager—an old pal from Denver. Met C. G. K. Billings, who used to come in to dance and he personally introduced me to the most famous horse of that day—Uhlan. Hernan, transferred to Los Angeles, took me with him to the Alexandria Hotel. What a thrill. Couldn't wait to go to work but got to the hotel two hours early each evening." Those interested in reading rest of Paul Whiteman's press autobiography, please write in and we'll continue.

* * *

TWAS the 19th of January, in the year 1900, when Paul Small started his earthly existence on a little farm out at Adair, Iowa. When he was six the Adair public school awarded him a gold ring for singing, and singing he's been ever since. Their husky farmhand used to carry the Small, though not small, piano on his back from village to village when Paul made a tour of the movie theatres. In 1914 he toured with Gus Edwards, Georgie Price and Lila Lee but moved to St. Louis a year or two later where he worked with music publishers in demonstrating their songs in department stores. And here comes the prize of all partnerships that ever were formed. Paul Small and little Jack Little. This Lilliputian organization toured the entire country and during the same time sang over the various radio stations. Paul is five feet seven, weighs 163 pounds, has chestnut hair and greenish-brown eyes. Sorry I have no picture to bear me out.

* * *

SORRY, Constant Reader, but whereabouts of Ben Cutler and Jules de Vorzon are unknown. And Mannie Lowy,

USE THIS COUPON IN NAMING CHOICE FOR BEAUTY QUEEN OF AMERICAN RADIO

Ballot No. 2

RADIO DIGEST,
420 Lexington Ave.,
New York, N. Y.

My choice for the Beauty Queen of American Radio is

Name of artist..... Station.....

Voters Name .....

Street .....City, State .....

member of Rudy Vallee's band is ill. Wayne King plays at the Aragon Ballroom in Chicago, Claudine. No doubt you saw the feature article about him in December R. D. For picture of Wayne and Guy Lombardo, see R. D.'s special offer, pages 6 and 7. By this time Eleanor Anderson has read about Lew Conrad in the November issue. Rudy's saxaphone is an E. Flat Alto Buescher, Mr. Huggins.

* * *

MARCELLA hears all, tells all. Write her a letter, ask her any of the burning questions that are bothering your mind.

Van Camp's Nightcaps

(Continued from page 17)

"To think that we treat our animals and the very earth beneath our feet with greater intelligence than we treat ourselves! No wonder we are living to learn about how to eat."

While the foregoing may sound as though the Van Camp Nightcaps is largely talk, such is not the case. There are interspersions when Henry Thies' orchestra bubbles over with some brilliant selection. The outstanding feature identified with the Thies-Van Camp's orchestra is the crooning and poetry of Charlie Dameron. Dameron is an experienced actor. His specialty is reading poetry to music—all of which fits in and rounds out the Van Camp Nightcaps, making it one of the outstanding programs of all American broadcasting. There is only the briefest sort of advertising announcement at the very end of the program. The rest of the half hour period is pure entertainment.

Etiquette and Moods

(Continued from page 71)

for everybody, English preachers railed against the shameful folly of setting a fork upon the table. The change from such old customs as I have described has been gradual and difficult—as all social change is. Common sense dictates every phase of modern home-making, and this is particularly true of dining services. Simplicity is the keynote of the stylish table today. No longer is the dining room a background for a lavish silver display. Only the silver necessary up to the salad course is placed on the table—and it is arranged in accordance with the courses. After the salad, the necessary silver is brought in with the course. No longer is it smart to wrap up rolls in the napkins, for too many absent-minded male guests throw them on the floor as they pick up their napkins. Similarly, the law banishing butter plates has been rescinded in the interest of common sense, and they are now quite proper at even the most formal of functions.

This spirit of simplicity is characteristic of our modern attitude as compared to days gone by. We find it in our architecture, in our art, and in our whole social code.

But, although modern society has discarded the ornate trappings of more formal ages, it has not lost sight of the fundamentals of good manners. The style alone has changed: instead of processional dinners bedecked with all the gorgeous raiment at a Queen's command, we substitute the beauty of a simply laid table. The underlying principles of etiquette are unchanging, but their outward manifestations undergo constant modification. The change in mode gives rise to countless complications, and it is these complications which I am going to try to straighten out for any of my readers who wish help.

Television

(Continued from page 64)

silence, broken by the invisible announcer. Someone in the studio is holding before the spot a card on which is printed the call letters of the station.

"And tonight," says the announcer, "we have a surprise for you. Kid Bozo and Terror Tommy, the two contenders for the middle weight championship, have consented to put on an exhibition bout for you. Here they are."

A grinning face appears and then another. The announcer is giving a blow by blow description of the sham battle. The images of the two fighters are somewhat faint but still one can see their flailing arms. The detail is not so good. You are a trifle disappointed. The fight comes to an end, the lights flash on. The show is over and station W2XAB is off the air for the night.

There you have a picture of television of today. Some of it is excellent. Some of it is merely good and the rest is far from satisfactory. But there is this much about television—improvement in broadcasting technic, and that is just as important as development of better equipment, are constantly being made. Television today is better than it was a few months ago and no man can predict what the next six months may bring forth. It is reasonable to suppose that even if there are no startling new developments there will be a substantial improvement.

Then, too, the sound part of the programs are interesting and entertaining. At Columbia most of the popular broadcast artists and announcers have appeared before the television spot. Their sound programs are just as good, it is needless to say, as if they were doing a straight broadcast from one of the other studios in the building.

That Gibbons Kid

(Continued from page 28)

for Chicago on the Century, met Floyd Gibbons' brother, Edward, on the same train. He showed him the telegram, and admitted that at the time he suggested Floyd's going to Timbuctoo, he did not even know that such a place was on the globe. It evidently sounded like a faraway place, and remote enough from the editorial offices to appease the editor's righteous wrath.

These skeletons in the Gibbons' closet are authentic for they come from the lips of Floyd's brother, Edward. And Edward is no neglible narrator either. There seems to be a family gift for

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spinning yarns, and Edward just has a bagful of them. Over in Floyd's hotel apartment, your interviewer got quite a peak into this adventurer-writer's life.

The last time I visited these quarters was two years ago just after Christmas. Floyd Gibbons had mentioned in his broadcast that on Christmas Eve while all families were assembled for the Holiday enjoying the companionship of their loved ones, he would be alone, a solitary figure in his room. I remember having had to wedge myself between baskets of cookies, cakes and fruits which were piled high in his study. These were sent to him by listeners all over the country who were touched by his loneliness. And hundreds of letters poured in inviting him to their homes.

The apartment the other evening during the interview with Edward Gibbons was conspicuous for the absence of cookies and fruits. Even two years seemed to be a remarkably short time to consume such a quantity of pastry.

Edward Gibbons looks very much like his brother, and makes up for Floyd's velocity of speech by speaking with a long drawl. He gives his words plenty of time to live and a beginner in shorthand could immortalize his sentences in that puzzling and weird-looking medium of stenography.

EDWARD has been closer to Floyd than the rest of his family, for he too had a leaning toward journalism in his earlier years. He joined his brother shortly after the war, on the Chicago Tribune as his secretary and both went to Europe. On the Continent Edward's career took a turn in the direction of advertising. He traveled extensively and is using to good advantage his experiences abroad. As tourist consultant he plans and arranges interesting trips for friends and others who want to see Europe.

No city dweller is Edward Gibbons. He is not cloistered up in one of the millions of offices in our metropolitan cliffs. From his dustic Lodge, "The Monastery," he conducts all of his business operation. It's a singular office for a busy executive—some fifty miles away from the city, but Ed Gibbons is what the world calls a success.

In Lake Mohegan where his Lodge stands there are men and women who "hain't never saw New York"—just an hour's ride away, but no doubt Mr. Gibbons in true narrative style gives them a page once in a while of Manhattan's biography. Here in Mohegan far away from the dinning of newspaper presses and radio studios Floyd Gibbons often steals for a quiet retreat—quiet—unless Brother Ed has a houseful of boys and girls—and then the Monastery is not quite so "full of retreat" as a lodge in the hills can be.

Unaccustomed as I Am

(Continued from page 30)

And another gentleman whom I have never heard from the other end of the broadcast, but whose cheery voice has always resounded within the studio. A scientific gentleman who knows whereof he speaks, and whose message is always encouraging—Dr. R. E. Lee, Fleischmann's Health Research Director.

And now a word of what I believe is the psychology of a program such as ours. It has always been my contention that a simple melody played well would intrigue a listener much more than a very pretentious work played equally well, or played badly. I find the human heart and the human mind extremely simple, and it is a trite observation that simple things get to the heart quickly and surely; yet so many artists and directors fail to take this into account when planning their programs and presenting music and song. In an effort to please themselves or other musicions, or even the sponsors of the program, they have failed to take into account the taste of the public itself. Although the radio public may enjoy an unusual and complicated composition or program once in a blue moon, on the whole the mass public is simple in its preference.

JUST as many Hollywood stars resent being classified as suited only to a particular role, in the same way does it irk me when individuals tell me not to sing a 6/8 type of number. I have sometimes wished that I had the makings of a fine trio within the Connecticut Yankees, so that we might vary the program with a trio of our own. But I have always felt that for our radio listeners it must be the finest or nothing, and since we have had at no time a trio equal to the quality of the George Olson trio, I have waited until we have had such guest artists as The Men About Town and the Cavaliers and have been happy to utilize them in the singing of some of the more inspiring type of numbers on our program. Of course I have been unable to listen to our programs from start to finish, thereby missing the effect of the program as a whole.

However, I have tried always to have the ingredients of our program so varied that no matter what your taste might be something in the program should appeal to you. The philosophy of the phrase, "You can't please everybody" has always been very firm in my mind. *I am afraid if one listens too keenly to individual opinions and the extremists it is a quick path to insanity.* Perhaps the only consolation a person in such a spot may have after reading or hearing a particularly destructive or damning criticism, is that the opinion is only one of about 125 million opinions, so why worry?

My creed, which my boys have been happy to accept and follow with me, is "Play the game fairly and squarely; work hard and give your best. Believing that we have something endowed by kind nature, something must happen." And in these days of big business, tremendous corporations, cold-hearted fickleness, and ever-changing loyalties, I am sure you can appreciate the satisfaction that is ours as we drink deeply of this toast to our second anniversary of broadcasting on one regular program.

Radiographs

(Continued from page 63)

milestone, it is reasonable to presume that Brennie, inquisitive and intelligent, naturally adventuresome, would soon have left Waynesboro. It wasn't so very far to Broadway.

In Hollywood Brennie first was engaged by the Warner studios as a vocalist. His voice defies classification. He has been listed as a "confidential baritone." But his stay at those studios was short-lived. Let him tell the story:

"I was standing in a studio one night just prior to a broadcast when I became conscious that someone was staring at me. A lighted cigarette was in my mouth. I turned and saw a well-dressed man, his eyes set on me. It wasn't hard to ascertain that he was in an angry mood.

" 'Can you read,' he said."

" 'Surely,' I said."

" 'Read that sign,' he said, at the same time pointing to a 'No Smoking' board."

" 'I have, many times,' I retorted."

" 'Do you know who I am,' the stranger asked."

" 'Do you know who I am?' " I snapped.

THE outcome was this, My inquisitor was no other than Jack Warner. The next day, without reporting to the Warner studios, I went over to the Hal Roach studios and got a job. I later found, however, that Jack Warner, amused by the incident, eventually built a smoking room for the artists."

Senator Ezra Simpkins, Tom and Wash and other of his brain children were conceived there. It also is of interest to note that the first burlesque pictures on movies in the making were produced by the Hal Roach studios, and the success of them led Brennie to burlesque programs.

Tom Brennie made thirty-five dollars a week when he entered radio in Hollywood. Today he is "in the money." And he intends to gain a national popularity equivalent to his California popularity. He isn't taking any immediate vacation.

Beautiful Thoughts

(Continued from page 26)

who make it up. Eugene Paul Arnold was born at Newton, Ill., where his father was county superintendent of schools for more than a quarter of a century.

His musical education began at the hands of his mother at the old reed organ in the parlor of that home in southern Illinois. Incidently Gene still has that organ in his home, now transformed into a beautiful walnut spinet desk.

When he finished school, his parents sent him to Chicago where he studied voice at the Chicago Musical college and after one year won the diamond medal in Competition with 25 other students.

The medal he pawned in order to further his studies and unfortunately it was never redeemed. Shortly after this he left school and joined Montgomery and Stone, comedians, and was on the stage with them for five years. Following this he was with Henry W. Savage, the original Red Mill company, the original Merry Widow company, the original Algeria company, and the original Adele company as stage director and performer.

BUT he was never won from his first love and soon returned to give others the benefit of his experiences as a teacher. Radio beckoned and again his ability as a singer, his experience as an actor and his knowledge of showmanship made him valuable in a new field. His radio career has already been briefly sketched.

Chuck Haynes, the heavyweight member of the trio, made his voice known at an early age in the neighborhood of his father's farm near New Winchester, Ohio. At the age of eight, he was the marvel boy soprano of the countryside and an evangelist, whose choir he graced at that age, asked his parents to allow him to finance his musical education and take him on tour.

But his parents decided they wanted him at home, and for another eight years he remained on the farm. Then he began rambling in an interesting career, which saw him in many positions, from a singing clown in the Hess One Ring Circus to a locomotive fireman, the trail that eventually crossed with Ray Ferris, with whom he was teamed when Arnold came along.

Perhaps no greater proof of Chuck's ability as an entertainer can be found than the story of his years as a brakeman on the Chicago and Northwestern railroad. After the meals in the caboose, Chuck would unlimber his old guitar and sing for them. Finally they approached him with the proposition that if he would do the cooking and sing for them, they would assume his duties as a brakeman. The arrangement lasted for several years.

Ray came from a musical family and from the time he was five years old could sing in harmony. He used to astonish visitors at the Methodist church at 60th and Normal avenue in Chicago because, before he could read the words of the hymns, he could sing tenor.

Like Chuck and Gene, Ray sang in the "barbershop quartets" whenever the opportunity arose. No matter where he was, if there was someone to sing the lead, Ray would join in with his tenor. And if there was already a tenor, he would come in with a baritone.

During the World War he sang baritone with the Aviation Four, which toured the country during the last Liberty Loan drive. He served two years over seas in a naval aviation detachment and even yet follows aviation as a hobby and holds a private pilot's license.

His meeting with Chuck came one warm summer evening in the court of a Chicago apartment house when Haynes was strumming his guitar and doing a little impromptu entertaining. Unable to resist joining a tenor, Ray came out to do his bit for the free show.

The blend pleased them both and before long they were auditioned and put on the air from WCFL. Then they made the rounds of almost all of the Chicago stations and were at WOK when Gene came along.

IRMA GLEN, fourth of the Beautiful Thoughts cast, is known not only as a radio organist but in Europe and South America as a concert pianist and conductor of a girls' orchestra which made a successful tour of the countries.

When Montgomery Ward and Company presented its contest to the radio listeners of the nation over an NBC network, they chose four types of entertainment. First on the schedule was a concert orchestra. Then in line came an old time minstrel show, followed by a dramatic show of American family life. And fourth of the types was the old favorite, Voices of Twilight, under the new name of Beautiful Thoughts.

After the votes were counted, Beautiful Thoughts emerged the victor with a substantial majority.

It was not until after the program Voices at Twilight went on the air that Arnold began writing hymns, but since that time, he has turned out four such numbers. Although not intended as a sacred program, an attempt to withdraw the sacred number from the show re-

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Gene Arnold of the Beautiful Thoughts ensemble who has performed distinctive work in various programs in Chicago

sulted in a wave of protest from the listeners, proof, says Gene, that America is not entirely jazz minded.

But the program is drawing to a close, and we hear Gene Arnold in a number composed by himself, My Prayer for Today:

"Dear Lord, I pray, just for today
Give me the kindness that comes from above,
Help me to bring, one tender thing,
Breathing the perfume of love.
This is my prayer, help me to share
Somebody's sorrow, somebody's care,
Where e'er I stray, Dear Lord I pray,
Let me help someone, just for today."

Letters to the Artist

(Continued from page 27)

nature of the business of the Postal Telegraph Co. and the Brooklyn Daily Eagle I did not think it necessary to ask permission to publish their letters. But all the other writers gave consent readily and gladly. With best wishes, I am, cordially yours, Jessica Dragonette.

My Dear Miss Dragonette:

I find almost any and all adjectives inadequate to tell the wonderful quality of your voice: clear as a bell, wide range, without a tremble—no matter what note you strike. It is really a treat to tune in Friday afternoons to hear you. May your voice continue for many years to be a delight to your many admirers, and I know this means to you a real pleasure to so entertain.

After owning a radio for many years this is my first letter to anyone broadcasting. Sincerely, Elisha Brown Bird.

My Dear Miss Dragonette:

Here is the idea which I have had photographed from my large design, (photo enclosed) signifying Song Going Out into the World, with Music the inspirational theme in the cloud effects. I don't want you to feel in the slightest obligated: I designed it because I saw in my mind, the idea as portrayed in your letter.

Sincerely,
Elisha Brown Bird.

Dear Jessica:

Today you sang a Hungarian song in our native language, on the radio, for us. It was heart-breakingly beautiful . . . so beautiful that I think you must have visualized these pictures. Berta and I were in Washington, sitting there with listening heart and joyful tears in our eyes. In Ventuor Father and Mother and Roland enjoying your lovely tribute to my poor country in the very same way.

You were a little wizard for on the wings of your songs you took us back to our beloved country . . . We all thank you for your delicate thought and ever lovely performance.

With affectionate and warm regards, yours, Elena and Berta de Hillenbranth.

Dear Miss Dragonette:

I feel that I want to tell you how much real pleasure your singing has given me. It is seldom that one hears a voice as fine as yours—to me it seems one of the loveliest I have ever heard, and your skill in using it, and your perfect enunciation are added delight. With very genuine admiration for your rarely beautiful voice and your fine artistry, sincerely yours, Beatrice Fenton.

Telegram

Jessica Dragonette:

POSTAL TELEGRAPH ELECTS YOU AS ITS VALENTINE MAY WE HAVE SOME LOVE SONGS TONIGHT STOP MANY THANKS. POSTAL-TELEGRAPH CABLE CO.

Dear Miss Dragonette:

Since all the achievements in radio have not yet yielded the chance to send back one faint bravo through the night, please accept these written salvos.

It would not be fair to go to bed tonight without telling you that we seemed to have done nothing to deserve the "None But the Lonely Heart" and Victor Herbert's "Eileen" which drifted like music of bells out of the nowhere into our living room tonight. May we say "thank you?" Margaret M. Lukes.

Dear Miss Jessica:

We missed you so much Friday night but realized you were on your vacation, and I truly hope you are having a glorious time. My aunt, "Miss Peggy Whiffen" visited us for a week and when she left she wanted to take me to her home in Virginia, but on account of business could not take me along. However, we all hope to go down next summer for a month or so. Perhaps you have heard of my grandmother, Mrs. Thomas Whiffen, our oldest actress? I am sending directions to our place we would love so very much to have you visit us. My school opens September 8th so try and come before that. Much love, Lucile McNally.

My Dear Miss Dragonette:

After receiving permission to visit the studio during one of your broadcasts, and meeting you there, I returned to my hotel, and the following lines were inspired by your voice, your vivid personality, your beauty, grace, and the fact that you wore living gardenias:

Gardenias

O love, dear love, that came at last,
Unto my longing heart;
Awakening all my dreams of hope,
To crown life's lonely part.

I dream I hold you to my heart,
And tell you how I care;
Then wake to send you love's own flower—
Until, dearheart, I dare.

For, O, my love will find you,
While moonbeams round you lie—
In a lingering kiss of passion—
From the flower of star and sky.

Like sight of perfect love, dear,
The night brings to the dew—
Gardenias bring my soul, dear—
In one long kiss to you!

I hope long to be able to listen and hear your heavenly voice come to me over the evening air, and that you will have continued health, happiness and your heart's desire. Very sincerely,
Flora Warren Brown.

Dear Miss Individuality:

I hope you will pardon the liberty I am taking in sending you the enclosed. Keep up the good work! The Old Stager and I know how very scarce real talent is. Good luck! Very sincerely,
Maurice E. McLoughlin,
The Brooklyn Daily Eagle.

ANOTHER Letters to the Artist feature will appear in the February Radio Digest. If you would like to see this feature repeated each month a letter to Radio Digest would help the editors to decide whether to make further inquiries of other artists.

Big Time Gab

(Continued from page 31)

Nellie: "What do you mean, the freight elevator?"
Paul: "Well, you don't expect us to believe that the three of you got into one passenger elevator together. * * I'll bet there wasn't room left even for an argument."
Nellie: "But we weren't looking for an argument."
Paul: "All right, then, let's not have one. * * Say, what's that you have in your hand? * * Some more letters for me to answer, I suppose."
Nellie: "Paul, if I could guess as wrong as you do, I'd never play the horses. * * These happen to be letters for me to answer. * * All you have to do is pick out the easy ones, read them off nice and slow, and watch the result. * * Comprende-vouz?"
(Knocking on the door.)
Everybody: "Sh . . sh . ."
Daly: "Who comes there . . friend or enemy?"
(In crash Ralph Dumke and Eddie East.)
Both speak at once . . "Is this the unemployment office?"
Nellie: "Well, what kind of unemployment are you looking for?"
Ralph: "We want a job to go to work at 12 . . and quit at one."
Eddie: "And have an hour off for dinner."
Ralph: "And a six month's vacation twice a year."
Nellie: "And, I suppose, a bonus. * * you must be fond of work."
Eddie: "Oh, we are. * * Why, Ralph is so fond of work that he can lay right down alongside of it and go to sleep."
Nellie: "What kind of work do you loaf best on?"
Ralph: "Why, we're comedians."
Nellie: "Oh, is that so? * * Well, make me laugh. * * So you were actors."
Eddie: "We're still actors."
Nellie: "All right, stay still. * * I don't recall your names."
Ralph: "Nevertheless, we're the Sisters of the Skillet."
Nellie: "You don't look like sisters. * * You don't even look like skillets . . much. * * Except maybe when you've got your lids off . . and then more like dead pans. * * You really look more like something they put *in* skillets."
Eddie: "Ralph, I wonder if she thinks you're an egg."
Ralph: "No, I think maybe she thinks you're an onion . . maybe a fish. * * Let's see what else do they put in skillets?"
Nellie: "You know, they put sausages in skillets."
Paul: "Hot dog!"
Nellie: "Are you sisters?"
Both: "No."
Nellie: "Are you skillets?"
Both: "No."
Nellie: "Have you got a sister?"
Both: "No."
Nellie: "Have you got a skillet?"
Both: "No."
Nellie: "I get it . . you're a couple of yes-men on a vacation. * * Well, how do I know you're the Sisters of the Skillet."
Eddie: "Well, we can prove it . . we can give you a specimen of our ability as entertainers. * * We can play and sing."
Nellie: "Well, I knew a tea kettle sang but I didn't know a skillet could. * * It's all right with me, thought. * * I'll stand for it . . but you'll have to convince that radio audience out there that you're the real thing."
Ralph: "All right, can we use your piano?"
Nellie: "You ought to know whether you can use a piano or not."
Eddie: "Well, help us move it over here by the mike."
Nellie: "I should help you move the piano yet."
Ralph: "Well, then, please get down off it so we can move it. * * Who do you think you are, Helen Morgan?"
Nellie: "No, because no man can make me cry . . and I don't think you're Harry Richman either. * * Paul, will you warn the audience about what's coming?"
Paul: "Ladies and gentlemen . . Miss Revell's invitation to meet all comers on this program has brought into our studio tonight a couple of young fellows trying to get along. * * They say they're Eddie East and Ralph Dumke. * * I'm sure you are familiar with the work of the Sisters of the Skillet. * * You meet them on the Proctor and Gamble program every week . . and I know if they are the real thing you will recognize them."
Ralph: "Did you hear what that Nellie Revell said about us?"
Eddie: "Did I hear it? * * Here's one skillet that's burning up."
Ralph: "What a great District Attorney she'd make. * * Talking about our weight."
Eddie: "A little road work wouldn't hurt her, either."
Ralph: "I thought I'd die the other night when I was in . . . home for dinner and I saw a picture of Nellie and written across it was . . 'Reading from left to right . . Nellie Revell.'"
Eddie: "You know, she was the inspiration for that old gag about the fellow who tried to hug his girl and he couldn't get his arms around her so he put them around as far as he could reach . . left a chalk mark there . . and then went around and hugged the other side of her."
Ralph: "Say, it's as easy to jump over her as it is to go around her."
Nellie: "Oh, you're both darlings."
Paul: "You know, Nellie's rather prejudiced in your favor because you came from Indiana."
Daly: "A lot of smart people come from Indiana."
Ralph: "Yes, and as George Ade says, the smarter they are, the quicker they come."
Nellie: "Yes, but you notice that George Ade still stays there."

Sporting Mothers

(Continued from page 70)

Not all of us are blessed with the heaven sent good fortune to live in the country and have tree climbing sons to worry about, but tree climbing may be used as a symbol of the hundred fearsome things our children must do in the course of their development, things which terrify us and paralyze us with fright but which we must permit and accept and encourage wisely. It begins with the baby's first step and never ends until his last. With our hearts in our mouths we must watch them, climbing on chairs, and up and down stairs, and all over the place—skating, swimming, sailing, riding, learning to drive a car and even flying. The rules of the game are—teach them *how* and don't let them see that you're afraid.

And now let's sum up this sporting mother I've been describing to you. She's good-natured always no matter what the provocation to be cross, she sacrifices her own inclinations in order to serve or to amuse or to educate her children, she plays the game fairly and squarely, she keeps her own tears and emotions strictly under control; uses tact always in her dealings with her children; silently gives up many things she longs for and makes the best of what she has. And finally she wastes no time whining and complaining about her lot as a mother. Just goes ahead and makes a job of it as well as she can, thanks heaven for her blessings and keeps smiling.

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Wonder Hour Brings Out New Tenor

THE successful chain debut of Charles Sears, youthful tenor, over the Wonder Hour (NBC-WEAF Network) is the latest achievement of the Minneapolis-Honeywell Regulator Company in introducing new artists and compositions to the American radio audience. This sensational singer was unknown to the musical world less than 18 months ago. Engaged at that time as a professional window trimmer, Mr. Sears was doing a little church singing on Sundays. A friend, noting the small return on his income tax for singing, referred him to Louise Gilbert, program director of the Dyer-Enzinger Company, who has likewise been in charge of the musical programs sponsored by this Minneapolis company. After 18 months of intensive study and local radio work, Mr. Sears recently made his national debut with instant success.



Similarly, on the Wonder Hour program Roy Shield, recently appointed musical director of NBC, was introduced over the chain networks as director of the Wonder Hour specially selected symphony orchestra.

In commenting on this interesting fact of introducing new artists, Miss Gilbert said: "Mr. C. B. Sweatt, vice president of the Minneapolis-Honeywell Regulator Company, is personally vitally interested in aiding new musical talent to receive proper attention and recognition. Due to this feeling, he has been particularly anxious since the introduction of this company into radio advertising to accomplish these aims in cases where the artists or compositions warranted special recognition. This has led me to make a special study of new talent entitled to greater opportunities." Last fall, over the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra programs sponsored by this advertiser, Ruth Lyon, outstanding Chicago radio soprano, was selected as the one guest soloist with this orchestra. Her interpretation of the difficult "Depuis le Jour," from Charpentier's opera "Louise" won her immediate nationwide recognition.

Similarly, Mischa Elzon, European violinist, was first introduced to the American radio audience in a violin solo of one of Saint Saens' Concertos which Mr. Elzon had previously played for the composer himself.

On the same series of programs a new composition, "The Dance of Jenny," a ballad written by Herbert Elwell, was first heard on the air and played by the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra. This number from "The Happy Hypocrite" had previously been well received by European music lovers. This selection was not made without serious thought, as Miss Gilbert has one of the most complete musical libraries in the entire country.

These examples serve as interesting side-lights on the selection of radio talent as determined by Miss Louise Gilbert for the Minneapolis-Honeywell broadcasts. In what better way can promising and deserving musicians receive nationwide recognition than over one of the chain networks?

"Plays It by Ear"

HERMAN HUPFELD has done it again!

First he wrote "When Yuba Plays the Rumba on His Tuba."

And increased the undulations in the average jazz ball room one thousand percent. The dignified professors in college towns heard the jazz bands playing "boop-boop-a-doopa" music and froze with terror. Fat ladies who go in for reducing "boop-boop-a-dooped" in countless ball rooms. From Denmark, where they translated the funny words into Danish, to Greenwich Village, New York, where they got out a Russian version—of course leaving in the words "yuba" and "rumba" and "tuba"—the mythical "Yuba" of "Cuba" was glorified. The tuba itself came out in a brilliant new light. Tuba players, forced to make strange new arrangements for solo pieces, cursed and praised Hupfeld. And his song sold in the hundreds of thousands of copies.



Herman Hupfeld

So now he's gone and done it all over, this time, glorifying the piano.

The Fourth Baker

(Continued from page 21)

"However, with the passing of years, the Three Bakers prosper in the Far East. As Act V opens, Sir Richard Baker, fifth Earl of Bridgeport has just been promoted. He is now the Sixth Earl of Bridgeport. Tom, the fun loving Baker, has a dukedom and a native wife and three little dough nuts (crumbs off the old loafer, you know) each running around in his own private kiddie car. Sam has a baronetcy, a harem and a magnificent fleet of a thousand pie wagons.

"As the curtain rises, the Three Bakers meet again on the corner of the road to Mandalay and Tin Pan Alley . . . three rugged sons of Old England, still pals, still muddling through thick and thin, still jolly no end. Arm in arm they stride . . . down the road to Mandalay, where the flying fishes play . . . for east is east and west is west no matter what the street signs say. And as they walk, hand in hand, into the gloom, lo, the dawn comes up with a rolling boom like thunder out of China on the far side of the bay."

And as the curtain descends on the last scene we hear a gentle splash of oars while the voices of the Three Bakers fade into the distance.

"Oh east is east and west is west
A rolling pin aimed at the steward's crest
Came to rest at the pit of his vest
Yo-ho and a bottle of milk
Three Bread Bakers on a Bread man's chest."

All is well.

WELL, the Old Topper has put aside his snowy white crown as the Fourth Baker. At this writing we are informed Brad Browne, formerly Chief Wit of the CBS Nitwits, has assumed his new dignities as Perkins' successor. Well here's hail and farewell to the old and the new with dough on the floor from a mixing bowl that's never empty!

Tuneful Topics

(Continued from page 51)

continent for prospective hits, only to have Mr. Van Lier arrive in America with several tunes which he has offered them to publish.

I am afraid "The Match Parade" will never be another "Wooden Soldiers," but instrumentally it will make excellent radio material for the bands who desire to pep up their programs in various spots, and if sung by a good quartette or trio the children should enjoy hearing it because it is the type of number that children usually like.

Perhaps these paragraphs should really be dedicated to a song the Santly's have, which they also brought from Europe, and which has really developed into a sensational hit for them, "Call Me Darling." By this time its melody and lyrics are very well-known to my readers, and I hardly need describe the song. It is a lovely song, and the American version is written by the wife of one of the Santly's executives who seems to have an aptitude for English versions, and whose lyrics, in this case, swing along with the melody most excellently.

The "Match Parade" should be played as a peppy fox trot. It is exceedingly difficult to sing, and requires a deep breathing apparatus in the vocalist, otherwise he will be left far behind if he stops long enough to breathe. Listen for it on radio programs of the future.

"I Wonder Who's Under the Moon With You Tonight"

MESSRS. DAVIS AND COOTS, both clever showmen as well as composers, are now free-lancing. At one time they were writing exclusively for their own firm of Davis, Coots & Engle beginning their own personal hit-writing career with the songs from "Sons O' Guns." In the past two years there has been little sensational material from their pens, which is rather surprising as the boys are among the most capable of song-writers in Tin Pan Alley. In my book I held up Benny Davis as the writer of the longest list of hits to his credit; as I became acquainted with more and more song-writers and their best successes I realized that that might have been a bit exaggerated, but I still believe that Benny is one of the cleverest of clever writers. And how he sells one of his own songs! When nearing the end of his act, which boasts of some 20 people, he decides to "put over" one of his new songs, which he preludes with snatches from his best successes. Benny and J. Fred Coots—Coots being best-known for his "Precious Little Thing Called Love,"—are collaborating on many new songs; among them is one that the firm of Berlin is all "het up" about.

It is a "moon" song, but an odd type of "moon" song; an unhappy, sad thought in a most beautiful melodic vein, one that will make excellent moonlight waltz dancing. I am very optimistic about the outcome of the song, as its opening phrases have a quality that is hit quality. I am hoping for the boys that the song proves popular.

"Who's Your Little Whozis?"

THE old Maestro, out there in Chicago, none other than Ben Bernie himself, has authored and sponsored a cute type of thing which, even if it never becomes a hit, will be a welcome relief on any dance program. Although the gentleman responsible for the melody was probably unconsciously influenced by "'S Wonderful," the musical comedy hit from "Funny Face," and the middle part of the song veers dangerously close to the middle part of "If I Had a Girl Like you," the thought of the song, and Ben's very typical rendition of it make it a welcome contrast on the dance radio programs of today.

It should be played brightly and sprightly. If I had my way I would have every vocalist talk it in the deep, throaty nonchalance of Ben himself.

It is published by Famous Music, Inc., and I believe we take about 55 seconds to the chorus.

"All of Me"

UP IN Detroit is a young, quiet orchestra leader-pianist, with shell-rimmed glasses, which give him a resemblance not unlike that of Harold Lloyd,—Gerald Marks. Gerald has suddenly decided to write a lot, and he has followed his first tune, "With You On My Mind I Find I Can't Write the Words" with several others. "All of Me" is perhaps a bit more outstanding, especially in its poignant qualities, than "I Can't Write the Words."

When an artist like Belle Baker becomes very enthused about such a song, it certainly must have something. She wanted very much to do it when she guest-starred with us recently on the Fleischmann Hour, but the sponsors felt that "Now That You're Gone" had evoked such wide-spread comment when she did it some time ago, that they preferred to play safe with a number which had definitely shown a fine reaction. However, she has since had her way, and a radio presentation of "All of Me" has caused the firm of Irving Berlin to "concentrate," as they call it, on this particular song. They are going after it in a big way.

For his collaborator, Mr. Marks searched in no out-of-town places; rather did he feel he should keep such things at home, and Seymour Simons, another Detroiter, has done the lyrical work on the song. Seymour Simons is best-known for his "Honey," "Tie A Little String Around Your Finger," "The One I Love Just Can't Be Bothered With Me," "Sweetheart Of My Student Days," and a score of others. In fact, Mr. Marks is almost a novice beside his friend Seymour. Together the boys are hoping to do big things, and I hope that this is the first of many successes.

"Song of the Lonesome Guitar"

I BRING this song into our columns not so much for the song itself as for its composer, Ray Perkins, "Prince of Pineapples." I have such a high estimate for the cheery gentleman that it is a pleasure to talk about his song. It borders more on the classical than it does on the "corny" popular; in fact, when I examined the song almost a year ago it made me think of the "Song Without A Name" in its ballad-like qualities.

I have often wished that the Fleishmann's Yeast Hour could have as its permanent guest artist the afore-said Ray Perkins; we have had many and varied guest artists of all types, nationalities, and performances, but none of them have ever been quite so delightfully relaxing and refreshing as Mr. Perkins. He gives the impression of effervescence, spontaneity, and buoyancy in his work that attracts and holds the listener throughout his entire performance.

As a direct contrast to my own serious announcements, and my type of vocal rendition, the Perkins style is a contrast which I believe is just what our program needs in every quarter, and nothing gives me more pleasure than to know he is going to be with us as guest artist.

Like all radio performers, especially since he plays piano so excellently, Ray has turned composer. I know that he has many songs, but this seems to be his pet, and I am happy to see that at last he has had it published.

The firm of Mills, Inc., headed by Jack and Irving Mills, have undertaken to bring it to the attention of the public, and it will be a pleasure for us to play it. The song itself is embodied in its title; it is the plaintive soul of music, seeking expression through a guitar; a lovely thought and a very good song.

Whether we will play it as a ballad or as a fox trot I have not yet decided. I wish I could hear Ray do it first, so that he could show me how he wants it played. Maybe I will.

Ray has received lyric assistance from Mitchell Parish, who has been with

Mills Music for many years, and who is the greatest lyric doctor I have ever met. Unquestionably there were spots in Ray's original composition which needed touching up, and Parish has lent that finishing touch. The song is really a serenade, the type of thing that glee clubs do so well, a song that one might really sing under the stars, to the fair one as she comes out on the balcony to listen.

"Lies"

SHAPIRO-BERNSTEIN, who have moved their professional offices from the old building in which they kept them so many years, to beautiful new ones in the Capitol Theatre Bldg., are beginning their new tenancy with a series of new songs. One, at least, should step out in a big way.

Harry Barris, who gave that firm "Wrap Your Troubles In Dreams," is Bing Crosby's pianist and pal over a period of years of association with Crosby, when, together with Al Rinker, they constituted the three Rhythm Boys. This same Barris, who has been writing steadily since "I Surrender Dear," and "At Your Command," is certainly turning them out fast and furious; more than that, he is really writing clever songs.

"Lies" he has written with a collaborator by the name of Springer; I believe the song was written on the Pacific Coast where Barris has been for the past year and a half.

While the song is very hauntingly reminiscent of the "Sheik," and has the same general construction as "Bye Bye Blues" in the fact that it consists mainly of whole notes, half notes and quarter notes, thus making it possible for the bands that usually murder songs by playing them too fast to play this song as fast as they desire, it is practically fool-proof and that, to my way of thinking, was the reason for the success of "Bye Bye Blues." Owing to its contruction it is impossible to injure it by playing it too fast.

On the other hand, there are those orchestra conductors who seem to have a perverse desire to play this type of tune as slowly as possible, likewise killing the tune. I realize that there is no absolute criterion or standard for setting the tempo of any particular song, as it is, after all, merely a matter of taste, but one would certainly not play "The Stars and Stripes Forever" very slowly; neither would one play "The Funeral March" swiftly. Yet there is no iron-bound rule which says that it must not be done; the compositions themselves please most people by a certain rendition of them.

Likewise a tune whose construction is mainly whole notes, half notes, and quarter notes will invariably sound better when played brightly, and a tune with a lot of dotted eighth and sixteenth notes invariably sounds better when played in a staccato and l e i s u r e l y fashion.

In these days it is rather difficult to prophecy unless the song is a natural hit, but I believe that "Lies" is going to enjoy a great radio popularity due to the aforesaid tempo theory, and, if it does, something should happen.

We take 36 seconds for the chorus. Its "Sheik-like" qualities will not do it any harm either, as the "Sheik" was one of the biggest hits of the day.

Voice of the Listener

(Continued from page 56)

bringing up children, none of which items have any place in a radio magazine as far as I can see. Of course if you are running Radio Digest from the point of view of people who rave over crooners, Rudy Vallee, Abe Lyman, and others of their ilk, then of course it is quite all right. But if you are not, then you will have to do something about it if you wish to keep us.—Elizabeth Whiting, 65 Watchung Avenue, Chatham, N. J.

KIND WORDS, KIND DEED

SOME few weeks ago I purchased the September issue of your Radio Digest. After reading pages 11, 92 and 94, which Phil Maxwell contributed to that issue regarding America's greatest dance orchestra, let me assure you that that article alone was worth many times the price I paid for the magazine. During the past month of September the fortunate public of this city was blessed with the appearance of those wonderful personalities, Messrs. Coon-Sanders, themselves and their band. They were in New Orleans for three weeks to fill an engagement at one of the leading night clubs in the city. What an impression they made; but it is not within my powers to tell you of that, nor can I tell you how firmly they established themselves in the hearts of the music lovers here. I hear them regularly over WEAF from the New Yorker Hotel. I also enjoyed the article about Morton Downey and his better three-quarters, the beautiful Barbara Bennett. Give us more of such interesting literature as it is sure to increase your circulation. As proof of this I am enclosing my check for one year's subscription to Radio Digest. —Ann VanHoven, 6137 Magazine Street, New Orleans, La.

THEY'RE IN YOUR HANDS NOW

I HAVE just joined the many readers of your wonderful radio magazine and oh what a radio fan I am! While I can say that I enjoy practically all of the artists I hear on the air, my favorites are among the announcers. Please publish some stories about them and show us their pictures. I think that a series of stories telling of each of the foremost announcers would be very interesting.—Sally Evans, Little Rock, Ark.

WATCH STATION PARADE

I HAVE read Radio Digest for over a year and think that it is the best radio magazine published. But I do have one fault to find and this is it: I would like to see pictures of the radio entertainers in the mid-west instead of those on the West coast. I hope I am not asking too much but I should like to see in your pages the faces of people whom I have heard and whom I know better than those I have never heard. Give three cheers for Kate Smith, Smith Ballew, and Rudy Vallee, my three favorite songbirds.—Fanny Robinson, Tekemah, Nebraska.

FIRST ONE WHO WANTS GOSSIP

I HOPE that I am addressing this letter to the right person. First of all I think the stars should reveal whether or not they are married. Secondly I wish to put my stamp of approval on the question of whether or not we are to have gossip in the Digest. I am for it one hundred per cent and believe that such a feature would be of wide spread interest.—Madeline Qualtrough, Williamsburgh, Pa.

* * *

I WISH that you could include more pictures of our favorites in Radio Digest. I know that it is impossible to print all of them but it seems that you could put more pictures with the articles. Would enjoy seeing pictures of Clara Lu, and Em, also a picture of Amos and Andy, now and then, would be a great treat.—Ethel Cooper, Mansville, Ill.

Silhouettes

(Continued from page 69)

embarking—He's smart.

He's one of the guys that make those "Electrical transcriptions" you hear. Also does a news-reel a week. (Kin-o-grams).

Says that he has other talents, such as rubbing his head and patting his stomach at the same time—and vice versa.

Has little oddities. Sprinkles salt *and* pepper on his cantaloupe—Loves to milk cows—Terribly ticklish and has been known to sock people who grab him around the knees.

Traveled quite a lot. Likes Lima, Peru best. Does not ask "have you bean there"—Doesn't like cops because he can't understand what they say.

Impeccable in his pronunciation. Will not go on the air in doubt as to the pronunciation of the simplest word. Changes uncomfortable phrases—Made a "bull" once. The first local he did for NBC after coming from Buffalo. He said "this is station WJZ *Buffalo.*"

Wears mostly blue and grey. Always looks well. Puts on the first sock he happens to grab. Makes no difference—right or left. Smokes about a pack of cigarettes a day. Never tried to give them up.

Goes to bed about three or four in the morning. Up about noon or one o'clock. Likes New York night life. Gets a big kick out of taking out-of-towners around to see the sights.

Sleeps in pajamas. That is, in the winter. Summer, only the pants. Snores like a fog horn when on his back.

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THE CUNEO PRESS, INC., CHICAGO

Radio Digest

FEBRUARY, 1932 25 Cents



SYLVIA SIDNEY—CBS

DEAN ARCHER · RENARD · LOMBARDO

PYORRHEA

creeps upon its victims unawares



IT is the pernicious nature of pyorrhea to infect the mouth as long as ten years before the victim knows it. This dread disease of the gums comes to four people out of five past forty.

Not content with robbing humanity of half of all adult teeth lost, it also breeds virulent poisons which it sends coursing throughout the entire system to undermine the individual's general health.

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Usually pyorrhea creeps on us unawares. Don't wait for those fearsome warnings, tenderness and bleeding gums. Once established, pyorrhea cannot be cured by Forhan's or any other toothpaste. That's why it is far wiser to protect and prevent *before* the trouble starts. See your dentist *now,* and visit him at least twice a year regularly.

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Countless people today are self-conscious and unhappy with false teeth. Don't risk the danger of losing *your* teeth. They are a priceless possession and deserve the finest care. Start with Forhan's today. It is as fine a dentifrice as money can buy. You can make no wiser investment in the health of your mouth and the safety of your teeth. Forhan Company, Inc., New York; Forhan's Ltd., Montreal.

FALSE TEETH ARE A GREAT INVENTION *BUT* KEEP YOUR OWN AS LONG AS YOU CAN



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SAY FELLOWS

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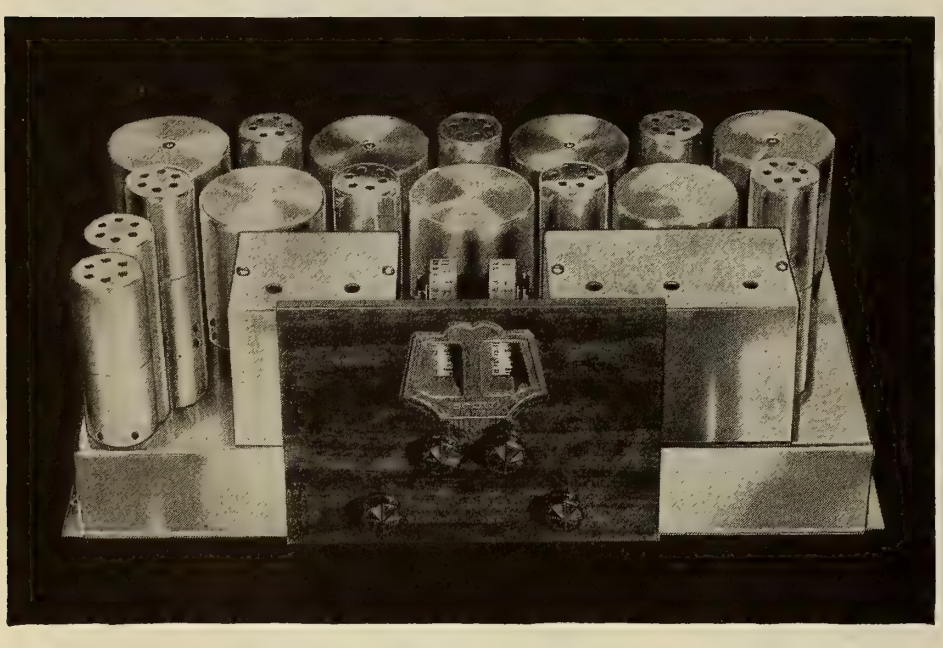
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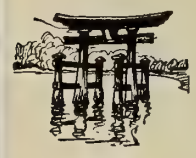
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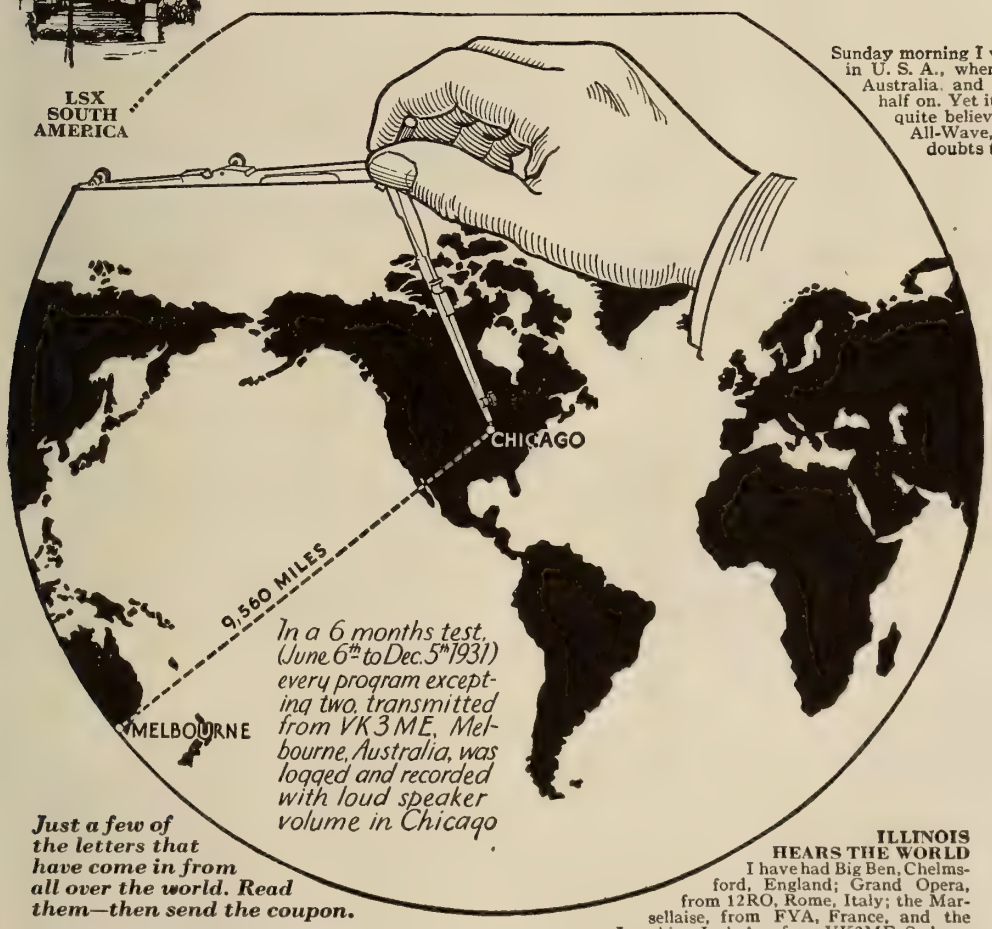
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A. R. Miller, Calif.

CONNECTICUT HEARS EGYPT

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J. B. Tracy, Conn.

ILLINOIS HEARS THE WORLD

I have had Big Ben, Chelmsford, England; Grand Opera, from 12RO, Rome, Italy; the Marsellaise, from FYA, France, and the Laughing Jack Ass, from VK2ME, Sydney, Australia. I am writing to express to you my greatest thrill since I began twisting the dials.

G. Bermel, Illinois.

RECORDED AUSTRALIA

Last Saturday night I received VK2ME, Australia, loud enough to make a record of it. It suddenly gave me a thrill to hear the announcer say "The time is 20 minutes to 4, Sunday afternoon," when it was 20 minutes to 12 Saturday night here.

J. R. Cole, Miss.

VK2ME TOO LOUD

Sunday morning I was listening to what I thought was a station in U. S. A., when in comes the call-letters, VK2ME, Sydney, Australia, and I only had the volume control turned about half on. Yet it was too loud for room reception. I could not quite believe all the testimonials I read about the Scott All-Wave, but results this morning have removed all my doubts that the Scott is the King of all radio sets.

B. Firmer, Mich.

EUROPE LIKE LOCAL

I am getting England, Italy and France, good as local stations on just an inside aerial.

B. Leger, Mass.

CUBA HEARS CHICAGO

The Scott Receiver is just what we need here in Cuba. On the long wave we have had over 50 stations in U. S.; on the short waves, I have had Schenectady, Pittsburgh, Boston, Chicago, etc. Also Italy, with as much volume as I get Pittsburgh.

B. Chibas, Cuba.

GREECE HEARS THEM ALL

Performance on the set has been very satisfactory. Have been receiving London, Budapest, Prague, and Belgrade, Poulouse, Barcelona, etc., and a score of unknown stations.

M. D. Cenerales, Greece

HAWAII LIKES SCOTT

Station F31CD, Indo-China, comes in every night as clear as a bell, while W2XAF, I can tune in any time of the day they are on the air.

E. Bernard, Hawaii.

THE PHILIPPINES, TOO

The Scott All-Wave Receiver is far beyond my expectations. So far I have logged London, Romanapoli, Radio Colonial France, Moscow, Russia, Saigon, Indo-China, and Japanese stations on short wave.

R. A. Balanquit, P. I.

ITALY LIKE LOCAL

The performance is simply wonderful. The same day the set arrived I got Italy as clear and strong as though it were a local station.

R. Collazo, Porto Rico.

PORTO RICO GETS ENGLAND

Daylight reception of English, French, and Italian stations is constant with loud speaker volume. They come in with a bang.

J. M. Lieber, Porto Rico.

SIAM HEARS EUROPE

Although in a reputed bad location I have logged Chelmsford, Rome, Holland, Paris, and U. S. A. stations with fine volume.

W. Knox, Siam.

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Henry J. Wright, Advisory Editor

Radio Digest

Printed in U. S. A.

Charles R. Tighe, Associate Editor

Nellie Revell, Associate Editor

Including RADIO REVUE and RADIO BROADCAST

Raymond Bill, Editor



COLLETTE D'ARVILLE, *prima donna beauty of L'Opera Comique, Paris, introduced to America over CBS network by Margaret Santry. Later she appeared in American opera in role of Carmen. There are hints that she may soon become regularly identified with American radio.*



MIMI SHELTON, *who plays the part of Beauty in the WLWL program of "Beauty and the Beast." Miss Shelton is well known on the American stage. Her recent adaptation of radio has won her hundreds of thousands of listening friends. The "Beast" in the skit is the former Keith comedian, Harry Tighe.*

February, 1932

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PEGGY DAVIS *is the "Prudence Steele" you heard in the Kenneth Sawyer Goodman play, "Dust of the Road," one of the Saturday matinees heard over the NBC-WJZ network from Chicago. Miss Davis' blonde beauty invariably catches the eye of every visitor to the teeming NBC studios when she is in the crowd.*



MARGARET SCHILLING, *a new-comer to radio, will be remembered by many for her singing parts in the stage productions of "My Maryland" and "Strike Up the Band." She made her debut in radio over an NBC-WJZ hookup January 1. Her soprano voice comes through the amplifier exceptionally well.*

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My NEW Book is ready for You

IF you're in Radio now *spare time or full time* - it will show you how my *improved training* can help you make *still more money*



If you're not in Radio / this book will show you how you can get in quickly !

RADIO'S continued amazing growth and new uses of Radio principles is opening hundreds of fine jobs every year. Broadcasting Stations, Radio Dealers, Jobbers and Manufacturers, Shipping Companies, Aviation, Talking Movies, Research Laboratories and many other sources of good jobs need men well trained in Radio continually. Besides, there are almost unlimited opportunities for a profitable spare-time or full-time Radio business of your own. Many of my graduates have jumped from $25, $35 and $40 a week to $50, $60, $75 and even $100 a week within a year or less. My book proves this.

I Will Train You Inexpensively At Home In Your Spare Time

Hold your job until you are ready for another. Give me part of your spare time. I will give you the training that is raising hundreds of men's salaries every year. I send you eight big outfits of real Radio parts and show you how to do over 100 experiments with them that make clear the basic principles of whatever branch of Radio you enter—and show you how to service practically every type of set made.

Many Make $10 to $30 a Week In Spare Time While Learning

The day you enroll I will show you how to do 28 jobs common in most every neighborhood. Nearly every one of the thirteen million Radio sets in use needs $2 to $10 servicing a year. Get some of this money for yourself. I will show you how to do it. I will give you the plans and ideas that are making $200 to $1,000 for many of my students while they are taking my course. Read their letters in my book.

Find Out What Radio Offers You Get My New Free Book

It tells you where the good Radio jobs are, what they pay, how you can fit yourself right at home in your spare time to get into Radio. It tells you about my ironclad Money-Back Agreement and the many extra services and materials that the National Radio Institute gives its students and graduates; Lifetime Employment Service and other features. It shows you what others who have taken my course have done—are making—what they think of it. There is no obligation. Send the coupon today.

J. E. SMITH
President, National Radio Institute, the man who has directed the Home-Study Training of more men for the Radio Industry than any other man in America.

Special FREE OFFER



Act now and receive in addition to my big free book "Rich Rewards in Radio," this Service Manual on D.C., A. C., and Battery operated sets. Only my students could have this book in the past. Now readers of this magazine who mail the coupon will receive it free. Overcoming hum, noises of all kinds, fading signals, broad tuning, howls and oscillations, poor distance reception, distorted or muffled signals, poor Audio and Radio Frequency amplification and other vital information is contained in it. Get a free copy by mailing the coupon below.

HAVE YOU read my new book giving an outline of National Radio Institute's improved training in Radio? If you haven't, send for your copy today—it's free. No matter what kind of a job you may have in the Radio industry now, unless you are at or near the top, I believe my training can help you get ahead—make still more money—get a still better job. However, I'll let you decide that for yourself after you have read my book—just let me show you what I have to offer. Many others in Radio—amateurs, spare-time and full-time service men, Radio dealers, fans, custom set builders—have found the way to more profit and more money through this course. You will find letters from them in my book.

See What I Offer Those Who Are Now or Who Want To Be Service Men

While my course trains you for all branches of Radio—I am also giving extensive, thorough and practical information on servicing almost every type of receiving set made. The 100 experiments I show you how to make with the eight big Home Experimental Outfits I send you make learning at home easy, interesting, practical. This information is of special help—real money-making value—to those who are now service men or those who want to be service men. This part of my training, however, is only one of 18 features that I am offering men and young men who want to get good jobs in the Radio industry—or who are in Radio and want to advance. Even though you may have received information on my course before, unless you have gotten my newly revised book as pictured above, write to me again—see how N. R. I. has grown and improved, too. Hundreds of men in Radio owe their success and larger income to it. Send the coupon today.

7 Years Previous Experience



"Dear Mr. Smith: Before taking your course, I had worked at Radio for over 7 years. But I realized I needed better training to succeed in the Radio game. Every part of the course has been very clear, teaching me what I could not have learned otherwise. In the 9 months since November, I have made $3,500."—C. J. Stegner, 23 S. Sandusky St., Delaware, Ohio.

Former Service Man Increased Salary

"Dear Mr. Smith: I had been doing service work before taking your course. Now I am serving in the capacity of Field Engineer for the Central Public Address Systems, a position I feel I can serve well, due to your thorough training. Compensation is expected to run about $3,600 to $4,000 per year." —Paul E. Reise, 3015 Regent Place, E. St. Louis, Ill.



CLIP AND MAIL THIS Coupon DO IT TODAY

J. E. SMITH, President
National Radio Institute, Dept. 2BR3
Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. Smith: I want to take advantage of your special offer. Send me your two books "Trouble Shooting in D.C., A.C. and Battery Sets" and "Rich Rewards in Radio." I understand this does not obligate me and that no agent will call.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

Radio Digest Readers
VOTE *for* BEAUTY QUEEN CANDIDATES

Radio Digest's Campaign to find most beautiful radio artist in America Off to Flying Start — Enthusiasm at High Pitch as National Election Gets Under Way

THE campaign to find the Beauty Queen of American Radio enters the third month. Votes are pouring in! Have you voted? Read the rules and then cast your ballot.

You readers who have not already done so, now is the time to rally to the support of the radio artist you believe to be the most attractive among this bevy of more than thirty beauties. The campaign opened in the December issue of Radio Digest.

In order to simplify the selection of the Beauty Queen of American Radio, the country has been divided into three zones: First, the eastern seaboard; second, from a point approximately the western end of Pennsylvania to the Mississippi; third, from the Mississippi to the west coast. This month the entries from the third zone appear in the first eleven pages of the rotogravure section. The names of all the entries, listed alphabetically according to the zone under which they appear, are given on this page. Their names also appear under their pictures.

The entries from the first and second zones appeared in the rotogravure section in December and January Radio Digest.

You may cast a vote each month for your selection as the Beauty Queen of American Radio. That is you have three votes. There is only one restriction and that is the coupon on this page must be used by voters. This is to prevent unfairness in the voting.

In March we will count the votes cast for each entry and the artist receiving the most votes in each of the three zones will be selected as the most beautiful in that zone. Then in April come the finals.

The three girls who receive the most votes, that is, the girl from each of the three zones receiving the greatest number of votes will be entered in the final and every reader of Radio Digest will have the privilege of making the final selection from the zone winners.

The final votes will then be counted and the artist receiving the greatest number will be declared the Beauty Queen of American Radio. Her picture will be painted by a famous portrait painter and she will adorn the cover of Radio Digest. Then the Beauty Queen will be presented by Radio Digest with the original painting. In the event of a tie, between two or more of the entries, each one will in turn appear as the Radio Digest cover girl and will be presented with the original painting of her portrait.

As has been mentioned there are absolutely no restrictions on voting with the exception that the special coupon provided for the purpose in the December, January, February and April issues of Radio Digest must be used for that purpose. You may vote for any one of the contestants, whether or not you reside in the zone from which the artist was entered. You may hold your votes until the end of February or you may send them in each month. You may send a letter outlining your reasons for your selection or not, just as you prefer. The coupon is the only vote that counts. There will be no bonus votes of any kind in the election of the queen.

But, and this is important: The preliminary votes—that is the votes on which the three winners in the three zones will be decided—must be mailed so that they arrive at the offices of Radio Digest in New York not later than March 3rd.

When voting in the finals the ballots must be in the New York offices of Radio Digest not later than May 3rd. Be sure to comply with these few simple rules and you will be certain that your votes will count in the selection of the Beauty Queen of American Radio.

The complete list of entries appears in this page. It is not necessary for the picture to appear to enable you to cast your vote. You may know the artist or perhaps you have seen her picture and are familiar with her features. In that event, don't wait for the picture. Cast your ballot without delay and do your part to make the girl of your choice Beauty Queen of American Radio.

ZONE ONE

Edith M. Bowes, CNRH, Halifax, Canada.
Catherine Fields, WEAF, New York City.
Rosaline Greene, WJZ, New York City.
Estelle Happy, WTIC, Hartford, Conn.
Ethelyn Holt, W2XAB, New York City.
Harriet Lee, WABC, New York City.
Verna Osborne, WOR, Newark, N. J.
Mary O'Rourke, WPAW, Pawtucket, R. I.
Lillian Parks, WCDA, New York, City.
Christine Perera, CMBT, Havana, Cuba.
Nina Tonelli, WLWL, New York City.
Mary Williamson, WMCA, New York City.

ZONE TWO

Nell Cook Alfred, KRMD, Shreveport, La.
Virginia Clarke, WJJD, Chicago.
Donna Damerel, WBBM, Chicago.
Nan Dorland, WENR, Chicago.
Jane Froman, WMAQ, Chicago.
Connie Gates, WGAR, Cleveland, O.
Lena Pope, WCKY, Covington, Ky.
Peggy O'Neil Shelby, WEBQ, Harrisburg, Ill.
Constance Stewart, CKNC, Toronto.

ZONE THREE

Elizabeth Anderson, KTLC, Houston, Tex.
Celeste Rader Bates, KGDM, Stockton, Calif.
Miriam Dearth, WNAD, Norman, Okla.
Alice Holcomb, WFAA, Dallas, Tex.
Hazel Johnson, KFYR, Bismark, N. D.
Rita Lane, KPO, San Francisco, Calif.
Helen Musselman, KGO, San Francisco, Calif.
Julietta Novis, KFWB, Hollywood, Calif.
Nellie Santigosa, KROW, Oakland, Calif.
Madaline Sivyer, KQW, KTAB, San Jose, Calif.
Annabell Wickstead, XEQ, Juarez, Mexico.

USE THIS COUPON IN NAMING CHOICE FOR BEAUTY QUEEN OF AMERICAN RADIO

Ballot No. 3

RADIO DIGEST,
420 Lexington Ave.,
New York, N. Y.

My choice for the Beauty Queen of American Radio is

Name of artist..... Station.....

Voters Name .....

Street .....City, State .....

The Cumberland Ridge Runners—featured in the Aladdin Barn Dance Frolic, on

WLS

CHICAGO



The Aladdin Barn Dance Frolic

Every Saturday night from 8:30 to 9:00 Central Standard Time, the Cumberland Ridge Runners, featured act on WLS, Chicago, bring to thousands of listeners the highly popular Aladdin Barn Dance Frolic. They are sponsored by the Mantle Lamp Company of America, makers of the famous Aladdin Lamp, the most satisfactory light known for homes without electric service.

It is the second year Aladdin has brought WLS listeners this justly popular act. The boys are natives of the Cumberland mountain district of Kentucky and present a program of "Play Parties" based on games they themselves played at parties in their home neighborhoods and revives memories of present and past days to thousands of listeners. They produce these plays and music with a fidelity of detail possible only to those to whom it is a natural part of their every day lives.

Listen to this unusual program Saturday nights and become personally acquainted with the boys who present it—in the picture from left to right, Karl Davis, mandolin; Hartford Connecticut Taylor, guitar; Slim Miller, fiddler; John Lair, jug—(the leader); and Hugh Cross, the Smoky Mountain Boy. You'll enjoy knowing them—and Aladdin Lamps.

WLS

THE PRAIRIE FARMER STATION

BURRIDGE D. BUTLER, President
GLENN SNYDER, Manager

Main Studios and Office: 1230 West Washington Blvd., CHICAGO, ILL.
50,000 WATTS 870 KILOCYCLES

Coming *and* Going

Observations on Events and Incidents in the World of Broadcasting

JANUARY is the month of new programs. I always feel a thrill of anticipation at a premiere. Perhaps there will be some great new idea, some revolutionary technique—a BIG SURPRISE of some sort. We had been hearing things about a new recognition of the listener's point of view. Illustrious names had been lured from the opera and the concert. Surely radio was ascending the heights!

And now for the first bow of the wonderful new cigarette program—a salon for a grand exhibition of the latest in radio art in the Crystal room of the fabulous Ritz-Carlton!

* * *

WHAT could be sweeter? I stood on the marble step and looked down through that softly lighted room of gold and silver and glass, at the snowy tables, the groups of smiling friendly faces. And presently we were all seated; dishes arrived, we were dining. At a neighboring table a young man was introduced as master of ceremonies. He had that interesting Southern drawl in his voice which mystifies and delights the Northerner. He abandoned ceremony as he presented the entertainers. Colonel Stoopnagle convoyed a freakishly assembled tinted motion picture film of 1910 through a riot of laughter. Dishes were carried away, rugs rolled back and silken pumps were gliding across the polished floor to dreamy music.

* * *

AND so the evening drifted toward the great climax—the new program. A console amplifier was lifted to a table. It spoke melodiously. A hush! Chesterfield! Alex Gray, beloved hero of stage, screen and concert who had been with us a few minutes before was singing. Nat Shilkret and his scintillating dance orchestra was showering the continent from coast to coast with a fountain of music.

* * *

THEN suddenly—Crash, disaster!

The Chesterfield ballyhoo! To me it was a sudden rip and tear through a fanciful curtain of dreamy design. Cold, black, billboard letters of sound hurtled in a metallic barrage out of that polished console. Whang! Bang! Satisfy! Satisfy! Satisfy! A mad blighting scramble ensued, all dissonant to the lovely scene of a moment before. I hoped it would end soon, but, no, with heavy trampling boots it clouted through the dainty silks and velvets kicking over the beautiful effect that had been so delicately built up. For the first time I knew what it was to bitterly resent this kind of radio advertising. The listener, it seemed, had been tricked, trapped and slugged. I was appalled at such a total lack of appreciation of consonance. At least the lines could have had the boy and girl barkers doing a bit of bright dialog consistent with the scene as they sat out a dance or stepped out on the moonlit balcony during the intermission. There they could light up and mention the trade name and the slogan naturally and certainly a thousand times more effectively. I have not listened to any Chesterfield programs since, perhaps they have sensed this incongruous blunder of their first program and corrected it.

LATER that night some of us who lurk about the studios to observe programs in the making visited the NBC studios to witness the first late broadcast of Lawrence Tibbett on the Firestone program. We have had occasion before to speak of the good taste with which the Firestone organization has conducted this feature. The credit should properly go to Mr. Harvey Firestone, Jr., who personally conducts the listener each week on a little journey into the exotic jungle of Rubberland.

* * *

WHEN the name of Firestone is mentioned on this program it is a natural and not a forced situation. Becoming modesty and good taste betoken the good breeding that commands respect. I think Mr. Firestone could present his talk a little more spontaneously. He stumbled over one word in his script on this occasion and later in the evening he told me that it had been worrying him; would it be noticed, what would the listeners say? In reply to this I told him that the listeners would consider him more of a human being if he stumbled half a dozen times. He would scarcely believe me when I told him that Floyd Gibbons deliberately wrote repetitions in his talks to give it the natural spontaneity of extemporaneous speaking. I asked Mr. Firestone what he thought about the use of advertising lines and he said many sponsors would be better off not to put on a program at all rather than to stir up the antagonism and ill will that they do by offensive and extravagant boasting.

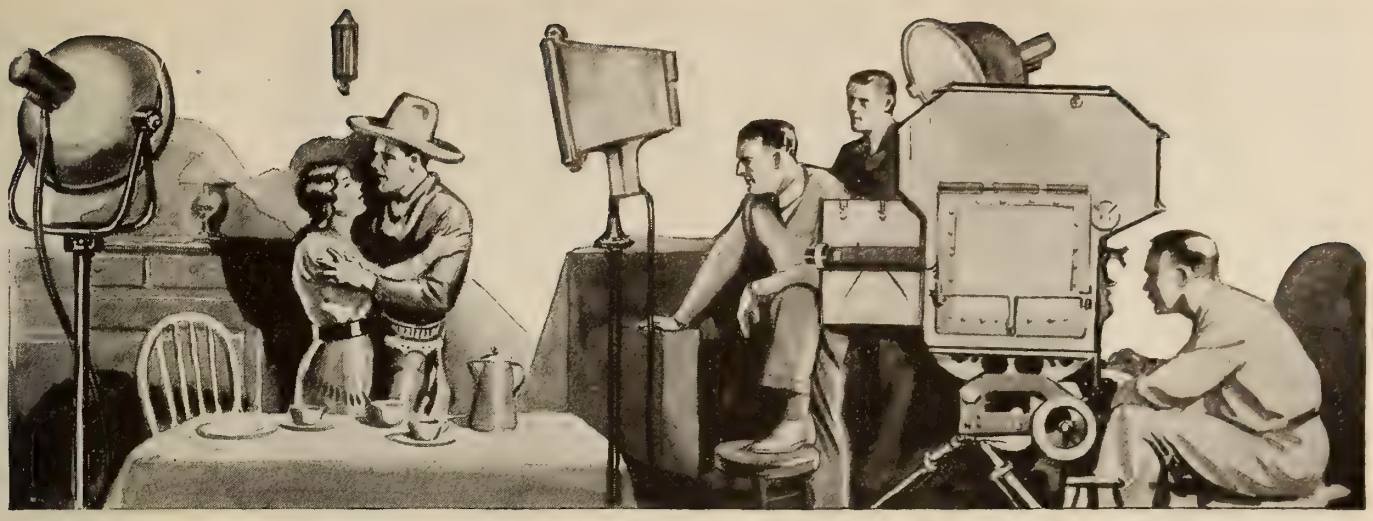
* * *

ON THE two different occasions when I happened to be in the studio where Mr. Tibbett was broadcasting he seemed nervous. He paced back and forth and stepped away from the microphone to clear his throat. Just before he sang the Torreador song from Carmen, however, he amused the few of us who were present there by going through a few motions of a fight with a phantom bull. It broke the tension and he was fully at ease. Because of the repressed volume of sound for microphone requirements it is better to hear your great singers through your radio receiver than in the studio. Mr. Tibbett, his bride and Mr. Firestone entertained radio editors at the St. Regis after the broadcast.

* * *

HAS Senator Fess passed his radio mantle on to Senator Couzens of Michigan? Perhaps the manipulators behind the scenes at Washington have found the Ohio Senator a little weary of acting as a cat's paw. Almost out of a dead calm up swoops the Michigan millionaire Senator, mouthing the same old gags with a few extra touches such as demanding that the radio commission report within thirty days on what can be done in the way of absolute government ownership and operation of all radio facilities. His resolution also wants to know what can be done about eliminating all advertising. Watch this new firebrand, fellow listeners. A little scorching won't harm but don't let him burn up the whole works.

H. P. B.



LEARN RADIO-TELEVISION TALKING PICTURES in LOS ANGELES

Come to sunny California where many of the world's most famous Radio Stars make their home—where the great Laboratories of the American Television Corporation are located—where hundreds of trained Sound Engineers and Mechanics are employed in the Talking Picture Studios and Theatres of Hollywood.

Railroad Fare Allowed to California

Don't worry about the expense of the trip! For a limited time we are allowing railroad fare to Los Angeles from any point in the United States. This is deducted from your tuition, so the trip costs you nothing extra. Take advantage of this opportunity to visit Los Angeles and Hollywood, and prepare for a good job at the same time.

PRACTICAL SHOP TRAINING
At the Oldest Trade School in the West

For over 25 years National has been training men by the practical shop method. Over 20,000 ambitious men from all over America have come to National for their training. You'll find National graduates working in the famous Studios of Hollywood, in Talking Picture Theatres, great Broadcasting Stations, for Radio Manufacturers and Dealers, while many have gone into the Radio business for themselves and are making big money as their own boss. What they have done, you can do!

MANY JOBS OPEN

10,000,000 Radio sets to be constantly serviced! 600 Broadcasting Stations employing trained Operators and Mechanics! 10,000 Theatres equipped for sound and the job only half done! Eight stations already sending out regular Television programs! New jobs will be opening up every day—hundreds of golden opportunities for the trained man. And you can prepare for them in 4 months at National!

FREE EMPLOYMENT SERVICE
Spare Time Jobs While at School

When you've finished National Training—four months of practical Shop Work in the great National Television, Talking Picture and Radio Shops,—then National's Employment Department will assist you in every possible way to get the job you want. And if you're short of money, National will gladly help you to get a spare time job to pay your living expenses while at school.

MAIL COUPON FOR BIG FREE BOOK

Get all the facts! Mail coupon below for our Big Free Book, telling all about National's famous Shop Training and the many jobs opening up in these fascinating fields. No cost or obligation! Just mail the coupon.

NATIONAL TELEVISION, TALKING PICTURE and RADIO SCHOOL
Dept. 239-E
4006 SO. FIGUEROA ST., LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

National Television, Talking Picture
and Radio School,
Dept. 239-E, 4006 So. Figueroa St.,
Los Angeles, California.

Please send me your big new Free Book on Television, Talking Pictures and Radio, and full details of your Free Railroad Fare offer.

Name_____

Street No._____

City_____ State_____



Jacques Renard

FROM one success to another this popular dance orchestra leader has stepped from lowly position to national fame. As leader of the Camel Hour orchestra he is heard over a coast-to-coast network on the Columbia System.

From Old Imperial Russia Came Jacques

RENARD

Began Life as Refugee from Fighting Cossacks—First Violin Came from Boston Pawn Shop—Cast His Lot with Dance Orchestra instead of Symphony

By Innes Harris

THERE'S probably no more inspiring story in the annals of radio than that of Jacques Renard, whose orchestra has gained for him nation-wide fame in a few short months of broadcasting. It's a story that has its beginning in the old Imperial Russia and deals with the struggles of an immigrant family in Boston, the ambitions of a young violinist and ends, for the time being, in one of the air castles of the broadcast kingdom.

Hearing hints of the story from various sources and knowing of the growing popularity of the orchestra that, with Morton Downey and Tony Wons entertains millions each week, I decided to learn of it first hand. And, believe me, it is a most unusual yarn, the kind you'd expect to find in story books, but never in real life.

It was a warm autumn evening when Steve Cisler and I stepped into the reception room of the Columbia Broadcasting System on Madison Avenue in New York. Steve was a visitor from Illinois. We asked to be shown to the Camel Quarter Hour broadcast, and after the uniformed page had conferred with a beautifully-gowned young lady behind the information desk, he escorted us up a short flight of steps into the studio where the program was going through a dress rehearsal.

There loomed Renard. You couldn't miss him from the descriptions. A great, huge man he is, weighing more than 250 pounds. But the surprising thing is the fervor with which he directs his orchestra. Swaying backwards and forwards, up and down with the tempo, now touching bow to violin for a solo passage, now abruptly stopping the players to insist upon more expression here or a greater crescendo effect there, Renard is a show in himself. Steve and Tony almost flew into each others arms. They started in together at WLS, Chicago.

The rehearsal ended, Tony introduced us to Renard. There was a touch of the Continental manner in the abbreviated bow as he shook hands. But his friendly courtesy was entirely American as he spoke briefly, explaining that the show was "on" in two minutes, but afterward he would be glad to talk. So we listened to the program in the control room. It's funny that no amount of familiarity with broadcasting can take away the interest in watching the performers as they send out music to an entire continent.

IN FIFTEEN minutes the program had been run off with clock-like precision. The audience was pressing up to the performers to say hello and offer congratulations. Page boys were coming in with 'phone messages and telegrams for the stars. Down in the reception room Renard answered two urgent telephone calls, then we broke away. "You won't mind going along while I look at an apartment will you?" he said. "It's a tough job and it has to be done. We can talk as we ride over." Steve remained with Tony while I joined Renard.

IN THE car, which was driven by a friend (because Renard forgets about driving and detours for telephone poles, with difficulty), the time was taken up with talk about apartments. "Why you can buy a house in Boston for what they want you to pay for an apartment rent in this town," Jacques protested. The rental agent, a young man who specializes in finding homes for stage and radio stars, pointed out the beauty of the location of the apartment to be seen and the fact that it was occupied by several well-known radio performers. That didn't seem to interest Renard. He was, he said, looking for a place big enough for himself, his wife, four children and two maids. And he didn't want to buy the whole place just to live in it a year.

Finally, when the apartment had been rejected, we were seated in a restaurant, and Renard told this story as he devoured a dinner of cherry stone clams, cold bortsch, steak and apple pie.

"I was born in Kiev, Russia," he began, "back in the days when the Czar was in the height of his power. My father was serving in the army, through no choice of his. I was the sixth child. The first five had all died through various misfortunes and my mother had begun to believe there was some curse on the family. She wanted to leave Russia.

"Finally my parents decided to attempt to escape. My mother still gets

(Continued on page 73)

Celophane Three

Here's to the Camel Hour Guard,
Each to the other a pard,
It's a quarter-hour smack,
From the humidor pack,
The Three—Downey, Wons and Renard.

Downey's the lyrical kid,
He'll take High C, non-skid,
He's ringing the bell
From heaven to—well—
(To broadcast the word, we're forbid.)

Midwest where Wons began—
Known as the Scrapbook Man—
He talks like a saint
But really he ain't—
"You listenin'?" he asks every fan.

Renard, he comes from old Russ,
A fat but lovable cuss—
Sure, you'd walk a mile
Just to see him smile—
About him the ladies all fuss.



Sylvia Froos squints at the scales as Roma Volck and Hazel Grace look on with wagging tongue and pointing finger. Oh, these jealous women!

This Mikelife Adds

GRAND

Sisters of the Skillet, Morton Downey, Lowell Thomas, Ben Alley, and other Radio Notables Strip for Swedish Pound Cure

By Leo Byrnes

DID you ever see Lowell Thomas in his blue striped undies? Did you ever hear Ben Alley warbling in an electric bath tub while pound after pound of excess midriff baggage dripped from his every pore? Did you ever hear Floyd Gibbons protesting as he lay stark naked save for the protecting cloak of a swaddling sheet, on a rubber's table the while a husky Swede punched, pushed, and pummelled the Gibbons' torso? No, you haven't, is the answer for most of you; and neither have I. But there is one man in New York who has seen all those things and a lot more too. That man is radio's favorite exponent of the Swedish massage, Jac Auer.

First of all I want you to meet this little blonde German with the pale blue eyes and husky shoulders, who has charge of belting these radio celebrities around and gets paid for it. Ladies and gentlemen: Mr. Jac Auer. Jac, meet the folks. Careful there, lady, he shakes hands like a steel vice. Now Jac, I am going to ask you to tell us a few things about the prominent radio people who come up here to you for treatment. These people are all radio fans and are dying for an inside slant on their favorites. What's that? You don't know what to tell them? Well, I'll tell you what we'll do. You tell me the what's what, and I'll pass the good word along to the folks. That ought to please them, and then later on we'll take some pictures so they can see for themselves, just what you see, or at least some of the things.

* * *

Now this business of getting up before a microphone for a few minutes each day may seem to be an easy job. You may have thought that the stars of radio lead a pretty soft life. But that little 'mike' is the medium through which they face their public, and just as the boys and girls in Hollywood have flocked to Sylvia for her treatments, so have the radio stars flocked to Jac Auer. They've got to keep in trim for their daily battle with Mr. Mike the same as film stars must prepare to face the lens.



Ralph Dumke ready to receive a left to the midriff.

AUER'S list of clients reads like a radio "Who's Who." Artists, executives, celebrities of other walks of life whom you have heard countless times on the air, and many stars of the stage and screen, have been at one time or another to these studios.

Lowell Thomas was one of his first radio customers. Lowell comes up now on an average of twice a week. If he has a cold he wants to shake he will make a special trip for that. He has his own special undressing room and always brings his own bath robe and slippers. Some of Mr. Thomas' under clothing has caused wild consternation in the dressing room here but Lowell laughs it off and comes in even more vivid hued raiment for his next treatment. His favorite exercises here are tossing the medicine ball and the electric bath tub session. He likes his massage seldom, and easy, all of which indicates that this news-caster can't take it, even if he did cross the Arabian desert on the quarterdeck of a camel. Lowell Thomas and Jac are great pals outside of the studios, and Auer frequently visits at his client's country lodge in Pauling, N. Y.

Sylvia Froos and Rae Samuels are two of the fair divinities of the air who offcast at Station AUER. They are handled, and I'll bet ably, by Eleanor Woodward, who is in charge of the women's division. Neither of these girls seems to need much work in the reducing operations, but Miss Woodward tells me I would be surprised, and I guess that maybe I would be. I asked Jac if Kate Smith had ever been up to him, and he said no, but added that he

Adipose so One Jac Takes a

WHAM!



"What's the use?" queries Ralph, as Eddie East puts the toe on the toe-tal gross. Jac Auer reads the fatal news.

would like to see just how much weight he could take off her. "She probably wouldn't even miss it," he ventured. Miss Woodward told me that Sylvia Froos has the cutest lingerie of any girl in radio.

MORTON DOWNEY used to be a patient but has dropped out of late. I saw Mort the other day just after his return from California and he looked as though he had been well nourished in the hospitable West. John, the head rubber, misses that Irish tenor and the Downey humor too, so Morton, for heaven's sake go back if only for a visit. They knead you.

Mr. M. H. Aylesworth, the big boss of the NBC at 711 Fifth Avenue, is also a client. Perhaps he goes up to get a line on his underlings. Aylesworth is always in good condition and, believe it or not, he loves the Swedish massage. The harder the better. I'll bet that many a fat contract has been mulled over on these rubbing tables, and undoubtedly the fate of many an aspiring radioite has been in the hands of the masseur as he plied the tissues of the Aylesworth arm.

There's a funny thing about Floyd Gibbons. He never has come to the studios alone. Apparently he is afraid they might get too rough with him. Some of his guests have been Larry Rue, well known newspaper writer, and Ed Thorgersen who needs no introduction. Thorgersen incidently has been requested to be KIND to his throat while there and not to give way to his feelings vocally when he gets that tummy walloped. Floyd prances about the gymnasium like a two year old, and then retires to the sun ray room for a lamp treatment. He takes his massage, too, but the Headline Hunter once confessed to Jac Auer that he would rather be dodging shells on the front lines, than dodging blows calculated to take off avoirdupois.

Another man who is as well known to you as the White House is Alfred E. Smith the dynamic ex-governor who nearly revolutionized the radio industry when he put the double 'd' in 'raddio.' Al was at Atlantic City for a few summer days and later was shocked to see his picture taken in a bathing suit. It was a profile view, and—well you know what politics can do to make the old waistline an *out*-line. Al was horrified. He rushed back to New York and carried his troubles post haste to his adipoise adviser, Jac Auer, then located in a well-known New York hotel. Al held out the picture without saying a word, and pointed a shaking finger at the annoying bulge.

Jac Auer gazed at the photo, scanned the famous Democrat up and down, then said one word; "Strip!"

Al Smith has been under Jac's muscular thumb ever since.

East and Dumke, better known as "The Sisters of the Skillett" are two of Auer's biggest jobs. Pictures with this story will bear me out on that one. This stellar comedy act has a gross quarter-tonnage that rivals the weight of some of our smaller automobiles. Both of them have affected lightweight silk underwear with an eye to kidding themselves on the drug store scales, but their weekly pilgrimage to the Auer pound plant shatters their illusions.



Here we find the massuese sneaking up on little Sylvia Froos. Apparently Sylvia has turned an ankle attempting high "C."

TO SEE Ralph East stretched out on a table with a sheet covering that equatorial bulge is to be reminded of a fat lady at the beach who has playfully submitted to her friends covering her from head to foot with a pile of sand. A pudgy big toe wriggles ominously and the usual other array of pedal digits wag in accord. They tell me that the boys usually get the masseur to laughing (and if that is not proof sufficient of their comic prowess, you try making a Swedish masseur laugh sometime) so that

(Continued on page 80)

GUY

By Hilda Cole

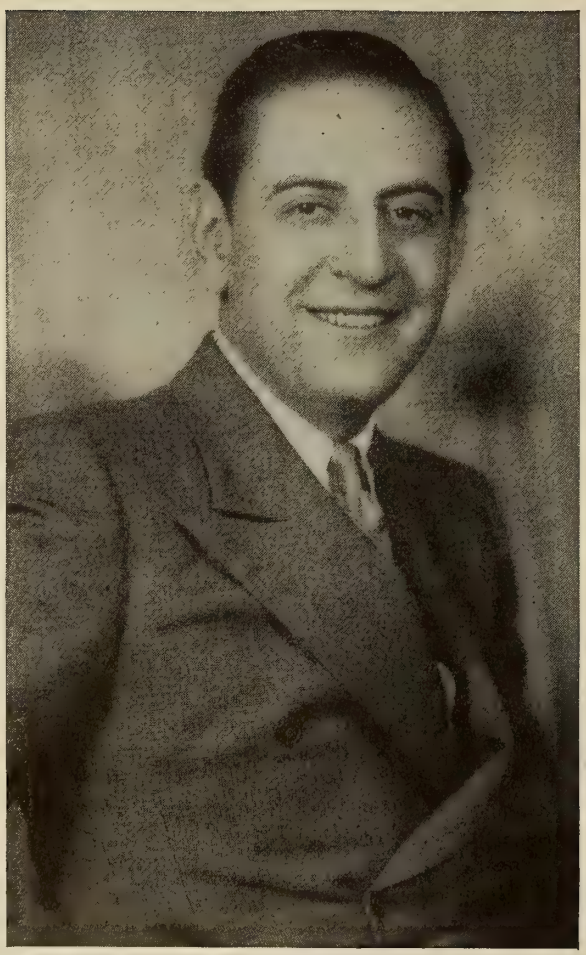
NEW YORK in its week-end mood is a charming place—discounting a rather hurried exterior and considering a latent merriment. It presents its mask to one fleetingly—a mere glance back over the shoulder. It combines hilarity with a sort of feverish, short-lived happiness. It is delirium.

In the tangle of the city there is a Magician: a magnetic dark person in a tuxedo—sartorially perfect—who casts a spell upon his Victims, transferring them gently, and without remonstrations, from the strivings of so-called holiday spirit, to a sort of abandon in romantic music. He *is* harmful—inasmuch as he conveys one unheeding from an ordinary, non-committal state of mind to a sort of magnificent delirium in which one collapses on ones escort's shoulder, sighs profoundly, and hopes to go on dancing forever.

As for this Magician? His face is not, perhaps, remarkable. It is dark and wears a mask at the same time sophisticated and kindly, with all the acquired fineness of a representative New Yorker.

His barony is comparatively small—but adequate. Into the Roosevelt Grill faithfully trek representatives from the college clan—Yale, Dartmouth, Harvard, Princeton, Navy, Pennsylvania—Smoothies clad diffidently in swallowtails, ridiculously grave and poised; Vassar, Smith, Wellesley, Bryn Mawr are there—slim and breathing an aura of graciousness with long gowns, silver slippers and serene young faces. These are his Subjects.

Guy looks upon them a trifle amused, friendly, and endlessly understanding. He knows a Moment when he sees one. He knows the infrequent value of Romantic Gestures. And so he goes on weaving a jungle magic in his music. He believes in being young and intangibly happy. His face composed in perpetual friendliness, his eyes smiling, his hand swaying his band and dancers into Rhythm—that is Guy Lombardo.



Guy himself, the Big Brother of the three other Lombardos. Dark visaged, a kindly spirit shining through a sophisticated mask.

If you would, by any chance, like to know how four young Italian boys in an obscure Canadian village managed to convey themselves into the full beams of a Metropolitan spotlight, and into success in radio and recording fields—you must go back twenty-two years to London, Ontario, where the Lombardos lived.

Guy, Sr. was a fairly successful tailor who married a young Italian girl and settled down in the Village where, in due time, they were presented with four noisy individuals called Guy, Carmen, Liebert and Victor.

ONE must pass the palm to Signor Lombardo for insisting that his sons study music. He was not aware, when he first arranged for Guy to study the violin, *quite* the musical avalanche he was starting.

Sixteen years ago Guy, Jr. began his career as a violinist of more than average ability. Guy, Sr. saw to that. In those days the small boy's fingers were not strong enough to tune the violin, but his ear was accurate. When he held the instrument to his chin his father adjusted the pegs. Once they had an argument about the A string.

"That's high enough," said Guy, Sr.

"No, it's still a little flat," said the boy.

Both persisted until Guy, Sr., remembering his dignity as a parent, snatched the violin away and used it to give Guy, Jr. a spanking. But the violin was destroyed in the process thus placing the whole matter beyond argument.

One could hardly call Guy aggressive. He doesn't wear that adjective very well—and yet, he began his career as business manager when he was eleven or twelve.

First, he had to combat parental opposition . . . preaching the artistic and practical merits of a musical career, and roping in Carmen and Liebert deftly



Here are the four Lombardo brothers who have made musical history in America. From the left: Liebert, Carmen, Guy and Victor.

as they grew up. The struggle ended when, not long ago, Guy persuaded young Victor, the fourth son, to join the Royal Canadians.

Carmen was tooting a flute by the time he was eleven years old. Not more than four blocks away from the Lombardo home was another eleven year old establishing something of a name for himself on the piano. He was Mrs. F. W. Kreitzer's little boy, Freddy, and it wasn't long before Guy and Carmen enlisted him in the fledgling orchestra.

The Lombardo and Kreitzer families almost went crazy with the children's rehearsals—and, bringing the story suddenly up to date, the same situation prevails today—should one focus one's attention on a rehearsal in the CBS studios for the Robert Burns Panatela Program. The band, composed of those same neighborhood boys, quarrel frequently and good naturedly about the arrangement of music. Guy is now, as he was then, the dominating element, and, cocking his ear sympathetically to the music, listens to the distracting voices of "Carm" and "Lieb" and finally puts an end to it by his own judgment. But more of that later.

THE boys took their orchestra very, very seriously. Guy, Carmen and Freddy needed a fourth to play the drums and set up a real jazzy racket. They bought an old kettle and bass and taught Liebert, the third, aged nine, to manipulate the sticks. "Lieb" now plays the trumpets, and is a vocalist as well, while his place at the traps is filled adequately by the stolidly debonaire George Gowan, who was later annexed by the orchestra.

Their first appearance was before the Mothers Club in London, Ontario, and from that brief debut, the young men were in great demand at all dances and gatherings in the surrounding country. Guy held out from the first for slow, soft music—and it is that which brought him his final laurels.

IT IS amazing that they should have stumbled across a technique in childhood which was to bring them recognition later on in Cleveland, Chicago and finally New York.

About 1923, they played at Fort Stanley Casino and drew crowds to the Lake Erie resort. The orchestra by this time was augmented by others —Freddy Higman, and Francis Henry.

Next came an offer to go on a vaudeville tour in the states. At this time they selected the title "Royal Canadians"—for a reason which Guy cannot exactly define to this day—except that they were all certainly Canadians, and they thought "royal" might add a little swank.

They progressed no further than Cleveland on their vaudeville tour, for they were greeted each time with such a storm of applause that they received a tempting offer from a road house —and remained there two years. Here they began to broadcast, and to make recordings. Through college dormitories, particularly—the young connoisseurs of jazz played Lombardo records first and foremost of all others.

Their next move was Chicago where they certainly caught the Windy City in their own tempest and created more havoc than they had bargained for in the Grenada Cafe.

Next, the band received an offer to play at the Roosevelt Grill. Mr. George O'Neill, who was instrumental in obtaining for them this somewhat exalted position was a former Londoner—and it was Mrs. O'Neill who gave the boys their first chance to play before the Roman Catholic Mothers Club in Ontario, years before.

Needless to say, they came to the Grill—and wafted a lot of charm about it. Enter the Magician then, waving his wand—or rather, his violin bow.

Here are the Royal Canadians themselves, who blend their instruments into the music—broadcast nightly over the Columbia network.

CARMEN LOMBARDO—"Carm" is responsible for much of the arranging of music for the orchestra, sings the solos, composes continuous song hits, leads the orchestra occasionally and, as Guy says, he "absolutely lives in music." He is also devoted to backgammon.

LIEBERT LOMBARDO—Here is another Lombardo face, dark and alert. "Lieb" is the third member of the Lom-

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On the occasion of their first professional appearance and before they ever dreamed of being national favorites over a great radio system. Guy with his first violin (it came to a sad end, as the story relates) and Carmen.

HARRY RESER and his CLICQUE

By Anne B. Lazar

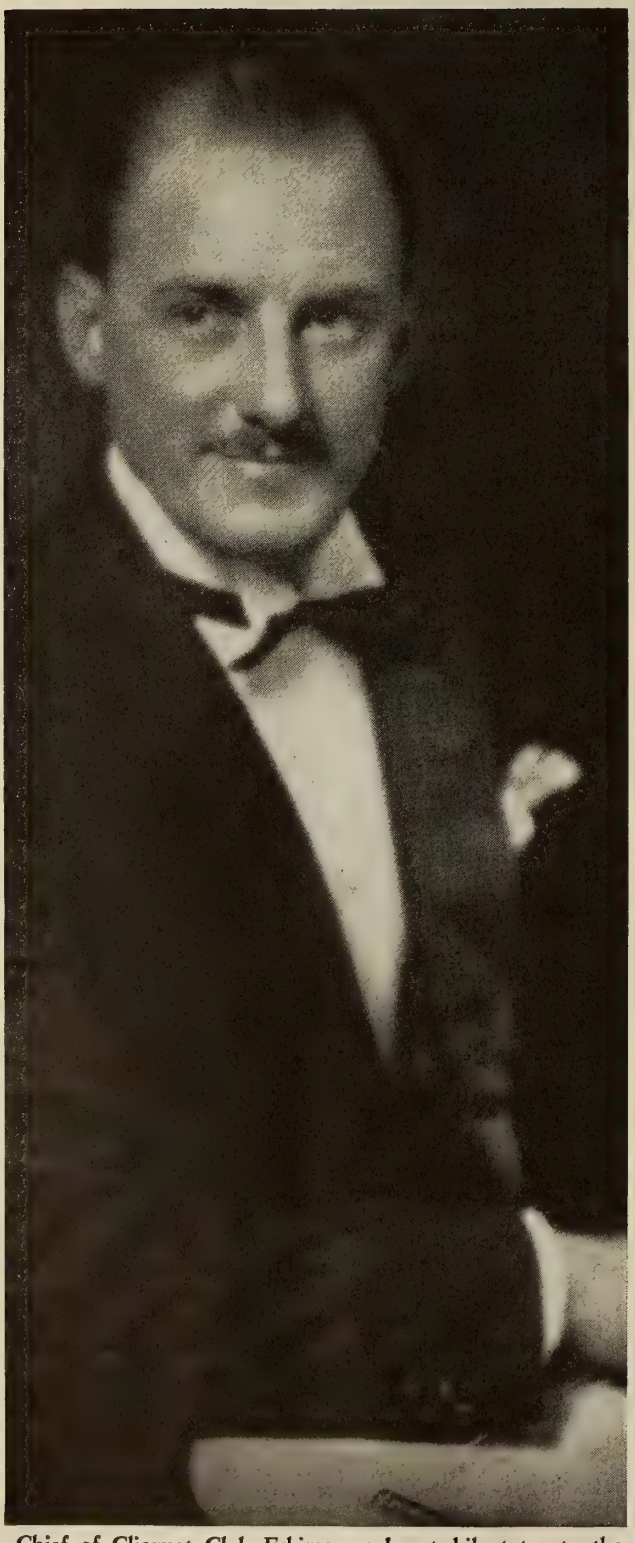
SO LONG as it had a string that plunked—Baby Harry was satisfied. With a solo string his repertoire of necessity was limited, but if he could yank anything like a sound out of the crude instrument, his own tiny hands clapped the plaudits.

Unappreciative neighbors did not respond to the free-for-all concerts that featured "do" or "re" and on rare occasions "la," which the musical infant very generously supplied. In fact, slightly audible imprecations and anathemas were known to follow Harry's recitals. But which prophet is not without honor save in his own neighborhood whether he wield the Sword of Truth or a one-stringed guitar.

HARRY RESER, now Chief of the Clicquot Club Eskimos, was immune to the darted innuendoes of his unmusical neighbors. For at the tender age between one and four—childish illusions and dreams are still unmarred by the world's cold, stinging realities. And besides he was perched too high with the heavenly music which dribbled from that insecure and solitary string—to descend to the criticism of unkind neighbors.

Came the day—when Harry had attained to the mature age of five—and a real guitar was given to him. Other young men of five might indulge themselves in the common and more serious pursuits of setting the kitchen curtains on fire, and trying out Daddy's razor blades on the new mahogany table, or in depleting a healthy supply of home-made jam in the pantry. In all of these innocent occupations, except the last, Harry could not be persuaded to join.

"A wandering minstrel of ballads, songs and snatches"—



Chief of Clicquot Club Eskimos and erstwhile tutor to the Prince of Wales in the art of playing the banjo.

snatches of strawberry jelly—was Harry—and he soon surprised his family with his increasing repertoire of familiar melodies and his more clearly defined manner of presenting them.

Although the guitar was the vehicle which ushered Harry into the musical world—he was not true to this—his first love. We find him shifting his smiles and affections from this romantic instrument to its first cousin, the banjo. If you ask Harry Reser why he favors the banjo he will tell you that more than any other instrument, it expresses American life—the saxophone notwithstanding. Although Harry Reser has the greatest admiration for this popular invention of Mr. Sax and some of its more notable wielders, such as R. V., etc., Mr. Reser is adamant in his fidelity to the banjo as the medium which best interprets the spirit of America.

"Certain musical effects, indicative of the Twentieth Century, are attained through the banjo," smiled Mr. Reser after he was interrupted by at least twenty telephone calls, before he could complete his prophetic utterance. The youthful crop on his upper lip seemed to give a liveliness to his wholesome smile.

THE world's foremost banjoist is a slim person of medium height. His face is a study in brown—sandy hair and brown, mirthful eyes.

In London several years ago, the population gasped when the Prince of Wales, Dictator of Men's Fashions announced that he was going to study the banjo after he had listened to a performance by Harry Reser. And no one but Mr. Reser was to be the instructor. So that if one of these days an international



Br-r-r. But it's cold up here. Can't we turn on the steam? But no janitor could be found up in the North Pole so the Clicquot Men just donned their red flannels and white fur suits—we mean ermines—and started to play some snappy, scorching songs to raise the temperature. In the center there is Harry, with the black collar.

broadcast features the Prince of Wales in some "torrid" tunes, we'll know who's responsible.

Of the scenes behind Buckingham Palace's walls during the lessons, Harry Reser was obdurately silent. One can only imagine the sentinels with painfully suppressed expressions of surprise as they heard their future ruler plunk away "Just a Baby's Prayer at Twilight," or "Red Hot Mamma" on the royal banjo.

THIS much is known—that the Prince's Ma and Pa sped away in their carriages drawn by eight, when they heard of their boy's ambition.

But before Harry Reser was through—the Prince of Wales was a finished banjoist, and Mr. Reser thinks he's a whale of a fellow.

Soon after it was generally known that England's heir to the throne had turned minstrel, the banjo quickly became a popular instrument, and I understand that some of the most learned M. P's., Knights of the Garter—and even the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Lord High Executioner have turned out to be some of the finest plunkers.

Yes, that's what Harry Reser started when he went to London Town.

When he and the members of his band returned to the good old U. S. of A., they obtained an engagement over the army station on Bedloe's Island, right near the young lady who, with her beacon light raised high, has stood for liberty, these many years—and she's still standing—the persistent damsel.

In 1925 Harry Reser signed up with the American Telephone and Telegraph Company—then owners of WEAF which was soon to be the key station of the NBC. Rare is the musician who knows not whether he is playing on a sustaining or a commercial program. But Harry Reser had that unusual experience. It was not until the end of the third number that he realized he was in the possession of a sponsor—the same organization that has sponsored him to the present time from that day in 1925—manufacturers of Clicquot's ginger ale.

With the comet-like rise and meteoric fall of some of the radio stars, it is a Twentieth Century miracle that Mr. Reser has been able to keep up sustained interest in his program for fully six years.

In their furred caps and breeches, winter and summer, Harry Reser and his Icelandic clicque have played tunes of such high temperature that the Frozen North has often stood in danger of losing its cold austerity and becoming a fizz of vapor.

Mr. Reser was born January 17, 1896, at Piqua, Ohio, and is declared to be a direct descendant of David Crockett, the famous pioneer.

ONE has only to turn the dials to WEAF and associated NBC stations of a Friday night at 9:30 EST, to get an "ear-view" of the Frozen North and its inhabitants as they are entertained at the Eskimo Night Club. The jingle of sleigh-bells and y-r-r-ping of sled dogs give a realism to the program that takes the listener to the land of ice and perpetual snow. Who is this Harry Reser, Chief of the Eskimo Night Club? Read the answer here.

He started his short-lived business career as a clerk in a railroad freight office and received $44 a month for his pains. Absorbed in the "fascinating" duties of his station, he noticed an advertisement for a pianist in a summer resort out in Tennessee. He answered the ad and got the job. Packed his brilliantly colored pyjamas and other possessions which he had amassed through his resourceful business career and got on the train.

IT WAS not until he was comfortably settled that the annoying thought occurred to him that he had never studied the piano. He had always been able to ripple off any melody by ear—but he was no Paderewski. How he wished he never had seen that ad!

When he finally arrived in town—a moment which he dreaded and even had hoped would never come, he was welcomed with open arms. No concert pianist was ever given a more cordial reception. So the time had come, murmured Mr. Reser to himself, when he was flying under false colors. It was almost unbearable.

With all of the courage he could summon—after the enthusiasm of the meeting had died down, he betook himself to the ominous piano. It was a long trip, that walk from the other end of the room to this instrument, and it seemed as if it took him hours and hours to get there. But he finally did arrive and managed somehow to survive through some popular airs which he played. The burst of applause that followed at first seemed mockery, but when he beheld the unmistakable rapture of his audience he was convinced that there was a Santa Claus after all.

SHAW and the BOOB

Weary of Waiting for One of America's Better Known Intellectuals to Answer, Mr. Boob Speaks for Himself in Reply to G. B.'s Transatlantic Broadcast on Russia

AFTER all few people in America take Shaw as seriously as he takes himself. He is a master showman for George Bernard Shaw. His observations about Russia are intended to provoke comment about Shaw. That may be the reason why none of our own literati have taken any notice of what he said. But poor old Mr. Boob just couldn't keep still and take it any longer. So here is where he has his say—and says it.

FOUR months have passed now and nobody has taken the trouble to broadcast back a single "Howdy" or "Atta Boy" or "Okay Colonel" to that quaint old philosopher, George Bernard Shaw, who addressed us so chummily as "you dear old American boobs" in his transatlantic blast. It was so condescending, so considerate for him to air his views about Russia for us. We were so eager to know. Of course we may not have realized that we were anxious to know but he said so in his speech, and who are we, mere boobs, to question so great an authority. Remember how he started out? It was this way:

"Hello America! How are all you dear old boobs who have been telling one another I have gone dotty about Russia! . . . You can hardly be saying that now.

"RUSSIA has the laugh on us. She has us fooled, beaten, shamed, shown up, outpointed, and all but knocked us out . . . we are calling on the mountains to hide our blushes in her presence . . . the sun shines on Russia as on a country with which God *(time out for Bolshevik cheers)* is well pleased, whilst his wrath is heavy on us and we don't know where to turn for comfort or approval."

Not admitting that there had been any discussion whatsoever, Georgie, Old Goof, about your mental condition still if you think we had been saying you had gone dotty about Russia you must have had your reasons for drawing such a conclusion. And even the boob with the thirteen-year-old mind couldn't go far wrong after such an expression of opinion.

Allowing for our mental deficiencies let us try to follow not too far behind your brilliant forensic array of why Russia is so wonderful in its industrial and financial success and we are so delinquent and bankrupt.

"Russia flaunts her budget surplus of 750,000,000," you say. "Her people are employed to the last man and woman, her scientific agriculture doubling and trebling her harvests, her roaring and multiplying factories, her efficient rulers, her atmosphere of such hope and security for the poorest as has never before been seen in a civilized country on earth. Naturally the contempt of the Russians for us is enormous. 'You fools,' they say, 'why can you not do as we are doing?' "

Of course the Russians are not really saying that to us. That's your literary license. What they are saying is "We demand job insurance. Come on, all you boobs, form in line for a hunger march to the Capital. Come on, you bums, push over the Salvation Army street kitchens for the poor.

"DON'T take charity. Take what is yours. Fight for it—don't let them hand it to you!"

Now as for the budget, G. B., we have to learn a lot of Russian tricks to do things the way they do. You see we have kind of a mean respect for property rights. We are sort of squeamish about confiscating lumber and grain that our people have sweated and labored for without giving them any pay and dumping it into foreign ports at a price that undersells these commoditities produced there by people who were paid for their work. If we could bring ourselves to do that all our budget problems would be over and we would have more than 750,000,000 of something or other in the bank. We might even have enough to create one of the greatest militaristic machines in the world, as the Russians have done. And then have a little left over to finance worms to go abroad and bore in the defenses of other countries.

AND about the jobs, G. B., we Americans are such boobs for work that our engineers who have gone over there to show them how to organize for mass production tell us it takes twenty Russians to do the same work that one American can do in a day, and those roaring factories do more roaring than they manufacture—forced labor seems to be slightly ineffectual.

And all that kind of hope and security the Russians feel is quite incomprehensible to the American boob. We haven't killed off all our bankers, our great industrialists, kicked out or imprisoned all our intellectuals and otherwise followed the noble Russian example. We are so benighted we still believe that the sacredness of the home has some fundamental bearing on the stability of the nation. We believe in marriage, families and raising our own children. We still have our churches and set aside one day a year just to thank God for the things we have. The great majority of us are law abiding and peace loving because we prefer to be and not because we are afraid of any OGPU or military attack. And we still believe that every man is entitled to have what he can earn without turning it over to the political schemers to dribble into the pockets of the malcontents and shirkers.

Our farmers still own and operate their own land without much interference on the part of the government competition running vast acres on a mass production basis with slave labor. We admit our farmers are not getting over rich but instead of being herded into convict camps and hustled thousands of miles away from their homes to die in frozen forests our capitalistic government buys up the surplus wheat to store for them until better times. No, G. B., we haven't felt called upon to murder the landowners just to confiscate the



It was G. B. himself who greeted us from across the Atlantic with the words, "How are you dear old boobs—" and just by way of being chummy and on equal terms why not broadcast the answer, "Great, you dear old Goofy. How's your uncle?" Some of the best known pictures of Shaw, as we have seen them here, show him in a bathing suit. The broadcast leaving here early in the evening would probably catch the sage just as he was about to hop into bed.

land. But perhaps when you go back to Russia for another couple of days you'll find out more particulars with which to advise us poor boobs in America. We all are so tremendously interested in your views on all these economic problems. At least we must be since you have positively stated:

"Americans always want to know my reaction to the latest thing in scareheads. My first impression was that Russia was full of Americans. My second was that every intelligent Russian has been in America and didn't like it because he had no freedom there."

The fly in that ointment is why should any really intelligent Russian want to

(Continued on page 77)

TRUSTING Women Are Often Led to Suffer Bitterly for Mistakes in Entering Matrimony without Sufficient Investigation of Legal Conditions Involved --Dean Archer Exposes Pitfalls and Cites Court Cases as Examples -- Complete Series of Broadcast Lectures Will be Published in Radio Digest.

Laws that Safeguard MARRIAGE *and*

By Gleason L.
Dean, Suffolk Law

Blood Relationship as a Barrier to Marriage

Good Evening Everybody:

THE PROBLEM of the marriage of a man and woman who are nearly related by ties of blood, since the dawn of civilization, has greatly troubled the law givers and legislators of the world. There seems to be a natural instinct implanted in normal human beings, of the present day at least, that renders the idea of marrying one's very near relatives quite abhorrent, thus erecting an efficient safeguard against the falling in love of two such people.

Seventy-Fifth Broadcast— NBC Net— January 2, 1932

An adolescent brother, growing up in the same home with a sister who is undoubtedly attractive and desirable to other young men, will often frankly declare that he cannot see how under high heaven any man could fall in love with his sister. It is always the other fellow's sister that is attractive to him. The sister, in her turn, may be greatly worried over the unhappy lot of some poor girl who may have the misfortune to marry that brother of hers. It is always the other girl's brother who is the Prince Charming to any normal maiden approaching the age of matrimony.

I venture to say that everyone of you now listening in has either observed this phenomenon in your own childhood home or among your own children. I know that my two sons are quite ready to groan when they hear anyone rhapsodize over the charms of their sister, and she in her turn has certain mental reservations concerning their potentialities for harmonious wedded life. So we parents can afford to smile indulgently at this natural barrier between children of opposite sexes reared in the same home.

An Aquired Protective Barrier

I sometimes wonder if this is not to a certain extent an acquired protective barrier, developed by the human race through long ages, and not merely because children growing up together in the same home know each other's faults and failings and perhaps exaggerate them in their own minds. Certainly there have been cases when a brother and sister, separated in babyhood, have met after reaching marriageable age and have fallen deeply in love with each other—have become engaged to be married, then to discover the terrible truth that it is impossible for them to marry. This is a tragedy of first magnitude, for it is a characteristic of real lovers that they feel it quite impossible to exist without the other. Any racial inhibition that prevents brother and sister in modern times from romantic love for each other is therefore a blessing.

But, as I said before, it is probably an acquired characteristic. Among some nations of antiquity the marriage of brother and sister was quite common. We all know that the royal family of Persia, as well as the Ptolemeys of Egypt, practiced incest to a horrifying degree. The celebrated Queen Cleopatra, the enchantress of the Nile, was a descendant of a succession of incestuous marriages. She was herself, by her father's orders, married to her own brother—which by the way seems to have been her only marriage, for in her later wicked career she did not bother with wedding ceremonies.

The very fact that we have laws strictly forbidding the marriage of brother and sister and other close relatives, *is evidence that there was once real need for such regulations.* Let us therefore examine the law on this greatly involved question.

Common Law Provisions

In some of my previous broadcasts I have pointed out the fact that, in the early days of the common law of England, the Bible had profound influence upon the development of such laws. It will be remembered that the marriage of the pagan king Ethelbert with a Christian princess, daughter of the king of the Franks, caused Pope Gregory, in 597 A. D., to send the celebrated monk Augustine to England to convert the people. Augustine brought with him forty other monks. They made a very thorough job of converting the Saxons, then the ruling tribes in England. For the next two hundred years the Bible became more and more reverenced in England, so that in the time of Alfred the Great, when he codified the laws of his kingdom in the latter end of the ninth century, he embodied therein what was virtually the Mosaic Code. The English common law therefore owes a considerable debt to the laws of Moses.

The Bible was very specific on this question of marriage of relatives. It speaks with great condemnation of the neighboring nations by whom such practices were permitted. But we will omit the picturesque language of the Bible. One of the clearest statements in the English common law on this matter was adopted by the English parliament in the 32nd year of the reign of Henry VIII. Prior to that time the ecclesiastical courts had exercised authority in the matter. This statute provided that marriages between lineal and collateral relatives within, and inclusive of, the third degree should be prohibited. No doubt some of you listeners are saying to yourselves—why, he called this a clear statement of law, and it does not mean a thing to me. But it is perfectly clear to a lawyer and will be to you in a moment if you will listen carefully.

Lineal and Collateral Relatives

A lineal relative is one in direct line. You and your father or mother, grandparents, or great grandparents and so on, are in direct line. Or, if you hap-

Society--Especially the HOME

Archer, LL. D.

School, Boston



Dean Archer in the studios of the National Broadcasting Company—he prefers to stand as he lectures but more often sits at a desk.

pen to be aged and have children and grandchildren, each of them is in direct line from you.

Now by collateral relatives we mean descendants of the same common ancestor but not in direct line. For instance, you and your father are descendants from the same ancestor but are lineal descendants. You and your brother are descendants of the same ancestor but you are not in line, since he is an offshoot from the same parent stock as yourself. He is, therefore, a collateral relative. Your uncle, or great uncle, for the same reason, is a collateral relative. The same is true of your cousins or your nephews and nieces.

Now that we have explained the meaning of lineal and collateral relatives, let us examine that cryptic phrase "relatives in third degree." Perhaps I should add that this is one of the few cases where the common law of England borrowed directly from the so-called civil or Roman law. You will remember that I declared a moment ago that the ecclesiastical or Roman Catholic tribunals, prior to Henry VIII, had dealt with matrimonial matters in England. By the thunders of the church they had prevented people from marrying within forbidden limits of relationship. These rules, emanating from Rome, would quite naturally follow the civil or Roman law. When the English Parliament took over the matter of regulating marriage it was very natural that it should adopt the prevailing regulations as to computing degrees of kindred.

With this preamble, let us see how the Roman or civil law operated. *If we wish to ascertain the legal degree of relationship between two persons we first find who is their nearest common ancestor.* For example, if the men are brothers, then the father is the nearest common ancestor. This is important to remember, for although a grandfather, or great grandfather, is a common ancestor they do not count in this matter of computing degrees of relationship. *It is the nearest common ancestor only who is considered.* We count the steps up to that nearest common ancestor from one of the persons, and then down from that ancestor to the other person.

Thus, between brothers, we find that we go back one step from one brother to the father and then descend another step from him to the second brother. The brothers are relatives in the second degree.

Let us see what relation you are to your uncle or your aunt. Your grandfather is the nearest common ancestor. Two steps back to the grandfather and one step down to the uncle or aunt makes them collateral relatives to you in the third degree. Let us also consider your first cousins, the children of an uncle or aunt. The grandfather is, of course, the common ancestor as before indicated, and the cousin is one degree farther removed from him than the said uncle or aunt. You and your cousins are therefore collateral relatives in the fourth degree.

NOW I hope you are in a position to appreciate the simplicity of the law which I have quoted, namely that marriage between lineal or collateral relatives within and inclusive of the third degree are prohibited. This renders unnecessary the long list that may be found of such relations and gives you a safe rule to measure them by in case you forget whether or not you could marry your grandmother's sister, or your brother's granddaugher. You will find in either case that they are collateral relatives in the fourth degree.

Incestuous Marriages

All marriages between blood relatives within the third degree of kindred were known at common law as incestuous. They were strictly prohibited. Not only that but the law also made it a crime for relatives within this prescribed circle to marry. If such persons were to have illegal sexual relations their crime would be not merely adultery or fornication but the greater crime of incest, punishable in early times by death.

There is a sound biological, as well as theological, reason for this regulation. The offspring of such matings would be likely to inherit the weaknesses of body or mind that might be characteristic of the common blood stream, thus becoming a burden and perhaps a menace to society. It is therefore a measure of self protection for society, through the agency of law, to resort to drastic measures to protect society from its manifold possibilities of evil.

Marriage of Uncle and Niece

Although at common law the marriage of kindred in first or second degree would be absolutely void, yet if the parties were kindred in the third degree the marriage was voidable only, that is to say it could be set aside by a court of justice at the request of either party to the marriage. This means, of course, that if the parties themselves were satisfied with each other, no one else had a right to interfere.

This lead to the curious result, in England, that an uncle could marry his niece, or an aunt her nephew. While such may seem an improbable contingency, yet we must remember that in isolated towns, in the days of large families, the younger children might be of the same ages as their nephews and nieces. I have personally known of cases where a nephew and aunt would and perhaps should have married had the law permitted it. But in the United States generally such marriages are declared by statute to be null and void. The same is true today in England, but let us see how the former law of voidability of such marriages operated.

For Example: In November 1834 in England Ann Hills, a younger sister of the mother of Samuel Sutton, was married to the said Samuel. There was nothing the authorities could do about it even if they had tried. Two years after this marriage the English Parliament passed a law declaring all such marriages void. This statute, however, could have no effect on marriages then existing. The young couple in this extraordinary matrimonial alliance did not tarry long in England. Even before the enactment of the law referred to they emigrated to Massachusetts. Under the law of that commonwealth such marriages were void. But it is also a fixed custom in the United States that a marriage, legal in the state or country where it was contracted, subject to certain exceptions to be noted in future broadcasts, will be recognized as legal everywhere. A note for $1300 given to Ann Sutton was sued upon by Samuel in 1845, it then being lawful for a husband to collect debts owed to his wife. The defendant endeavored to escape payment on the ground of nullity of the marriage, but the court said that until the parties themselves acted to set aside the marriage it would be considered valid in Massachusetts. Samuel secured judgment on the note. The case was Sutton v Warren, 10 Metc. (Mass.) 451.

May First Cousins Marry?

IN OUR talk of last week we discussed blood relationship as a barrier to marriage. The last topic under discussion was the marriage of uncle and niece, or aunt and nephew, in which we found such marriages to be prohibited at common law, but not void from their inception. This means that either party to the marriage would have a right to annulment if court proceedings were duly brought. But unless such annulment were sought the marriage would stand.

Statutory Regulations of Marriage of Blood Relatives

Before leaving the subject, however, it may be well to call attention to the fact that many States of the Union have changed the common law rules on this point by enacting statutes rendering marriages between such relatives absolutely null and void.

In Massachusetts, for example, we have a typical statute which declares that "a marriage solemnized within the commonwealth which is prohibited by reason of consanguinity or affinity between the parties * * shall be void without a decree of divorce or other legal process."

See Gen. Laws of Mass. Chap. 207 Sec. 8.

Consanguinity may be a fearsome word to the unitiated, but it simply means descended from the same parent or ancestor. The word itself is derived from the Latin *con,* meaning together, and *sanguis* meaning blood. It may therefore be expressed as blood relationship.

Seventy-Sixth Broadcast— NBC Net— January 9, 1932

The Massachusetts statutes thus prohibit marriages of all blood relatives to and including the third degree of kindred. You will remember that I made a careful and detailed explanation last week of how to compute degrees of kindred. It is therefore unnecessary to repeat that explanation tonight, except to call your attention to the fact that an uncle and a niece, or an aunt and a nephew, are kindred in third degree and the marriage of such would be void in Massachusetts. Similar statutes exist in many other states.

You will note also that the Massachusetts statute forbids intermarriage of relatives by affinity, which means relatives by marriage. Now this would lead us quite away from our present topic, so I will postpone discussion of marriage of realtives by affinity until we have completed the topic of blood relatives.

Marriage of First Cousins

The marriage of first cousins, from the standpoint of eugenics and sociology is a great and vital problem in America. Some States prohibit it and others permit the custom.

Now it is undoubtedly true that in-breeding, which means inter-marriage of relatives, if persisted in, may lead to mediocrity of great families, as witness the royal families of Europe, or it may result in positive degeneracy, since the weaknesses in the family strain may become intensified.

But it is also true, in the mysterious workings of heredity, that the strength of family lines, meeting in the offspring of such unions, may perhaps flower into something far greater than the family has ever known.

If the problem of the rearing of human beings were as simple as that of rearing some of our domestic animals we might indeed take lessons from experience in that field, especially in the development of new and superior strains of poultry. It is well known that desired traits appearing in one hen of a flock may be perpetuated in her descendants by *line-breeding,* that is, by mating her with her own progeny, which is the most extreme kind of in-breeding. Thus may be developed a race of superhens, which is of course quite beside the point when we are discussing human beings.

The human being may be a perfect physical specimen and yet an idiot or a dangerous lunatic. While it is possible to forecast with reasonable certainty what physical characteristics may be transmitted to the children born of a certain union, yet mental and moral characteristics are much more baffling. Ancestral traits of insanity, feeble mindedness, moral perversion, if such exist in the family blood, are as likely to manifest themselves as are those other traits of mental strength and spiritual excellence.

But there is likely to be an exaggeration of either of the family traits if near relatives intermarry. This has caused the lawmakers of the world to prohibit marriages of kindred within the first three degrees. But, as I have previously pointed out, first cousins, who are relatives in the fourth degree, are prohibited from intermarriage in certain of our American States. This is apparently the case in the States of Washington, South Dakota, Oklahoma and many of the western states, as also in Illinois, Pennsylvania, New Hampshire and so on.

IN MAINE, Massachusetts, and many other states of the Union, the old common law doctrine prevails and first cousins may marry if they choose. I have personally known of a number of such marriages and in every instance the children, without exception, proved to be of at least average intelligence. I am aware that people in many sections have a fixed belief that children of first cousins are invariably idiots.

But this is a digression from the main theme. Let us now consider the effect of those statutes in various States that make it a crime for first cousins to marry.

For Example: Under the statutes of New Hampshire in 1867 it was provided that the marriage of first cousins should be incestuous and void, and the issue of such marriage illegitimate. On October 17, 1870, John Blaisdell married, in New Hampshire, his first cousin, Rowena Mack. He lived with her as her husband for some years. But when the glamour of romance had vanished Blaisdell began to tire of his wife. His alleged conscience came to life. So one day he told Rowena that it was very wicked for him to continue to live with her. He pointed out the horrible truth that she had committed a crime punishable by the laws of New Hampshire. He did not suggest that they cross the line into the nearby State of Maine and be lawfully married. No indeed, he wanted to get rid of her. So he left the broken hearted girl who had sacrificed reputation and honor for his sake, and himself flitted to Maine where he shortly married another girl. Blaisdell evidently reaped a bitter harvest, for it immediately transpired that the new wife, whom he brought to Massachusetts to live, soon acquired alcoholic habits. In fact, within four years after the marriage Blaisdell brought suit against a Massachusetts liquor dealer for selling intoxicating liquor to his wife, after notice that she was a common drunkard. It was in the trial of this suit that the facts of the New Hampshire marriage were made a matter of record, for the defendant contended that the woman was not Blaisdell's lawful wife. The trial court instructed the jury that while under the laws of Massachusetts cousins might lawfully marry, yet the first marriage of Blaisdell would be governed by the laws of New Hampshire. Under such laws, the marriage to his cousin was null and void. The drunken woman was therefore Blaisdell's lawful wife. The jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff, to which the defendant alleged exceptions. The Supreme Court declared that the lower court had correctly stated the law, but it set aside the verdict on other grounds. The case was Blaisdell v Bickum, 139 Mass. 250.

Annulment Sought by Husband or Wife

If a husband or wife seeks annulment of a marriage, performed within the State

and void under State laws because the parties thereto are first cousins, the courts would have no option except to grant the annulment. This means, of course, that the marriage must have been performed while the law in question was in operation, because if the marriage were performed prior to the passage of the law such law would have no effect upon it.

An interesting question arises when a married couple who happen to be first cousins, move from their original domicile into a State where such marriages are prohibited by statute. In fact, two questions arise, whether or not the marriage can be annulled and whether or not the parties are guilty of incest. So far as the marriage itself is concerned, it is generally held that a marriage that was not void at common law will be recognized within a State in which it would have been unlawful to enter into it in the first instance, subject only to the provision that it must have been lawfully contracted originally.

For Example: Eloise Cardoza was a first cousin of Emanuel Garcia. A romantic passion subsisting between them, they were married to each other April 3, 1901 in the City of Los Angeles, Calif. Under the laws of that state it was lawful for first cousins to marry. No children were born to this union. The couple later moved to South Dakota, under the laws of which it was declared that marriages between first cousins "are incestuous and void from the beginning." Friction developed between Eloise and Emanuel, so the latter deserted her and went to live in New York State. This action to annul the marriage was brought by the woman in the regular way, alleging the incestuous nature of the marriage. The husband's attorney set up in defense that the marriage, being valid in California and not being incestuous at common law, could not be annulled by the courts of South Dakota. The Supreme Court declared this to be a correct interpretation of law. Said the court in its decision: "The consequences of declaring a marriage void *ab initio* and annulling the same are very serious. Its effect is to bastardize innocent children, deprive them of their inheritance, and to make the parties whose marriage was legal and valid in the State where contracted criminally liable in this State and subject to exceedingly severe penalties." It is interesting to note, however, that while all members of the Supreme Court agreed on the question of annulling the marriage, yet three judges dissented from the majority report on the matter of criminal liability of the husband and wife for incest. The case was Garcia v Garcia, 25 S. D. 645, 127 N. W. 586.

Criminal Prosecution for Cousin-Marriages

It should be obvious to all that if a state law declares such marriages incestuous and void, and first cousins persist in marrying within the state, they would render themselves liable to the full penalty of the law. But if they marry in a state where such marriages are legal and later take up their residence in a state where marriage relations between first cousins are declared incestuous, a very serious question arises, as we have seen in the case last discussed. In that trial, you will remember, the court in effect said that they would not annul the marriage, but if the parties maintained marital relations under it within the state they would be liable to prosecution. Let us see how a direct prosecution would be decided.

For Example: Masaji Nahashima, a Japanese husband of a Japanese woman, was prosecuted in the State of Washington for the crime of incest, in that the woman was his first cousin. He set up in defense that he had been married to the woman in a State where such marriages were lawful. The lower court dismissed the prosecution but the case was appealed. The Supreme Court declared that the defendant was liable. Said the court: "We are not bound, upon principles of comity, to permit persons to violate our criminal laws adopted in the interests of decency and good morals and based on principles of sound public policy, because they have assumed, in another State or country where it was lawful, the relation which led to the acts prohibited by our laws." The case was State v Nahashima, 62 Wash. 686; 114 Pac. 894.

May Relatives-In-Law Marry?

Seventy-Seventh Broadcast— NBC Net— January 16, 1932

YOU will remember that in a previous broadcast I promised to explain the law as to the marriage of relatives who are not blood kindred but related by affinity only. I am aware that the word affinity has fallen somewhat into disrepute of late because certain notoriety seeking philanderers have used it freely to explain an alleged irresistible attraction for women other than their own wives. There have been notorious instances where divorces have occurred and so-called affinities have been married by the philanderers in question, only to have the second marriage prove more disastrous and short lived than the first.

So when we speak of a relative by affinity, we always mean at law the blood relatives of one's husband or wife. They are related by affinity to the person who has married into their family. Thus, the relatives of the wife are relatives of the husband by affinity. Similarly the relatives of the husband are relatives of the wife by affinity. Now let us see what the law provides as to intermarriage of relatives by affinity.

Common Law Provisions

I have explained to you in a previous broadcast that, prior to the reign of Henry VIII, the Catholic Church had full control of matrimonial matters in courts of the church. But in the reign of that monarch, at the time of establishment of the Church of England, a statute was enacted regulating marriage in all its phases. That statute, however, was largely a re-enactment of marriage customs then prevailing in England. In the eyes of the church there was a mystical transformation in the act of union of the sexes, so that if a man and woman who were not married had sexual commerce, that very fact rendered each of them thereafter incapable of marrying certain of the near kindred of the other. This was enacted into law by Chapter 7, 28 Henry VIII. This law was later repealed.

Relatives by affinity, resulting from a bona fide marriage, were prohibited from intermarrying. Under Chapter 38, 25 Henry VIII, the following persons were named: A man could not marry his son's wife, his father's wife, his brother's wife, his uncle's wife, his wife's sister or daughter, or the daughter of his wife's son or daughter, all of which sounds rather complicated, to say the least. It may all be summed up by saying that any person related to either husband or wife within the third degree of kindred could not lawfully be married by such husband or wife.

I hope that you understand in all of the prohibitions mentioned that the law assumes therein that the spouse who is to be replaced in the home is either dead or divorced, for the common law never countenanced polygamy. There was this curious interpretation by the courts of the legal effect of a prohibited marriage of this sort, namely that the marriage was deemed voidable and not void. Until legal action was taken to set it aside, and a court judgment thereon, the marriage would stand.

Such was the early common law on this point, but in the reign of William IV a statute was passed in England making all such marriages null and void. This continued to be the English law until 1907, when an act was passed making it legal for a man to marry his deceased wife's sister. In 1921 another statute was enacted rendering it lawful for a man to marry the widow of his deceased brother. So much for the English law on this matter of intermarriage of relatives by affinity. Now let us see how the law in the United States has treated this rather perplexing problem.

In the United States

While the English law, as we have seen, has undergone various changes yet the law in the United States has been fairly well settled and settled in a manner that robs the statutes of their apparent harshness. In fact, we encounter one of the most curious bits of legal reasoning imaginable. Following the lead of the common law, the statutes of the several States usually provide that a man shall not marry his wife's daughter, nor a woman her husband's son.

Obviously neither husband nor wife, without committing bigamy, can marry either of these relatives by affinity during the existence of the marriage to the first spouse. But here is where the clever logic of the judges has rendered the law quite inoperative in its original sense.

The courts declare, especially where there is no issue of the first marriage, that when the first marriage terminates either by death or divorce then, presto, the relationships created by affinity instantly cease. The persons enumerated are no longer the daughter of the wife, nor the son of the husband, because the original parties have ceased to be husband and wife. *This means that the former step-father may marry his erstwhile daughter and the former stepmother may take unto herself a younger husband who was once entitled to call her "mother."*

This is all very absurd, of course, and renders the statute on this point a mere scrap of paper, but it no doubt prevents great hardship, as will be seen in some of the cases that appear in the books.

Marriage of Man and Stepdaughter

The marriage of a man and his stepdaughter sometimes involves a tragic domestic story that relates back to the prior marriage. It often involves the rights of the innocent offspring of the second marriage as will be seen from the following.

For example: In the year 1890 William Back who lived in the State of Iowa met a charming widow whose husband had been dead for some time. By this former husband she had borne a daughter who, at the time of the meeting with William Back, was a half-grown girl. Back paid

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What to Do and How!



Just a "few" letters which were received by the Woman's Feature Editor of Radio Digest in response to Mrs. Allen's article last month on etiquette. If it's announcing your engagement or serving salads, Mrs. Allen will tell you how. Send your request to Radio Digest, 420 Lexington Avenue, N. Y. C.

By Ida Bailey Allen

A GOOD many people have accepted my invitation to write and ask about their social problems; before discussing these letters, however, I should like to say a word about etiquette in general. There are two views of the subject.



Edward Peyton Harris, Assistant Director of National Radio Home-Makers Club, writes and broadcasts some of most important CBS morning programs. He is brimful of ideas.

Observing the actions of their children, the older generation always sighs, "The world is becoming worse every day;" and many of our mothers and fathers sincerely believe the earth is sliding swiftly to the dogs. On the other hand, the younger folk dismiss with a shrug the rules of deportment accepted as law thirty years ago. They consider formality to be a kind of stiffening of the joints; and they judge strict courtesy to be plain hypocrisy.

Both groups are a little wrong. Certainly there has been a general relaxing in our manners since the World War; but the fundamentals of etiquette remain the same. The elders should instruct the youngsters in the right observance, always careful to explain the why; and the boys and girls ought to respect anything that makes life pleasanter and that builds up a tradition upon which we can depend in time of stress.

BUT there is so much to remember, objects the college crowd; in true good manners there is only one thing to remember: Always consider the other person and act in such a way as to make him or her most comfortable. However, if you yourself know exactly what to do in the most unusual or perplexing situation, you will have an assurance that will buoy you up through any difficulty.

Sitting down isn't one of these extraordinary events, but do you know how to sit? It comes easy to most people; nevertheless, sitting correctly is an art. Although the day when there was a stern prohibition against crossing the legs may have gone, we ought to keep a mental picture of a person—man or woman, no matter—with one foot on the other knee. The sight is not beautiful, even if the legs, as few legs succeed in being, are. A lady slumped upon a divan may still be a lady, but she'll have to prove her claim by something other than her posture. Nonchalance is excellent; dignity is worth something, though.

Of course I don't advocate the training to which my aunt submitted in her finishing school. For an hour every day she had to sit in a straight chair with a rod across her back and under her arms. But to this moment, although she's eighty, she's erect as that rod herself.

AND a good habit for life in general is to keep both feet on the floor; an easy, natural position is to hold the right foot pointing almost straight out and the left inclined a bit toward the instep of the right. Consider the scene aesthetically; and the next time you are at a high comedy in the theatre, watch the actors and actresses. You'll then admit sitting is an accomplishment to acquire.

Letters From Readers

"Yes, this is another of those letters about settling a wager. My husband says that the correct order for a lady, gentleman, and usher going down the aisle of a theatre is: First, the usher; then the lady; last, the gentleman. My husband believes that would be more polite to the lady, and he says ladies first, anyhow. But the usher would really be first, wouldn't he? And I am sure somebody told me the line-up should be usher, gentleman, lady. Do tell us which!"

Mrs. E. R. A., Philadelphia, Pa.

You are both right! Either arrangement is correct; the older fashion was for the usher to lead the way, the gentleman to follow, to halt at the row, and show the lady to her place; but, more and more, the style changes. The usher still heads the procession; the lady

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JOAN MILDRED OLSON, lyric soprano, who is one of the bright luminaries appearing on the Midwestern horizon where she is well known to KYW, WGN and WCFL (Chicago) radio audiences. Miss Olson formerly was one of the footlight scintillations of the George White Scandals.



Irene Beasley during a few moments of relaxation in her New York apartment.

Letters to the Artist

Irene Beasley, the Long, Tall Gal from Dixie, Answers an Editorial Request... Messages from Girl and a Father in a Hospital... and One from the Boy Who Almost Cried

Dear Miss Beasley:

DURING the past year we have received a great many letters from Radio Digest readers asking about you. Some of these friends remember you from other years and other places than where you are now. Would you be kind enough to write a letter telling us something about Irene Beasley. And then, if you find it convenient, let us publish some letters that you have received from some of your listeners, assuming, of course, that you will have gained the writers' consent in the meantime.

Very cordially yours,
Editor of Radio Digest.

Dear Mr. Editor:

I FEEL very highly complimented by your request for a letter about "Irene Beasley," and while it is a little bit difficult to write about oneself, I hope that the following paragraphs will hold a little interest for your readers and for my listeners.

First let me be brief, about a few biographical details: I was born in Whitehaven, Tenn. Whitehaven is about eight miles from the City of Memphis and the first six years of my life were spent on a plantation, not unlike the ones which are described in many stories of the South. I had a black "mammy" nurse, affectionately called "Aunt Hannah" by my entire family.

I HAVE been told that I refused to talk at all until I was nearly a year old. This naturally caused my parents a little anxiety. However, my grandmother Beasley coaxed me out of this mood of seeming nonchalance with a book of "Mother Goose" rhymes, brightly illustrated. I spent many hours in her lap pointing at these pictures, and on one such occasion blithely pointed my pudgy finger to one of the pictures and said "boy." From then on, I am told, I began talking in full sentences, and have been gently reminded that I have never stopped since.

At the age of six my family moved to Amarillo, Texas. Amarillo is in the panhandle country and is a city of the plains. I attended grammar and high school there. During my high school days, I began to feel the urge that most girls in their teens feel, to write poetry. A holiday—a river—romance—the stars—a mood—a house—anything served as an inspiration once it touched the "old" heart. I wish that I had preserved some of these "masterpieces." I'm quite sure that I have destroyed some pieces of literature which would have brought me many an amusing moment of retrospection.

I attended Sweetbriar College at Sweetbriar, Virginia, for two years.

The following two years were spent as a "school ma'am." During the second year of my activities in this capacity, I began to experiment in radio broadcasting over the Memphis station, WMC, and on March 9th, 1925, I did my first fifteen minute program of singing and announcing for myself. I shall never forget it!

The season of 1926-27 I spent in Chicago doing some radio work and specializing in moving picture house presentations. In April, 1927, I was fortunate enough to have a booking with Paul Ash at the Oriental Theatre in Chicago for one week, and inasmuch as this had been one of my chief ambitions, I decided to leave the field of professional entertainment and return to Memphis. (I have a great many relatives in Memphis and consider myself very fortunate to have two homes: Amarillo, Texas, where my parents live and Memphis, Tenn., where I have spent about half of my life with an aunt and uncle.)

IT IS a very true tradition among people who entertain in any form, that once in that profession it is difficult to leave it. I found this true after I had spent some six months away from it. Consequently, when a representative of a recording company asked me to make some records, I welcomed the opportunity to stay at home and at the same time enjoy the thrill of singing again (and it is a thrill to me—I love it!). Records lead to radio work; and when I came to New York in 1929 to make four records in a week's time, I was introduced to the Columbia Broadcasting System by Dale Wimbrow, an artist with this company. With the exception of a few short interims I have been with the Columbia Broadcasting System ever since.

The last year and a half have held for me many thrills. First I had the opportunity to write and broadcast a program especially arranged for children. Maybe some of the kiddies will remember listening to "Aunt Zelena." Then I was given an opportunity to write continuity for another program on which I have appeared as vocalist. I have always considered the "chant" or blues type of number that for which I was particularly suited, with an occasional ballad thrown in; but during the last year and a half I have had the delightful experience of being booked on programs which desired a change of type and I have enjoyed the thrill of singing fast lyric songs. In a fast lyric song everything has to work with precision, and the accompanist, vocalist, and production man, in fact every participant in a fast lyric broadcast must be "on the toes" to prevent the slightest slip. It is stimulating!

Perhaps it might interest a few readers to know some of the thoughts that flash through a performer's mind when facing the microphone:

"Ready—cue—watch the high note—gee, my hands are trembling—steady—take it easy—break—blank is listening—wonder how blank likes this number—wonder if the lady who sent me the box of handkerchiefs is listening—Oh! Oh!—watch these words—turn page—home stretch—give everything you've got—IT'S OVER!"

When facing the microphone I always visualize somebody at the other end. Sometimes it is the general picture of any number of people whom I don't know and have never seen, but who have written me marvelous letters—sometimes it is the picture of my own beloved father—sometimes it is the picture of someone connected with my life at present, past or future time—sometimes it is a group of people in a smart drawing room; but most often it is a picture of a very "homey" family consisting of mother, father and several children of various ages gathered around a fireplace. I have never seen this family in actuality and I don't know where this impression came from, but it is the mental picture which is in my mind most frequently when I face the microphone.

At the present time my sister, who is just a few years my junior, is spending the winter with me, and having been separated from my family for long intervals it is quite a joy to have her companionship—to share the fun and the little heartaches that go with this profession with someone in whom I am vitally interested and who is vitally interested in me and my work.

I have been wondering if our readers would care to see one or two of the most interesting letters which I have ever received from people whom I have never seen. I value and appreciate every letter which is written to me by a listener, and there is always gratefulness in my heart to think that anyone would be so gracious as to write to me when they like a broadcast. I have received adverse letters and have always tried to construe them into some sort of constructive criticism. I am enclosing a few of the most interesting letters I have received and should you care to print them I shall be happy to have you do so.

Thank you many, many times for the compliment you pay me in asking me to write this letter and I trust that it has offered someone a little amusement.

Best wishes,

Irene Beasley.

LETTERS always have been the most human and intimate revelations of life. The successful broadcasting artist is one who can make each individual listener feel that the song or the word is intended especially for him—or for her. Last month we presented some letters to and from Miss Jessica Dragonette, here you will read letters to and from Miss Irene Beasley. Next month another "Letters to the Artist" feature bring you a glimpse behind the studio curtain of another popular radio star. You may wish to keep the series.

Dear Miss Beasley:

After thirteen years of working in a bank I find myself in a T. B. sanatorium. I landed here Thursday afternoon, two weeks ago, among strange surroundings, strange people, crawled in my bed on a long porch and began the cure.

The girls on each side of me began talking across to each other about the Quaker girl on the radio program Friday morning. Naturally as I had been at work every morning I never had heard it. I decided to listen in and see what it was all about. And was I glad! Well, I'll say! Since then Mondays, Tuesdays and Fridays have been big days in my life.

I do wish I had the ability to tell you in this letter just how much you mean to me and all the girls here. The entire ward stops everything when you come on, and you should hear the girls sigh when you leave.

Oh gee! You with your wonderful personality—your infectious singing just start us off absolutely right on your days. We swear by you to a person.

Yours most sincerely,

Margaret Walthal, Mecklenburg Sanatorium, Huntersville, N. C.

THIS letter was received when I was broadcasting a series of kindly stories, in dialect, under the name of "Aunt Zelena."

Dear Aunt Zelena:

I AM writing you for my five year old boy who lives with his mother just outside of the government reservation. Each evening that you are on the air my wife has to leave early in order to get home in time so the boy can hear you. But gladly do I spare her this time off from her visiting hours (two) because she tells me that the little fellow is simply enthralled during the telling of your stories, and talks continuously about them. He sent me word through his mother to write and ask Aunt Zelena to please tell the story about "The Rabbit and the Tar Baby" for him. So that's why I'm writing you,

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SATELLITES *from the Court of* KING PAUL

By Jean Paul King

Your Announcer from NBC Studios in Chicago



Mildred Bailey got away from her rocking chair long enough to have this picture taken as one of the Whiteman luminaries.

HELLO radio listeners—

Radio Digest has asked me to tell you about the singers whose voices you hear with Paul Whiteman and his orchestra, broadcasting recently at the Edgewater Beach Hotel in Chicago over a large National Broadcasting Company network.

Also, many of you radio listeners have asked about the vocalists on the Florsheim Frolic, the Maytag program and the Allied Quality Paintmen show.

It may surprise some of you and be old news to others to find that the featured warblers on these programs are the same whose voices, un-named, entertain you during Paul Whiteman's late dance airings.

They are John Fulton, Mildred Bailey and The King's Jesters, novelty trio.

John Fulton has been with the "Dean of Modern Music" seven years but the others are the newest "finds" of this internationally known dance director who, always interested in young musicians and artists, discovered and gave to radio The Rhythm Boys, Morton Downey, Bing Crosby and Harry Von Zell—to mention a few of those whose voices you hear every day. As I have mentioned, John Fulton has contributed his very pleasing singing of popular ballads with the Whiteman organization for seven years. Also, he is a member of the trombone section of the band and when he isn't crooning soft vocal choruses, may always be found blowing industriously or singing with the "sweet" trio which Whiteman is now using—the effect very much like the former Earl Burtnett Biltmore Trio and rightly so, for the two assisting voices were with that well-known musical unit before joining King Whiteman to sing with John.



Jean Paul King

Fulton stands a good six feet and his personal appearances have been just as successful as his radio performances. He was born in Phillipsburg, Pennsylvania, twenty-eight years ago. His dark complexion and black hair are set off by the bluest of eyes which remain half closed when he sings in front of the microphone. There is always a slight suggestion of a smile on Jack's face as he sings and perhaps it is this same smile which is carried in his voice over the air. (Is it any wonder that he spent a small fortune sending out pictures to admirers when I once made the announcement that anyone writing Jack would receive an autographed photo?)



Paul Whiteman, the Jazz King, looks over the bright things on whom he has showered fame and glory.

Jack did his first vocalizing in an Episcopalian choir in his home town of Phillipsburg when he was a youngster. His orchestral work began at sixteen and before joining Whiteman he sang and played with George Olson. He has made many recordings, some of the most popular being "Sweet Sue," "Blue Heaven," "Together" and "In A Little Spanish Town." Several of his latest records as soloist with the Whiteman group have just been released.

SIX years ago Fulton toured Europe with Whiteman, singing before kings, queens and other members of royalty, state and staff. He was also in "The King of Jazz," the picture which featured Paul Whiteman and his orchestra. At the present time Jack is singing as soloist on the Allied Quality Paint Group program which is broadcast over a coast-to-coast NBC network and is also heard as soloist on the Maytag program, Florsheim Frolic and all dance programs from the Edgewater Beach Hotel.

Fulton believes that in order to have a good singing voice one must have a good working body and that is why admirers could find him on the shores of Lake Michigan, near his home, every morning last summer with the writer and members of the band, tossing medicine balls and swimming. Jack likes baseball and handball and now is occupied with golf and flying. He is a pilot with several years of experience in

back of him and hopes to have his own plane in the spring.

You'd like John Fulton if you knew him. And by the way, if you haven't his picture, he'll be glad to send you one if you will write him in care of the Whiteman orchestra or Radio Digest.

Mildred Bailey joined Paul Whiteman as the result of singing at a dinner party in Hollywood. It was a dinner party that she, herself gave to the Whiteman orchestra when her brother was a member of the famous Rhythm Boys. *(You remember them—Bing Crosby, who now is featured as soloist over the Columbia Broadcasting System; Harry Berris, who has written several hit tunes and Mildred's brother, Al Rinker.)* Whiteman had discovered the trio and the three boys were making a big hit in California. At their invitation, he attended the dinner and heard Miss Bailey sing. He signed her immediately and she is featured now on the Paintmen program, as well as her own program three times a week from the Edgewater Beach Hotel and on all of the "Dean's" dance broadcasts.

TWENTY-SIX years ago, Mildred Bailey made her first public appearance in Spokane, Washington. Like Jack Fulton, her first singing experience was in a church choir.

I first knew Mildred in Seattle when she was singing at the Butler Cafe. We next met in San Francisco at Marquard's, one of the smarter night clubs. Then, for her, in rapid succession, came Los Angeles and a tour of the West Coast Theatres with the Rhythm Boys —Paul Whiteman—Hollywood—The Old Gold program—The Hollywood Gardens in New York—Roxy—and then the Granada Cafe in Chicago where I again said hello to her. Now I have the pleasure of announcing Mildred every evening as she sings those "Blue" tunes and spirituals as no one else can.

Let "the Old Maestro," Ben Bernie, introduce Miss Bailey to you. As Ben said when presenting Mildred to a roomful of stage, screen and radio celebrities a short time ago—"I take pleasure in introducing a very interesting member of a very interesting organization: One whom I believe to be the Fritz Kreisler of her particular line of endeavor. They say that Paul Whiteman has lost over sixty pounds. This little lady has gained every one of them, so 'elp me. Ladies and gentlemen—Mildred Bailey."

Mildred says there are three things that she is crazy about—chow dogs, Packard automobiles and red-headed men. She has the chows and the automobile. (Red-headed men—beware.)

You'll hear a lot from Mildred Bailey for she is just now coming into that popularity that she so justly deserves.



John Fulton, with Paul seven years

The trio called "The King's Jesters" is made up of three young and good-looking men whom Paul Whiteman found singing in Cincinnati, Ohio, and whom he imported immediately to add their very different style to the popularity of his organization.

THEY are all Midwestern: Francis Bastow, born in 1907 at Rochester, Indiana; George Howard, born in 1910 and from the same town and John Ravencroft, born at Des Moines, Iowa, in 1905. Ray McDermott, their accompanist and arranger, calls Cincinnati his home town. Ray has played with many of the popular bands around the country and is really responsible for the formation of this unusual group. He is a man of many instruments. Mildred Bailey calls him the "Lon Chaney of the Whiteman orchestra" because any night he may be found playing in a different section of the band. He can, and does, play ten different instruments —one at a time, of course—which makes him a valuable addition to any band.

In these days when every one is copying vo-do-dee-oos and boop-oop-a-doos, special mention should be made of the fact that it was this trio which originated the trombone effect in singing, made by blowing breath through closed lips and which is so popular on the air today. You have heard them in this novel method of singing as they present the little theme which opens and closes each of their broadcasts.

The trio came into being years ago when the boys were still excited about high school football. (They still are—as I write this they are asking Paul if they may be excused from the Saturday broadcast to see one of the best games to be played in Chicago this year.) They started on musical careers by working in a small band playing one night stands through Indiana, making their headquarters at Rochester, on Lake Manitou, where they became acquainted with Ray McDermott, who was playing at the Colonial Hotel with his own band.

They admit starting their vocal careers by serenading house parties in the "wee" hours after the night's work was over. One night McDermott heard one of these serenades and persuaded the trio to come with him to Cincinnati after the lake season was over to try radio. Ray arranged their audition which was successful and the boys sprang into instant popularity.

I KNOW one of the incidents in their early struggles which may appeal to you. It occurred during their serenading days at Lake Manitou. One night, or perhaps I should say morning, for it was close to three a. m., they came to a little cottage which "looked right for a little plain and fancy serenading"—to quote the boys. But—after three or four numbers, sung with enthusiasm and gusto, the applause they received came in the form of very solid apples, very un-solid tomatoes and several decrepit old shoes—with the remains of someone's summer pot of petunias thrown after them as a parting blessing. However, I still think that some of their best singing was done, not over the radio, but on Henry Theis' lawn in Cincinnati, when the writer and Robert Brown, well liked WLW announcer chimed in to make it a five-some. (In fact the neighbors are still talking of those evenings not so long past.) (And Theis had to move.)

In Cincinnati over WLW, the boys were known as the Howard Trio. There they worked from early morning until late at night and I know that a lot of you will remember them on those old all night parties that we had so much fun in presenting. At the present time they are heard three mornings a week from a local Chicago station from the Edgewater Beach Hotel where they are known as "The Musical Chefs."

As "The King's Jesters" they sing nightly with the Whiteman orchestra on the dance broadcast and appear on the Paintmen and Florsheim programs.

Tuneful Topics

By RUDY VALLÉE

Goopy Gear Plays Piano by Ear

HERMAN (DO-DO) HUPFELD waxing humorous once again. Only those who know Herman Hupfeld, who for years has been pianist for many famous stage stars, such as Irene Castle, Julia Sanderson, and Louise Groody, only those who know him really well know the sort of man he is, (the type of person everyone likes), of fine family and extremely gifted. A fine pianist himself, he is at present broadcasting as the feature of the Hart, Schaffner & Marx Hour over WABC; in fact, the sponsors of his program are extremely put out that we should have preceded him with his new composition, GOOPY GEAR PLAYS PIANO BY EAR, by a matter of two hours, but Herman stuck to his promise to permit me to introduce the number "for the first time on any radio program," thereby showing himself to be a man strictly of his word.



Edward Paul of Paramount, who taught Rudy Vallee how to swing a baton

Although in his latest opus he has not reached the heights of rhythm, originality, and cleverness that he attained in "When Yuba Does the Rumba on the Tuba," still it is no mean composition, and calls for considerable muscular work on the part of our two pianists. I am sure by the time that this article finds its way on to the news-stands, that you will have heard and enjoyed GOOPY GEAR, with its bits of Bach, Beethoven, the Rhapsody and Rachmaninoff. By the way, did you know that it was not really the Rhapsody which we played when the song leads to the "Rhapsody in Blue," for the simple reason that George Gershwin will not permit bits and parts of his beloved composition to be played; with him it is all or nothing, and as most bands either have not the time or the ability to make it *all*, it is usually nothing. However, the bit we did play sounded enough like it, that to the lay mind it might have been really a part of the "Rhapsody in Blue."

Songs of this type rarely achieve great popularity either in sale or public acclaim. However, as I have so often said, at the risk of repeating myself I say again, they form the bright spots in the ether programs which, as a rule, are filled with continued protestations of love, unhappiness and hope.

A young lady wrote me recently telling me that I had so much power in the matter of causing other vocal artists to sing the same type of songs that I sang and played, and pleaded with me in her letter to include the more optimistic and cheerful type of songs on my program, which action she felt would result in all other radio singers doing likewise, thus saving "wailing walls," as they were now every night when she came home to her apartment.

TO THAT I can only reply publicly, that no one is any happier than I to include songs of the GOOPY GEAR type, which are extremely cheerful and impersonal in their humorous message. But again I must point out to all persons who have this similar complaint to make, that song-writers write songs which they hope will sell; they write the unhappy, tristful and extremely affectionate type of melody and lyric only because that is what the publisher is convinced, from his observations of a number of years, will sell. Publishers and writers do not write because the muse has struck them, or to please themselves, but they write only what seems to be currying favor with the so-called fickle public at the moment; and the old formula of "I love you" has shown itself to be, over a period of time, the safest one to follow.

However, I continually urge song-writers with whom I come in contact to write more of the happy type of thing, with an unusual novelty twist, as it has been my feeling, ever since the tremendous success of the "Stein Song," that this is what the long-suffering public wants. The appearance of such songs as "Smile, Darn Ya, Smile," "Now's the Time to Fall in Love," and so forth, are apparently the efforts of certain of the boys in the Alley to write this type

of song. But again, as ever, these rarely prove the big sellers, and every publisher is looking for the type of song which will increase his finances and his prestige both with brother publishers of Tin Pan Alley, and the American Society of Authors, Composers, and Publishers.

To my mind, "Goodnight Sweetheart" is such a type of song. While it is romantic and a trifle tristful in its vein, yet its message is continually one of hope and happiness, its melody is extremely simple, and I was not a bit surprised when it climbed into the hit class, because I believed it had the ingredients, just as did the "Stein Song," of a real hit song.

Therefore, I have always said to amateur song-writers who come to me with their hopefuls, "Study the hit songs over a period of years, and their hit qualities, and the reason for them should become self-evident."

The sum total of this little dissertation is simply that I wish to clear myself of a charge that I seek to make up a program exclusively of extremely sentimental ballads. If I had my way, numbers like "I Love a Parade," "Yuba," "Bananas," "I'm Crazy About Horns," and so forth, would occupy a major part of the program, as they usually please everyone except my New Jersey critic, Jack Hurd, and after all, individual opinions, when they are extremely extreme, count for little.

You're My Everything

SOME years ago, 1921, to be exact, as a young green-horn from the sticks, I came to New York for the first time. The former drug clerks who worked for my father in his drug-store, and who were associated with the Liggett stores here in town, were kind enough to put me up with them, and to show me through the mazes of the subway. I saw "Bombo" and "The Perfect Fool," and the latter is still very fresh in my mind. Since that time I have not had the pleasure of seeing that famed merry-maker, Ed Wynn, with his silly giggle and his still sillier mien, but he has been doing quite all right, coming back to Broadway every now and then. His picture, "Follow the Leader," although not tremendously successful, was far from being a flop.

In the producing of this last show he has done a thing quite unusual and has asked for musical and lyrical aid from boys who have been best known for popular writing in the field of Tin Pan Alley. To be sure, Harry Warren did excellent work on "Sweet and Low," and has shown unusual ability along these lines, but in comparison with Jerome Kern and the usual writers of musical comedy material, he is just an amateur. Mort Dixon and Joe Young, who likewise have occasionally delved into these fields, are usually considered strictly popular song-writers, but I feel that all three are to be commended very highly for their unusual work in writing the music for "The Laugh Parade." At least one of the songs was very much requested and popular in a very short space of time, and it looks as though at least another, if one may judge from its numerous air renditions, will enjoy a considerable popularity.

"You're My Everything" is the type of tune that people buy. "Oooh That Kiss" is one people enjoy hearing, though the purchase of a piano copy is, possibly, another matter. While there are other songs from the show these two are certainly the most outstanding, and most played. They have recently been released for public consumption, so we will not be annoyed by that sing-song "special permission of the copyright owners" refrain, which will possibly leave the songs much kinder to your ears, although they are certainly being played to death at the present time.

It has not been my good fortune to see the show, but I understand it is an excellent one, and Mr. Wynn and his entire cast have my best wishes for a successful engagement.

The music is published by Harms, Inc.

Just Friends

THE HOUSE OF ROBBINS again . . . that firm which has been enjoying such sensational prestige with a list of hits such as "When the Moon Comes Over the Mountain," "I'm Thru With Love," "Sweet and Lovely," "Old Playmate," "You Forgot Your Gloves," and "Goodnight Sweetheart."

Jack Robbins, or "Leo the Lion," as those who work for him disrespectfully call him, whom I consider the keenest psychologist in the entire music industry, told me that in picking a title for the music of the song which became "Just Friends," he was in a considerable dilemma; he knew it must be two words, and he thought over a score of possibilities. I think his final choice of "Just Friends," was an excellent one. The song is considerably popular already, having been brought to the attention of the public at large through the Brunswick record of one Red MacKenzie.

Some of my readers with unusually good musical memories may recall the furore in recording and musical circles created by a group of boys calling themselves "The Mound City Blue Blowers" back in 1923-1924. They were very much the same kind of sensation that the Mills Brothers are today; obtaining most unusually weird and bizarre effects which were secured on their records through such simple and home-made artifices as tissue paper and a comb, a whisk broom against the side of a suit case, and singing into cupped hands. They bolstered themselves up with a very fine saxophonist and banjo player, and their records were not only unusual



Rudy Vallee's orchestra as seen in the New York production of the Vanities—"Musical Justice"

to listen to, but gave fine dansapation, (apologies to Abel Green!)

It was my good fortune while I was playing in London in 1924-1925 to hear them at the Piccadilly Hotel, where they created quite a sensation. At best they were a short-lived entertainment feature. Two or three of their records sufficed for the evening, as they all sounded more or less the same, and of course offered little variation. They went out of the picture shortly after their London tour, and I have often wondered what became of them.

I was rather pleased, about a year ago, when I learned that the "Mound City Blue Blowers" were going to be on our Fleischmann program, and I had the pleasure of greeting the boys, and watching them work. Their leader, a rather serious and determined, red-headed individual, stocky, well-built, was responsible for most of the clever vocal work. He is none other than Red MacKenzie who, with the coming of the new vogue of throaty, baritone quality, has decided that he, too, should be on the bandwagon of the new style. So remarkable is his ability that he is often mistaken for several other exponents of the new art, and his Brunswick record is a fine tribute to his ability, as the song JUST FRIENDS was really started through his lone efforts.

The song has an odd triplet of quarter notes, which I am afraid rather frightens the lay-mind. Still, after the public's acceptance of "Stardust," one of the trickiest of songs, anything may happen! I am very sure that with the efficiency of Robbins exploitation behind it, "Just Friends" will be at least a fair-sized hit.

The writers are two of Tin Pan Alley's old timers, Sam Lewis being considerably the older of the two, though John Klenner has been bobbing around the Alley for years. John and I wrote together "I'm Still Caring," when he was practically a piano demonstrator, and a good one; he has since followed with "Lonely Troubadour," "Down the River of Golden Dreams," and "Heartaches." Sam Lewis has written so many tunes that to try to enumerate them would probably fill nearly half of the rest of this article. Chief among his hits are "Crying for the Carolines," "Have a Little Faith in Me," "Laugh, Clown, Laugh," and "Absence Makes the Heart Grow Fonder."

JUST FRIENDS, if it does nothing else, will establish Red MacKenzie as a starter of songs, which will mean that he will be waylaid, and snared, and trapped by the contact men of Tin Pan Alley.

Especially on account of the triplet that I spoke of, we slow the whole tune down to about one minute for the chorus.

My Co-Ed

WHERE oh where are the waltzes that we *should* have to play and sing? Outside of the "nut" songs, the biggest hits of the past several years have been waltzes, and yet the publishers are breaking their backs to find fox trot hits, when the chances of finding another "Goodnight Sweetheart" or "Little White Lies" is about one in twenty. I have often wondered why they have not sent the song-writing genius home with the instructions to dig down for a hit waltz.

READ about the Beauty Contest on page 6.

RADIO DIGEST *temporarily withdraws its offer of autograph photographs for subscriptions during the month of February in order that it may catch up with the orders already received. In a few instances the artists have either delayed sending us the photographs or have been away on theatrical tours. Later the offer probably will be renewed.*

A little friend of mine who has been in Chicago for the past year or so, representing Sherman Clay Music Company, one Bob Shaffer, has importuned me for several months to look over a song which he mailed me written in 6/8 time, and which, in its original construction, was neither here nor there.

After having a fine arrangement made of it as a waltz, we found "My Co-Ed" to be a very likeable composition. There is an odd similarity in the general tenor of the composition to "Sweetheart of Sigma Chi," but it could hardly be said to be anything really like the other composition. There is just a feeling, probably due to the tonal side of the piece, of the same tender, wistful, collegiate thought.

We enjoy playing it a great deal, and I believe Sherman Clays are going to put it out, if they have not already done so.

Auf Wiedersehn

I DOUBT if I shall ever forget this number as I was most embarrassed on the Fleischmann Hour when, in the course of some ad lib remarks concerning its authorship, I credited "Auf Wiedersehn" to Messrs. Klages, Meskill and Rose. While these three boys have written a great many songs, this is not one of theirs; what made me lean in that particular direction is beyond me, other than I must have confused it with a song which they had written and which had preceded "Auf Wiedersehn" in another group.

At first glance the German title might lead you to believe that it was another "Zwei Hertzen," having come to America from Germany, and in a German picture. Oddly enough, however, the only German to be found in the entire song is the title itself, which is repeated several times in the chorus; it was not written for a picture, and is just a very fine popular song, the work of four gentlemen, all of them song experts, so it should have some merit.

Chief among the writers is Milton Ager, for whose gentlemanly qualities and whose intelligent faculties I have such a high admiration, and who has, with Jack Yellen, written so many delightful popular songs over a period of many years. He allied himself with the writing team of Hoffman, Goodhart and Nelson, three boys who have finally focused attention upon themselves in the Alley, and who are doing mighty good work.

There is a hint in the middle part of "Auf Wiedersehn" of the "Old Refrain," which gives it a German air quite unmistakable, and anyone who ever saw that superb Universal picture, "The Merry-Go-Round," will never forget the haunting qualities of the "Old Refrain," and "Auf Wiedersehn" becomes a lovely thing because of that.

In fact, on our broadcast of it, half the chorus was made up of a violin solo consisting of that beloved composition.

Ager, Yellen & Bornstein have undergone a slight change in directorship. One of their most loyal, energetic, and sincere workers, one Irving Tanz, who for years has been devoting himself to making the firm a success, has been taken in as a partner, to replace Jack Yellen who, unfortunately, is now free-lancing. However, they are still very good friends, and it is merely the result of this changing age, and for that reason I would be very happy if "Auf Wiedersehn" caught on with the public fancy.

The writers and we who introduce songs, can only hope and guess, but the fate of any song is entirely in your hands.

We take about a minute and five seconds for the playing of one chorus.

Adios

"SCANDALS" usually finishes each night about ten or twelve minutes after eleven. A few seconds after the curtain has closed, I am in my dressing room making my change for the Pennsylvania Grill. I have installed a small radio in the room and as I dress it is my pleasure to tune in on various bands. I was struck one night by a beautiful composition which turned out to be the signature of the band that was playing it. The orchestra was a fine one under the direction of one Enric Madriguera, playing for the supper dancing at the Hotel Biltmore. As I listened for the closing announcement, I learned that

(Continued on page 75)



Elizabeth Anderson

She doesn't sing blues—and a red-head! That's one of the reasons why the Lone Star listeners around Houston think Miss Anderson has a chance as the beauty representative of KTLC. But then she has many other qualifications, besides being a gifted lyric soprano. She is the artist's idea of beauty with her amber eyes, titian-red curls, peaches-and-cream complexion. She stands four feet ten and with every ounce of her 104 pounds bespeaking feminine loveliness.



Celeste Rader Bates

Beauty and brains conspired to work together in the person of Miss Bates of KGDM, Stockton, Calif. She is a shapely blue-eyed blonde who simply fits in at any post in a broadcasting station. She began as accompanist at KFWI; then she was discovered to have a voice excellently adapted to the microphone, both for singing and announcing. She arranges programs and succeeds very well at selling time. Maybe the good looks help her to do all this.

Miriam Dearth



Oklahoma challenges the whole radio world to produce an equal to Miss Dearth whose exceptional talent has endeared her to many thousands of listeners who tune in WNAD at Norman, Oklahoma. She has a self-reliant grace and a winning air of frank sincerity typical of the strong men and women who originate and thrive in this section of the country. Her studio associates are confident that their loyal listeners will command the crown for Miss Dearth.



Alice Holcomb

One may well fancy Miss Alice as a prototype of the proud vivacious beauty of the Old South. Dark brown eyes that flash fire or smile mysteriously, wavy black hair, a queenly brow and regal chin—she has excellent qualifications to win honors in this tournament of American radio queens. She plays the violin and through that instrument the listeners of WFAA, Dallas, have come to love her for the feeling she portrays. It seems to express her own soul in its voice.

Hazel Johnson



From the Sunny Southland we turn to a crystal queen enthroned mid the snow-clad hills of the Dakotas. But there is nothing cold about the smile or the heart of Hazel Johnson at KFYR, Bismarck. Back of those dreamy eyes is a storehouse of songs from which she draws her Musical Memories broadcast feature. Once she has heard a song it becomes a part of her being—she does not forget. Lovely sentiments are therefore reflected in her personality—Bismarck will speak with ballots.



Helen Musselman

Youth and charm radiate from the happy personality of this little ingenue at KGO, Pacific coast key station of the NBC. There are many charming young women at KGO and the selection of Miss Musselman as a representative in the Radio Digest search for a listener's choice of radio queen was a matter of deep consideration. Helen is 19 and first became conspicuous for her dramatic ability while a student in class theatricals at California State Teacher's College.

Rita Lane



This is the little lass whose sweet soprano voice singing "Mavourneen" has thrilled countless thousands over KPO, Oakland, California. Perhaps this photo is not entirely to Rita's advantage for she is only 5 feet tall. An exquisite creature of curves, blue beguiling eyes and sunlit hair. She is on the air at various times every day and many thousands have their dials set to hear her on her scheduled programs. Carl Nunan predicts she will win the crown as American Radio Queen.



Nellie Santigosa

A true Catalonian beauty, born in Barcelona, Spain, of talented parents. Her father, an actor, and mother, a musician, it was inevitable that she should become an artist. Miss Santigosa was educated in Los Angeles but recently returned from Barcelona where she studied to develop her coloratura voice. She has been heard in opera at various times and is actively identified with KROW, which sponsors her candidacy for the radio beauty queen of America.



Julietta Novis

Already acclaimed Radio Queen of Los Angeles and Hollywood, Miss Novis is nominated by KFWB of Movietown for national honors in the same sphere. She is 22 and gifted with a beautiful face, fine figure and exceptional soprano voice. She began her vocal studies at the age of fourteen under Allen Ray Carpenter, New York. She is a newcomer to radio although she has been in musical comedy, church singing and in concert tours Five feet, three; auburn hair, blue eyes and fair skin.



Madeline Sivyer

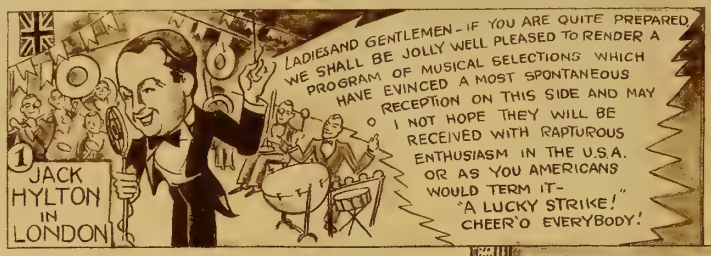
Winning beauty contests have been frequent and regular occurrences for Miss Sivyer of KQW, San Jose, and KTAB, San Francisco. At the age of 16 she was runner-up for the California State Beauty Contest. She is five feet, five; weighs 118 pounds, has brown eyes and a glorious crown of fluffy brown hair. She sings soprano, plays the violin in concerts, and is exhibition dancer. She supports her mother and family of three; known as "the girl who always smiles."

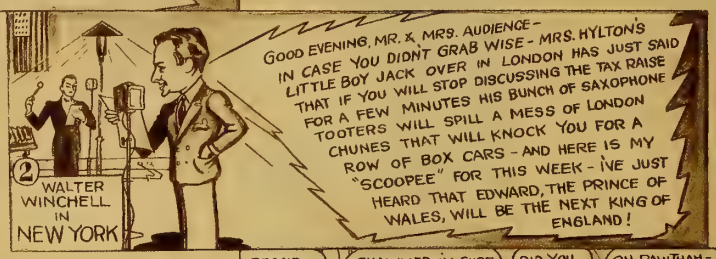
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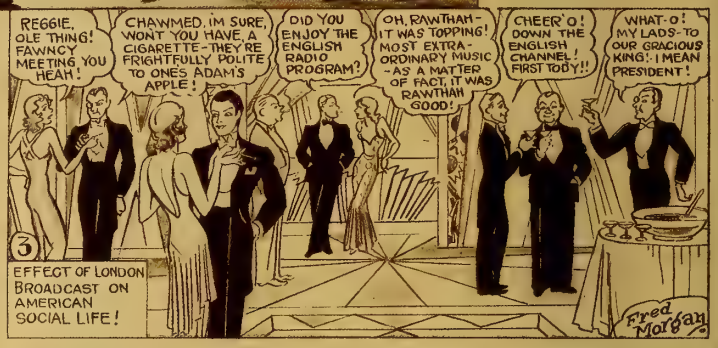


Dangerous Nan McGrew? Scarcely! But that's not saying she wouldn't know how to pop that weapon she's fondling if she had need to. However, that smile is her most effective weapon. She's a real daughter of the Southwest and sings from El Paso studios of the Mexican stations XEQ, Juarez, and XFF, Chihuahua. She is considered one of the best blues crooners in the Southwest. Her voice has captivated the listeners of two nations; and she's already a queen in the Rio Grande domain. Viva! Queen Ann!

HITS-QUIPS-SLIPS
By INDI-GEST







Heah-yez! Heah-yez! Heah-yez! This Honorable Court of Indi-Jesters will now come to order. Mr. Clerk, call the first case.

Clerk: "Graham McNamee at the bar. Complainant, William H. Eldridge, 1101 Third Ave., Hibbing, Minn."

Indi: "Yeah, go on."

Clerk: "Complainant says that during the Notre Dame and Southern California game the defendant said, "You see a game like this only once in a while and then not very often."

Indi: "Ha! Fine the complainant a two verse poem. Pay now.

Eldridge: "My error. Here 'tis."

A VOICE

"A dulcet voice that shapes each word
Into a little tune,
Its tones if by a woman heard
Brings thoughts of love in June.

"This voice that has so much appeal
Is used for duller means.
It recommends for every meal
A certain brand of beans."

Indi: "Give the defendant the air. Fine the court $1 and pay the complainant.." Next.

THERE'S many a slip twixt the lip and the mike. Next time you hear a good one jot it down and send it to Indi-Gest, care of Radio Digest. We pay contributors from $1 to $5 for material accepted for this department. Indi likes short verses on the same terms. Suggestions welcomed.



Sad Tale of a Tired Donkey

ONCE there was a sad and lonely donkey whose friends had all deserted him because of his shabby and unkempt appearance. But he could not help it. His caudal appendage was a disgrace to the Democratic party—and he knew it; but, no, he could not help it. So he shambled off to a yard in Central Park by himself and indulged in dreams of what he might have been if his tail had been different. And the more he thought about it the bluer he felt until overcome with his unhappy lot he lifted up his voice in the most doleful wail.

"At least," he wept, "even I, donkey that I am, should have been blessed with something more respectable than a cross between a frayed rope and a feather duster for mere decency's sake."

His eyes were so full of tears he did not notice that an automobile had halted beside the fence to his yard. His ears were so full of his own woes he did not hear the gay laughter of girlish voices. Oh how he had envied the monkeys, the bears, the elephant and the lions! Everybody had always rushed to see these animals. But who ever paid the slightest attention to a shabby skinny-tailed donkey?

This is the unhappy tail of the tired donk. The picture is continued on the next page.

"Oh isn't he the sleepiest old darling!" It was the voice of a beautiful radio star—adored by millions.

"Just look at him. I'd like to lean on him to see if he would fall over!" exclaimed another lovely voice.

"And what a cute, funny tail!" chimed in a third pretty singer.

They gathered around the self-pitying donkey and even posed with him for a photo. But he never moved once from his tracks. He was so sad with his feeling of depression he did not even notice that they were there. So finally they went away and to this day he does not know that he had lived a moment of glory. the center of attention of the famous Boswell Sisters, America's angels of the air.

And here is a bit between Vincent Lopez and his announcer.

Announcer: "Vince, a listener has sent in a request. Will you do it?"

Lopez speaking: "Why certainly."

Announcer: "Well, That's What I Like About You."

Lopez: "Thanks, that's nice of you, but what is the request?"

—Marvel V. Culver,
221 Stone St., Saginaw, Mich.



Cheer up you weepy-eyed old donk, look who's here! The Boswell Sisters!

Hawaii is High Strung

Dear Indi:

WE like much the new chain hook-um-up so we buy new radio quite plenty everybody on Hawaiian islands for nice music. I hear you are much fond our Hawaiian troop so we make plenty music for you too by B. A. Rolfe who makes the gold hornetta to sing. Ta! Tatatata! What that mean I never know but sounds quite so very good, I think. He play fiddle, and ukulele like he knows how from a boy up to what he is now a man. There is much new wires going up in the trees over all Hawaiian homes now and my toes have a big ake from to climb so many trees to hang up the wires. We hear your music come down from the skies from far over the ocean and slide down the wires to our radio boxes. Very respectfully yours.

Al Loha

"Lo, Baby!"

OH HELLO, everybody! Just thought I'd stick my head in the door as I was going by. Keep your seats, gentlemen, I'm not coming in really. My chauffeur has been waiting about an hour in the car and I suppose he wants to get going. I've simply got to see about that new contract this morning. Oh what a life, I simply detest these business details. But one must keep going—make hey, hey while the moon shines, as the ancients used to say; and goodness knows I'm getting on. I'll be seven before long and folks will soon be saying, "look at frowsy old Rose Marie, and she was such a cute kid in her younger days!" and that's that.

How do you like my white fur bonnet? Christmas, gee, it's getting late. Well, whoopsie, everybody. Toot! Toot! I'm off!"

Doggerel

"Sweet Ad-eee-line, my fe-air ca-nine . .
For ye-ow, wow, I whine . . .
You-r-r-rrh tha' yi-doll of m-yi her-rrht,
Sweeeoof Ad-eee-line!"

Dear Indi:

YOU probably can't make much out of that, but you should hear my dog, Rowdy, sing it. He's doubtless the best canine warbler that ever licked a ham bone. He loves to hear me play the xylophone—at least I think he does—and gets all excited over his crooning (I call it crooning, you may call it madness). He strikes a tenor attitude and utters deep bass notes, "ma-ma, ma-ma" just like that. He's a wow at mammy songs. Get's hot, just like Al Jolson. Old ladies and children sometimes feel alarmed when he acts that way and I keep right on playing. They think he wants to bite me But such is not the case He is



Here is a new version of an old gag. It was presented in this style by "Dick and Harry" over WGN.

"Who was that ladle I saw you with last night?"

"That was no ladle, that was my knife."

—Eleanor Merriam,
4649 Woodlawn,
Chicago, Ill.

At the close of an Armour program which had featured Francis X. Bushman, the actor, the announcer said:

"Armour and Co. have always presented the best in hams."

No doubt Bushman's face reddened a bit at this, as his latest efforts have had "that salty tang."

—Myra Lorenz,
Abbot Crest Hotel,
Milwaukee, Wis.

simply endeavoring to improve his head tones. Such low jazzy stuff I think is a bit degrading, even for Rowdy. I am trying to cultivate his higher appreciation for the better things in music. He has such a deep melodious voice I believe I can teach him to sing, "Asleep in the Deep." Listen in sometime. We are on KOA at Denver.

Yours truly,
Ralph Hansell.



Dr. Sigmund Spaeth as he appeared over W2XCR transfigured as a gay troubador of the Naughty Nineties.

JUST AROUND THE CORNER

REINCARNATION

Transmuter Rejuvenates

By Anna Nyus, D-D., O. O.

NOW that television is an old story science is on the verge of announcing another great discovery.

Reincarnation is just around the corner.

Just think of it—the magic of radio and the miraculous revelations of the all-powerful short waves. Science will resolve into its original composition complete living bodies that have been dissolved through interruption of vital functions.

Life is just one radio wave after another. The pulsing rhythm of the heart beat, the quivering nerve, the tingle and trembling touch of love, fear, sorrow—all are one form or other of radio activity.

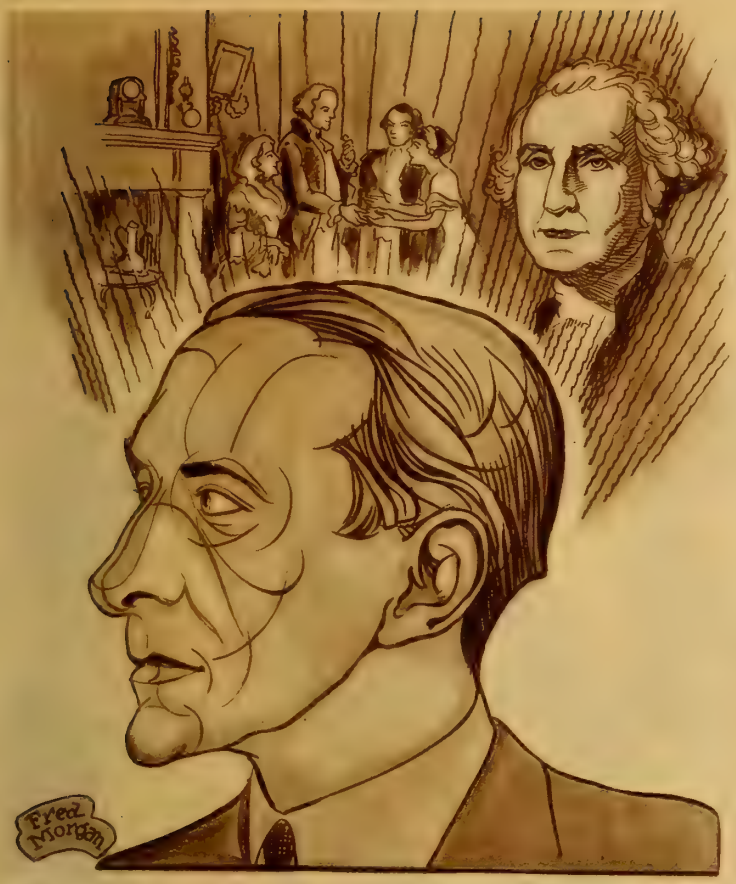
And now reincarnation! Out of the alchemy of tubes, retorts, coils, vats, whirring wheels, chemical affinities and atomic dissection the graybeards and baldheads of the laboratories have simmered and welded together one thing and another so that by a simple touch of a button, certain chemical waves converge, amalgamate and form a vibrating living being.

Every living thing has its short-wave key. This source of energy is communicated from the sun, nature's perpetual transmitter.

Of course reincarnation right now is in the pre-crystal stage. So far the scientists have been unable to restore the dead to life. But that time will



Noble Sissle working up a hoodoo.





come after all the theoretical sources and laws of radio energy have been thoroughly mastered. At present the scientists are carrying on their experiments with living organisms. They have progressed through the transmutation of the primary life structures, the bacilli, up through the animal kingdom to the higher apes, finally primitive man and at last to the highest type of human.

(Continued on page 49)

These Artists Bring Heroes to Life

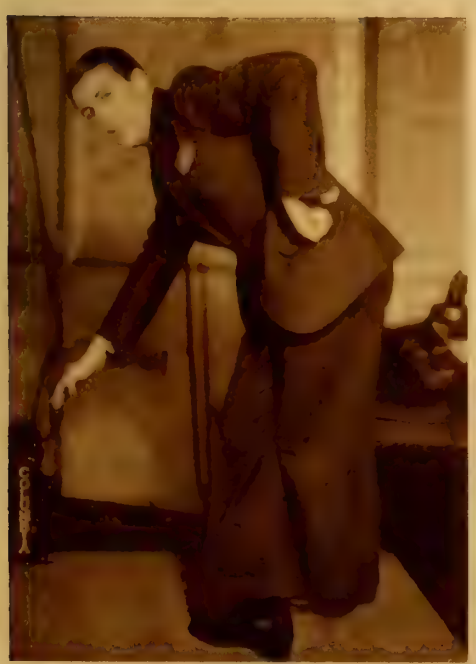
There is one form of reincarnation by radio for which the radio listeners do not have to wait. They may hear the voices of our departed heroes as though in the flesh. For these voices are interpreted by skilled impersonators who step into their sacred roles with true sympathy and feeling.

In this month of February all patriotic Americans pay reverence to our two great immortals—George Washington and Abraham Lincoln.

These two great Americans live again through the bodies of two great actors, On the left Mr. Fred Morgan has given us a sketch of Pedro de Cordoba, eminent actor, who speaks impressively as the voice of George Washington. On the right we are presented to Mr. Charles Webster who has become renowned as the Lincoln of the air.

Both are shining star of the Soconyland Players.

It is interesting to note that Mr. Webster is an Englishman, which makes his success in portraying great Americans all the more notable.



Jackie Clark whose educated shoes speak eloquently for sponsors over CBS.



Ray Perkins and his gabby pal whom he has playfully dubbed The Old Topper.



Radio Village News

Beautiful senorita dancing girls, gory bull fights, romance and gallant chivalry —that's the theme in the mind of the listener during a Vincent Lopez program. And Vincent has been building it up for many years. We've got a fine story about him for our next issue.

FOLKS in Fairfield County, Connecticut, are walking around unarmed and leaving their doors unlocked all night. Nothing happens. Reason: Dick Gordon has been appointed deputy sheriff and given a star. Dick, is well known in Radio Village as the Sherlock Holmes of NBC. Murderers give up and plead for mercy when Dick puts his nose to the trail. Dick was born in the county and is hoping that some of the better known New York gangsters will cross his path up Fairfield way. Here's luck, old sleuth.

* * *

PAT BARNES who has more alias voices than a dog has fleas had to have a spell of sickness to really find out how many friends he has in the radio audience. Blessed if the listeners just didn't almost bury him alive with letters and messages. Many of the cards bore hand painted pictures and well-wishing sentiments.

* * *

FRED SMITH, father of that pinnacle of radio achievement, The March of Time, has left his radio child in other hands and gone off to the Mediterranean shore to write a book for himself. "You can live over there for less than half what it costs in New York," he said to ye ed, "and I can get a nine room house all furnished for a whole year with service thrown in for about what a three room apartment in Manhattan would cost me for three months. I've always wanted to write, now is my chance." O. K., Fred, you lucky dog. Don't wear holes in your typewriter ribbon.

* * *

OLD SINGIN' SAM, the barber pole man, dug out his old burnt cork outfit and has been doing quite a lot of his darky pieces in the opera houses round about the Village. He has to step right lively getting back to the studio to do his piece on the air between acts. Sometimes he comes up the elevator with a few black smears on his face but almost everybody knows him and gives him the wink. "You ain't been misplacin' the hair tonic, have ye Sam," asked one of the boys one night. Sam knuckled up and almost busted him in the nose. Sam is not that kind of a fellow. He leaves it alone no matter what form it's in.

* * *

MORT DOWNEY has been patronizing Jac Auer's reduction works up in the Chrysler roof. Leo Byrnes, one of our R. D. reporters, wanted to snap a picture of Mort getting some of the surplus lard kneaded out of this system but Mort ducked out on him. Watch out for that boy Byrnes, Mort, he's a go-getter like his uncle, Floyd Gibbons. Leo's ma and Floyd are brother and sister. Floyd was up getting rolled himself not long ago. Jac says he'd like to put one of his Swedish terrier gals to work on Kate Smith, but Kate smiled and shook her head. "Why should I?" she quizzed, "I feel fine the way I am. If I felt any better I'd be sick. So, why bother?" Maybe you're right, Kate, you wouldn't be the same otherwise.

* * *

MAY BREEN and Peter de Rose are certainly two love birds. They seem to be unhappy if they are away

from each other even for a few minutes. May was in a store buying some pretties with Peter at her side. A giddy little shop girl begged May for an autograph. And after May had signed her name the young thing turned to Peter and said, "Oh please, Mr. Breen, won't you sign it too?" Peter almost ran out the door, his face red as a beet.

Mayor Matt Thompkins called a town meeting down at the Village Barn on January 7th which turned out to be quite a social affair after the regular business had been disposed of. Elmer stood out in front with a kerosene lantern directing folks how to get in through the stable door. Instead of hard cider they had little log cabins setting around on the tables that were filled with syrup—tasted mighty good on the waffles. There was chicken and gravy and apple pie and ice cream served by the Ladies Aid. Essie Watts sang several pieces and put on her usual airs. Another young woman recited about poetry in her soul. She was so serious you didn't know whether to laugh or cry. Squire Schusqueak called off the square dances. And a good time was had by all.

Just Around the Corner

(Continued from page 47)

On the 32nd of January, 1932, the master demonstration of all time was held in the amphitheatre of the WGBS-W2XCR research laboratories in New York. Dr. Morgan Stewart, foremost pioneer of all shortwave experimenters, addressed a tense audience of notables including the world's greatest scientists, broadcasters, and broadcast artists.

"Gentlemen," he said, "one of our number has consented for the cause of science to submit himself to this incredible test. He is a musician of exceptional talent. His physical structure is keenly sensitive to harmonic rhythm. We will place him at the center of focus of our million watt transmuter. Almost instantly he will be converted back to a flicker of time some thirty-five years ago. Gentlemen, allow me to present Dr. Sigmund Spaeth."

Dr. Spaeth, immaculate and groomed with his accustomed dignity, stepped forward and bowed. He seemed a trifle pale but imbued with the importance of the great experiment.

Suddenly there was a whirr and a blinding flash of violet light. The learned master reeled, then stiffened, his eyes blinked rapidly and like a dissolving picture in the cinema his formal dress vanished and he appeared in a checkered coat, plaid vest, a prodigious tie and tight collar. Sideburns frizzled out in front of his ears and curled crisply. His upper lip sprouted a mouse-like moustache. He strutted forward and began to sing.

"After the ball is over
After the break of day . ."

Harold Stein, the noted television photographer, snapped a picture. Other photographs were taken. These were to prove to the world that the experiment had been a success. Moreover the incident was flashed everywhere on the W2XCR wave.

For ten minutes Dr. Spaeth entertained the spell-bound observers with songs of the Gay Nineties. Then the light snapped off. The odd looking figure of the singer twisted, shivered, blurred and once more appeared the smiling and happy person of Dr. Spaeth as he had appeared before the experiment.

Dr. Stewart did not attempt to explain all that had taken place before the eyes of his audience. But his remarks were significant.

"Reincarnation is just around the corner," he said. "Of course with every known cycle of vibration charted and analyzed in a given subject it is comparatively easy to accomplish what you have seen here today. Now that the Einstein theory has become so simple to the most of us it has become possible to use some of those principles in carrying on this work.

"To restore a Napoleon, a Washington, or possibly to go back to an Egyptian king will mean mathematical problems of greatest magnitude, the tracing of living descendants, tests of residue matter of the former living bodies. But the time will come when we shall see reincarnation and with what you have seen today I am sure you will agree with me that, counting time as we do these days, it is indeed, just around the corner."

Animated discussion followed immediately. New problems were projected. Had death been conquered at last? Could the departed be restored and banished again? Could condemned and executed criminals be legally restored? Could laws be passed to turn condemned criminals over to the experimentation of science?

The world waits anxiously every step of this next evolution of science. However, practical reincarnation is still in the laboratory stage.



"You'd better throw it back in the creek 'fore the game warden catches you. That fish ain't of age to be caught and you ought to be ashamed of yourself as a Stebbins to be takin' it away from its mother."

GABALOGUE

By Nellie Revell

The Voice of RADIO DIGEST

HOWDY, friends. "The air is all cluttered up with columnists today. Every network has from one to three gabbers. They're all over the place like ants at a picnic . . . but the pioneer of them all was a girl named Bertha Brainard, who ten years ago conducted the first column on the air and called it "Broadcasting Broadway."

Bertha Brainard became interested in wireless through a crystal set owned by her little brother . . . and conceived the idea of a newspaper column on the air. She went to the nearest station — WJZ in Newark with her idea. She clicked and before long, Bertha Brainard Broadcasting Broadway was one of the most eagerly awaited periods on the air and brought vast armies of converts to radio. At that time, there were only three stations of any importance, Newark, Schenectady, and Pittsburgh. Then, Miss Brainard got another inspiration, that of putting interviews on the air . . . and incidentally, it may or may not interest you to know that I was her first subject.

At that time, (ten years ago last Thanksgiving), I was in a New York Hospital. I had been there then for two years. The nurse announced a young lady reporter to see me. Having been a young lady reporter myself once, I was interested.

Miss Brainard explained that she thought a message from me would be of interest to the radio audience. She asked me if I had anything to be thankful for. Holidays are sad days for people in hospitals and I was no exception. I was trying very hard to get in a note of optimism and happiness . . . but it was a good deal like the little boy who whistled while passing the cemetery. I can still see the puzzled expression on her face when I laughingly told her I was thankful I didn't have to ride in the subway.

I was grateful for our fine American doctors. I was grateful to the nuns and the nurses who were devoting their lives to taking care of people who didn't have sense enough to take care of themselves. I was grateful for the many friends who were standing by me.

The interview brought thousands of letters for Miss Brainard and myself. The message had landed. And that, dear friends, is the history of the first interview put on the air by the first columnist of the air . . . Bertha Brainard Broadcasting Broadway.

Bertha Brainard is an outstanding example of our modern business woman. Although she fills a man's job, she's not masculine. On the contrary, she is emphatically feminine . . . and with the wisdom of Minerva. She is no sentimentalist, either. She allows no friendships to sway her judgment. She feels her first duty is to the radio public . . . to put on and to keep putting on good programs. Radio is her life's work . . . and next to her mother, is truly the love of her life. Miss Brainard is proud of radio . . . and zealous for its future. And, no wonder, either, for she has seen it grow from infancy and has herself played no small part in its successful development. A mother who raised a son to be president couldn't take any more pride in her offspring than Bertha Brainard does in the progress of radio.



A group of celebrities—Seated, left to right, Fannie Hurst, Nellie Revell and Mrs. Irvin Cobb. Standing: Irvin Cobb, Daniel Frohman and Burton Hendricks

If occasion demands, Miss Brainard can apply the iron hand but always with justice tempered with mercy and it's always encased in a velvet glove.

Her offices are about the most commodious in the elaborate headquarters of NBC and reflect her artistic tastes and preferences. Rich draperies cover the walls and a vase of yellow roses always occupies a stand near the window. But the piece de resistance of her office equipment is a tiny upright piano. The top of it is a register for celebrities . . . sort of a scroll of honor.

And the highest compliment paid to a visitor to the NBC offices is to be asked to autograph Miss Brainard's piano. Cardinal Hayes is among the signatories and there is a long list of notables that reads like a "Who's Who" in the business, social, religious, political and artistic life of the nation. From her desk she carries on the daily routine with dispatch and efficiency. When not consulting with radio artists,

(Continued on page 73)

EVERY Wednesday night at 11 o'clock Miss Revell takes her WEAF mike in hand and rattles off a good old fashioned chinfest about the great and near-great of Radio and stage circles. On this page you will read some of the things she broadcast in case you did not hear her on the NBC network.

WHAT PRICE SUCCESS IN RADIO?

. . . the answer lies in correct training . . . the type you get at RCA Institutes. It is America's oldest radio school. Special new course on broadcasting and microphone technique just announced.

NO other career offers you the interesting life that radio does. Think of it! Each branch is different . . . broadcast station or studio operation, aviation radio, the new possibilities in television, servicing of home entertainment equipment, disc and film recording, talking pictures . . .

Wouldn't *you* like to enter radio? Today it is difficult unless you have the correct training. This advertisement offers you the chance to get this training. All you need to do is clip and mail the coupon below . . . and in a few days you will have full details about RCA Institutes courses.

RCA Institutes is America's oldest radio school . . . founded 22 years ago . . . and thousands of graduates can testify to the worthwhile training they received. It is associated with the largest, most complete research laboratory in the radio industry. What more need you know?

You have your choice of two ways to learn. There are four big *resident* schools—New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Boston—with new classes starting about every six weeks. Both day and evening classes. Or—you may study at home in your spare time through RCA Institutes *Extension* Courses. Special home laboratory equipment is available for many courses.



A portion of our broadcast studio control equipment



YOU LEARN microphone technique right in our own studios

All the resident schools have modern equipment, experienced teachers for capable instruction in every branch of practical radio—both elementary and advanced. There are free scholarships available for outstanding graduates of both resident and extension courses. Tuition rates are modest.

Write for general catalog and full details on any particular phase of radio in which you are interested. Use the coupon.

NEWS! A NEW BROADCASTING COURSE!

AT last you can learn broadcasting from the men who have been associated with it from the first . . . modern broadcasting as it has never been taught before!

RCA Institutes announces a new course on the technique of the microphone . . . the servicing of equipment . . . all phases of broadcast operation. And the entire course was prepared in cooperation with engineers of NBC and CBS! There is also a special coach for positioning, and the use of vocal chords before the microphone.

Check the box in the coupon below marked *"Microphone Technique"* for complete details on this new course. The classes are filling rapidly—so do not delay! Send in your coupon at once.

NOTE:—*At present this course is offered only at the New York school.*

A Radio Corporation of America Subsidiary

RCA INSTITUTES, INC.
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Please send me your General Catalog. I am checking below the phase of radio in which I am interested.

- ☐ Microphone Technique
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- ☐ Television

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*Occupation*_____ *Age*_____

MARCELLA

Little Bird Knows All—Tells All—Ask Her about the Stars You Admire

"MAYBE we can atone for our error," mumbled Toddles, Presiding Pigeon of Graybar Court, the feather in her Empress Eugenie hat shaking with just a wee bit of uncertainty (I've told her exactly one thousand times to get a new one to replace the wobbly ornament—but she holds on tenaciously to anything once she gets it—she's so sentimental). "Maybe we can atone for our error," she repeated "by giving Marcellians a picture of Wendell Hall, so that they will forget we said he was not broadcasting." "Toddles," I declared, "I'll present you with an American flag for G. Washington's birthday, if you can make them forget, for one instant that you deceived them." With a grace becoming a bird of her feather, Toddles swooned in my arms, gasping, "I deceive them—oh-h-h." And she's been swooning ever since but will probably recover most unexpectedly when this column has been sent to the printer. Now I'm not saying a thing that she has an aversion to work.



Wendell Hall

Enough to say that letters came in from all around Detroit—letters from Al Terry, M. B. of Royal Oak, E. M. Robson of London, Ont., and Ralph H. Patt, Pub. Dir. of WJR, et al, threatening us of some impending disaster if we do not make some correction. So here's to Wendell Hall, Redheaded Music Maker who is master of Ceremonies of the R. G. Dun Rhythm Club broadcasts on WJR. He invariably has a cee-gar between his lips—but he probably tucked it behind his left ear while posing for this photo. Did you ever see Wendell's hair? It's as red as a flamingo's. Married to a charming young woman who was Marion Martin. They both live in Chicago and Wendell commutes to Detroit three times a week to start the ceremonies on his program. Before the days of radio, his archives yield the information that he made successful vaudeville tours and appeared as feature soloist with many of the country's leading dance orchestras. And just before he made his debut into radio, he appeared from coast to coast and in Canada with his singing vaudeville act, *The Singing Xylophonist.* Questions of age and place of birth are taboo. "Born lots of places down south" is his specific reply to urgent demands for his birthplace.

* * *

AND while we are going from Chicago to Detroit and back to Chicago, all NBC announcers in the Windy City are married except two—and they are Ted Pearson and Charlie Lyon. Toddles already has her billets-doux in to the boys but I'm sure she won't give the girls very much competition—unless she is outfitted with a new wardrobe, but that's impossible, because she is spending all of her money on unemployed pigeons and buying apples from pigeon vendors.



Chas. Penman

* * *

NOW let's go back to WJR, Detroit and meet Charles Penman, announcer and dramatic director, who is 35, married, Englishman by birth. His childhood was spent in India, but admits to having absolutely nothing to do with the present crisis in that land. Belonged to the English navy and served in the World War. While he was stationed in Australia where he accompanied the Prince of Wales from England, he formed the acquaintance of some stage lights. Left the navy to try work on the stage and since that time has played with many outstanding lights. Toured with Walker Whiteside for several years. Mr. Penman is six feet tall, is stockily built and has light brown hair and blue eyes.

* * *

ONE more trip to WJR, Detroit, this month—and it's worth the journey because it's about Bill Doemling, youngest member of the announcing staff. He is tall and slender, stands five feet ten inches high and has brown eyes and dark brown hair. See him standing in the corner over there with Frank Gill. You know he met Frank while he was a student at Detroit City College and they teamed up then and there. Frank by the way is the Phantom Announcer Detroit listeners are so carzy about.



Bill Doemling

* * *



A. Thomason

MRS. PENNYFEATHER, one of Raymond Knight's KUKU's staff, is Adelina Thomason offstage. She is married to a retired army colonel. The mannerisms of Mrs. Pennyfeather are not entirely made of whole cloth but have their origin in one of Mrs. Pennyfeather's schoolmasters—especially the giggle and the affected "yes." Mrs. Thomason comes to the mike with fifteen years of stage experience, having been a finished actress of serious drama. Her father, Andrew O'Connor, is a noted Massachusetts sculptor and so is her brother, Andrew, who is internationally known for his bronze and marble masterpieces. Her husband, Col. Henry D. Thomason, was a prominent medical officer who was associated with Walter Reed in caring for those afflicted with yellow fever in Cuba. They spent several years in Europe, visiting the home cities of the music masters, and for a while Mrs. Thomason wrote interesting dramatizations about these composers and presented them over CBS. And from the sublime to the ridiculous, her favorite dish is baked beans. Loves grand opera, reads Whitman's *Leaves of Grass* for inspiration and wears the clothes the Colonel buys for her—even hats. Florence and Mildred, her two sisters are married to Waterman Williams and Paton Kendall, respectively, both prominent citizens of Worcester.



Street Singer

* * *

HERE'S the closeup view of Arthur Tracy, the Street Singer, which so many R. D. readers requested. He knows something like nine languages and goes through all with an equal flu-


Donald Bain

ency. Feature article about him appeared in the December issue.

KTBS listeners who have been missing the voice of that singing announcer, Hal Moore, can get him by dialing KLRA, Little Rock, Ark. Has been in this announcin' business for a year and a half—and already has ambitions to talk over a 50,000 watt station. Here's hoping that the next move will be to a fifty grand.

* * *

DONALD BAIN is a sound effect man, and the only mechanism he uses is his larynx. After one of Mr. Bain's radio performances, a farmer wrote him that his Leghorn rooster which had been unduly taciturn, despite the many overtures mades to him, started to cackle and continued to cackle for five minutes —so realistic was Mr. Bain's imitation. He can do much better than the Street Singer as a linguist for he speaks in 70 different bird languages. He was tutored by the birds themselves, and although they conferred no degree upon him he is recognized as one of the foremost bird-language authorities in the woods. He can also "take off" a train, auto horns, musical instruments and other kinds of animals. Mr. Bain was born and reared in Knoxville, Tenn. His father was Professor of Botany in the University of Tennessee and developed a clover disease resistance which saved the farmers thousands of dollars. Donald never got into his father's classes, for the instruction he obtained at home from the elder Bain was quite sufficient for his culture. And besides he learned much more from his long tramps in the woods—with the birds as his professors. Has been frequently heard on the *Lady Next Door* program over NBC.


Mary Idelson

* * *

"CHERE MLLE. MARCELLA," ndites Pauline LeBlanc of Grand Rapds, Mich. "I have never experienced his so-called fan curiosity until I neard Mary Idelson of WCFL, Chicago. She is an outstanding artist and I can't help wondering as to why she isn't featured on chain broadcasts." As this column thrives on the radio curious, glad to have you as a victim, Pauline. Miss Idelson broadcasts over WCFL's way in Chicago. She was born in Forest Park, a suburb of that city. She has dark hair, brown eyes is five feet two and weighs about a hundred pounds. If you ever see a young person answering to this description at a soda fountain, imbibing volumes and volumes of ice cream soda, you'll know it's Mary —for that's her one weakness. And it's *pure* ice cream soda—nothing stronger than that. She is a teacher of dramatic art and tap dancing at the Sherwood School of Dramatics. Skeezix, the little chap who works with Quin Ryan over WGN, is her brother.

* * *

FOR the benefit of Wade, Sandra Crossley, Yolande and others, Horace Heidt is still on tour of the theatres. He is one of the near fatalities caused by football. But jazz has helped him to recover from eight operations. There have been a few changes in the Californians, Sandra, but the men who are members of the band now are: Charles Probble, Lee Lykins, Arthur Thorsen, Donald Renfrew, Harold Plummer, Clarence Moore, Robert Englander, Richard Morgan, Warren Lewis, Gene Knotts, Lee Fleming, Harold Moore, Luke Ehrgoff, Gerald Bowne and of course, Lobo. And among them all they can make the notes fly on two hundred and ten instruments. Mr. Heidt is a splendid business manager and insists that his men save twenty-five percent of their earnings. It's a cooperative membership and Horace himself just gets a little bit more for the manager-ship.


Horace Heidt

* * *

EDYTHE FERN SOUTHARD, Director of Publicity at WJAY, Cleveland, writes "Dear Marcella: Received your letter saying you had confiscated the pictures of Chuck Seaman, Karl Osborn and Kenny Ferguson. I'm not surprised—any woman would! I'm not going to tell you whether or not they are married. Just take it for granted that they're not and then try to start a flirtation by mail. I hope their wives get you if you do!" So my dears, you may draw your own conclusions. I for one *suspect* that they're married. Chuck is twenty-seven, has wavy hair and is five feet ten and a half. Is partial only to blondes, brunettes and others. Karl and Kenny are the harmony team on WJAY. Karl plays nine instruments and plays them well. Recently won the title "King of the Keys" conferred upon him in a contest for most popular radio pianists. Collects mongrels and other pedigreed dogs as a hobby. Now for Kenny who's been in radio for eight years. Has traveled extensively—not only as a driver of a cab and a hearse. Was in Florida during the big wind storm but couldn't do a thing about it. He's the man who rocks the station to bed every evening with the lullaby, *Going Home.*


K. Osborn, C. Seaman, K. Ferguson


Noble Sissle

* * *

THIS is dedicated to Paul Griffin. Noble Sissle was born in Indianapolis in 1889 the son of the Rev. and Mrs. George A. Sissle. The father was a Methodist minister and the mother was a teacher of elocution. Noble's education at Butler College was cut short by the death of his father. Joined a jazz band in Indianapolis soon after and wended eastward. Met Eubie Blake in Baltimore and they soon mounted the heights of fame with their compositions. Enlisted in Bill Haywood's 15th New York Infantry and was in active service for eighteen months after which time he won a lieutenancy. His orchestra provides jazz food to CBS listeners.

* * *

RUSS COLUMBO may be the Valentino of the air, but Robert Wyckoff is radio's Lon Chaney. He not only writes and produces his own sketches but assumes all of the character roles. At the present time he broadcasts over WOV, New York City and WBBC in Brooklyn, N. Y. The background for his interesting and dramatic skits may one week be a dressing-room in an English vaudeville theatre and another week in a lighthouse on the New England coast. Mr. Wyckoff has been interested in dramatics ever since he was a young boy and in radio he has found a fertile field for his vivid imagination.


R. Wyckoff

* * *

E. M. ROBSON, of London, Ont. writes, "Thanks a lot for the article on Ed. Cullen. It was a big surprise for we thought we would have to wait ages for it, but I guess he made a hit with you just like he did with the large majority of his audiences when he played stock here for three or four seasons. You forgot to tell us if Eddie is now married." Ed Cullen is not married, E. M., and the last time I met him he was recovering from the Christmas plum puddin', and other fixin's. Ed has claim to a fine castle in Ireland.

Voice of the

HICKMAN VOLLER REPLIES

SO THE person who was afraid to give his name is mad because I want a story about Rudy instead of Morton Downey. Well now isn't that too bad. I just know everyone is going to cry over that state of affairs. And that was such a bright idea of yours too. Well, listen here, if I did buy Radio Digest's publishing concern I would not ruin it by printing a letter (if you can call it that) as dumb and as silly as yours. At least I'm not afraid to sign my name as you are. You no doubt are ashamed of it and didn't have the nerve to sign it. And furthermore Huntington, Long Island, I most certainly do not borrow some one else's Radio Digest. I subscribe to it. Bet that's more than you do. You said that Rudy wasn't the only pebble on the beach too, didn't you? Well, he may not be the only one but he certainly is the biggest and greatest one. And Mr. Editor you will please more of your readers if you publish stories about Rudy Vallee instead of Morton Downey. This letter may not be published but at least I won't dare you to print it like the reader from Huntington, L. I.—Emma Lloyd Talley, 501 E. Moulton St., Hickman, Ky.

WANTS SPECIAL RUDY PAGE

IT SEEMS a pity that readers allow themselves to become so narrow as A Reader From Huntington, L. I. I think it would be nice if Rudy and his fans could have a page all by themselves. Then we could read all the nice things without having to read the razzberries. Rudy doesn't merit all the knocks a few of the narrow ones are always handing him. And I for one see red when I read such unjust rot. I wonder if some of the razzers can boast of as many accomplishments as Rudy Vallee can. Not many men can go out and earn themselves a cool million or so just on their own the way Rudy has done. Then why knock him? Why not take our hats off to this intelligent young man. I agree with Holly of St. Louis that there is nothing Rudy can't do, he's a most versatile young chap, and second to none on air, stage, or records. I wish Rudy years of success to come and many years of happiness with his charming wife.—Agnes Gearhart, 1746 Arlington Ave, Toledo, Ohio.

HIS NAME IS MARTIN

SO YOU think I'm afraid-ycat because I did not sign my name to the letter which appeared in the December Radio Digest. Well you are wrong. I still say you waste too much space and paper and ink on Rudy Vallée and you show too much partiality where radio artists are concerned. This is of course unfair to the public and to the other entertainers. And let me say further that as far as this guy Vallée's singing is concerned I would rather listen to static. Some of the artists have singing voices that remind me of moonlight and roses but Vallée sounds like a dying duck in a thunderstorm.—I. A. Martin (I'm the Guy), Huntington, L. I.

VOICE FROM NEW ORLEANS

ONE cannot say too much in praise of your fine magazine. Gets better month by month, especially your Voice of the Listener department. I always enjoy reading over the many nice, and otherwise, if you know what I mean, letters.

In a recent issue, which I have received, I note the many letters from the feminine members of your VOL club, which goes to show that, unlike the lady folks in my house, there are many fans among them elsewhere. God bless the ladies! Hey, fellers, are you going to let the women rule this department? Let's hear more from the men folks of radio land.

But, regardless of whether your writers are the majority of men or women, perhaps some one can tell us something about the many powerful Mexican stations we hear every night. Be it known that down here in old New Orleans, on these cool, clear nights we can get, with ease, such stations as XED, around the 960 or 970 KC wave, XER, that most powerful new station of Dr. Brinkley, on the 735 KC wave, and another one which comes in at about the 880 KC wave band, but which, try as I might, do not know their call letters, as they only announce in Spanish, and have yet to hear them tell us in English what it's all about, etc. Perhaps some DX fan or other listener can tell us who they are. Or, how about yourself, dear Radio Digest. I find no listing of the recent Mexican stations in your log, nor anywhere else. Tell us something of XER soon. I think this is the station established by Dr. Brinkley, formerly of Milford, Kans., is it not? How are the Eastern listeners making out with California stations? I can get KFI, Los Angeles very nicely every night. Powerful as a local. This, and Crosley's WLW, also WENR, my favorites. What are yours?

I echo all the sentiments of Mary Staley, Frederick, Md., contained in the first four "paragiraffes" of her letter.

I am going to try out the ground scheme that O. L. Case tells of, and will report results later. You see that thru your Voice of Listener pages one can get some good ideas, so keep up the good work, and let's hear from others, and exchange ideas.—Rolf George, 6153 Catina St., New Orleans, La.

REALLY KNOWS WAYNE

IN REGARD to the article in the December Radio Digest captioned "Most Conceited Person I Ever Knew" . . . by Ann Steward about Wayne King . . . I am sure that you will find in it that she does not admit that she "knew" him . . . but that she has "met" him. Thus we find a typographical error . . . may we ask . . . WHO WAS AMBITIOUS? In her closing . . . she and I stand as one . . . where she says . . . "Where will he be next year, the year after that? Take my tip and watch him. It will be like a thrilling continued story of growing success." For these words . . . I thank her . . . and hope that some day she will meet Wayne and KNOW HIM . . . as *I know him* . . . ALL IS FOR SOME GOOD . . . AND WHY THIS LETTER COMES TO YOU . . . IT TOO WILL UNFOLD ITSELF . . . INTO GOOD.—Iown Kingson, 2906 McLean Ave., Chicago, Ill.

YOUR TURN, JOHN

IN YOUR November issue was a letter headed "A Voice From The West" written by John Lucas of Olympia Washington and passing choice comments on the artists and orchestras he likes. He forgot one thing. We put John Lucas on the air on a popular remote control feature —The Junior Broadcast—and did he make the audience both in the auditorium and on the air sit up and take notice? We were late getting off the air because nothing would do but we had to put him on again for an encore. Such modesty is gratifying to be sure, but now and then someone who happens to have the dirt reads the comments of others.—Hubert McAllister, Station KMO, Tacoma, Washington.

MUST HAVE THAT PICTURE

I HAVE been buying the Radio Digest since February and intend to continue as long as it is published. I think Tuneful Topics, Marcella and Voice of the Listener, are the best features in your magazine. I select Tuneful Topics first because I think that Rudy Vallée, the King of Crooners, has the best orchestra, on the air. Don't forget the motto: "A picture of Rudy in every issue."—Elizabeth Smoak, 56 Carolina St., Charleston, S. C.

KNOWS NOBODY BUT RUDY

I ENJOY reading your magazine very much but I have a criticism to make. The kick is about Rudy Vallée the marvelous singer. Why don't you publish more about him? Why not a big picture of him occasionally? If you won't put in one big one you can at least have four or five small ones. We Vallée fans get tired of seeing a picture of some one we never heard of on every page. Write more about Rudy, give us more pictures of Rudy and I want to say that I enjoy Tuneful Topics very much.—Laura Hensen, 2012 33 Ave. N., Birmingham, Alabama.

CALL FOR L. J. L.

I DON'T want to be harsh in my criticism but I do not think that other people should be so mean in their criticism of the favorite of so many radio fans, "Little Jack Little." He's my favorite and I also like Gene and Glenn. Let's see some more about these last two and also some pictures of "Little Jack."—F. W., Huntington, Kansas.

WON'T you please publish an article about Rudy Vallée's "Connecticut Yankees"? Rudy always gives them credit so why not give us a story about the boys who have been so loyal to their famous leader. I am sure a few kind words of appreciation would make them very happy and be sure to include dear, dear Manny Lowy, the sick Yankee.—Anton Elger, Waukesha, Wisconsin.

WE'VE HAD THAT TOO

A COUPLE of weeks ago I found a picture in the paper showing Rudy Vallée in a Spanish costume. Incidently he looked like you know what in the suit. Then in your recent story on Russ Columbo you showed him dressed in a sheik costume. What is this anyhow, a series of gags or are the boys serious? I am expecting to see one of Paul Whiteman dressed as Little Lord Fauntleroy.—M. Whaley, Detroit, Michigan.

Listener

DID YOU READ RADIO-GRAPHS?

HOW about something on Paul Tremaine? I've seen your articles about a good many orchestra leaders but not a word about Paul. I agree with your correspondent who says that the best band on the air is the one called "The Band From Lonely Acres," what music! I'll be on the look-out for some good news on Tremaine. —Franklin Burr, Worthington, Mass.

'TWAS IN OCTOBER R. D.

IF IT is possible may we have in the next issue, the story of Russ Columbo, the most entertaining young man at NBC. I would be interested in learning all the inside facts obtainable about him. I did not mean in wording my request that he was the *best* on the NBC programs, but that he is my favorite who is very entertaining. Was also disappointed not to find a story on Frank Parker whom I understand had been interviewed for this issue. Please may we see it next month? He is also a great favorite of mine.—Olive Crosby, 272 Elm Street, Amesbury, Mass.

THANKS FOR THE POSIES

HAVE been a reader of Radio Digest for some time and think that it is one of the best in its field. Please do omit any scandal as I am sure you do not want your magazine classed as only second-class reading material. Everybody has a few skeletons in their closet but we are living the present and not the past so forget it. Where is David Ross? Do not hear his program, "Poet's Gold" any more. Why not devote some space to him as well as to Douglas Evans, Tom Waring, Tom Manning, Gene Hamilton and lots of others. For instance I do not recall reading anything about Tony Wons. Omit Rudy Vallée for a time. Do not be so partial to him. Give Will Osborne a break. Do hope your magazine of the air will be a reality and am sure that it would be a success with Floyd Gibbons at the head.—Ann Shaw, 6 Draper Street, Dorchester, Mass.

HAD F. I. EVERY MONTH

YOU have some very interesting write-ups in your department, Mr. VOL. I wouldn't miss that magazine of yours for the world. It makes us all feel we know the people we hear on the air. There is one very lovely lady you have never written about and that is Frances Ingram. She has helped more women all over the country than any person I know of. She is always so kind. Her talks each Tuesday morning are splendid. To me she has been an inspiration. I have her picture and value it beyond measure. She certainly knows what she is talking about and I would like to see something about her in Radio Digest. —Margaret Beattie, Eureka, Pennsylvania.

AHOY, DX PILOTS!

I READ your Radio Digest every month and I enjoy it very much. The part I like best is the DX division of the Voice of the Listener. I have been DX-ing almost a year and have picked up many small radio stations all over the United States and Mexico. I have about 135 verifications including two from Mexico. I do not try for Mexico very often. I wish you would ask the other DX-ers to write me interesting data on their long and short wave reception. I will answer all such letters I receive.—Roy Sell, 315 W. Main Street, Watertown, Wis.

LOUISE LANDIS, PLEASE NOTE

I ALWAYS welcome the sight of Radio Digest on the stands here and never fail to buy a copy. My boys have a den where they hang all the pictures of radio stars that they can get. I would appreciate it if you could print a picture of the "Two Professors" who are heard on the NBC each morning at 7:45.—Mrs. C. Singleton, 770 California St., San Francisco.

OUR MISTAKE YOUR TREAT

YOU have a very interesting and instructive magazine and I enjoy it a great deal. There is, however, something radically wrong with your issue of May, 1931. The error occurs on page 13 of the article headed "How They Started." Roxy is spoken of as a native of Stillwater, Michigan, and I know for a certainty that he was born in the town of that name in Minnesota! In fact not long ago he paid a visit to this kid home town and brought with him several of his performers and artists, including Madame Schuman-Heink. Sorry I had to correct you, but I guess you can all make a mistake.—Wilmar Nelson, 711 Hickory Street, Stillwater, Minnesota.

TECHNICAL ADVICE WANTED

WILL someone please inform me of a short wave converter that can be used with a 2 Volt Battery operated set, the new seven tube, screen grid, Victor R-10. Information will be greatly appreciated.—Ebb and Flow, Reedy Creek, Manitoba, Canada.

BIG HEARTED

I'M writing this in response to the letter from I. M. H. of Atlantic City. I too am a Vallee fan, and would never think of tearing out his pictures and disposing of them. But somehow I think that it was a bit inconsiderate of I. M. H. to want a picture of Rudy in every issue. There is bound to be a limit to the Digest's supply of Vallee pictures and so I like to see pictures of other radio stars too. Especially the Coon-Sanders band. And good old Ben Bernie is always a treat.—L. H. Louisville, Ky.

OH, THAT STATION WEE!

HAT'S off to your magazine. I think it is great. Maybe some of the DX fans can help me out with the trouble I have had in DX-ing. I live about ten miles from New York. And oh those low powered stations. I have no idea how many there are, but there surely are plenty. I have to wait until the NBC stations shut down for the night, and then it is WABC that operates until two in the morning. As soon as WABC shuts off at two o'clock, WBOQ takes up on their network and with the same power and they continue all night. The worst of it is that this station plays only phonograph records and messes things up for us DX-ers. What I should like to know is just how I am going to get real distance. That is the only trouble I ever have save for the static from electricity over Manhattan.—Tom Gootee, 47-06 88th St., Elmhurst.

TRADELAST FOR TED BLACK

TONIGHT for the first time I had the pleasure of listening to Teddy Black's music. The quality of his music is excellent and for the sweet music that he pours out, very little is ever written about him. No doubt others have enjoyed his music as much as I have and would like to learn a little about him. Come on and give us a Teddy Black story.—Marlene D'Arcy, 2698 Doris Ave., Detroit, Mich.

100 PER CENT RADIO FAN

I HAVE just finished my first copy of Radio Digest and am here to say that I think it's a wow. I wonder if any other radio fans have a hobby such as mine. For the last six years, I have had my radio going from 16 to 18 hours a day. I have written some 1000 letters to stations and artists yearly, keep a radio scrap book numbering among its pages some 600 photographs of NBC artists, about 450 CBS artists and over a hundred from the smaller Eastern stations. I also have about 50 autographed pictures of artists and their studios. I always send birthday greetings to my special favorites. Still get a big thrill out of radio after listening for six years and would like to hear from other fans as enthusiastic as myself. Will be anxious to get my next copy of Radio Digest as I certainly enjoyed the first one. More power to you for good radio stories.—Mrs. Frank M. Taylor, 141 Brightwood Ave., Westfield, N. J.

MUSKETEERS COMMAND

FOLLOWING in the footsteps of my fellow Musketeers, I am asking for more news about Lew Conrad. Lew certainly deserves recognition on the air and in your magazine and we're out to see that he gets it. I know there are many more Conradites who agree. So, Mr. Radio Digest, give him a hand and make your readers happier.—Musketeer Number 4.

RAH FOR KARL LANDT

YOU can say all you want about Rudy Vallee and all the rest of the crooners including Wayne King, but none can compare with Karl Landt of the Landt Trio and White. The way he sings is a manner to make it just too bad for the others when he gets a little better known. Bring him on in a story. He and his brothers and there velvet finger piano player, Howard White, and give us some good pictures too.—B. J. L. Clark, Summit, Pa.

GOOD SUGGESTION

WE ARE three radio fans and members of the Rudy Valle round table club. We do enjoy hearing Rudy on the air and also the boys in his orchestra, but we have a request to make and here it is. Why doesn't Rudy have John Fogarty sing as his guest star sometime on the Fleischman hour? John Fogarty is a great singer, has a marvelous voice and a pleasing selection of songs. How about it Rudy?—Rudy Vallee Club of Camden, N. J.

EDITOR'S NOTE

If Miss Harriett M. of Birmingham will give us her street address we will gladly answer her letter. We endeavor to supply any photo requested.

Broadcasting from The Editor's Chair

Musicians as Technicians

IT SPEAKS well for the technical side of radio progress that we now have our most distinguished musical organizations trusting their most sacred productions to broadcast transmission. Our great musicians themselves have taken the pains to study the technical problems involved and have aided materially in their advice and actual laboratory experiments. Trained musicians sit at the control boards beside the engineers guiding the modulation with their own hands as their eyes follow the score of the sheet music on the rack before them. They have become so intimately identified with this phase the electrical trade unions in some cities are demanding that these musicians must belong to their unions to sit in and perform these functions.

Europe Likes Our Radio---Sometimes

"WHAT a treat to hear American radio!"

This was the essence of one message from England in response to an hour of broadcasting of typical American radio entertainment from the Columbia Broadcasting System studios in New York, picked up and rebroadcast in nine European countries. Advertising credits went along with the programs and there seemed to be no particular objection on the part of anybody. This doubtless will shock some of the malcontents at home here who have been trying to sell the idea in this country that American broadcasting has gone to the dogs, and that it would be much better to turn our radio over to a government bureau so that we can have the kind of programs Europeans have to take and pay for in cash on the other side of the Atlantic.

However, it seems our European friends do not so much mind our advertising on the air as they do the things we might say about international affairs. Last month in these columns we took occasion to comment on the mutually beneficial results to be gleaned by the transatlantic debate between teams of Oxford and Harvard students on the question of international debts. It seemed a splendid idea to have the question aired before all the people so that all could receive first hand the views of groups from both countries directly by word of mouth. Since then we have learned that such discussions are not permitted to go on the air in England and the debate was not broadcast over there. Such shortsightedness in authority may be one of the reasons for the political distraction that has kept Johnny Bull in hot water recently.

Enemies of the American Plan of Broadcasting have been gaining ground since the autumn season by staying quietly in their trenches and saying practically nothing. "Leave them alone and they'll hang themselves," seems to have been their policy. And that is just what some of our broadcasters and sponsors are doing. They are giving their enemies exactly the kind of ammunition they want by loading their programs with more blatant advertising than the traffic can carry. Instead of toning down this disturbing factor for 1932 they have made matters worse.

The most effective move against our present competitive system by those who would like to see advertising completely wiped out of the broadcasting sky, no matter what it might cost the individual listener, would be to buy time and riddle it with nauseating propaganda. Revolt against the dials would follow, all air advertising would become ineffective, and very likely radio would drop into the lap of a government bureau with dime store records for the bulk of the programs if there were any programs at all while government finances are in such a stringent condition.

Jimmy the Little Czar

INCIDENTALLY there must be a story behind the compromise made with little Jimmy Petrillo who operates as the head of the Chicago Federation of Musicians. He was to have "pulled out" thirteen orchestras from Chicago broadcasting stations (including those of the chain systems) if his demands were not met. Before the zero hour was reached something happened, a compromise effected and the strike was not called. Jimmy's orders caused a shut-down of Chicago loop and neighborhood theatres on a couple of occasions. He has recently had Paul Whiteman and Ben Bernie up before his court of inquiry to explain the why and wherefore of hiring certain individuals in their bands unsatisfactory to little Jimmy. Once he had to go before a court himself after gunmen had forced their way into a loop theatre and set fire to a pipe organ which Jimmy had complained about to the manager. But of course little Jimmy Petrillo wouldn't be mixed up in any hoodlum thing like that, so he was released.

Spain Recognizes Power of Radio

FERNANDO DE LOS RIOS, Spain's socialist Minister of Justice, in discussing Spain's two year plan for national advancement recently made significant remarks.

Picturing a new Spain built on a new individual, with its heart in the small town he said:

"We are going to advance the masses spiritually and culturally to make our physically powerful nation sound at core. Every pueblo must listen to the recitation of poets, speeches by engineers, the counsel of farm authorities, and good music. The answer is radio. For only 2,000,000 pesetas we can put one in every township.

"The separation of church and State, civil marriage and divorce and agrarian reform are all essential to a modern nation."

And so influence of Radio on the life and living of mankind marches on and on.

Station Parade

Pageant of Personalities and Programs as they Appear Across the Continent for the Biggest Show on Earth

In Fred's Footsteps

GUESS what—that chap, Fred Smith, who conceived the idea for the March of Time program and has been presenting that fine feature over WABC ever since it started, has put it up to young Tom Everett to fill his shoes. Fred's gone and rented a villa at Biarritz and is going to take himself seriously by writing a novel or two.

They do say, however, that Everett's chances are pretty good, what with his having studied at Oxford, Yale and the Universities of Grenoble and Munich as a prelude to expressing the international viewpoint.



The busy lady before the microphone is Miss Caroline Cabot, shopping expert for WEEI, Boston, who airs her news and views every morning of the week except Sunday from 9:00 to 9:15 A. M.

Speaking of Maestros

JUST because a five passenger cabin plane couldn't get him from his 640-acre estate in northern Wisconsin to Chicago fast enough, Wayne King, famous WGN maestro, "junked" the cabin ship for a speedy three-seater with an open cockpit. Wayne's new plane has a cruising speed of 135 miles an hour and is kept in a private hangar at a Chicago airport. The famous "waltz king" is a full-fledged pilot as well as one of America's outstanding orchestra leaders.

And speaking of orchestra pilots, can you imagine Ted Weems without his orchestra? That's a situation to pique the curiosity of radio fans who watch for his many WGN broadcasts with avidity. Weems and his singing ensemble are heard on WGN five nights a week at 10:15 o'clock. The program is known as "Ted Weems and his Black Knight Cavaliers" and features Weems as master of ceremonies, with "Bones" O'Brien at the piano, and a singing ensemble composed of Weston Vaughn, Parker Gibbs, "Red" Ingle, Elmo Tanner, and Country Washburn.



A. Everett Austin, director of the J. P. Morgan Museum in Hartford, Conn., presents programs on Art Criticism over WTIC as a regular feature of the station.

"Are You Burning Anything?"

FULLERTON T. McGOUGH, announcer for KQV, Pittsburgh, Pa., will not permit housewives to burn food while listening to the radio.

One station in the land has its announcers say "Think of your neighbor. Turn down the set. The other fellow will appreciate your kindness."

But now comes KQV with a better idea, for folks *can* stand noise, but mighty few can survive burned potatoes, pies and cakes. The suggestion was born from a mass of protesting mail penned by husbands who alleged their children were sent to school with tummies filled with burned food because of the "Blues Chasers" program just before noon.

Promptly at 11:15 each morning, McGough makes this inquiry and for one hour, at every opportunity, he asks again "Are you burning anything?"

McGough has jumped into prominence with his novel inquiry. The phrase "Are you burning anything?" has caught the fancy of high school students and teachers report that during the opening hours in the school halls the students greet each other with "Are you burning anything?"

WBT Publishes Own News Sheet

WBT, down in Charlotte, N. C. published its first weekly news sheet last December 1931, carrying all the latest data on station personnel and notes on the Dixie network.



Here's Don Large of WJR, Detroit. Not long ago Don was a clerk in a musical library. Now he heads his own orchestra and does some of the snappiest modernistic piano tricks heard on the air!

A contest was devised for the naming of the new publication, with a Majestic console radio as the award. Announcements were made over the air at intervals to acquaint listeners with the details of the contest. *"News, Views and Reviews* from WBT, Charlotte, N. C." was selected as the winning title, with the honors and the radio award going to Mr. G. Otto Hartsoe, of Newton, N. C.

The Romance of News Gathering

AT LAST—a re-presentation of newspaper life that's the real thing!

Its name is "Headlines" and it is a regular semi-weekly feature of WENR, Chicago, scheduled for every Monday and Thursday evening at 8:30 p. m.

Its author and leading man is Carl Riblet, a veteran journalist though little more than a couple of dozen years old, who has globe trotted journalistically from one end of the earth to the other.

What is "Headlines"?

A series of fifteen minute skits portraying faithfully the exciting incidents in the lives of two newspapermen, fictitiously named "Flash" and "Mac".

Flash, while a likable youngster, a beginner in the newspaper profession, is no paragon of virtues. He is eager, happy-go-lucky, and more or less chronically getting into "jams"—from which he is periodically rescued by Mac, his mentor and fellow worker.

Mac, another real-life newspaperman, is a veteran reporter. He has seen years of experience as a news sleuth, leading a kaleidoscopic professional life in all sections of the United States and in India and China. Known in real life as Jack Daly, Mac in the radio series, "Headlines", takes his actual age of sixty.

In these skits Mac acts as a sort of governor for Flash's impetuous enthusiasm, giving him the benefit of the better judgment he has gained in his long newspaper career. Together the two live in realistic manner the sometimes dramatic, oftentimes dull, routine of newspaper reporters.

And through it all runs a delightful personal touch. In newspapers, so far as the public is concerned, the reportorial and editorial personnel is almost wholly anonymous. In "Headlines" we are entertained, amused by the characters of our two heroes and the many persons they meet in their ferreting out of the day's news.

Flowery Kingdom Hears KMOX

KMOX, the Voice of St. Louis, reports receiving a letter from K. Kobayashi of Fujiama, Japan, who states, "I heard your music to my great delight from 9:50 p. m. to 10.5 p. m. in Japanese time. Would you kindly give me a broadcasting program and a time table."

Enclosed in this unusual letter from such a distant point were the dried petals of one of the Orient's many fragrant and beautiful blossoms.

While KMOX receives letters each week from fans in New Zealand, Guatamala, South and Central America, it is not often that they hear from fans in the land of Fujiama. The reason for KMOX's unusual reception in foreign countries is that they operate with a power of 50,000 watts on an exclusive wave channel.

KSTP Advocates Good English!

THE Bard of Avon is being presented over KSTP's wavelength in a series of Sunday broadcasts at 5 o'clock in the afternoon under the personal direction of Thomas Dunning Rishworth.

Mr. Rishworth, who in presenting Shakespeare is achieving his chief ambition since assuming direction of KSTP dramatic programs, has recruited an enlarged cast of professional talent to portray the twenty-seven characters of the famous tragedy.

Among newcomers to the players' ranks are Lucille Smith, formerly ingenue with the Arthur Casey Players in their first St. Paul season, and since identified with several productions on Broadway; Wilva Davis, formerly the leading actress in the Chicago company of "The Front Page"; Gould Stevens, late of the Civic Repertory Theatre, New York City, directed by Eva Le Gallienne; and Leo Britt, who has appeared in theatres throughout Europe, including the Comedie Caumartin, Paris. Mr. Britt has also appeared in prominent roles in many British motion pictures.

Another presentation for which Mr. Rishworth is responsible is a new program known as "The King's English,"



You're right! It's "The Four of Us" from WBEN in Buffalo. Left to right they are Geraldine Ayres, Carl Koch, Alice Brearey and Loretta Clemens.

presented each day except Saturday and Sunday at 1:10 p. m. The program, devoted to better English, is identified by the playing of a so-called "slow-speed" record, at a rate three times its normal speed.

The result is an effect of garbled English that has caused many phone calls and letters commenting on the extraordinary sounds emerging from radio sets throughout the Northwest.

The program presents many of the mistakes most commonly made in our everyday speech, with the proper corrections.

Each broadcast ends with the reading of three sentences, in each of which a word is used incorrectly, a phrase is wrongly stated, or a word is mispronounced.

The correct reading of these sentences is given in the succeeding program.

The Asset of Authenticity

THE ring of reality is a priceless asset to radio presentation. The Armco Iron Master, who talks over Station WLW, Cincinnati, each Monday night at 9 p. m., eastern standard time, personally experiences the interesting events which he describes on the radio.

Perhaps it is a visit to the giant Zeppelin, the Akron, or the launching of a majestic ocean liner, or some other spectacular event in the march of world progress. Whatever it is the ironmaster, or his counterpart, Bennett Chapple, Sr., vice president of The American Rolling Mill Company, has been there and reports his personal impressions of what he saw.

These impressions are gathered from visits with architects and builders all over the country, from the inspection of reams of blue prints, and climbing around over countless construction jobs.

His latest experience was a ride in the cab of one of the country's fastest locomotives—the Twentieth Century Limited. Clad in the conventional engine man's uniform of overalls, denim cap and gloves, and seated beside the veteran engineer, he enjoyed many of the thrills denied those who ride in the comfortable Pullmans. Incidentally, he kept those overalls as a souvenir of that thrilling ride.

Talent in Abundance at WCAH

WCAH, Columbus, Ohio's Pioneer Broadcasting Station, has just recently attained its peak of popularity, what with Columbia hookup, local talent that compares favorably with the chain artists, and a staff of high grade workers who "double" in all lines.

To begin with, Announcer Russell Canter, (who is chief announcer by the way) croons before his "mike" friends to the tune of several hundred letters per week; Arthur Graham, program director, who weighs but one hundred fifteen pounds, fools them all with his perfect Little Jack Little pianologues and whispers; Rose Thall, Sunshine Girl, four feet eleven in height, tickles the ivories and typewriter equally well, and steals Amos and Andy listeners for her period of Sunshine Songs. She is one of the pioneers of WCAH staff artists and claims she's married to radio —but still, receives fan mail from males.

George Zimmerman, little but mighty, manager of WCAH, fulfills his duties before the little metal disc, by his double-voiced crooning—imitates women warblers to perfection and receives mail from Romeos asking for "her" phone number. Naomi, the radio girl, keeps the radio gang in smiles, and the books up to date; you can almost see her smiling face and dimples right through that microphone; she's the "Mrs." of "Mr. and Mrs." but the Mr. is not really her husband; it's Eddie Ekland and he belongs to somebody else.

"Mary" Ellen Andrews of Home Topics fame, is the third feminine "heart" interest of WCAH and she tells women how to stay beautiful, even though they may spend most of their time in the kitchen making use of her helpful recipes. "Mary," not contrary, tells how your garden grows; and that's something! WCAH is stepping up!



Three times a week you'll hear Nancy Turner, telling all the news about beauty, clothes and home furnishing over WBAL in Baltimore.



The KDKA Players of Pittsburgh are listening to Ed Harvey's final instructions just before a broadcast. Left to right they are Ed himself, Sondra Kostner, Helen Wayne, Elizabeth Drake and Claude Morris.

Persistence Its Own Reward

LAST Spring the production department at WDAF, Kansas City, Mo., was called upon to build a program for Golden Wedding Coffee. Building a "coffee" program sounds easy, but sometimes it isn't.

A program was written that appeared to be just the thing. Rehearsals finished, the advertising representative listened, approved and called his client to attend an audition.

"Thumbs down!" said Mr. Sponsor,



Little Cicely Ann Brown is a prime favorite with listeners to WISN, Milwaukee. She does impersonations of radio stars. Next to her is Art Krueger, director of the Columbians, a Friday night feature over the international network.

and then the real work started.

Program after program was prepared. The sponsor was about to give up the idea of broadcasting through sheer discouragement.

Then somebody got the *right* idea!

It was perfected, rehearsed, presented —and clicked at once. Again, persistence won the day!

Here's the story:

Everyone knows that the world loves romance and what could be more romantic, in these "Reno-vated" days, than to portray a venerable couple celebrating their Golden Wedding Anniversary—a man and wife who have gone through all the trials and tribulations, heartaches and triumphs together and still emerge after fifty years of wedded life, happy and contented with their lot. These two lovable characters are known as Mary and John. The action takes place in the Gay Nineties with scenes and music apropos of the times, with plots and counterplots typical of the days of the horse and buggy, plug hats and cable cars.

When this program, known as the Golden Wedding Gay Nineties, was first produced, the response was so gratifying that the sponsor immediately signed a contract for 26 weeks, which has been increased to 52 since then. Since its inception, the Golden Wedding Gay Nineties has proven to be one of the best features heard over WDAF, and according to its sponsors has also helped to Increase Its Sales Over a Wide Area.

It is quite possible that there are many clients who really want to buy radio programs, but refrain because the station they are negotiating with does not present the proper program. The WDAF staff feels amply rewarded for its efforts in not giving up after the first few auditions for by persistent application and co-operation a program was produced that finally pleased the client, but what is more important the *radio audience as well.*

Three Cheers for the Irish!

CHICK DOWE, of the team of Chick and Ted, the Ham An' Boys, WGAR, Cleveland, was rolling merrily along in the country in his sport roadster, enjoying himself so much that he didn't notice the speed with which he



Frank and Glenn, WHBU, Anderson, Ind., have three specialties—cheering the sick, celebrating birthdays and begging for birthday cake. They're adepts at all three!

was traveling. All of a sudden a motorcycle policeman drew up along side and forced Chick over to the curb. He handed the WGAR artist a ticket reading 50 miles per hour and a summons.

Chick, noticing that the policeman was a good Irishman like himself, thought he would try to humor the officer. He said, "Aw now, officer, be a good fellow and give me a break. I'm Chick of Chick and Ted on WGAR—here I entertain you on the radio and it doesn't cost you anything. Make the ticket read thirty-five." The officer took Chick's ticket, tore it up and made out a new one reading "60 miles per hour," and said, "So you're one of those radio artists, eh? Well, I don't like any of them. It's a good thing you're not one of two or three others I know of or I wouldn't bother about a ticket—I'd put you in jail." And with that the officer was gone.

New "Gold Rush" Series on KFOR

KFOR, Lincoln Nebraska, sends word of a new program series which it is broadcasting under the sponsorship of the Finance and Development Corporation of Lincoln.

The glamor of the old gold rush days, and news items dealing with the present activities in gold mining are the theme of the program. A string trio is featured in this broadcast, which is heard twice weekly.

A Voice from Montana

Dear R.... D.....:

YOU know for years I have been reading and enjoying Radio Digest and have been actively engaged in radio work ever since Wendell Hall, The Ray-O-Vac Twins, Gloomy Gus and Jack Little were just becoming well known, but have never dropped you a line of any form or description in appreciation of your work in bringing the intimate life of the radio performer before the listening public.

I started my radio activities back in Omaha over WOW as a vocalist in 1923, then becoming associated with KOIL at Council Bluffs, Iowa in the capacity of announcer and assistant program director, going from there to Oklahoma City and becoming associated with WKY and KFJF. Returned to Council Bluffs and in 1928 came to Billings,



Their names are Lou and Janet, but everybody calls them "The Souls o' Sunshine." They're on WSB in Atlanta, Georgia, where Lou writes the songs and Janet sings them.

Montana, to conduct the activities of KGHL. Opened this station June 7th 1928, and must say have hit the spot where the radio is really appreciated.

It might interest you to know that before KGHL came on the air, the majority of the people of Montana did not know what daylight radio reception was, this being due in part to the topographical nature of the state. Even radio reception in daytime from KOA Denver was out of the question in this locality in the daytime. For nighttime reception Denver has been our best bet for chain programs, but we are now more than pleased to be affiliated with the NBC, this having been effected November 28th last.

You know Hal, it's a fact that just hundreds of people think the Indians are running wild in this country and that it is quite wild in general, but believe me, you'll find the cities most metropolitan and is the radio audience critical —and how!—but certainly appreciative.

Now as to the KGHL staff—well, let's see, there's Jeff Kiichli, Engineer, operator and technician. Eric Thornton, announcer, program director, commercial representative. And we get along on all twelve cylinders from 7:45 A. M. to 11 P. M. daily only stopping from 4 P. M. to 5:45 P. M. for gas and food. We've been doing this since 1928 and enjoy it. How do we stand the pressure? By eating Montana products—drinking Montana water and Montana climate. These assets cannot be beaten.

Since becoming affiliated with the NBC we have with us Mr. H. J. Boskill in the capacity of telegraph operator and general assistant. Hal's a regular fellow.

It's a hard job for me to sit down and write about one's own institution but I suppose someone has to do it so if this will help in any way you're more than welcome to use it.

Cordially yours,
Eric Thornton,
KGHL

P. S. Gee, I darn near forgot R. L. Hansen—we call him "Rube" who joined us a year ago as assistant operator. Rube greets the talent, answers the phone and makes himself generally useful.

Thanks, Eric. Been waiting for these facts for a long time. You make me want to take a trip out to your country!

WOC A Proven "Pioneer"

IT MIGHT be said of Radio Station WOC, Davenport, Iowa and its sister station WHO, Des Moines, Iowa, that it was "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of its countrymen . . . or sumpin'," as our two Negro impersonators might say.

In looking through the old "scrap books," it was discovered that WOC was the first station in the United States to broadcast a "daily dozen" program as a regular feature. While turning the pages, Lyle Flanagan was confronted with the headlines "One, Two, Three—



He's only ten years old but he conducts a sponsored program all by himself over WJAY in Cleveland. His name? It's Norman Rheuban.

STOOP!" and beheld a picture of his own brother, the well-known "Pat" Fianagan of Chicago, who was the real pioneer in the art of making slender ladies from stout ones by means of certain exercises and instructions by radio.

Another page in the "scrap book" of WOC is dedicated to home management ideas. Back in 1922, a young man, who was called "Radio Rex" Willets, conceived the idea that women might like to have the best of tested recipes given to them in such a way that they could jot them down and try them out. He gathered together his material, and for some time he carried on a home economics department from the studios of station WOC . . . the first feature of this kind to be placed on the air.

Early in the days of broadcasting, station WOC saw the advantage of a newspaper hook-up. After discussion the hook-up became a reality, and WOC came forth, once more as the pioneer, with a special radio department in the local newspapers, and a special newspaper department in the radio station . . . once more the pioneer, for WOC was the FIRST radio station to have a special department headed by an experienced newspaper man who would take over the editing of the news for radio and the broadcasting of a resume of world, domestic and regional news.

After several years of broadcasting as separate stations, the Radio Commission, when re-allocating the wave lengths, saw fit to place radio stations WHO, Des Moines and WOC, Davenport on the same wave length, and to instruct them to share time. Instead of going into lengthy court battles to have one or the other station taken from the air, or instead of quarreling and bickering as to the number of hours each should broadcast, WOC and WHO began to co-operate at once, and to experiment with synchronization. That is, to those who are not familiar with the term, they began a series of experiments by which the program being broadcast by one station would be sent over the telephone wires and would be broadcast from the other station at the same moment. The experiments were successful! In fact, they were so successful that WHO and WOC immediately applied for a permit, from the Radio Commission, to operate synchronously, and to broadcast the same program at the same moment from both stations . . . even though some two hundred miles apart. Again the pioneers! The first stations to broadcast synchronously!

Eating for Health

HOW to gain health by means of pleasing things to eat is the subject of one of the highly successful features of Radio Station KGDM of Stockton, California. Dr. Malcolm S. Ross, who has broadcast over this station for more than two years, has an unique way of prescribing for his "radio patients." Each morning, Dr. Ross introduces his health talk with some new recipe.

Chain Calendar Features

The time listed here is Eastern Standard Time. For the convenience of our readers we are giving the following key to the time when they can tune in on a program in their own territory. If a program is listed here at 7:00 p. m., it can be heard in Chicago and other cities taking Central Standard Time at 6:00 p. m., cities taking Mountain Standard Time can get it at 5:00 p. m., and the Pacific Standard Time would be 4:00 p. m. For example:

EST 7:00 p. m.—8:00 p. m.—9:00 p. m.—10:00 p. m.
CST 6:00 p. m.—7:00 p. m.—8:00 p. m.— 9:00 p. m.
MST 5:00 p. m.—6:00 p. m.—7:00 p. m.— 8:00 p. m.
PST 4:00 p. m.—5:00 p. m.—6:00 p. m.— 7:00 p. m.

See Index to Network Kilocycles on page 69

Throughout Week

TOWER HEALTH EXERCISES–(Daily except Sun.) 6:45 a. m.

WEAF	WEEI	WFI	WRC WGY
WBEN	SCAE	CKGW	

A SONG FOR TODAY—(Daily except Sun.) 7:30 a. m.

WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	KDKA	WJR	WLW

JOLLY BILL AND JANE—(Daily except Sun.) 7:45 a. m.

WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	KDKA	WLW	

ON THE 8:15—(Daily except Sun.) 8:00 a. m.

WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
KDKA	WGAR	WJR	WREN
WRVA	WSM	WKY	

GENE AND GLENN—Quaker Early Birds—(Daily ex. Sun.) 8:00 a. m.

WEAF	WTIC	WJAR	WEEI
WCSH	WFI	WRC	WGY
WCAE	WBEN	WTAM	WWJ
WSAI			

MORNING DEVOTIONS—(Daily ex. Sun.) 8:00 a. m.

WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WKBW
WCAU	W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL
WDBJ	WBT	WDAE	WDOD
WLAC	WBRC	WDSU	

SALON MUSICALE—Emery Deutsch, Conductor—(Daily ex. Sun.) 8:15 a.m.

WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WKBW
WCAU	W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL
WDBJ	WBT	WDBO	WDAE
WLAC	WBRC	WDSU	WTAQ
KMOX	KMBC	KFH	KRLD
KTSA	KDYL	CFRB	

PHIL COOK—The Quaker Man—8:15 a. m.

WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
WENR	WCKY	KWK	WREN
WCKY			

CHEERIO—(Daily ex. Sun.) 8:30 a.m.

WEAF	WTIC	WEEI	WRC
WCKY	WWJ	KPRC	WFI
WSB	WSM	WJAX	WPTF
WTAG	WBEN	WRVA	WIOD
WHAS	WFLA	WTAM	WJDX
WJAR	WGY	WOW	WCSH
WSMB	WDAF	WAPI	WFBR
WWNC	WIS	WKY	

OLD DUTCH GIRL—(Mon., Wed. and Fri.) 8:45 a. m.

WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WKBW
WEAN	WAAB	WCAU	W3XAU
WJAS	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WBT
WGST	WXYZ	WSPD	WLAC
WBRC	WDSU	WISN	WOWO
WBBM	WCCO	KMOX	KMBC
KFH	KFJF	KRLD	KTSA
KDYL	KLZ	CFRB	CKAC

TOM BRENNIE—The Laugh Club—(Daily except Sun.) 9:00 a.m.

WJZ	WBAL	WGAR	WREN
WFAA	KOA		

TOM WARING'S TROUBADORS—(Daily except Wed. and Sun.) 9:15 a.m.

WEAF	WTAM	WTIC	WEEI
WJAR	WLIT	WRC	WFBR
WGY	WBEN	WCAE	WTAM
WWJ	WMAQ	KSD	WOC
WHO	WOW		

TONY'S SCRAP BOOK—Conducted by Anthony Wons—(Daily ex. Sun.) 9:30 a. m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WKBW	WLBZ	WDRC
WAAB	WORC	WPG	WCAU
W3XAU	WHP	WLBW	WMAL
WCAO	WDBJ	WADC	WDBO
WDAE	WXYZ	WBCM	WLAP
WDOD	WREC	WLAC	WBRC
WDSU	WTAQ	WGL	WBBM
KSCJ	WMT	KMOX"	WNAX
KFJF	KVOR	KDYL	KLZ
CFRB			

MIRACLES OF MAGNOLIA—(Daily except Sun.) 9:45 a.m.

WJZ	WBAL	WHAM	WJR
WSM	WSB	WJDX	

RAY PERKINS—The Prince of Pineapples—(Thurs. and Fri.) 10:00 a.m.

WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WHAM
KDKA	WGAR	WCKY	WLS
WKW	WREN		

MRS. BLAKE'S RADIO COLUMN—(Daily except Sun.) 10:00 a.m.

WEAF	WTIC	WTAG	WEEI
WJAR	WCSH	WFI	WRC
WGY	WBEN	WCAE	WTAM
WWJ	WSAI	KYW	WOC
KSD	WHO	WDAF	

MYSTERY CHEF—(Tues. and Thurs.) 10:45 a.m.

WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	KDKA	WGAR	WJR
WLW			

BEN ALLEY, Tenor, with Fred Berrens' Orchestra—(Daily ex. Sat. and Sun.) 11:45 a.m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WKBW	WLBZ	WEAN
WDRC	WAAB	WORC	WPG
WCAU	W3XAU	WHP	WJAS
WLBW	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WDBJ	WBT	WDBO	WXYZ
WLAP	WDOD	WREC	WLAC
WDSU	WISN	WTAQ	WBBM
KSCJ	WMT	KMOX	KMBC
WIBW	KFH	KFJF	KTSA
WACO	KOH	KVOR	KDYL
CFRB			

GENERAL ELECTRIC HOME CIRCLE—(Daily except Sat. and Sun.) 12:00 noon

WEAF	WTIC	WTAG	WEEI
WCSH	WLIT	WRC	WGY
WBEN	WCAE	WTAM	WWJ
WSAI	WENR	KSD	WDAF
WIBA	WDAY	KFYR	WRVA
WPTF	WIOD	WFLA	WMC
WSB	WAPI	WJDX	WKY
KPRC	WTMJ	KGO	KFSD
KGW	KOMO	KHQ	KSTP
WSM	WEBC	WFBR	WOW
WWNC	WIS	WSM	KTHS
WFAA	KSL	KTAR	

DON BIGELOW AND HIS YOENG'S ORCHESTRA—(Daily except Sun.) 12:00 noon

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WGR
WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WORC	WPG	WIP-WFAN	WHP
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WDBJ	WADC	WHK
WBT	WDBO	WXYZ	WLAP
WDOD	WREC	WLAC	WBRC
WDSU	WISN	WTAQ	WCCO
KSCJ	WMT	KMOX	KMBC
KFJF	WACO	KOH	KVOR
KGB	KOL	KVI	KFPY
KFRC	KHJ	KLZ	CFRB

THE REAL GEORGE WASHINGTON—(Daily except Sun.) 12:15 p.m.

WEAF	WTIC	WTAG	WRC
WCAE	WMAQ	WIS	WIOD
WHAS	WSM	WSB	WWJ
KSD			

BLACK AND GOLD ROOM ORCHESTRA—(Daily except Sun.; Sat. at 12:00 noon) 12:15 p.m.

WEAF	WTIC	WTAG	WRC
WCAE	WMAQ	WIS	WIOD
WHAS	WSM	WSB	WTAM
WWJ	KSD	CKGW	CFCF

PAT BARNES IN PERSON—(Daily except Sun.) 12:15 p.m.

WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	KDKA	WGAR	WJR
WLW	WENR	WTMJ	KSTP
WEBC			

NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR—(Daily except Sun.) 12:30 p.m.

WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WHAM
KDKA	WGAR	WJR	KYW
KWK	WREN	KFAB	WRC
WIBA	KSTP	WFLA	WEBC
WDAY	KFYR	WRVA	WPTF
WJAX	WIOD	WHAS	WSM
WMC	WSB	WAPI	WSMB
WJDX	KTHS	KVOO	KPRC
WOC	WHO	KOA	WDAF

AUNT JEMIMA SONGS—(Tues, Wed. and Thurs.) 2:00 p.m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WGR	WNAC	WCAU	W3XAU
WJAS	WMAL	WCAO	WHK
WKRC	WXYZ	WSPD	WOWO
WBBM	KMOX	KMBC	

AMERICAN'S SCHOOL OF THE AIR—(Daily except Sat. and Sun.) 2:30 p.m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WGR	WLBZ	WEAN
WDRC	WORC	WPG	WCAU
W3XAU	WHP	WJAS	WLBW
WMAL	WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ
WADC	WHK	WBT	WDBO
WDAE	WXYZ	WBCM	WLAP
WDOD	WREC	WLAC	WBRC
WDSU	WISN	WTAQ	WGL
WFBM	WCCO	WMT	KMOX
KMBC	WIBW	KFH	KFJF
KRLD	KTSA	KOH	KVOR
KGB	KOL	KVI	KFPY
KFRC	KHJ	KDYL	KLZ

WOMAN'S RADIO REVIEW—(Daily except Sat. and Sun.) 3:00 p.m.

WEAF	WTIC	WTAG	WEEI
WJAR	WCSH	WFI	WRC
WGY	WBEN	WCAE	WTAM
WWJ	WSAI	KYW	KSD
WOC	WHO	WOW	WDAF

ARTHUR JARRETT—(Mon. and Fri.: Tues. at 6:00) 3:30 p.m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WGR	WLBZ	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WORC	WPG
WCAU	W3XAU	WHP	WLBW
WMAL	WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ
WADC	WBT	WDBO	WDAE
WXYZ	WBCM	WLAP	WDOD
WREC	WLAC	WBRC	WDSU
WISN	WATQ	WGL	WMT
KMBC	WIBW	KFJF	KRLD
WACO	KOH	KVOR	KGB
KVI	KFPY	KDYL	KLZ
CFRB			

THE LADY NEXT DOOR—(Daily except Sun.) 5:00 p.m.

WEAF	WRC	WGY	KSD
WTAG	WJAR	WENR	WBEN

SALTY SAM, THE SAILOR—(Tues., Wed. and Thurs.) 5:30 p.m.

WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WGR
WAAB	WCAU	W3XAU	WCAO
WHK	WXYZ	WSPD	WBBM
WCCO	KMOX	KMBC	

UNCLE OLIE AND HIS KRE-MEL GANG—(Mon. and Fri. 5:30 p. m.—Wed. at 5:15 p. m.) 5:30 p. m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WGR	WEAN	WDRC
WAAB	WORC	WCAU	W3XAU
WJAS	WCAO	WWVA	WADC
WHK	WKRC	WCAH	WKBN
WGST	WTOC	WQAM	WDBO
WDAE	WXYZ	WBCM	WSPD
WREC	WLAC	WDSU	WGN
WCCO	KMOX	KMBC	KFJF
KRLD	KTRH	KTSA	

THE LONE WOLF TRIBE—(Mon., Wed. and Fri.) 5:45 p. m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WKBW
WDRC	WAAB	WCAU	W3XAU
WJAS	WMAL	WCAO	WADC
WCCO	WMT	KMBC	

RAISING JUNIOR — (Daily except Mon.) 6:00 p.m.

WJZ	WBAL	WHAM	WGAR
KYW	WIBA	WEBC	KSTP
WTMJ			

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE—(Daily except Sun.) 5:45 p.m.

WJZ	WBAL	WHAM	WGAR
WLW	WRVA	WPTF	WJAX
WIOD	WFLA	WGN	WENR
KWK	WREN	KSTP	WEBC
KFYR	WDAY	KPRC	WOAI
WKY			

RUSS COLUMBO AND HIS ORCHESTRA—(Mon., Thurs. and Fri.) 5:45 p.m.

WEAF	WTIC	WTAG	WEEI
WJAR	WCSH	WLIT	WRC
WGY	WBEN	WWJ	WSAI
WFBR	WENR	KSD	WOC
WHO	WOW		

VAUGHN DE LEATH — (Mon. and Fri.) 6:15 p. m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WGR	WDRC	WAAB
WORC	WCAU	W3XAU	WHP
WLBW	WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ
WLAP	WADC	WCAH	WDOD
WREC	WBT	WQAM	WLAC
WBRC	WDBO	WDAE	WDFU
WISN	WBCM	WSPD	WTAQ
WGL	KFH	WFBM	KSCJ
KFJF	WMT	KMBC	KRLD
KTRH	KOH	KVOR	WACO

THE ROYAL VAGABONDS—6:30 p. m.

WJZ	WBAL	WHAM	WLW
KWK	WREN	KOIL	WSB
WAPI	WOAI	WMAQ	WHAS

LITERARY DIGEST TOPICS IN BRIEF—Lowell Thomas—(Daily except Sat. and Sun.) 6:45 p. m.

WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	KDKA	WLW	

SWIFT PROGRAM—The Stebbins Boys—(Daily except Sun.) 6:45 p.m.

WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WTAG
WCSH	WFI	WRC	WGY
WBEN	WCAE	WTAM	WWJ
WSAI	KSD		

AMOS 'N' ANDY—Pepsodent—(Daily except Sun.) 7:00 p.m.

WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	WGAR	WJR	WLW
WCKY	WRC	CKGW	CFCF
WRVA	WPTF	WJAX	WIOD
WFLA			

CREMO PRESENTS BING CROSBY—(Daily ex. Sun.) 7:15 p. m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WGR	WLBZ	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WORC	WCAU
W3XAU	WHP	WJAS	WLBW
WMBG	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WDBJ	WADC	WHK	WKRC
WCAH	WBT	WBIG	WTOC
WQAM	WDBO	WDAE	WXYZ
WSPD	KTBS	KGRS	WACO
WRR	WCSC		
At 11:00 p. m. on			
WGST	WBCM	WLAP	WDOD
WREC	WLAC	WNOX	WBRC
WDSU	WJSN	WOWO	WFBM
WGN	WCCO	KSCJ	WMT
KMOX	KMBC	KLRA	WNAX
WIBW	KFH	KFJF	KTRH
KTSA	KOH	KMJ	KFBK
KOL	KFPY	KOIN	KFRC
KHJ	KDYL	KLZ	

TASTYEAST JESTERS—(Daily except Sun.) 7:15 p.m.

WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	KDKA	WGAR	WCKY
WREN	WRVA	WPTF	WJAX
WIOD	WFLA		

PRINCE ALBERT QUARTER HOUR—(Daily except Sun.) 7:30 p. m.

WEAF	WTAG	WEEI	WJAR
WCSH	WLIT	WFBR	WRC
WGY	WBEN	WTAM	WWJ
WSAI	WDAF	WIBA	WTMJ
KSTP	WEBC	WDAY	KFYR
WRVA	WWNC	WIS	WJAX
WIOD	WFLA	WOAI	WKY

POMPEIAN MAKE-UP BOX—Boswell Sisters with Bob Haring's Orchestra—(Mon. and Wed.)
7:30 p. m.

WOKO	WFBL	WGR	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WORC	WJAS
WWVA	WADC	WHK	WKRC
WCAH	WXYZ	WSPD	WISN
WCCO	KMOX	KMBC	KFH

KALTENBORN EDITS THE NEWS—Announcer, Don Ball—(Tues. and Thurs.)
7:30 p. m.

WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WGR
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WCAU
W3XAU	WJAS	WLBW	WCAO
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WXYZ
WSPD	WFBM	WFBM	WCCO
KMOX	KMBC	WSJV	

ESSO PROGRAM—(Wed. and Fri.)
7:45 p.m.

WJZ	WBAL	WHAM	WGAR
WJR	WCKY	KYW	KWK
WREN	WTMJ	KSTP	WEBC
WDAY	KFYR	WIBA	WHAS
WSM	WMC	WSB	WSMB
WJDX	KVOO	WFAA	KPRC
WOAI	KOA	KSL	KGO
KFI	KGW	KOMO	KHQ
KTAR	KFSD		

THE CAMEL QUARTER HOUR—Morton Downey, Anthony Wons, and Jacques Renard's Orchestra.
7:45 p. m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WGR	WLBZ	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WORC	WCAU
W3XAU	WHP	WJAS	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ	WWVA
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WCAH
WBT	WBIG	WSJS	WGST
WTOC	WQAM	WDBO	WDAE
WXYZ	WSPD	WLAP	WDOD
WREC	WLAC	WNOX	WBRC
WDSU	WISN	WFBM	WCCO
KSCJ	WMT	KMOX	KMBC
KLRA	WNAX	WIBW	KFH
KFJF	KRLD	KTRH	WACO

At 11:30 p. m. on

WOWO	WGN	KTSA	KOH
KFBK	KOL	KFPY	KOIN
KDYL	KLZ		

THE GOLDBERGS—(Daily except Sun.)
7:45 p.m.

WEAF	WSAI	WWJ	WENR
WGY	WBEN	WCAE	WTAM

BLACKSTONE PLANTATION—(Tues.)—(Thurs. at 9:00 on WJZ)
8:00 p.m.

WEAF	WTIC	WEEI	WJAR
WTAG	WCSH	WRC	WOC
KSD	WGY	WBEN	WCAE
WTAM	WWJ	WSAI	WDAF
WOW	WEBC	KSTP	KYW

THE BATH CLUB—(Daily ex. Sat. and Sun.)
8:00 p. m.

WABC	W2XE	WADC	WOKO
WCAO	WNAC	WKBW	WBBM
WKRC	WHK	WXYZ	WOWO
WDRC	KMBC	WCAU	W3XAU
WJAS	WEAN	KMOX	WFBL
WSPD	WMAL	WGST	WFBM
WISN	WCCO		

STERLING PRODUCTS PROGRAM—Abe Lyman's Band with Glee Club, Concertina Player and Comedy Team—(Tues., Thurs. and Sat.)
8:15 p. m.

WABC	WFBL	WGR	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WCAU	W3XAU
WJAS	WMAL	WCAO	WADC
WHK	WKRC	WGST	WXYZ
WSPD	WREC	WDSU	WFBM
WGN	WCCO	KMOX	KMBC
KFJF			

SINGIN' SAM, THE BARBASOL MAN—(Mon., Wed. and Fri.)
8:15 p. m.

WABC	WOKO	WFBL	WKBW
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WCAU
W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL	WCAO
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WXYZ
WSPD	WFBM	WGN	WCCO
KMOX	KMBC		

LA PALINA PRESENTS KATE SMITH AND HER SWANEE MUSIC—(Mon., Tues., Wed., Thurs. and Sat.)
8:30 p. m.

WABC	WFBL	WHEC	WGR
WCAU	W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL
WCAO	WADC	WHK	WKRC
WCAH	WXYZ	KBCM	WSPD
WLAP	WISN	WFBM	WGN
WCCO	KMOX	KMBC	

GOODYEAR PROGRAM—(WEAF and Sat.)
8:30 p.m.

WRC	WFI	WEEI	WTIC
WJAR	WJDX	WSMB	WRC
WSM	WDAF	WHAS	WSB
WTAG	WCSH	WGY	WBEN
WCAE	WTAM	WWJ	WSAI
KSD	WOC	WOW	KYW
WHO	WMC	WEAF	

ANGELO PATRI, "Your Child"—(Sun. and Thurs.)
8:45 p. m.

WABC	WFBL	WGR	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WCAU	W3XAU
WJAS	WMAL	WCAO	WADC
WHK	WKRC	WXYZ	WSPD
WOWO	WGN	WCCO	WMOX
KMBC			

RUSS COLUMBO AND HIS ORCHESTRA—(Tues., Wed. and Sat.)
10:00 p.m.

WJZ	WMAQ	WGAR	WJR
WCKY	KWK	WREN	

LUCKY STRIKE DANCE ORCHESTRA—(Tues., Thurs., Sat.)
10:00 p.m.

WEAF	WTIC	WEEI	WJAR
WTAG	WCSH	WFI	WRC
WCAE	WWJ	WSAI	KSD
WOC	WHO	WTMJ	WEBC
WJAX	WIOD	WFLA	WSUN
WMC	WSB	WJDX	WOAI
KOA	KGO	WKY	KGW
KOMO	KTAR	KFSD	WTAM
WBEN	WDAY	KFI	KSL
KFYR	KSTP	WENR	KPRC
WGY	WIBA	WFAA	WAPI
WSM	KHQ		

MUSIC THAT SATISFIES—Nat Shilkret's Orchestra and Alex Gray, baritone—(Daily ex. Sun.)
10:30 p. m.

WABC	W2XE	WADC	WOKO
WCAO	WNAC	WKBW	WBBM
WKRC	WHK	WXYZ	WOWO
WDRC	KMBC	WCAU	W3XAU
WJAS	WEAN	KMOX	WFBL
WSPD	WMAL	WPG	WLBZ
WBCM	WAIU	WHP	WFBM
WHEC	WIBW	WMT	WLBW
WORC	WKBN	KSCJ	KFH
WGST	WBRC	WBT	WDOD
KRLD	KLZ	KTRH	WNOX
KLRA	WREC	WISN	WCCO
WDSU	WTAR	KFJF	KOH
WDBJ	KDYL	KTSA	WACO
WNAX	WLAC	WDBO	WDAE
WQAM	WTOC	KGB	KHJ
KVI	KOL	KFRC	KFPY
KOIN			

CLARA, LU AND 'EM—(Daily except Sun. and Mon.)
10:45 p.m.

WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	KDKA	WGAR	WJR
KYW	KWK	WREN	

SLUMBER MUSIC — (Daily except Sun.)
11:00 p.m.

WJZ	WWNC	WIS	WIOD
WJAX			

AMOS 'N' ANDY—Pepsodent—(Daily except Sun.)
11:00 p.m.

WMAQ	WENR	KWK	WREN
WBAF	KFAB	WTMJ	KSTP
WEBC	WHAS	WSM	WMC
WSB	WSMB	WJDX	KTHS
WFAA	KPRC	WOAI	WKY
KECA	KSL	KGO	KOMO
KHQ	WFSD		

CREMO PROGRAM—(Daily ex. Sun.)
11:00 p.m.

WOWO	KMBC	KOIL	KMOX
KHJ	KOIN	KFRC	KOL
KFPY	KVI	KFBK	KMJ
WBT	WBCM	WBRC	WDOD
KLZ	WTAQ	KTRH	WFBM
WLAP	WCCO	WISN	WREC
WNOX	WLAC	WDSU	WLBW
KFJF	KTSA	KOH	KSCJ
KDYL	WIBW	WACO	WMT
KFH	WNAX		

LITERARY DIGEST TOPICS IN BRIEF—Lowell Thomas—(Daily except Sat. and Sun.)
11:15 p.m.

WMAQ	KWK	WBAF	WEBC
EDAY	KFYR		

ENRIC MADRIGUERA'S BILTMORE ORCHESTRA—(Tues. at 11:00, Sat. at 11:45)
11:30 p.m.

WABC	W2XE	WLBZ	WDRC
WAAB	WORC	WPG	WCAU
W3XAU	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WDBJ	WBT	WDBO	WDAE
WDOD	WREC	WLAC	WBRC
WDSU			

THE THREE DOCTORS—
11:30 p.m.

WJZ	WIOD

BEN BERNIE AND HIS ORCHESTRA—From Chicago—(Mon. and Fri.)
12:00 Mid.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WKBW	WEAN	WNAC	WPG
WCAU	W3XAU	WHP	WLBW
WBCM	WLAP	WISN	WGL
WFBM	WCCO	WMT	KMBC
WNAX	WIBW	KFJF	KTSA
KOH	KVOR	KGB	KDYL
KLZ			

NOBLE SISSLE AND HIS PARK CENTRAL ORCHESTRA—(Mon., Tues. and Wed.)
12:30 a.m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WKBW	WEAN	WNAC	WPG
WCAU	W3XAU	WLBW	WBCM
WLAP	WISN	WGL	WFBM
WMT	KMBC	WNAX	WIBW
KFJF	KTSA	KOH	KVOR
KGB	KDYL	KLZ	

Sunday

TONE PICTURES—
8:00 a.m.

WJZ	WBAL	WGAR	WJR
KWK	WSB		

MORNING MUSICALE—Emery Deutsch, Conductor—
8:00 a.m.

WABC	W2XE	WTAR	WDBJ
WBT	WDBO	WDAE	WDOD
WREC	WLAC	WDSU	

LAND O'MAKE BELIEVE—
9:00 a.m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WLBZ	WAAB	WPG
WIP-WFAN		WMAL	WCAO
WDBJ	WHK	WBT	WDBO
WDAE	WXYZ	WBCM	WLAP
WDOD	WREC	WLAC	WISN
WTAQ	WFBM	WMT	KMBC
WNAX	WIBW	KFH	KFJF
KTSA	KDYL		

N. B. C.'S CHILDREN'S HOUR—
9:00 a.m.

WJZ	WBAL	WGAR	WJR
WLW	WFAA	WENR	WCFL
KWK	WRC	WWNC	

COLUMBIA CHURCH OF THE AIR—
10:00 a.m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WLBZ	WDRC	WAAB	WORC
WHP	WJAS	WMAL	WCAO
WBT	WDBO	WBCM	WLAP
WDOD	WREC	WLAC	WDSU
WTAQ	WBBM	KSCJ	WMT
WNAX	WIBW	KFJF	KTSA
KVOR	KDYL	KLZ	

SOUTHLAND SKETCHES—
10:00 a.m.

WEAF	WTIC	WWJ	WDAF
WSB	WCSH	WTAM	WFBR
WENR	WAPI	WGY	WBEN

TROIKA BELLS—
10:30 a.m.

WEAF	WTIC	WRC	WCSH
WFBR	WBEN	WSM	WSMB
WMAQ	WOC	WHO	WDAF
WTMJ	WAPI	KOA	WFAA
WKY			

JULIA MAHONEY AND CHARLES CARLISLE—
11:00 a.m.

WOKO	WFBL	WDRC	WHP
WMAL	WCAO	WDBJ	WHK
WTOC	WQAM	WDBO	WDAE
WLAP	WDOD	WREC	WLAC
WDSU	WISN	WTAQ	KSCJ
WMT	KMBC	KLRA	WNAX
KOIL	KFJF	KTSA	WACO
KVOR	KOL	KVI	KFRC
KDYL	KLZ		

NEAPOLITAN DAYS—
11:00 a.m.

WEAF	WTIC	WJAR	WOC
WHO	WTAM	WKY	WRC
WMC	WAPI	WHAS	WMAQ
WCKY	WFBR	KPRC	KPO

EDNA THOMAS—The Lady from Louisiana—
11:15 a.m.

WOKO	WFBL	WHP	WJAS
WDBO	WDAE	WXYZ	WBCM
WLAP	WDOD	WREC	WDSU
WISN	WTAQ	KSCJ	WMT
KMOX	KMBC	WNAX	WIBW
KFJF	KTSA	WACO	KVOR
KOL	KVI	KFRC	

SPARKLETS—
12:00 Noon

WEAF	WTIC	WTAM	WOC
WHO	WDAF	WENR	WRC
WFI	WGY		

VOICE OF ST. LOUIS—
12:00 Noon

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WGR	WLBZ	WAAB
WORC	WPG	WHP	WJAS
WLBW	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WDBJ	WADC	WBT	WDBO
WDAE	WXYZ	WBCM	WLAP
WDOD	WREC	WLAC	WISN
WTAQ	WGL	WFBM	WCCO
KSCJ	WMT	KMBC	WIBW
KFH	KFJF	WACO	KOH
KVOR	KGB	KOL	KFPY
KDYL	KLZ		

OLD FASHIONED HOUR—
12:15 p.m.

WEAF	WTIC	WTAG	WJAR
WCSH	WFI	WFBR	WRC
WGY	WCAE	WTAM	WWJ
WOC	WHO	WDAF	CFCF
WDAY	WHAS	KPRC	KOA
KSL	KGO		

INTERNATIONAL BROADCAST—
12:30 p.m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WGR	WLBZ	WDRC
WAAB	WORC	WPG	WCAU
W3XAU	WHP	WJAS	WLBW
WMAL	WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ
WADC	WHK	WBT	WDBO
WDAE	WBCM	WLAP	WDOD
WISN	WTAQ	WCCO	KSCJ
WMT	KMBC	WNAX	WIBW
KFJF	KTSA	KOH	KVOR
KOL	KVI	KFPY	KDYL
KLZ	CFRB		

STREET SINGER—
12:45 p.m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WGR	WLBZ	WDRC
WAAB	WORC	WPG	WCAU
W3XAU	WHP	WLBW	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ	WADC
WBT	WDBO	WDAE	WBCM
WLAP	WDOD	WISN	WTAQ
WCCO	KSCJ	WMT	KMBC
WIBW	KFJF	KTSA	KOH
KVOR	KFPY	KDYL	KLZ
CFRB			

CATHEDRAL HOUR—Channon Collinge, Conductor—
1:00 p.m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WGR	WLBZ	WDRC
WAAB	WORC	WPG	WCAU
W3XAU	WHP	WJAS	WLBW
WMAL	WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ
WADC	WBT	WDBO	WXYZ
WBCM	WLAP	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WDSU	WTAQ
WGL	WCCO	KSCJ	WMT
KMOX	KMBC	WIBW	KFJF
KRLD	KTSA	WACO	KOH
KVOR	KOL	KVI	KFPY
KDYL	KLZ	CFRB	

N. B. C. SYMPHONIC HOUR—Walter Damrosch—
1:15 p.m.

WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WMAQ	WWNC	WIS	WIOD
WFLA	WFAA	KGO	KFI
KGW	KOMO	KFSD	

OLD COMPANY'S PROGRAM—
1:45 p.m.

WEAF	WTIC	WTAG	WEEI
WRC	WGY	WBEN	WCSH
WFI	CKGW	CFCF	

VENIDA PROGRAM—Wee Willie Robyn with Emery Deutsch's Gypsies
1:45 p.m.

WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WGR
WDRC	WAAB	WCAU	W3XAU
WJAS	WMAL	WHK	WKRC
WBBM	KMOX	KMBC	

SUNDAY BRIGHT SPOT—
2:15 p.m.

WEAF	WTIC	WTAG	WEEI
WCSH	WLIT	WRC	WGY
WWJ	WSAI	KYW	KSD
WOW	WOC	WHO	WBEN
CFCF	KSTP	WEBC	WDAY
KFYR	WRVA	WPTF	WJAX
WIOD	WFLA	WHAS	WSM
WSB	WAPI	WSMB	WJDX
WFAA	KOA	KSL	KGW
KPO	KHQ	KTAR	KFSD
KECA	KPRC	WTMJ	WCAE
WMC	KVOO	WOAI	WFBR

YEAST FOAMERS—
2:30 p.m.

WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	KDKA	WGAR	WJR
WLW	KYW	KWK	WREN
KFAB	WTMJ	KSTP	WEBC
WRVA	WPTC	WWNC	WIS
WIOD	WFLA	WJAX	WHAS
WSM	WNC	WSB	WAPI
WJDX	WSMB	KVOO	WFAA
KPRC	WOAI	WKY	KOA
KTAR	KECA	KGW	KHQ
KFSD			

MOONSHINE AND HONEYSUCKLE—
2:30 p.m.

WEAF	WTIC	WOW	WWJ
KSD	WRC	WCSH	WDAF

COLUMBIA CHURCH OF THE AIR—
2:30 p.m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WKBW	WLBZ	WDRC
WAAB	WORC	WPG	WLBW
WHP	WIP-WFAN	WJAS	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ	WADC
WBT	WDBO	WBCM	WLAP
WDOD	WREC	WLAC	WDSU
WTAQ	WGL	WFBM	WCCO
KSCJ	WMT	KMBC	WIBW
KFH	KFJF	WACO	KOH
KVOR	KGB	KOL	KFPY
KDYL	KLZ		

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Arturo Toscanini, Conductor—
3:00 p. m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WHEC
WKBW	WLBZ	WEAN	WAAB
WORC	WIP-WFAN	WHP	WJAS
WLBW	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WDBJ	WADC	WBT	WDBO
WDAE	WXYZ	WBCM	WLAP
WDOD	WREC	WLAC	WBRC
WDSU	WISN	WTAQ	WOWO
WGL	WFBM	WCCO	KSCJ
WMT	KMBC	WIBW	KFH
KFJF	WACO	KOH	KVOR
KGB	KOL	KFPY	KFRC
KHJ	KDYL	KLZ	CFRB
KVI			

WAYNE KING'S ORCHESTRA—
3:00 p.m.

WEAF	WTIC	WTAG	WEEI
WJAR	WCSH	WLIT	WRC
WGY	WBEN	WCAE	WWJ
WSAI	KYW	KSD	WOC
WHO	WOW	WDAF	

DR. S. PARKES CADMAN—
3:30 p.m.

WEAF	WTIC	WEEI	WJAR
WCSH	WGY	WJAX	WFBR
WFLA	WRC	WBEN	WRVA
KSD	WPTF	WCAE	WIS
WTAG	WWJ	WSAI	WDAF
KYW	WOW	KSTP	WEBC
WDAY	KFYR	WWNC	WIOD
WJAX	WSM	WMC	WSB
KTHS	KVOO	KPRC	WOAI
WKY	KOA	KSL	KGO
KGW	KOMO	KHQ	KFSD

THE WONDER PROGRAM—
4:30 p.m.

WEAF	WTIC	WTAG	WEEI
WJAR	WCSH	WRC	WGY
WBEN	WCAE	WTAM	WWJ
WSAI	WFMR	WPG	WJR
WFW	WDAF	WFI	WFBR

FLORSHEIM FROLIC—
4:00 p.m.

WEAF	WEEI	WTIC	WJAR
KFI	WTAG	WCSH	WRC
WGY	WCAE	WBEN	WTAM
WWJS	WOC	WHO	WOW
WDAF	WFBR	WIBA	WDAY
KFYR	WRVA	WPTF	WJAX
WIOD	WFLA	WHAS	WSM
WMC	WSB	WAPI	WSMB
WJDX	KTHS	KVOO	WBAP
KPRC	WCAI	WKY	KCA
KGO	KFSD	KTAR	KGW
KOMO	KHQ	WIS	WWNC
WMAQ	WEBC		

THE MUSICAL SHOWMAN—
4:30 p.m.

WJZ	WBAL	WHAM	KDKA
KYW	KFAB	CKGW	

REV. DONALD GREY BARNHOUSE —Tenth Presbyterian Church—
5:00 p.m.

WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WGR
WAAB	WCAU	W3XAU	WJAS
WADC	WKRC	WBT	WXYZ
WSPD	WLAC	WOWO	WCCO
KFH	KRLD		

NATIONAL VESPERS—Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick—
5:00 p.m.

WJZ	WBAL	WBZA	WHAM
KDKA	WREN	KWK	KFAB
WIBA	WMAQ	KSTP	WEBC
WDAY	WFYR	WRVA	WPTF
WIS	WWNC	WIOD	WFLA
WSM	WSB	WJDX	KTHS
KVOO	WFAA	KPRC	WOAI
KFI	KGW	KOMO	KHQ
KFSD			

REAL FOLKS—
5:00 p.m.

WABC	WADC	WCAO	WBBM
WKRC	WHK	WXYZ	WOWO
KMBC	WCAU	WJAS	WSPD
WMAL	WGST	WBT	KRLD
KTRH	KFSF	KTSA	

GENERAL ELECTRIC TWILIGHT PROGRAM—
5:30 p.m.

WEAF	WTIC	WTAG	WEEI
WJAR	WCSH	WFI	WFBR
WRC	WGY	WREN	WCAE
WTAM	WWJ	WSAI	WENR
KSD	WOC	WHO	WOW
WDAF	WIBA	WTMJ	KSTP
WEBC	WDAY	KFYR	WRVA
WJAX	WPTF	WIOD	WFLA
WHAS	WMC	WSB	WSMB
WJDX	KVOO	WBAP	KPRC
WOAI	WKY	KOA	WWNC
WIS	WAPI		

BROOKS AND ROSS—From Chicago
5:30 p. m.

WLAP	WTAQ	KSCJ	WMT
WIBW	KFJF	KRLD	KOH
KVOR	KGB	KOL	KVI
KFPY	KFRC	KHJ	KDYL
KLZ			

HOOK, LINE AND SINKER—From Chicago—
5:45 p. m.

WLAP	WTAQ	WBBM	KSCJ
WMT	WIBW	KFJF	KOH
KVOR	KGB	KOL	KVI
KFPY	KFRC	KHJ	KDYL
KLZ			

CHICAGO KNIGHTS—From Chicago
6:00 p. m.

WLAP	WISN	WBBM	WCCO
KSCJ	WMT	WIBW	KFJF
KRLD	WACO	KOH	KVOR
KGB	KOL	KVI	KFPY
KFRC	KHJ	KDYL	KLZ

CHICAGO KNIGHTS—
6:00 p.m.

WWVA	WLAP	WDOD	WISN
WTAQ	WFBM	KSCJ	WMT
KOIL	KFJF	KRLD	WACO
KOH	KVOR	KOL	KVI
KFPY	KFRC	KHJ	KDYL
KLZ	WBBM		

THE WORLD'S BUSINESS—Dr. Julius Klein—
7:00 p. m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WGR	WPG	WHP
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WTAR
WDBJ	WADC	WBT	WDBO
WDAE	WBCM	WLAP	WDOD
WREC	WDSU	WISN	WGL
WFBM	WCCO	KSCJ	KMOX
KMBC	WNAX	WIBW	KFH
KFJF	KRLD	WACO	KOH
KVOR	KGB	KOL	KVI
KFRC	KHJ	KDYL	KLZ

JOLLY TIME REVUE—
7:15 p.m.

WJZ	WBAL	WHAM	WGAR
WLS	WREN	KWK	WTMJ
KSTP	WDAY	KFYR	KVOO
KPRC	WOAI	WKY	KSL
KFI	KGY	KOMO	KHQ
KTAR	KFSD		

THE THREE BAKERS—
7:30 p.m.

WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	KDKA	WGAR	WJR
WLW	WKY	KWK	WREN
WTMJ	KSTP	WEBC	WDAY
KFYR	WIBA	WRVA	WIOD
WFLA	WHAS	WSM	WMC
WSB	WSMB	WJDX	KVOO
WFAA	KPRC	WOAI	WKY
KOA	KSL	KGO	KFI
KGW	KOMO	KHQ	KFSD
KTAR	KOIL		

THE SWISS YODELERS—
7:15 p.m.

KOIL	KHJ	KOIN	KFRC
KOL	KFPY	KVI	KGB
KVOR	KRLD	KLZ	KTRH
KFJF	KOH	KSCJ	KTSA
KDYL	WIBW	WACO	KFH
WNAX			

LUDEN'S NOVELTY ORCHESTRA—
7:30 p. m.

WABC	W2XE	WGR	WNAC
WCAU	W3XAU	WMAL	WCAO
WHK	WKRC	WBT	WGST
WXYZ	WREC	WDSU	WKBH
WFBM	WGN	WCCO	KMOX
KMBC	WNAX	KRLD,	KDYL
KLZ			

CHASE AND SANBORN—
8:00 p.m.

WEAF	WTIC	WJAR	WTAG
WCSH	WRC	WGY	WCAE
WWJ	WSAI	KSD	WOW
WIOD	KSTP	WHO	WOC
WHAS	WEBC	KSB	WSMB
KTHS	KPRC	WTAM	WJDX
WFLA	WSUN	CFCF	WFLA
WDAF	WBEN	WOAI	WKY
WLIT	WLS	KVOO	WFAA
CKGW	WTMJ		

COLLIER'S RADIO HOUR—
8:15 p.m.

WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
KDKA	WHAM	WGAR	WJR
WLW	KYW	WREN	KOA
KSL	KPO	KFI	KGW
KOMO	KHQ		

THE DAVEY HOUR—
8:30 p. m.

WEAF	WTIC	WTAG	WEEI
WJAR	WCSH	WFI	WRC
WGY	WBEN	WCAE	WTAM
WWJ	WSAI	WENR	WOC
WHO	WOW	WDAF	

ROXY THEATRE SYMPHONY—Directed by Maurice Baron—
9:00 p. m.

WABC	WOKO	WHEC	WGR
WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WORC	WCAU	W3XAU	WHP
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WDBJ	WADC	WBT
WBDO	WXYZ	WBCM	WLAP
WDOD	WREC	WLAC	WBRC
WDSU	WISN	WFBM	WCCO
WMT	KMOX	WNAX	KFJF
KRLD	KTSA	KOH	KVOR
KGB	KOL	KFPY	KFRC
KHJ	KDYL	KLZ	CFRB

BAYUK STAG PARTY—
9:15 p.m.

WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
KDKA	WGAR	WJR	WLW
KYW	WREN		

ROMANCE OF THE SEA—Announcer Frank Knight—
9:30 p. m.

WABC	WFBL	WGR	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WCAU	W3XAU
WJAS	WMAL	WCAO	WADC
WHK	WKRC	WXYZ	WSPD
WOWO	WGN	KMOX	KMBC
KOL	KFPY	KOIN	KFRC
KHJ	KDYL	KLZ	CFRB

KELLOGG SLUMBER MUSIC—
9:45 p.m.

WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	WJR	KDKA	WLW
KYW	KWK	WREN	

BUICK PROGRAM—
9:45 p.m.

WEAF	WTAG	WJAR	WCSH
WFI	WFBR	WRC	WGY
WBEN	WCAE	WTAM	WWJ
WSAI	WENR	KSD	WOC
WHO	WOW	WDAF	WIBA
KSTP	WEBC	WDAY	KFYR
WRVA	WJAX	WIOD	WFLA
WHAS	WSM	WMC	WSB
WAPI	WSMB	WJDX	
(WFAA off 10:00)		KPRC	WOAI
WKY	KOA	KSL	KGO
KFI	KGW	KOMO	KHQ
KTAR	KFSD		

ERNEST HUTCHESON—Pianist and Concert Orchestra—
10:30 p. m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	KFBL
WHEC	WKBW	WLBZ	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WORC	WPG
WCAU	W3XAU	WHP	WJAS
WLBW	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WDBJ	WADC	WBT	WDBO
WDAE	WXYZ	WBCM	WLAP
WDOD	WREC	WLAC	WBRC
WDSU	WISN	WFBM	WMT
WIBW	KFH	KFJF	KOH
KVOR	KGB	KFPY	KFRC
KDYL	KLZ	CFRB	

10:45 p. m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WKBW	WLBZ	WDRC
WNAC	WORC	WPG	WCAU
W3XAU	WHP	WLB	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ	WADC
WBT	WDBO	WDAE	WXYZ
WDOD	WREC	WBRC	WDSU
WISN	WFBM	WMT	KMBC
WIBW	KFH	KFJF	KOH
KVOR	KGB	KOL	KDYL
KLZ	CFRB		

EDDIE DUCHIN AND HIS CENTRAL PARK CASINO ORCHESTRA—
12:00 mid.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WGR	WEAN	WNAC	WCAU
W3XAU	WHP	WLBW	WBCM
WLAP	WISN	WGL	WCCO
WMT	KMBC	WNAX	WIBW
KFJF	KOH	KVOR	KGB
KDYL			

CALIFORNIA MELODIES—
11:30 p. m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WGR	WLBZ	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WPG	WCAU
W3XAU	WHP	WLBW	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ	WADC
WBT	WDBO	WDAE	WXYZ
WBCM	WLAP	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WDSU	WISN
WGL	WFBM	WCCO	WMT
WNAX	WIBW	KFH	KFJF
KOH	KVOR	KGB	KFRC
KDYL			

NOCTURNE—Ann Leaf at the Organ
12:30 a. m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WGR	WEAN	WNAC	WCAU
W3XAU	WLBW	WBCM	WISN
WGL	WCCO	KMBC	WNAX
WIBW	KFJF	KOH	KVOR
KGB	KOL	KLZ	

Monday

GYPSY MUSIC MAKERS—Emery Deutsch, Conductor.
9:00 a. m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WGR	WAAB	WPG	WIP-WFAN
WHP	WJAS	WLBW	WCAO
WTAR	WDBJ	WADC	WDBO
WDAE	WXYZ	WBCM	WLAP
WDOD	WREC	WLAC	WBRC
WDSU	WTAQ	KSCJ	WMT
KMOX	KFH	KFJF	KDYL
CFRB			

CHATTING WITH IDA BAILEY ALLEN—
10:00 a. m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WKBW	WLBZ	WAAB	WHP
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WDBJ	WADC	WBT	WDLO
WXYZ	WBCM	WLAP	WDOD
WREC	WLAC	WDSU	WISN
WTAQ	WGL	KSCJ	KMBC
KFJF	KRLD	KVOR	

MRS. A. M. GOUDISS—
11:00 a.m.

WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	KDKA	WGAR	KYW
WREN	KWK		

THE SINGING VAGABOND—Artells Dickson—
2:00 p.m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WGR	WLBZ	WDRC
WORC	WPG	WIP-WFAN	WHP
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WDBJ	WADC	WHK
WBT	WDAE	WXYZ	WBCM
WLAP	WDOD	WREC	WLAC
WISN	WTAQ	WCCO	KSCJ
WMT	KMBC	KFH	KFJF
KTSA	KOH	KVOR	KGB
KOL	KVI	KFPY	KHJ
CFRB	WBRC	WDSU	

THE NOMADS—
2:15 p.m.

WEAF	WTIC	WRC	WBEN
WTAM	WWJ	KSD	

NATIONAL STUDENT FEDERATION OF AMERICA PROGRAM—
4:30 p.m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WGR	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WORC	WIP-WFAN		WHP
WLBW	WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ
WADC	WBT	WDBO	WDAE
WXYZ	WBCM	WLAP	WDOD
WREC	WLAC	WDSU	WISN
WTAQ	WCCO	WMT	KMOX
WIBW	KFJF	KRLD	WACO
KOH	KVOR	KGB	KFPY
KDYL	KLZ		

HOTEL TAFT ORCHESTRA—
5:45 p.m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WHEC
WKBW	WLBZ	WDRC	WAAB
WORC	WPG	WCAU	W3XAU
WHP	WJAS	WLBW	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ	WADC
WBT	WDBO	WDAE	WBCM
WLAP	WDOD	WREC	WLAC
WBRC	WDSU	WTAQ	WGL
WCCO	WMT	KMBC	KFH
KFJF	KRLD	KTSA	WACO
KOH	KVOR	KLZ	CFRB

DON BIGELOW AND HIS YOENG'S ORCHESTRA—
6:15 p.m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WGR	WLBZ	WDRC
WAAB	WORC	WHP	WLBW
WMAL	WTAR	WDBJ	WADC
WHK	WBT	WDBO	WDAE
WBCM	WLAP	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WDSU	WTAQ
WGL	KFJF	KRLD	KTSA
WACO	KOH	KVOR	KLZ

At 6:30 p.m. to

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WKBW	WLBZ	WDRC	WAAB
WORC	WCAU	W3XAU	WHP
WJAS	WLBW	WCAO	WDBJ
WBT	WDBO	WXYZ	WBCM
WDOD	WREC	WLAC	WBRC
WGL	WFBM	WBBM	KFJF
KRLD	WACO	KOH	KLZ

BAKER CHOCOLATE PROGRAM—Boswell Sisters and Bob Haring's Orchestra—(Mon., Wed. and Fri.)
7:30 p.m.

WOKO	WFBL	WGR	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WORC	WJAS
WWVA	WADC	WHK	WKRC
WCAH	WXYZ	WSPD	WISN
WCCO	KMOX	KMBC	KOIL
KFH			

SOCONYLAND SKETCHES—
8:00 p.m.

WEAF	WTIC	WTAG	WEEI
WJAR	WCSH	WBEN	WGY

THE CONTENTED PROGRAM—
8:00 p.m.

WJZ	WBAL	WJR	KYW
KWK	WREN	KOIL	CKGW
WTMJ	KDAY	WIBA	WRVA
WJAX	WIOD	WFLA	WWNC
WSB	WCKY	WHAS	

VOICE OF FIRESTONE—
8:30 p.m.

WEAF	WTIC	WTAG	WEEI
WJAR	WCSH	WLIT	WRC
WGY	WBEN	WCAE	WTAM
WWJ	WSAI	KSD	WOC
WHO	WOW	WDAF	CKGW
CFCF	WRVA	WJAX	WIOD
WFLA	WSB	WSMB	KTHS
KVOO	KPRC	WOAI	WWNC
WFBR	WMAQ	WHAS	WIS
WFAA	WKY	WJDX	

OZIE AND GEORGE—
8:45 p.m.

KOIL	KHJ	KOIN	KFRC
KOL	KFPY	KVI	KGB
KVOR	KRLD	KLZ	KTRH
KFJF	KOH	KSCJ	KTSA
KDYL	WIBW	WACO	KFH
WNAX			

RHYTHM AIRES—
9:00 p.m.

KHJ	KOIN	KFRC	KOL
KFPY	KVI	KGB	KVOR
KRLD	KLZ	KTRH	KFJF
KOH	KTSA	KDYL	WIBW
WACO	KFH		

A. & P. GYPSIES—
9:00 p.m.

WEAF	WTIC	WEEI	WTAG
WJAR	WCSH	WLIT	WRC
WGY	WOC	KSD	WHO
WOW	WFSD	WTAM	WBEN
WWJ	WSAI	WCAE	WMZQ

MAYTAG ORCHESTRA—
9:00 p.m.

WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	KDKA	WGAR	WJR
WLS	KWK	WREN	WTMJ
WEBC	WDAY	KFYR	WSM
WMC	KVOO	WFAA	WKY
KPRC	WOAI	KOA	KSL
KGO	KECA	KGW	KOMO
KGW	KTAR	KFSD	

THE METROPOLITANS—Andre Kostelanetz, Conductor, with Round Towners Quartet.
9:15 p.m.

WABC	WHEC	WKBW	WLBZ
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WORC
WPG	WIP-WFAN		WJAS
WLBW	WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ
WADC	WBT	WDBO	WDAE
WXYZ	WBCM	WLAP	WDOD
WREC	WLAC	WBRC	WISN
WTAQ	WCCO	KSCJ	WMT
KMOX	WNAX	KFH	KFJF
KOH	KGB	KOL	KFPY
CFRB			

BOURJOIS—AN EVENING IN PARIS
9:30 p.m.

WABC	WFBL	WHEC	WKBW
WEAN	WNAC	WCAU	W3XAU
WJAS	WMAL	WCAO	WADC
WHK	WKRC	WBT	WGST
WXYZ	WSPD	WDSU	WOWO
WGN	WCCO	KMOX	KMBC
KFJF	KRLD	KOL	KFPY
KOIN	KFRC	KHJ	KDYL
KLZ			

GENERAL MOTORS PARADE OF THE STATES—Erno Rapee's Orchestra.
9:30 p.m.

WEAF	WTIC	WEEI	WJAR
WCSH	WTAG	WLIT	KSTP
WMC	WSB	WJAX	KPRC
WOAI	WKY	KOA	KSL
KGO	KGW	KSD	WOC
WOW	WDAF	WSM	WFAA
KOMO	KFYR	KFI	KHQ
WRC	WGY	WBEN	WCAE
WTAM	WWJ	WSAI	WHO
WTMJ	KTAR	WMAQ	

MUSICAL DOMINOS—
9:30 p.m.

WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WHAM
KDKA	WGAR	WJR	WLW
KYW	KWK	WREN	

GOLD MEDAL EXPRESS—
10:00 p. m.

WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	KDKA	WJR	WREN
KWK	WTMJ	KSTP	WEBC
WRVA	WJAX	WIOD	WFLA
WSM	WMC	WSB	WBAP
WOAI	WKY	KOA	KSL
KGO	KFI	KGW	KOMO
KHQ	KFSD	KTAR	WMAQ

ROBERT BURNS PANATELA PROGRAM—Guy Lombardo's Orchestra. Announcer, Frank Knight.
10:00 p.m.

WABC	WFBL	WKBW	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WCAU	W3XAU
WJAS	WMAL	WCAO	WADC
WHK	WKRC	WXYZ	WSPD
WOWO	WFBM	WBBM	WCCO
KMOX	KMBC	KFJF	KRLD
KTRH	KTSA	KOL	KFPY
KOIN	KFRC	KHJ	KDYL
KLZ			

Tuesday

CHARACTER SONGS—Artells Dickson—
8:45 a. m.

WABC	W2XE	WGR	WMAL
WDBJ	WBT	WDBO	WBT
WDAE	WDOD	WLAC	WBRC
WDSU			

HELEN BOARD—Soprano
9:45 a.m.
WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
WHEC WKBW WDRC WAAB
WORC WPG WCAU W3XAU
WHP WJAS WLBW WMAL
WCAO WDBJ WADC WHK
WBT WDAE WXYZ WBCM
WLAP WDOD WREC WLAC
WBRC WDSU WTAQ WGL
KSCJ KMOX KMBC KFJF
KRLD KVOR KLZ

GRANT, GRAHAM AND COUGHLIN—
10:00 a.m.
WABC W2XE WEAN WDRC
WNAC WORC WCAU W3XAU
WHP WJAS WCAO WKRC

U. S. NAVY BAND CONCERT—From Washington, D. C.
10:15 a.m.
WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
WHEC WKBW WLBZ WEAN
WDRC WAAB WORC WCAU
W3XAU WHP WJAS WLBW
WMAL WCAO WDBJ WADC
WBT WDBO WDAE WXYZ
WBCM WLAP WDOD WREC
WLAC WBRC WDSU WISN
WTAQ WGL WBBM WCCO
KSCJ KMOX KMBC KFH
KFJF KRLD KTSA WACO
KOH KVOR KDYL CFRB

YOUR CHILD—
11:00 a.m.
WEAF WTAG WJAR WCSH
WLIT WFBR WRC WGY
WBEN WCAE WWJ WSAI
KSD WOC WDAF WTMJ
WEBC WDAY KFYR WRVA
WPTF WWNC WJAX WIOD
WFLA WHAS WSM WSB
WSMB WJDX KTHS KVOO
WBAP KPRC WOAI WKY

MORNING MINSTRELS — Vincent Sorey, Conductor
11:30 a.m.
WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
WHEC WKBW WLBZ WEAN
WDRC WNAC WORC WPG
WCAU W3XAU WHP WJAS
WLBW WCAO WTAR WDBJ
WDBO WXYZ WLAP WDOD
WREC WLAC WDSU WISN
WTAQ WBBM KSCJ WMT
KMOX WIBW KFJF KTSA
WACO KOH KVOR CFRB

THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS—
11:30 a.m.
WJZ WBAL WBZ WBZA
WHAM KDKA WGAR WJR
WLW WREN KWK KYW
KFAB CKGW WTMJ WEBC
WDAY KFYR WIBA WRVA
WJAX WIOD WFLA WHAS
WSM WMC WSB WAPI
WSMB WJDX KVOO WFAA
KPRC

COLUMBIA SALON ORCHESTRA—Emery Deutsch, Conductor
2:15 p.m.
WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
WHEC WGR WLBZ WEAN
WDRC WNAC WORC WPG
WCAU W3XAU WHP WJAS
WLBW WMAL WCAO WTAR
WDBJ WADC WHK WBT
WDBO WDAE WXYZ WBCM
WLAP WDOD WREC WLAC
WBRC WDSU WISN WTAQ
WGL WFBM WCCO KSCJ
WMT KMBC WIBW KFH
KFJF KRLD KTSA KOH
KVOR KOL KFPY KFRC
KHJ KDYL KLZ CFRB

MUSIC IN THE AIR—
3:00 p.m.
WJZ WBAL WBZ WBZA
WGAR WJR WLW KWK
WREN KFAB WIBA WEBC
WDAY WRVA WPTF WWNC
WIS WJAX WIOD WFLA
WSM WMC WSB WAPI
WSMB WJDX KTHS KVOO
WBAP KPRC WKY KOA
CKGW

PHIL FISHER AND HIS TEN EYCK HOTEL ORCHESTRA—
4:30 p.m.
WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
WGR WEAN WDRC WAAB
WORC WIP-WFAN WCAU
W3XAU WHP WJAS WLBW
WMAL WCAO WTAR WDBJ
WADC WBT WDBO WDAE
WXYZ WBCM WLAP WDOD
WREC WLAC WBRC WDSU
WISN WTAQ WGL WCCO
WMT KMOX KMBC WIBW
KFH KFJF KRLD KTSA
WACO KOH KVOR KGB
KOL KVI KFPY KFRC
KDYL KLZ CFRB

SAVANNAH LINERS ORCHESTRA—
6:30 p.m.
WJZ WBZ WBZA

MID WEEK FEDERATION HYMN SING—
7:00 p.m.
WEAF WTIC WTAG WFI
WJDX WBEN WCAE WSAI
WSB WSM KSTP KOA

HEEL HUGGER HARMONIES—
8:30 p.m.
WJZ WHAM WLS WREN
KOA KSL KPO KFI
KGW KOMO KHQ KFSD
KTAR

TRUE STORY—
8:30 p.m.
WEAF WTIC WTAG WEEI
WJAR WCSH WFBR WRC
WGY WBEN WWJ WOC
WHO WDAF KSD WOW
WTAM WSAI KYW

GERARDINE—Ed Sullivan Program.
8:45 p.m.
WABC WFBL WGR WEAN
WDRC WNAC WCAU W3XAU
WJAS WMAL WCAO WADC
WHK WKRC WXYZ WSPD
WOWO WGN KMOX KMBC

BOBBY BLUES AND HER BOY FRIENDS—
8:45 p.m.
KOIL KHJ KOIN KFRC
KOL KFPY KVI KGB
KVOR KRLD KLZ KTRH
KFJF KOH KSCJ KTSA
KDYL WIBW WACO KFH
WNAX

McKESSON MUSICAL MAGAZINE—
9:00 p.m.
WEAF WTIC WTAG WEEI
WJAR WCSH WFI WRC
WBEN WCAE WTAM WWJ
WSAI WLS KSD WOC
WHO WOW WDAF WTMJ
WEBC WDAY KFYR WRVA
WJAX WIOD WFLA WSUN
WHAS WSM WMC WSB
WSMB WJDX KTHS KVOO
WOAI WKY KOA KSL
KGO KTAR KFSD KGW
KHQ KFI KOMO

BEN BERNIE AND HIS BLUE RIBBON ORCHESTRA—
9:00 p.m.
WABC WFBL WKBW WEAN
WDRC WNAC WCAU W3XAU
WJAS WMAL WCAO WADC
WHK WKRC WXYZ WSPD
WDSU WOWO WGN WCCO
KMBC KFH WRR KTRH
KTSA KMJ KFBK KOL
KFPY KOIN KFRC KHJ
KDYL KLZ

ROMANCES OF THE SEA — Announcer, Frank Knight.
9:30 p.m.
WABC WFBL WKBW WEAN
WDRC WNAC WCAU W3XAU
WJAS WMAL WCAO WADC
WHK WKRC WXYZ WSPD
WOWO WGN KMOX KMBC
CFRB

THE FULLER MAN—
9:30 p.m.
WEAF WTIC WTAG WEEI
WJAR WCSH WFI WRC
WGY WBEN WCAE WTAM
WWJ WSAI KYW KSD
WOC WHO WOW WDAF
WTMJ KSTP WEBC WSB
WBAP WOAI WKY KOA
KSL KGO KECA KGW
KOMO KHQ

CHIC SCROGGINS ORCHESTRA—
9:30 p.m.
KHJ KOIN KFRC KOL
KFPY KVI KGB KVOR
KRLD KLZ KTRH KFJF
KOH KTSA KDYL WIBW
WACO KFH

ROUND TOWNERS—
10:15 p.m.
WLBZ WDRC WAAB WORC
WJAS WMAL WDAE WXYZ
WDOD WISN KMBC KLRA
KFJF

Wednesday

MELODY MAGIC—
9:00 a.m.
WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
WGR WDRC WAAB WPG
WIP-WFAN WHP WJAS
WLBW WMAL WCAO WTAR
WDBJ WADC WDBO WDAE
WXYZ WBCM WLAP WDOD
WREC WLAC WBRC WDSU
WTAQ KSCJ WMT KMOX
KFH KFJF KDYL CFRB

FLYING FINGERS—
9:30 a.m.
WTAM WEAF WTIC WJAR
WLIT WCAE WWJ WEEI
WGY WRC WFBR

GRANT GRAHAM AND COUGHLIN—
10:00 a.m.
WABC W2XE WEAN WDRC
WORC WCAU W3XAU WHP
WJAS WCAO WKRC

MARY HALE MARTIN'S HOUSEHOLD PERIOD—
10:00 a.m.
WJZ WBAL WHAM WMAQ
WREN WRVA WWNC WHAS
WSM WMC WFAA

JANE GRANT'S STEERO PROGRAM
10:15 a.m.
WEAF WJAR WFI WGY
WOC WHO WTIC WEEI
WRC WBEN WTAM WWJ
KYW WTAG WSAI WCAE

MELODY PARADE—Vincent Sorey, Conductor
10:15 a.m.
WABC W2XE WOKO WHEC
WKBW WLBZ WDRC WAAB
WORC WCAU W3XAU WHP
WJAS WLBW WMAL WCAO
WDBJ WADC WHK WBT
WDBO WDAE WXYZ WBCM
WLAP WDOD WREC WLAC
WDSU WISN WTAQ WGL
WBBM KSCJ KMOX KMBC
KFH KFJF KTSA KVOR
KDYL CFRB

WILDROOT CHAT—
10:30 a.m.
WEAF WTIC WEEI WJAR
WTAG WCSH WFI WRC
WWJ WSAI WCAE WDAF
WBEN WTAM WGY KYW

THE FOUR CLUBMEN—With Fred Berrens' Orchestra
10:45 a.m.
WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
WHEC WKBW WLBZ WAAB
WCAU W3XAU WHP WJAS
WLBW WCAO WDBJ WADC
WBT WDBO WDAE WXYZ
WBCM WLAP WREC WLAC
WBRC WDSU WISN WTAQ
WBBM KSCJ WMT KMOX
KMBC KFH KRLD KTSA
KVOR KDYL
At 11:00 a.m. to
WABC WOKO WFBL WHEC
WKBW WLBZ WPG WCAU
W3XAU WHP WJAS WLBW
WMAL WCAO WTAR WDBJ
WBT WDAE WXYZ WBCM
WLAP WDOD WREC WLAC
WDSU WISN WTAQ WBBM
KSCJ KMBC KFJF KTSA
WACO KOH KVOR KLZ

MUSICAL ALPHABET—Ralph Christman, Radio Home Makers
11:15 a.m.
WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
WHEC WKBW WLBZ WEAN
WDRC WNAC WORC WPG
WHP WJAS WLBW WMAL
WCAO WTAR WDBJ WBT
WDBO WDAE WXYZ WBCM
WLAP WCCO KSCJ WMT
KMOX KMBC WIBW KTSA
WACO KOH KVOR KDYL
CFRB WREC WBRC WDSU
WISN WTAQ WBBM

RADIO HOUSEHOLD INSTITUTE—
11:15 a.m.
WEAF WTIC WEEI WJAR
WTAG WCSH WLIT WRC
WGY WCAE WTAM WSAI
WEEI KSD WTMJ KSTP
WEBC WHAS WSM WSB
WAPI WSMB KVOO WOAI
WKY WWJ KTHS KVOO
WBAP KPRC WOAI WKY
KOA

RITZ CARLTON HOTEL ORCHESTRA—
1:30 p.m.
WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
WGR WLBZ WDRC WAAB
WORC WPG WCAU W3XAU
WHP WJAS WLBW WMAL
WCAO WTAR WDBJ WADC
WBT WDBO WDAE WXYZ
WBCM WDOD WLAC WBRC
WDSU KFJF CFRB

KATHRYN PARSONS—Girl O'Yesterday
3:00 p.m.
WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
WHEC WGR WLBZ WEAN
WDRC WNAC WORC WPG
WCAU W3XAU WHP WMAL
WCAO WTAR WDBJ WADC
WHK WBT WDBO WDAE
WXYZ WBCM WLAP WDOD
WREC WLAC WBRC WDSU
WISN WTAQ WGL WFBM
WCCO WMT KMBC WIBW
KFJF KRLD KTSA WACO
KOH KVOR KGB KVI
KFPY KHJ KDYL CFRB

COLUMBIA ARTIST RECITAL—Theo. Karle, Tenor, and Vera Eakin, Pianist
3:45 p.m.
WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
WGR WLBZ WEAN WDRC
WNAC WORC WPG WHP
WMAL WCAO WTAR WDBJ
WADC WBT WDBO WDAE
WXYZ WBCM WLAP WDOD
WREC WLAC WBRC WDSU
WISN WTAQ WGL WFBM
WCCO WMT KMBC WIBW
KFJF KRLD KTSA WACO
KOH KVOR KGB KVI
KFPY KHJ KDYL KLZ
CFRB

U. S. NAVY BAND CONCERT from Washington, D. C.—
4:00 p.m.
WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
WGR WLBZ WEAN WDRC
WNAC WORC WPG WIP-
WFAN WHP WLBW WMAL
WCAO WTAR WDBJ WADC
WBT WDBO WDAE WXYZ
WBCM WLAP WDOD WREC
WLAC WBRC WDSU WISN
WTAQ WCCO WMT KMOX
KMBC WIBW KFJF KRLD
KFH KVOR KGB KVI
KHJ KDYL KLZ CFRB

EASTMAN SCHOOL CHAMBER MUSIC—
4:30 p.m.
WJZ WBAL WHAM WENR
WJR WWNC WHAS WSM
WAPI

"BILL SCHUDT'S GOING TO PRESS"—
6:00 p.m.
WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
WHEC WLBZ WDRC WAAB
WORC WIP-WFAN WHP
WLBW WMAL WTAR WDBJ
WADC WDBO WDAE WBCM
WLAP WDOD WREC WLAC
WDSU WTAQ WGL WBBM
KFH KFJF KRLD KTSA
WACO KOH KVOR KLZ

SAM LLOYD—The Puzzle Man
5:30 p.m.
WEAF WTIC WTAG WJAR
WCSH WGY WBEN WWJ

JOLLY JUGGLERS—Phil Brae, Baritone, and Billy Scholtz, Tenor, Presenting Comedy and Songs
5:45 p.m.
WABC W2XE WHEC WKBW
WLBZ WEAN WAAB WORC
WPG WHP WJAS WLBW
WCAO WTAR WDBJ WBT
WDBO WDAE WBCM WLAP
WDOD WREC WLAC WBRC
WDSU WTAQ WGL WCCO
WMT KMOX KFH KFJF
KRLD KTSA KOH KVOR
KLZ CRFB

BIG TIME—
8:00 p.m.
WEAF WJAR WGY WOC
WHO WTAG WEEI WCSH
WFBR WRC WBEN WTAM
WWJ WSAI WMAQ KSD
WOW

COLLEGE MEMORIES—
8:00 p.m.
WJZ WBAL WHAM WGAR
WJR WCKY KYW KWK
WREN WTMJ KSTP WEBC
WDAY KFYR WIBA WSM
WMC WSB WSMB WJDX
KVOO WFAA KPRC WOAI
KOA KSL KGO KFI
KGW KOMO KHQ KTAR
KFSD

THE MELLOW-CLARIONS—
8:15 p.m.
WJZ WBAL WBZ WHAM
WGAR WJR WCKY KYW
KWK WREN KOIL WTMJ
KSTP WEBC WDAY KFYR
WIBA WRVA WWNC WJAX
WIOD WFLA WHAS WSM
WMC WBZA WSB WSMB
WJDX KVOO KFAA WBAP
KPRC WOAI WKY KOA
KSL

OHMAN AND ARDEN—
8:15 p.m.
WEAF WTAG WEEI WJAR
WCSH WRC WGY WBEN
WWJ WSAI WLS KSD
WOC WHO WOW WDAF
WTAM

MOBILOIL CONCERT—
8:30 p.m.
WEAF WEEI WJAR WCSH
WTAG WLIT WRC WSAI
KSD WOW WTAM KOA
KVOO WFAA WIBA WOAI
WKY WTIC KSD WGY
WEBC WDAF WCAE WHO
WOW WWJ WBEN KSTP
WDAY KFYR KYW

JACK FROST MELODY MOMENTS—
8:30 p.m.
WJZ WBAL WHAM KDKA
WGAR WJR WLW WLS

MODERN MALE CHORUS—Andre Kostelanetz, Conductor
8:45 p.m.
WABC WFBL WGR WLBZ
WEAN WDRC WNAC WORC
WCAU W3XAU WJAS WLBW
WCAO WTAR WADC WHK
WBT WDAE WXYZ WBCM
WLAP WDOD WREC WLAC
WBRC WDSU WISN WFBM
WCCO KSCJ WMT KMOX
KMBC WNAX WIBW KFJF
KOH KVOR KGB KFPY
KFRC KHJ KDYL KLZ
CFRB

WAHDEMNA CHORAL CLUB—
8:45 p.m.
KOIL KHJ KOIN KFRC
KOL KFPY KVI KGB
KVOR KRLD KLZ KTRH
KFJF KOH KSCJ KTSA
KDYL WIBW WACO KFH
WNAX

HALSEY STUART PROGRAM—
9:00 p.m.
WEAF WJAR WTAG WCSH
WLIT WRC WGY WCAE
KOA KSL KGO KGW
KOMO KHQ WSAI KSD
WOC WHO WOW WWJ
WSMB KPRC WOAI WTMJ
KSTP KYW WSM WHAS
WRVA WMC WSB WBEN
WTAM KFI CKGW WJDX
KVOO WFBR

GOLD MEDAL FAST FREIGHT Wheaties Quartet and Gold Medal Organist. From Minneapolis
9:00 p.m.
WABC WOKO WFBL WKBW
WEAN WDRC WNAC WCAU
W3XAU WJAS WMAL WCAO
WDBJ WADC WHK WKRC
WXYZ WSPD WOWO WFBM
WGN WCCO KSCJ WMT
KMOX KMBC KFH

SALONESQUE—
9:30 p.m.
KHJ KOIN KFRC KOL
KFPY KVI KGB KVOR
KRLD KLZ KTRH KFJF
KOH KTSA KDYL WIBW
WACO KFH

DUTCH MASTERS PROGRAM—
9:30 p.m.

WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	KDKA	WGAR	WJR
WENR	KWK	WREN	

ROCHESTER CIVIC ORCHESTRA
10:00 p.m.

WJZ	WBAL	WHAM	KDKA
WGAR	WJR	WCFL	WREN
WWNC	WIS	WIOD	WFLA

VITALITY PERSONALITIES—
10:00 p.m.

WABC	WOKO	WFBL	WKBW
WEAN	WDRC	WAAB	WCAU
W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL	WCAO
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WCAH
WBT	WGST	WXYZ	WSPD
WREC	WLAC	WBRC	WDSU
WISN	WOWO	WFBM	WBBM
WCCO	KMOX	KMBC	KLRA
KFJF	KTRH	KTSA	KOL
KFPY	KOIN	KFRC	KHJ
KDYL	KLZ	KRLD	

WEED TIRE CHAIN PROGRAM—
Andre Kostelanetz' Symphony Orchestra with Mixed Quartet
10:15 p.m.

WABC	WFBL	WKBW	WLBZ
WDRC	WAAB	WCAU	W3XAU
WJAS	WMAL	WCAO	WADC
WHK	WKRC	WXYZ	WSPD
WOWO	WGN	WCCO	KMOX
KMBC	KFJF	KRLD	KDYL
KLZ	CKAC		

COCA COLA—
10:30 p.m.

WEAF	WEEI	WTIC	WTAG
WCSH	WLIT	WRC	WSAI
WOC	WEBC	WKY	WRVA
KSD	KFSD	WHAS	WJAX
KSTP	WIOD	WSM	KPRC
WOAI	KOA	KSL	KGW
KGO	KHQ	KOMO	WDAF
WHAS	WTAM	WHO	WOW
WMC	WPTF	WSB	WWJ
WBEN	WFI	WGY	WTMJ
WJAR	WFLA	WSUN	KTAR
CFCF	WSMB		

NELLIE REVELL—The Voice of Radio Digest
11:00 p.m.

WEAF	KSD	WRC	WJAR
WCSH	WEBC	WOW	WTAM
WGY	WWJ		

DAVID GUION AND HIS ORCHESTRA—
11:30 p.m.

WEAF	WTAG	WEEI	WJAR
WCSH	WFBR	WRC	WCAE
WTAM	WWJ	WENR	WOC
WHO	WOW	CKGW	WWNC
WSB	WSMB	KTHS	WKY
KGO	KTAR		

EDDIE DUCHIN AND HIS CASINO ORCHESTRA—
12:00 Mid.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WKBW	WEAN	WNAC	WPG
WCAU	W3XAU	WHP	WLBW
WBCM	WLAP	WISN	WGL
WCCO	WMT	KMBC	WNAX
WIBW	KFJF	KTSA	KOH
KVOR	KGB	KOL	KFPY
KHJ	KDYL	KLZ	

ISHAM JONES AND HIS ORCHESTRA from Cincinnati—
12:30 a.m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WKBW	WEAN	WNAC	WPG
WCAU	W3XAU	WLBW	WBCM
WLAP	WISN	WGL	WFBM
WMT	KMBC	WNAX	KFJF
KTSA	KOH	KVOR	KGB
KFPY	KFRC	KDYL	KLZ
WCCO			

Thursday

U. S. NAVY BAND CONCERT from Washington, D. C.
9:00 a.m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WGR	WDRC	WAAB	WPG
WIP-WFAN		WHP	WJAS
WLBW	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WDBJ	WWVA	WADC	WCAH
WDBO	WXYZ	WBCM	WLAP
WREC	WLAC	WBRC	WDSU
WTAQ	WBBM	KSCJ	WMT
KMOX	KFH	KDYL	CFRB

COPELAND-CERESOTA FLOUR PROGRAM—Dr. Royal S. Copeland's Health Talk
10:00 a.m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WKBW
WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WCAU	W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL
WCAO	WHK	WKRC	WXYZ
WBBM	WCCO		

WESTCLOX PROGRAM—
10:45 a.m.

WEAF	WFI	WFBR	WRC
WBEN	WCAE	WTAM	KSD
WWNC	WSM		

FORECAST SCHOOL OF COOKERY
11:00 a.m.

WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	KDKA	WCKY	KYW
KWK	WREN		

Blue Ribbon Chain

Throughout the Week

8:15 a.m.—WJZ — Phil Cook The Quaker Man—Radio's "one man army of voices" gives you Eddie and Abner, the Simple Simon School House, etc.

9:00 a.m. — WJZ — Tom Brennie and his Laugh Club present many characters from many nations, with sound and effect. (Daily ex. Sun.)

3:30 p.m.—WABC—Art Jarrett, tenor, sensational new song-stylist in songs and ballads of popular variety. (Mon., Wed. and Fri., also at 6:15 p.m. on Tues. and 6:00 on Sat.)

5:30 p.m.—WABC—Salty Sam, the Sailor, bringing a boatload of popular and character songs salted with snappy patter. (Tues., Wed. and Thurs.)

6:15 p.m.—WABC—Vaughn de Leath, the original "Radio Girl," in a program of her own with a two-piano background. (Mon. and Fri.)

6:30 p.m.—WEAF—Ray Perkins, NBC'S Old Topper, chins away at the peak of radio's comic heap.

6:45 p.m.—WJZ—Lowell Thomas, author and adventurer, interprets in his own style the important news of the day.

7:00 p.m.—WJZ—Amos 'n' Andy, blackface comedians. No more need be said.

7:30 p.m. — WEAF — The Prince Albert Quarter Hour, featuring Alic Joy singing the songs you love with VanLoan's orchestra.

7:45 p.m. — WEAF — The Goldbergs, a comic sketch of the rise and fall of a Jewish family.

7:45 p.m. — WABC — The Camel Quarter Hour, combining those three outstanding favorites, Morton Downey, Tony Wons and Jacques Renard, who furnishes musical background for Downey's high tenor voice. (Daily ex. Sun.)

8:00 p.m. — WEAF — Julia Sanderson and Frank Crumit blend their voices on the Blackstone plantation program. (Tues. and Thurs. on WJZ at 9 p.m.)

8:30 p.m. — WABC — Kate Smith, "The Songbird of the South," in a program of songs as only Kate Smith can sing them. (Mon., Tues., Wed. and Thurs.)

9:00 p.m. — WABC — The Mills Brothers. Offering something really different in the way of harmony, these four negro boys furnish their own orchestra without the aid of musical instruments. (Mon. and Thurs.)

10:00 p.m. — WEAF — Lucky Strike program, featuring Walter Winchell's gossip and famous orchestra by national hook-up.

10:30 p.m.—WABC—Music That Satisfies presents Alex Gray, baritone and Nat Shilkret's 35-piece orchestra with Henry L. McLemore, United Press Sports Writer, and Leona Hagarth, announcing Chesterfield's sparkling program. (Daily ex. Sun.)

10:30 p.m.—WJZ—Clara, Lu, and Em, in real life three college girls, get in and out of a million scrapes a day in their rural home life.

11:00 p.m.—WJZ—Slumber Music, Ludwig Laurier continues to welcome Morpheus.

11:30 p.m.—WJZ—The Three Doctors present their famous nonsense clinic, purported to cure anything from the blues to world ills. (Daily ex. Fri.)

Sunday

12:30 p.m. — WABC — London Broadcast brings to the Columbia chain the voice of an outstanding world figure speaking on a subject with which he has been prominently identified.

12:45 p.m.—WABC—Street Singer, to those who know him, Arthur Tracy, singing selections of popular and semi-classical trend in a truly romantic voice.

1:15 p.m.—WJZ—NBC Symphonic Hour. Walter Damrosch weaves a spell of operatic splendor designed especially for post-graduate lovers of music.

5:30 p.m. — WEAF — The Davey Hour—classical and semi-classical music, with folk songs, featuring Chandler Goldthwaite, organist, and Arcadie Birkenholz, violinist.

7:30 p.m.—WJZ—Four Bakers. Ray Perkins adds his princely jest to the original Three Bakers as Billy Artz orchestra furnishes the music.

Monday

10:15 a.m.—WABC—Sweet and Hot. Music that truly belongs under that classification by Emery Deutsch and Fred Berrens conducting their respective orchestras.

6:15 p.m. — WJZ — American Taxpayers' League—a series of discussions by leaders in journalism, business, politics and education.

8:00 p.m.—WJZ—The Contented Program presents an orchestra directed by Morgan L. Eastman, with the Fireside Singers, a male quartet.

8:00 p.m.—WEAF — Soconyland Sketches, vivid dramas especially written and acted for radio and presented by an all-star cast.

8:30 p.m.—WEAF—Voice of Firestone presents James Melton and Gladys Rice with music.

9:15 p.m. — WABC — Frostilla Broadcast Rehearsal allows an intimate peek behind the microphone during a studio rehearsal.

9:30 p.m.—WEAF—General Motors Parade of the States, patriotic program of official state music presented by Erno Rapee and his orchestra.

10:00 p.m.—WABC—Robert Burns Panatela program with Guy Lombardo furnishing music that is characteristically slow and rhythmic.

Tuesday

9:00 a.m. — WABC — Operatic Echoes resounded by Vincent Sorey's orchestra with Helen Nugent, contralto, Charles Robinson, bass, and Rhoda Arnold, soprano.

4:15 p.m.—WABC—The Funnyboners in a rollicking quarter hour of songs and patter.

5:15 p.m.—WABC—"Meet the Artist," with Bob Taplinger interviewing Columbia stars, many of whom have sung but never spoken into a microphone.

7:00 p.m.—WEAF — Midweek Federation Hymn Sing. A program featuring a mixed quartet singing hymns and sacred music.

8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Big Time—a humorous sketch by the "song and dance" man and music by Joseph Bonini's orchestra.

8:30 p.m.—WEAF—True Story—Mary and Bob give body to the old axiom—"truth is stranger than fiction."

8:30 p.m.—WJZ—Heel Hugger Harmoniesa string ensemble offering catchy tunes and featuring a male quartet, directed by Robert Armbruster.

Features ▲

9:00 p.m. — WEAF — McKesson Musical Magazine presenting Erno Rapee, directing a concert orchestra with a variety of musical selections.

9:30 p.m.—WJZ—Great Personalities. Frazier Hunt presents his interviews with the men and women famous in the world's history.

9:00 p.m.—WABC—Ben Bernie and His Blue Ribbon Orchestra. The "Old Maestro" directing and announcing his own program.

11:30 p.m.—WEAF—David Guion and His Orchestra — the "American cowboy composer" presents works ranging from fiddlers' breakdowns to pure art songs; Paul Ravell, baritone, soloist.

Wednesday

11:00 a.m. — WABC — The Mystery Chef dishing out recipes to tempt the palate of all.

11:00 a.m. — WEAF — Keeping Up With Daughter, revealing the daily life of a modern girl, presented in a humorous skit by Nan Dorland and Janet Kling.

4:00 p.m.—WEAF—Pop Concert, presenting Christian Kriens and the soloists of Hartford, Conn.

5:00 p.m. — WABC — John Kelvin, noted Irish tenor in a concert of songs, accompanied by Vincent Sorey's orchestra.

8:30 p.m. — WEAF — Goodyear presents Sousa, famous band leader, and Revelers Quartet.

9:00 p.m. — WABC — Gold Medal Fast Freight with a cargo of melody by the Wheaties Quartet, and the Gold Medal Organist coming from Minneapolis.

9:00 p.m. — WEAF — Halsey Stuart program, an engaging discussion of financial problems served with a spicy musical background.

10:00 p.m.—WABC—Vitality Personalities such as Freddie Rich brings out with his orchestra. Different guest stars appear weekly with a male quartet.

11:00 p.m.—WEAF—Nellie Revell, Voice of Radio Digest, presents interesting biographical sketches of the studio high and mighty.

Thursday

10:00 a.m. — WABC — Copeland Ceresota Flour Program is a series of health talks by Senator Royal S. Copeland.

10:45 a.m.—WEAF—Westclox Program, a snappy comedy sketch with incidental music.

5:30 p.m.—WEAF—Maltex Program presents Frank Pinero and his orchestra in popular selections.

6:30 p.m.—WABC—Connie Boswell in an all too short program of songs in the Boswell manner.

8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Fleischmann Hour presents Rudy Vallee with his orchestra in a program of popular music and songs.

8:15 p.m.—WJZ—Rin Tin Tin Thriller, a dramatic sketch with Bob White and Tom Corwine.

9:00 p.m.—WEAF—Arco Dramatic Musicale, bringing back memories of old-time tunes. Music by Jeffery Harris' orchestra.

9:15 p.m.—WABC—Fray and Braggiotti, a Franco-Italian piano team known throughout the world to concert goers.

9:30 p.m.—WABC—Love Story Hour is a dramatized version of a love story out of the current issue of that magazine.

9:30 p.m.—WJZ — Maxwell House Coffee presents Don Voorhees and his orchestra, featuring the Songsmiths, a male quartet and other singers.

10:00 p.m.—WABC—Hart, Schaffner and Marx Trumpeters with Edwin C. Hill, "The Man in the Front Row."

Friday

11:00 a.m.—WEAF—WJZ—NBC — Music Appreciation Hour, symphonic music under the baton of Walter Damrosch.

2:15 p.m.—WABC—Ann Leaf at the Organ is a concert of semi-classical and currently popular selections by the diminutive Ann Leaf.

2:45 p.m.—WJZ—Mormon Tabernacle features a broadcast of their famed choir and organ from the historic tabernacle.

4:15 p.m. — WJZ — Radio Guild presents more of its thrilling and well acted playlets.

8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Cities Service presents Jessica Dragonette with the Cavaliers and a concert orchestra directed by Rosario Bourdon.

8:30 p.m.—WABC—March of Time. A dramatization of the week's outstanding news events.

9:00 p.m.—WEAF—The Clicquot Club Eskimos, under the direction of Harry Reser, in a program of sophisticated dance music.

9:00 p.m. — WJZ — Friendship Town, a dramatization of life in a modern small town by a noted radio cast, including Edwin Whitney and Virginia Gardiner.

9:00 p.m.—WABC—Pillsbury Pageant, featuring Toscha Seidel, violinist, Arthur Tracy and Sam Lanin's orchestra.

Saturday

11:00 a.m.—WEAF—Two Seats in a Balcony revives the light opera hits of a few years ago in a musical program directed by Harold Sanford.

11:30 a.m.—WEAF—Keys to Happiness are interpreted by piano lessons for beginners. Dr. Sigmund Spaeth is the instructor.

3:00 p.m.—WABC—The Four Clubmen. A male quartet directed by Leigh Stevens in a diversified program of musical pieces.

4:30 p.m.—WABC—Spanish Serenade. Vincent Sorey's orchestra with the Hernandez Brothers, Spanish instrumentalists in numbers typical of that country.

5:30 p.m.—WEAF—Dr. Bones and Company features Paul Dumont and Jim Dandy in minstrel songs and repartee.

7:15 p.m.—WEAF—Laws That Safeguard Society. Gleason Archer decodes the mysteries of some of our interesting laws concerning the public welfare.

8:00 p.m. — WABC — Connie Boswell and Ted Husing. Connie, of course, supplying the melody and Ted Husing commenting on sports events.

9:00 p.m.—WEAF—Goodyear Program—Arthur Pryor's Military Band in martial music and the Revelers Quartet.

9:30 p.m.—WABC—Smith Brothers, with those familiar boys, Trade and Mark, featuring Scrappy Lambert, Billy Hillpot and Novelty Orchestra.

5:30 p.m.—WJZ—Cuckoo, in which Andrew J. Weems presents radio's singular burlesque of broadcasting technique.

Selected by the Editors

To provide you with the outstanding features for each day of the week the RADIO DIGEST *program editor has selected the programs indicated as Blue Ribbon. Do you agree with her selections? (For stations taking the programs, see adjoining list.)*

▲

VIRGINIA ARNOLD—Pianist
3:45 p.m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WGR	WLBZ	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WORC	WPG
WIP-WFAN		WHP	WLBW
WMAL	WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ
WWVA	WADC	WCAH	WKBN
WBT	WDBO	WXYZ	WBCM
WSPD	WLAP	WREC	WLAC
WRBC	WDSU	WISN	WTAQ
WGL	WCCO	KSCJ	WMT
KMBC	WACO	KOH	KVOR
KGB	KFPY	KHJ	KDYL
KLZ	CFRB		

U. S. ARMY BAND CONCERT from Washington, D. C.
4:00 p.m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WGR	WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC
WNAC	WORC	WPG	WCAU
W3XAU	WHP	WLBW	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ	WWVA
WADC	WCAH	WBT	WDBO
WDAE	WXYZ	WBCM	WSPD
WREC	WLAC	WBRC	WDSU
WISN	WTAQ	WCCO	KSCJ
WMT	KMOX	KMBC	WIBW
KRLD	WACO	KOH	KVOR
KGB	KOL	KFPY	KFRC
KHJ	KDYL	KLZ	CFRB

SALON SINGERS
4:00 p.m.

WEAF	WTIC	WJAR	WBEN
WTAM	KSTP	WSM	WRC

INTERNATIONAL BROADCAST FROM LONDON—
4:20 p.m.

WEAF	WTIC	WTAG	WJAR
WCSH	WLIT	WFBR	WBEN
WCAE	WTAM	WDAF	CKGW
WIBA	KSTP	KFYR	WPTF
WIS	WIOD	WSM	WAPI
KVOO	KPRC	KOA	KGO
KFI	KGW	KOMO	KFSD
KTAR			

ASBURY PARK CASINO ORCHESTRA—
5:00 p.m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WGR	WDRC	WAAB
WORC	WIP-WFAN		WHP
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WDBJ	WWVA	WKBN
WBT	WDBO	WDAE	WXYZ
WBCM	WSPD	WLAP	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WDSU	WTAQ
WGL	WCCO	KSCJ	WMT
KMOX	KMBC	WIBW	KFH
KFJF	KRLD	KTSA	KOH
KVOR	KVI	KFPY	KDYL
KLZ	CFRB		

COFFEE MATINEE—
5:00 p.m.

WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	WGAR	KDKA	WLW
KYW	KWK	WREN	KFAB

MALTEX PROGRAM—
5:30 p.m.

WEAF	WTIC	WTAG	WJAR
WCSH	WLIT	WRC	WGY
WBEN	WCAE	WTAM	WWJ
WSAT			

CONNIE BOSWELL—
6:30 p.m.

WABC	W2XE	WGR	WLBZ
WDRC	WAAB	WORC	
WIP-WFAN		WCAU	W3XAU
WHP	WLBW	WCAO	WDBJ
WWVA	WKBN	WBT	WDAE
WBCM	WSPD	WLAP	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WDSU	WISN
WFBM	WBBM	WCCO	KSCJ
WMT	KMOX	KMBC	KRLD
WACO	KOH	KVOR	KLZ
CFRB			

"THE WORLD TODAY"—James G. McDonald
6:30 p.m.

WEAF	WTIC	WIOD	WWNC

BETWEEN THE BOOK ENDS—
7:30 p.m.

KHJ	KOIN	KFRC	KOL
KFPY	KGB	KVOR	KRLD
KLZ	KTRH	KFJF	KOH
KTSA	KDYL	WIBW	WACO
KFH	KVI		

FLEISCHMANN HOUR—
8:00 p.m.

WEAF	WTIC	WEEI	WTAG
WJAR	WFI	WCSH	WRC
WGY	WGO	WOW	WWJ
WHAS	WMC	WSAI	WSB
WSMB	WFBC	KOA	WRVA
KTHS	KSL	KOMO	WOAI
WSM	WOC	WAPI	KGO
KHQ	WTAM	KECA	KSD
CKGW	WCSY	WBEN	KPRC
WTMJ	WIOD	WFTF	WSUN
WCAE	CFCF	WFBR	KTAR
WDAF	(KSTP on 8.15)		
(WKY	WBAP on 8:30)		

ARCO DRAMATIC MUSICALE—
9:00 p.m.

WEAF	WTIC	WEEI	WJAR
WTAG	WCSH	WFI	CKGW
WRC	WGY	WSM	WIOD
WJAX	WOAI	WKY	KOA
WBAP	WRVA	WWJ	WSAI
KSD	WDAF	KYW	WFBC
WOW	WSM	WJDX	WOC
WHO	WGO	KECA	WAPI
KOMO	KHQ	KGW	WTAM
KTAR	KFSD	WSB	KSTP
WMC	WPTF	KSL	WHAS
WCAE	WFBR	WTMJ	WSMB

LOVE STORY HOUR—Announcer, David Ross
9:30 p.m.

WABC	WFBL	WKBW	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WCAU	W3XAU
WJAS	WMAL	WCAO	WADC
WHK	WKRC	WXYZ	WSPD
WOWO	WGN	KMOX	KMBC

MAXWELL HOUSE ENSEMBLE—
9:30 p.m.

WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	KDKA	WJR	WLW
KYW	WREN	WTMJ	KSTP
WEBC	WRVA	WJAX	WIOD
WFLA	WHAS	WSM	WMC
WSB	WAPI	WJDX	WSMB
WBAP	KPRC	WOAI	WKY
KOA	KSL	KGO	KECA
KGW	KOMO	KHQ	KTAR
KFSD			

ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES—
9:30 p.m.

WEAF	WTIC	WTAG	WEEI
WJAR	WCSH	WFI	WRC
WGY	WBEN	WTAM	WWJ
WSAI	WENR	KSD	WOC
WHO	WOW	WDAF	CKGW
CFCF			

CHIC SCROGGINS ORCHESTRA—
9:30 p.m.

KHJ	KOIN	KFRC	KOL
KFPY	KVI	KGB	KVOR
KRLD	KLZ	KTRH	KFJF
KOIL	KTSA	KDYL	WIBW

A. & P. DANCE GYPSIES—
10:00 p.m.

WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	KDKA	WGAR	WLW
WMAQ	KWK	WREN	

HART SCHAFFNER AND MARX TRUMPETERS—
10:00 p.m.

WABC	WFBL	WKBW	WEAN
WDRC	WAAB	WCAU	W3XAU
WJAS	WMAL	WCAO	WADC
WHK	WKRC	WGST	WXYZ
WSPD	WLAP	WDSU	WOWO
WBBM	WCCO	WMT	KMOX
KMBC	KFJF	KRLD	KLZ

Friday

THE MADISON SINGERS—
9:00 a.m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WGR
WAAB	WORC	WPG	WHP
WIP-WFAN		WJAS	WLBW
WCAO	WTAR	WWVA	WADC
WCAH	WDBO	WXYZ	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WDSU	WTAQ
KSCJ	WMT	KMOX	WNAX
KFH	KDYL	CFRB	

RHYTHM KINGS — Fred Berrens, Conductor
9:45 a.m.

WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WKBW
WAAB	WPG	WCAU	W3XAU
WHP	WJAS	WLBW	WMAL
WCAO	WWVA	WADC	WHK
WCAH	WDBO	WXYZ	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WDSU	WTAQ
WGL	KSCJ	KMOX	KMBC
WNAX	KRLD	KVOR	KLZ
CFRB			

GRANT, GRAHAM AND COUGHLIN
10:00 a.m.

WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WDRC
WNAC	WORC	WCAU	W3XAU
WHP	WJAS	WCAO	WKRC

BOND BREAD PROGRAM—Featuring Frank Crumit and Julia Sanderson
10:15 a.m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WGR	WEAN	WDRC
WAAB	WORC	WCAU	W3XAU
WMAL	WCAO	WTAR	WWVA
WADC	WHK	WCAH	WXYZ
WSPD	WLAP	WDSU	WFBM
KMOX	KMBC	KFH	KFJF

SAVORY KITCHEN INSTITUTE—
10:30 a.m.

WEAF	WTIC	WJAR	WTAG
WCSH	WFI	WRC	WGY
WTAM	WBEN	WEEI	WWJ
WDAF	WCAE	KYW	WSAI

DON AND BETTY—From Chicago—
10:45 a.m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WGR	WLBZ	WEAN
WAAB	WCAU	W3XAU	WJAS
WDBJ	WWVA	WHK	WKRC
WCAH	WXYZ	WCCO	WREC
WOWO	WBBM	KFH	KSCJ
KMOX	KMBC		

NBC MUSIC APPRECIATION HOUR
11:00 a.m.

WEAF	WJZ	WTIC	WTAG
WEEI	WJAR	WCSH	WLIT
WRC	WBEN	WGY	WCAE
WTAM	WWJ	WSAI	KYW
WENR	WIBO	KSD	WOC
WHO	WDAF	CFCF	WIBA
WEBC	WTMJ	KSTP	WDAY
KFYR	WRVA	WPTF	WJAX
WIOD	WFLA	WSUN	WHAS
WMC	WSB	WAPI	WSMB
WJDX	KTHS	KVOO	WBAP
KPRC	WOAI	WKY	KOA
KSL	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	KDKA	WJR	KWK
WREN	KFAB	WFBR	WWNC
WIS	WSM	WFAA	WGAR
WLW	WIOD		

BLUE MOONLIGHT—
11:15 a.m.

WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WKBW
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WCAU
W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL	WCAO
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WXYZ
WSPD	WOWO	WBBM	WCCO
KMOX	KMBC		

THE FUNNYBONERS—Songs and Patter—
2:00 p.m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WHEC
WGR	WLBZ	WDRC	WNAC
WORC	WIP-WFAN		WHP
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WWVA	WADC	WHK
WCAH	WKBN	WXYZ	WSPD
WREC	WLAC	WBRC	WDSU
WTAQ	WGL	WFBM	KSCJ
WMT	KMBC	KFH	KTSA
KOH	KVOR	KGB	KOL
KVI	KFPY	KFRC	KHJ
KLZ	CFRB		

COLUMBIA ARTIST RECITAL—
2:15 p.m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WHEC
WGR	WLBZ	WDRC	WNAC
WORC	WIP-WFAN		WHP
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WWVA	WADC	WHK
WCAH	WKBN	WXYZ	WSPD
WREC	WLAC	WBRC	WDSU
WTAQ	WGL	WFBM	KSCJ
WMT	KMBC	KFH	KTSA
KOH	KVOR	KGB	KOL
KVI	KFPY	KFRC	KHJ
KLZ	CFRB		

MORMON TABERNACLE CHOIR AND ORGAN—
2:45 p.m.

WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	KDKA
WGAR	WJR	WDAY	WSMB
WREN	KFAB	CKGW	WIBA
KSTP	WEBC	KFYR	WSM
WAPI	WJDX	KOA	KSL
KPO			

LIGHT OPERA GEMS—Channon Collinge, Conductor
4:00 p.m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WGR
WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WORC	WPG	WCAU	W3XAU
WHP	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WWVA	WADC	WCAH
WDBO	WXYZ	WSPD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WDSU	WTAQ
WMT	KMOX	KMBC	WIBW
WACO	KOH	KVOR	KGB
KOL	KVI	KFPY	KFRC
KHJ	KDYL	KLZ	CFRB

RADIO GUILD—
4:15 p.m.

WJZ	WBAL	WHAM	WGAR
WJR	WMAQ	WREN	KFAB
CKGW	WRC	WIBA	KSTP
WEBC	WDAY	KFYR	WRVA
WPTF	WWNC	WIS	WHAM
WSM	WMC	WSB	WAPI
WSMB	WJDX	KVOO	KPRC
WOAI	WKY	KOA	KSL

EDNA THOMAS—The Lady from Louisiana—
4:30 p.m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WGR
WEAN	WDRC	WAAB	WORC
WIP-WFAN		WHP	WLBW
WTAR	WWVA	WADC	WHK
WCAH	WDBO	WXYZ	WSPD
WREC	WDSU	WTAQ	WGL
WMT	KMOX	KMBC	WIBW
KRLD	WACO	KOH	KVOR
KGB	KOL	KVI	KFPY
KLZ	CFRB	WLAC	

ASBURY PARK CASINO ORCHESTRA—
6:00 p.m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WHEC
WGR	WLBZ	WDRC	WAAB
WORC	WIP-WFAN		WHP
WLBW	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WWVA	WADC	WCAH	WDBO
WREC	WLAC	WBRC	WDSU
WTAQ	WGL	WBBM	WNAX
KFH	KRLD	KTSA	WACO
KOH	KVOR	KGB	KDYL
KLZ			

JOHN B. KENNEDY—Talk
6:25 p.m.

WJZ	WBAL	WENR

BOSCUL MOMENTS—
7:15 p.m.

WJZ	WBAL

CITIES SERVICE CONCERT ORCHESTRA AND THE CAVALIERS
8:00 p.m.

WEAF	WTIC	WEEI	WRC
WLIT	WCAE	WJAR	WCSH
WOW	WDAF	KSD	WKY
WOC	WEBC	KOA	WOAI
KOMO	KGO	KHQ	WTAG
KSL	KTHS	CKGW	WSAI
WHO	KECA	WTAM	WBEN
WWJ	KSTP	WTMJ	

(KVOO KTHS on 8:30)

NESTLE'S PROGRAM—
8:00 p.m.

WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	KDKA	WGAR	WJR
WCKY	WLS	KWK	WREN
KFAB			

THE SONGSMITHS—
8:15 p.m.

KOIL	KHJ	KOIN	KFRC
KOL	KFPY	KVI	KGB
KVOR	KRLD	KLZ	KTRH
KFJF	KOH	KSCJ	KTSA
KDYL	WIBW	WACO	KFH
WNAX			

MARCH OF TIME—
8:30 p.m.

WABC	WFBL	WGR	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WCAU	W3XAU
WJAS	WMAL	WCAO	WADC
WHK	WKRC	WBT	WGST
WXYZ	WSPD	WDSU	WOWO
WGN	WCCO	KMOX	KMBC
KOL	KFPY	KOIN	KFRC
KHJ	KDYL	KLZ	

CLICQUOT CLUB—
9:00 p.m.

WEAF	WTIC	WEEI	WJAR
WTAG	WCSH	WLIT	WRC
WCAE	WSAI	WLS	KSD
WWJ	WDAF	WOC	WHO
WGY	WBEN		

BARN DANCE VARIETIES—
9:00 p.m.

KOIL	KHJ	KOIN	KFRC
KOL	KFPY	KVI	KGB
KVOR	KRLD	KLZ	KTRH
KFJF	KOH	KSCJ	KTSA
KDYL	WIBW	WACO	KFH
WNAX			

FRIENDSHIP TOWN—
9:00 p.m.

WJZ	WBAL	WHAM	KDKA
WGAR	WJR	KYW	KWK
WREN	KOIL	WLW	WIBA
CKGW	WTMJ	KSTP	WEBC
WDAY	KFYR	WRVA	WJAX
WIOD	WFLA	WHAS	WSM
WMC	WAPI	WSMB	WJDX
KPRC	WOAI	WKY	KOA
KSL	KGO	KFI	KGW
KOMO	KHQ	KFSD	KTAR
WWNC	WIS	WSB	

PILLSBURY PAGEANT—
9:00 p.m.

WABC	WOKO	WFBL	WKBW
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WORC
WCAU	W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WBBJ	WADC
WHK	WKRC	WBT	WGST
WXYZ	WSPD	WREC	WOWO
WBBM	WCCO	KMOX	KMBC
KFJF	KRLD		

ARMOUR PROGRAM—
9:30 p.m.

WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	KDKA	WGAR	WJR
WLW	KYW	WREN	WTMJ
KSTP	WEBC	WRVA	WJAX
WIOD	WHAS	WSM	WMC
WSB	WAPI	WJDX	WSMB
KPRC	WOAI	WKY	KOA
KSL	KGO	KGW	KOMO
KHQ			

POND'S PROGRAM—
9:30 p.m.

WEAF	WJAR	WTAG	WBEN
WCSH	WLIT	WFBR	WRC
WGY	WCAE	WTAM	WSAI
WENR	KSD	WOC	WHO
WOW	WDAF		

TO THE LADIES—Featuring Leon Belasco and His Orchestra. Tito Guizar
9:30 p.m.

WABC	WOKO	WFBL	WKBW
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WCAU
W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL	WCAO
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WGST
WXYZ	WSPD	WOWO	WGN
WCCO	KMOX	KMBC	KRLD
KOL	KFPY	KOIN	KFRC
KHJ	KDYL	KLZ	

FRIENDLY FIVE FOOTNOTES—
9:45 p.m.

WABC	WFBL	WKBW	WEAN
WNAC	WCAU	W3XAU	WJAS
WMAL	WCAO	WHK	WKRC
WXYZ	WLAC	WNOX	WDSU
WGN	WMT	KMOX	KMBC
KFJF			

NBC ARTISTS SERVICE PROGRAM
10:00 p.m.

WEAF	WTAG	WEEI	WJAR
WCSH	WLIT	WFBR	WRC
WGY	WBEN	WCAE	WTAM
WWJ	WSAI	WMAQ	WOW
CFCF			

PAUL WHITEMAN'S PAINT MEN—
10:00 p.m.

WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	KDKA	WGAR	WJR
WENR	KWK	WREN	WTMJ
KSTP	WEBC	WDAY	KFYR
WRVA	WJAX	WIOD	WFLA
WHAS	WSM	WMC	WSB
WSMB	WJDX	KVOO	WBAP
KPRC	WOAI	WKY	KOA
KSL	KGO	KFI	KGW
KOMO	KFSD	KTAR	

RKO THEATRE OF THE AIR—
10:30 p.m.

WEAF	WTIC	WJAR	WTAG
WLIT	WGY	WJDX	KGO
WOAI	WKY	WRC	WCSH
WTMJ	KOA	KGO	KHQ
KOMO	KTAR	KFSD	WHO
WOW	WTAM	KSL	WBEN
WDAY	WEEI	WENR	WHAS
WFBY	WIBA	WCAE	WWJ
WSAI	KSD	WRVA	WJAX
WIOD	WSB	WSMB	KGW
WMC			

ART KRUEGER AND HIS ORCHESTRA from Milwaukee
12:30 a.m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WKBW
WEAN	WNAC	WPG	WCAU
W3XAU	WLBW	WKBN	WSPD
WGL	WMT	WIBW	KTSA
KOH	KVOR	KGB	KFPY
KHJ	KDYL	KLZ	

Saturday

THE COMMUTERS—Vincent Sorey, Conductor
9:00 a.m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WHEC
WGR	WAAB	WPG	CFRB
WIP-WFAN		WHP	WJAS
WLBW	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WWVA	WADC	WCAH	WDBO
WXYZ	WREC	WLAC	WBRC
WDSU	WTAQ	KSCJ	WMT
KMOX	KFH	KDYL	

SONGS OF THE OUT OF DOORS—Artells Dickson
9:45 a.m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WHEC
WKBW	WAAB	WPG	WCAU
W3XAU	WHP	WJAS	WLBW
WMAL	WCAO	WWVA	WADC
WCAH	WDBO	WXYZ	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WDSU	WTAQ
WGL	KSCJ	KMBC	KRLD
KVOR	KLZ	CFRB	

JEWISH ART PROGRAM—
10:00 a.m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WHEC
WKBW	WLBZ	WDRC	WAAB
WORC	WCAU	W3XAU	WHP
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WWVA
WADC	WHK	WCAH	WDBO
WXYZ	WREC	WLAC	WDSU
WTAQ	WGL	WBBM	KSCJ
KMOX	KMBC	KFH	KRLD
KVOR	KDYL	CFRB	

NEW WORLD SALON ORCHESTRA —Vincent Sorey, Conductor.
10:30 a.m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WHEC
WKBW	WLBZ	WAAB	CFRB
WIP-WFAN		WHP	WJAS
WMAL	WADC	WHK	WDBO
WXYZ	WREC	WLAC	WBRC
WDSU	WTAQ	KSCJ	WMT
KMBC	KTSA	KVOR	

TWO SEATS IN THE BALCONY—
11:00 a.m.

WEAF	WJAR	WRC	WGY
WBEN	KSD	WCSH	WCAE
WTAM	KYW	WDAF	CKGW
KTHS	KOA		

ADVENTURES OF HELEN AND MARY—Children's Program.
11:00 a.m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WHEC
WKBW	WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC
WNAC	WORC	WPG	WCAU
W3XAU	WHP	WJAS	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WCAH	WKBN
WDBO	WXYZ	WSPD	WREC
WLAC	WTAQ	KSCJ	KMBC
WIBW	KTSA	WACO	KOH
KVOR	KOL	KFPY	CFRB

COLUMBIA REVUE—Vincent Sorey's Orchestra with Barbara Maurel, Contralto.
11:30 a.m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WHEC
WKBW	WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC
WNAC	WORC	WPG	WCAU
W3XAU	WHP	WJAS	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WCAH	WKBN
WDBO	WXYZ	WSPD	WREC
WLAC	WDSU	WTAQ	WFBM
KSCJ	WMT	KMOX	KMBC
WIBW	KFH	KTSA	WACO
KOH	KVOR	KOL	KFPY
CFRB			

KEYS TO HAPPINESS—
11:30 a.m.

WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WTAG
WFLA	WCSH	WLIT	WRC
WBEN	WWJ	WOAI	KSTP
CKGW	WRVA	WHAS	WSM
WSMB	WJDX	KVOO	CFCF
WEBC	WPTF	WDAF	KOA
WDAY	KSD	KFYR	WFAA
WTIC	WGY	WIOD	KTHS
KYW	WIBA	WWNC	WIS
KPRC			

RITZ CARLTON HOTEL ORCHESTRA—
1:30 p.m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WHEC
WGR	WLBZ	WDRC	WNAC
WAAB	WORC	WPG	WCAU
W3XAU	WHP	WJAS	WLBW
WMAL	WCAO	WTAR	WADC
WDBO	WXYZ	WSPD	WLAC
WBRC	WDSU	KFPY	CFRB

FOUR CLUBMEN—Male Quartet directed by Leigh Stevens.
3:00 p.m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WHEC
WGR	WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC
WNAC	WORC	WPG	WCAU
W3XAU	WHP	WLBW	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WWVA	WADC
WHK	WCAH	WKBN	WDBO
WXYZ	WSPD	WREC	WLAC
WBRC	WDSU	WTAQ	WGL
WFBM	WMT	KMOX	KMBC
WIBW	KRLD	KTSA	WACO
KOH	KVOR	KGB	KVI
KFPY	KHJ	KDYL	CFRB

RHYTHM KINGS — Fred Berrens, Conductor
3:30 p.m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WHEC
WGR	WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC
WNAC	WORC	WPG	WCAU
W3XAU	WHP	WLBW	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WWVA	WADC
WHK	WCAH	WKBN	WDBO
WXYZ	WSPD	WREC	WLAC
WBRC	WDSU	WTAQ	WGL
WMT	KMOX	KMBC	WIBW
KRLD	WACO	KOH	KVOR
KGB	KVI	KFPY	KHJ
KDYL	KLZ	CFRB	

EDDIE DUCHIN AND HIS CENTRAL PARK CASINO ORCHESTRA—
5:00 p.m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WHEC
WGR	WDRC	WAAB	WORC
WPG	WIP-WFAN		WHP
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WWVA	WCAH	WDBO
WXYZ	WSPD	WREC	WLAC
WBRC	WDSU	WTAQ	WGL
WMT	KMOX	KMBC	WIBW
KFH	KRLD	KTSA	KOH
KVOR	KGB	KOL	KVI
KFPY	KFRC	KHJ	KDYL
KLZ	CFRB		

BERT LOWN AND HIS BILTMORE ORCHESTRA—
5:30 p.m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WHEC
WGR	WLBZ	WDRC	WAAB
WORC	WPG	WCAU	W3XAU
WHP	WJAS	WLBW	WCAO
WTAR	WWVA	WCAH	WKBN
WDBO	WXYZ	WSPD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WDSU	WTAQ
WGL	WMT	KMOX	KMBC
WIBW	KFH	KRLD	KTSA
KOH	KVOR	KGB	KOL
KVI	KFPY	KFRC	KHJ
KDYL	KLZ	CFRB	

KUKU
5:30 p.m.

WEAF	WJAR	WFBR	WRC
WTIC	WBEN	WCAE	WTAM
WTAG	WWJ	WENR	WOC
WEEI	WHO	KSTP	WDAY
KFYR	WWNC	WJAX	WSM
WJDX	KVOO		

MR. BONES AND COMPANY—
6:30 p.m.

WEAF	WTIC	WTAG	WENR
WJAR	WFI	WFBR	WRC
WGY	WCAE	WSAI	WIBO
CKGW	WOC	WHO	WOW
WWNC	WIS	WIOD	WSM
WJDX	KPO	KECA	

CONNIE BOSWELL—
6:45 p.m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WKBW
WLBZ	WDRC	WAAB	WORC
WCAU	W3XAU	WHP	WJAS
WLBW	WWVA	WCAH	WKBN
WDBO	WREC	WLAC	WBRC
WDSU	WGL	WFBM	WMT
KMBC	KFH	WACO	KOH
KVOR	KGB	KOL	KFPY
KFRC	KHJ		

THE POLITICAL SITUATION IN WASHINGTON TONIGHT—Frederic William Wile
7:00 p.m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WHEC
WGR	WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC
WNAC	WCAU	W3XAU	WHP
WLBW	WMAL	WTAR	WWVA
WCAH	WKBN	WDBO	WXYZ
WSPD	WREC	WLAC	WDSU
WGL	WFBM	WMT	KMOX
KMBC	WNAX	WIBW	KFH
KTSA	WACO	KOH	KVOR
KGB	KVI	KFPY	KFRC
KHJ	KLZ		

LAWS THAT SAFEGUARD SOCIETY—Gleason L. Archer
7:15 p.m.

WEAF	WJAR	WTAG	WFI
WGY	WBEN	WOC	WHO
WEBC	KOA	WEBA	KTAR
WTIC	WJDX	WBAY	WENR
WOW	WCAE	WTAM	WSAI
WCSH	WAPI	KTHS	KPRC
KFSD	KFYR	WOW	WRVA

DANGER FIGHTERS—
8:00 p.m.

WJZ	WHAM	KDKA	WLS
KWK	WREN	KFAB	WIBA
WTMJ	KSTP	WEBC	WDAY
KFYR	WHAS	WSM	WMC
WSB	WAPI	WSMB	WJDX
KPRC	WOAI	KOA	KSL
KGO	KGW	KOMO	KHQ
KFSD	KTAR	KFI	

INDEX TO NETWORK KILOCYCLES

National Broadcasting Company

	Kc.		Kc.
CFCF	1030	WEBC	1290
CKGW	840	WEEI	590
KDKA	980	WENR	870
KECA	1340	WFAA	800
KEX	1180	WFBR	1270
KFAB	770	WFI	560
KFI	640	WFLA	620
KFKX	1020	WGAR	1450
KFSD	600	WGY	790
KFYR	550	WHAM	1150
KGA	1470	WHAS	820
KGB	1330	WHO	1000
KGHL	1000	WIBA	1280
KGIR	1360	WIOD	1300
KGO	790	WIS	1010
KGW	620	WJAR	890
KHQ	590	WJAX	900
KJR	970	WJDX	1270
KOA	830	WJR	750
KOIL	1260	WJZ	760
KOMO	920	WKY	900
KPO	680	WLIT	560
KPRC	920	WLS	870
KSD	550	WLW	700
KSL	1130	WMAQ	670
KSTP	1460	WMC	780
KTAR	620	WOAI	1190
KTHS	1040	WOC	1000
KVOO	1140	WOW	590
KWK	1350	WPTF	680
KYW	1020	WRC	950
WAPI	1140	WREN	1220
WBAL	1060	WRVA	1110
WBAP	800	WSAI	1330
WBEN	900	WSB	740
WBZ	990	WSM	650
WBZA	990	WSMB	1320
WCAE	1220	WSUN	620
WCFL	970	WTAG	580
WCKY	1480	WTAM	1070
WCSH	940	WTIC	1060
WDAF	610	WTMJ	620
WDAY	940	WWJ	920
WEAF	660	WWNC	570

Columbia Broadcasting System

	Kc.		Kc.
CFRB	690	WFBL	1360
CKAC	730	WFBM	1230
KDYL	1290	WFIW	940
KFH	1300	WGL	1370
KFJF	1480	WGN	720
KFPY	1340	WGR	550
KFRC	610	WGST	890
KGB	1330	WHEC	1440
KHJ	900	WHK	1390
KLRA	1390	WHP	1430
KLZ	560	WIBW	580
KMBC	950	WIP	610
KMOX	1090	WISN	1120
KOH	1380	WJAS	1290
KOIN	940	WJJD	1130
KOL	1270	WKBH	1380
KRLD	1040	WKBN	570
KSCJ	1330	WKBW	1480
KTRH	1120	WKRC	550
KTSA	1290	WLAC	1470
KVI	760	WLAP	1200
KVOR	1270	WLBW	1260
WAAB	1410	WLBZ	620
WABC	860	WMAL	630
WACO	1240	WMT	600
WADC	1320	WNAC	1230
WAIU	640	WNAX	570
WBBM	770	WNOX	560
WBCM	1410	WODX	1410
WBIG	1440	WOKO	1440
WBRC	930	WORC	1200
WBT	1080	WOWO	1160
WCAH	1430	WPG	1100
WCAO	600	WQAM	560
WCAU	1170	WREC	600
WCCO	810	WRR	1280
WDAE	1220	WSFA	1410
WDBJ	930	WSPD	1340
WDBO	1120	WTAQ	1330
WDOD	1280	WTAR	780
WDRC	1330	WTOC	1260
WDSU	1250	WWVA	1160
WFAN	610	WXYZ	1240
WEAN	780	W2XE	6120

W3XAU..6060—9590

CIVIC CONCERTS SERVICE PROGRAM—
8:00 p.m.

WEAF	WTIC	WJAR	WCSH
WFI	WFBR	WRC	WBEN
WCAE	WWJ	WMAQ	KSD
WOC	WHO	WOW	WDAF
CKGW	WWNC	WIS	WJAX
WIOD			

DANCE WITH COUNTESS D'ORSAY
8:30 p.m.

WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	WGAR	KDKA	WJR
WLW	WLS	KWK	WREN
CKGW	CFCF		

NATIONAL ADVISORY COUNCIL ON RADIO IN EDUCATION—
8:30 p.m.

WEAF	WTIC	WGY	KSD
WDAF	WJAR	WWJ	WHO
WTAG	WCSH	WFI	WEEI
WFBR	WRC	WBEN	WCAE
WTAM	WOC	WTMJ	WIBA
WEBC	WKAY	KFYR	WRVA
WWNC	WIS	WJAX	WIOD
WFLA	WHAS	WSM	WSMB
WJDX	KPRC	WOAI	KSL
KGO	KGW	KOMO	KHQ
KTAR	KFSD	WJDX	WDAY
KFYR	WIOD	WEEI	WFBR
KYW	WOW	WKY	KOA

GOODYEAR PROGRAM — Arthur Pryor and His Orchestra
9:00 p.m.

WEAF	WTIC	WTAG	WEEI
WJAR	WCSH	WFI	WFBR
WRC	WGY	WBEN	WCAE
WTAM	WWJ	WSAI	KYW
KSD	WOC	WHO	WOW
WDAF	WTMJ	WIBA	KSTP
WEBC	WDAY	KFYR	WRVA
WWNC	WIS	WJAX	WIOD
WFLA	WHAS	WMC	WSB
WAPI	WSMB	WJDX	WBAP
KPRC	WOAI	WKY	KOA
KSL	KGO	KGW	KOMO
KHQ	KFSD	KTAR	

CHICAGO CIVIC OPERA—
9:00 p.m.

WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	WGAR	WCKY	WLS
KWK	WREN	CKGW	CFCF

THE FIRST NIGHTER—
9:30 p.m.

WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	KDKA	WGAR	WJR
WLW	KYW	KWK	WREN
WTMJ	KSTP	WEBC	WDAY
KFYR	KOA	KSL	KGO
KFI	KGW	KOMO	KHQ
KFSD	KTAR		

CLUB VALSPAR—
9:30 p.m.

WEAF	WTIC	WJAR	WTAG
WCSH	WFI	WRC	WBEN
WCAE	WTAM	WWJ	WSAI
WEEI	WOC	KSD	WHO
WDAF	WOW	CKGW	CFCF
WFBR	WLS		

SMITH BROTHERS PROGRAM—Trade and Mark Featuring Scrappy Lambert, Billy Hillpot, and Novelty Orchestra
9:30 p.m.

WABC	WHEC	WKBW	WLBZ
WEAN	WDRC	WAAB	WCAU
W3XAU	WHP	WJAS	WCAO
WADC	WHK	WGST	WXYZ
WSPD	WLAP	WOWO	WGN
WCCO	WMT	KMOX	KMBC
KFH	KFJF	KLZ	

FOUR CLUBMEN WITH IRENE BEASLEY, Contralto—
9:45 p.m.

WOKO	WHEC	WKBW	WLBZ
WEAN	WDRC	WAAB	WORC
WIP-WFAN		WHP	WJAS
WLBW	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WADC	WCAH	WKBN	WQAM
WDBO	WXYZ	WSPD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WDSU	WTAQ
WFBM	KSCJ	WMT	KMOX
KMBC	WNAX	WIBW	KFH
KTSA	KOH	KVOR	KFPY
KFRC	KDYL	KLZ	

ENRIC MADRIGUERA'S BILTMORE ORCHESTRA—
11:45 p.m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WKBW
WLBZ	WDRC	WAAB	WORC
WCAU	W3XAU	WHP	WLBW
WMAL	WCAO	WTAR	WWVA
WADC	WKBN	WDBO	WXYZ
WSPD	WREC	WLAC	WBRC
WDSU	WGL	WFBM	KSCJ
WMT	KMBC	KLRA	WNAX
WIBW	KOH	KVOR	KGB
KOL	KFPY	KDYL	KLZ

GUY LOMBARDO AND HIS ROYAL CANADIANS—
12:00 Mid.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WHEC
WKBW	WLBZ	WEAN	WNAC
WPG	WCAU	W3XAU	WHP
WLBW	WWVA	WKBN	WSPD
WGL	WMT	KMBC	WNAX
WIBW	KRLD	KOH	KVOR
KGB	KOL	KFPY	KDYL
KLZ			

HAROLD STERN AND HIS ST. MORITZ ORCHESTRA—
12:30 a.m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WKBW
WEAN	WNAC	WPG	WCAU
W3XAU	WLBW	WWVA	WKBN
WSPD	WGL	WMT	KMBC
WNAX	WIBW	KFH	KOH
KVOR	KGB	KOL	KFPY
KDYL	KLZ		

As a Matter of Fact . . . .

By Stand

DID you ever hear of a guy named Roger Russel? No? Well, you've heard of Russ Columbo, haven't you? Yeah! That's the guy. They gave him that moniker when he was in the movies. . . . But he was christened Ruggiero.

* * *

A man stopped in front of a grocery store in Allentown, Pa., a few years back and laughed his head off. He was looking at a lot of funny pictures drawn all over the place. There were faces on the watermelons, potatoes, on the window and everywhere. A sign would say, "Gee, I feel cheap, I'd go away with you for a nickel." A stoutish looking clerk came out to wait on the man. "Who did that?" asked the stranger. "Guess I'm to blame," replied the clerk, wiping his hands on his white apron. "Well, you're great. What's your name?" The clerk looked embarrassed, "Why, my name's Steinke, but they call me Jolly Bill," he replied. And that was the same Jolly Bill who really is great today and you hear him with your breakfast, "Jolly Bill and Jane." And he still draws funny pictures which you sometimes see in RADIO DIGEST.

* * *

As the result of a broadcast over Columbia, Kathryn Parsons, "The Girl o' Yesterday," is a hundred dollars richer than she knew.

Several days following this particular program, she received a letter from the vice-president of a Cincinnati bank who stated that he happened to hear her broadcast and her name, and wondered if she was the same Kathryn Parsons who deposited a Liberty Bond in his institution during the war and never claimed it.

Kathryn lost no time in establishing her identity. It so happened that during the rush and excitement of the war days, at which time she served as a nurse in France, she completely forgot about the $100 bond she had deposited with the bank.

* * *

Singin' Sam and Parry Botkin, banjo-strummer in Jacques Renard's Camel orchestra, hail from the same town in Indiana where Sam was the conductor of the only orchestra in the locality. In dire need of a banjoist, Sam surveyed the panel of high school musicians but without success—not a banjo player was to be found. But Sam did discover Parry almost obscured by a bass violin, and persuaded him to forsake that instrument for the banjo. Today Parry Botkin is one of the outstanding banjo players in the country.

Laws That Safeguard

(Continued from page 23)

court to the widow and they were presently married.

The daughter came to live with her mother. She soon proved to be a prime favorite with the stepfather. All went well during the girl's schooldays but, as she grew into womanhood, a dangerous attraction between the girl and the stepfather manifested itself and caused the girl's mother great uneasiness.

Life is of course a continuous nightmare for any wife who sees a young and attractive woman appear over her domestic horizon as a possible rival for the husband's affections. While in most cases this supposed rivalry and danger is purely the figment of imagination of a jealous wife who fears that her own charms are waning and that her husband, a possible Adonis to her but to no other woman on earth, is a prize to be battled over.

But in this case no jealous magnifying of trivial events was needed to convince the wife that her daughter was all unconsciously giving the first great affection of her life to her stepfather, and that the man, however he may have struggled against that dangerous attraction, was nevertheless quite dazzled by the beauty and charm of this younger counterpart of his wife.

Of course there were stormy scenes in the home—the terrible day when the wife accused her daughter of a growing infatuation for her mother's husband, denials, recriminations and accusations, ending always in one way—a greater breach between husband and wife. But however much the chief actors may have tried to put each other out of mind the infatuation was quite overmastering, so the wife took the only course open to her—the breaking up of the home, taking her daughter with her, and the obtaining of a divorce.

The separation of William Back and his erstwhile stepdaughter did not affect a cure in either case. The unhappy young woman could find no lovers who could displace the image of the first. Back equally failed in his attempt to forget the girl.

It all ended as might have been expected. Four years after the divorce, William Back and the girl stole away and were married. The girl's mother was still living but died within two years after the marriage of her ex-husband and daughter.

FOUR children were born to the couple. Then William Back himself died. He left some property and of course relatives who came forward to claim it. The widow presented a petition to the Probate Court to oblige the executor to turn over to her all of the exempt personal property of the husband. To her great sorrow the court ruled that she was never legally married and consequently had no rights as Back's widow.

According to the statutes then existing in Iowa it was declared incest for a man and his wife's daughter to marry. This the court interpreted as rendering the marriage void from its inception. Following the English interpretation of similar statutes it further declared that the death of the mother did not remove the legal barrier that prevented the marriage from conferring the rights of a wife upon the daughter.

This decision, of course, rendered the four children of the union illegitimate. The woman appealed the case to the Supreme Court, where the decision of the lower court was reversed. The court declared that the relationship by affinity that had existed between the girl and her stepfather terminated when the mother procured her divorce. The daughter then ceased to be the daughter of Back's wife since he then had no wife. The widow and children were therefore entitled to their rights in the property.

The case was Back v. Back, 148 Iowa 223; 125 N. W. 1009.

Marriage with Son's Widow

THE idea of a man marrying his son's widow may indeed seem improbable, but in the story of matrimonial entanglements such cases do in fact appear. In some such cases the alliance is not a December and May romance but one in which a man in his prime marries a young woman and rears a family of children as the fruit of their union. Under the civil law this is one of the forbidden types of marriage, since, by affinity, the new wife is the daughter of the husband.

In certain States of the union it would be quite impossible for such a couple to secure a marriage license, in which event the marriage would have to be of the so-called common law variety. A common law marriage, as you know, is one in which no formal ceremony is had, but the couple live together openly as husband and wife, the man acknowledging the woman to be his wife and reputed to be such among their friends and acquaintances. As before indicated such marriages are recognized in some jurisdictions but denied in others.

The legality of a common law marriage is usually determined after the death of one or both of the parties when some controversy arises over land or other property left by them. Lest there be a misunderstanding on this point, it is perhaps well to call attention to the fact that during the lifetime of the parties, either or both could be punished criminally for living together without a formal marriage, so this doctrine of common law marriage usually operates merely as a shield to protect the property rights of the supposed wife or the children of the guilty pair after the death of the man.

For example: Berry Griggs married in due form in the State of Florida one Polly Cottonhead by whom he had several children, among whom was a son William. When William reached the age of manhood he married a girl whose name was Elizabeth. The young husband very shortly sickened and died. The youthful widow took up her residence at the home of Berry Griggs, for her mother-in-law was ailing and needed assistance in the home, there being two young sons to care for.

Polly Griggs did not long survive the death of her son William, so that the daughter-in-law became housekeeper in real earnest. In fact Berry Griggs soon came to regard her as something more than a housekeeper, or even a daughter-in-law. Scandal soon became inevitable.

The couple, finding that under the law of Florida they were debarred from marrying, settled down defiantly into life together as though they were husband and wife. A child was born and though there were angry mutterings in the neighborhood no action was taken until a second child appeared.

The authorities then took measures to indict the couple for the crime of incest, whereupon they fled to Texas and took up a tract of land as homesteaders, posing as husband and wife.

They continued to live in Texas for more than twenty years until the death of Berry Griggs. Nine children had by this time been born to them. In a controversy over the property after the death of Elizabeth Griggs all of the above facts were disclosed. The courts finally decided that despite the Texas law which forbade a man to marry his son's wife yet there was nothing to prevent him from marrying his son's widow. This being true there was a valid common law marriage and the children were entitled to rights in the property.

The case was Houston Oil Co. v. Griggs, 181 S. W. 833.

Marriage During Lifetime of Ex-Spouse

WE NOW approach one of the most baffling questions in the law that governs eligibility of persons to marry—the right to marry during the lifetime of a former husband or wife. Now some of my listeners may say, "Why that is very simple, all that is necessary is a divorce." But the law of divorce is in a very complicated and even chaotic condition in these United States. Every State has its own special regulations, as we shall find in future broadcasts when we take up the subject of Divorce as an independent topic. Our only concern at the present time is to know whether the bride or groom is free to marry.

Divorce in Another Jurisdiction

If a prospective bride or groom has obtained a divorce, or has been divorced, within the jurisdiction, it is comparatively easy to determine whether such person is now free to marry. The laws of the jurisdiction and the terms of the divorce decree are the determining factors. But a real difficulty presents itself when the prospective bride or groom has obtained marital freedom in another state where the laws are different and the causes for divorce less exacting than in the state where the marriage is to take place.

Seventy-Eighth Broadcast—NBC Net—January 23, 1932

This raises a very complicated question. A collusive divorce, for example, may be invalid, that is to say, if the husband and wife of the former marriage have conspired to secure the divorce on perjured evidence or false testimony, the divorce itself would be invalid. The same is true of divorces obtained by one party by going for that purpose to a foreign country, or to one of the states where divorces are easily obtained, and failing to satisfy the law of the home jurisdiction as to the formal notice of such suit served upon the other party.

It should be remembered, however, that divorces legally obtained in another State of the Union will be recognized in the home jurisdiction, even though the cause upon which the divorce was obtained would not have entitled to a divorce in such home jurisdiction.

Invalid Decree of Divorce

The whole topic of divorce is too complicated to be treated in this present preliminary survey of eligibility to marry, but will be explained in future broadcasts. Suffice it to say that an invalid decree of divorce, wherever obtained, fails to secure marital freedom to either party thereto. The former marriage is still legally binding. No protection accrues to the other and perhaps innocent party to the second mar-

riage, as will be seen from the following:

Example One: Henry Lawrence, a house painter and a war veteran had deserted his wife, leaving her penniless, with six small children to support. It appeared also that during the period of their cohabitation he had been guilty of excessive cruelty to her, and that the desertion by him was inexcusable.

After some years, the deserted wife located Lawrence and brought an action for non-support, suing in Jefferson County, Indiana in January 1892. To avoid prosecution, the guilty man fled from the jurisdiction, but tarried long enough in Chicago to file a suit for divorce, in which he falsely asserted that he had been a resident of the State of Illinois for two years, alleging also long continued deserton by his wife. Notice was served upon her by publication in the newspapers.

Living under an assumed name and plying his trade as painter, he remained within the State of Illinois for twelve months until he had secured the fraudulent divorce. Shortly thereafter he married a woman with whom he had lived for many years. After the death of Henry Lawrence a contest arose over which woman was entitled to a pension as the widow of a war veteran.

The first wife brought suit to have the divorce cancelled for the fraud practiced by the husband in obtaining it. The court ordered the divorce decree annulled, and ruled that the second woman had no claim upon the pension.

The case was Lawrence v. Nelson, 113 Iowa 277, 85 N. W. 84.

Example Two: O'Dea was married to the defendant in the State of New York in August 1866. She represented herself as a divorced woman and free to marry. O'Dea continued to live with her for fourteen years but then sought to have the marriage annulled, on the ground that the woman had not been lawfully divorced.

The facts were that the defendant and her former husband had lived in Toronto, Canada. The defendant had willfully deserted the husband who, after three years, had gone to Ohio. After a year of residence in that State he filed a suit for divorce on the ground of desertion. A copy of this divorce libel was sent to the defendant by mail and she was notified that depositions would be taken at a certain date in Toronto. She was present when the depositions were taken, but took no part in the proceedings.

This with other facts rendered the divorce that was later granted invalid. O'Dea was therefore awarded an annulment of the marriage, on the ground that the woman was the legal wife of another man at the time of his marriage to her.

The case was O'Dea v. O'Dea, 101 N. Y. 23; 4 N. E. 110.

Extraordinary Matrimonial Tangles

MOST extraordinary matrimonial tangles have resulted from the failure of prospective bride or groom to investigate the marital status of the other party. If a person is buying a home it is quite the custom, as well as vitally necessary, to make a thorough investigation of the legal title of the person from whom they are buying. Yet in matters so vastly important as that of marriage, people in general rush headlong to the altar, without taking any effective measures to check up the statements made by the prospective spouse.

Of course, if the parties have known each other for years and have lived in the same neighborhood, there is some excuse for failure to investigate. But even in such cases secret marriages are sometimes contracted without the slightest knowledge of the fact becoming generally known for years.

Fear of punishment for bigamy might deter either of the parties to the secret marriage from contracting a second marriage, but a thoroughly unscrupulous person might "take a chance." There are many cases on record where innocent people have been ruined for life by scoundrels who escaped from human justice, either by dying before the facts became known or by fleeing from the authorities.

For example: In the year 1836, Ira Alexander Haven, then a resident of Vermont, married a woman named Horton with whom he lived for about twenty-five years and who bore him two children. Haven was evidently a thorough scoundrel for in 1863 he eloped to Canada with another woman and dropped his surname, being known thereafter as Ira Alexander.

He continued to live with his paramour until she bore him a son. The woman died shortly thereafter. Late in the year of 1863 Alexander left Canada and went to Portsmouth, N. H. The following May he obtained employment in the Navy Yard. He boarded with a family named Dennett, in whose home lived a spinster daughter named Mary Jane. She was then about thirty years of age. Notwithstanding the disparity in ages, she received the attentions of Alexander as a prospective husband. In December 1864 Alexander and Mary Jane left the house one morning, stating that they were going to Great Falls, N. H. to be married.

Alexander apparently took the woman to some crony of his. A mock ceremony of marriage was performed. She received no marriage certificate and evidently made no protest over this absence of evidence of the marriage. The couple returned to Portsmouth and lived there for four years as man and wife. But Alexander, with the heartless cruelty that characterized all his dealings with his female victims, had by this time found another.

In the fall of 1866 Alexander had gotten work as a ship carpenter in Newburyport, Mass., where he lived during the week, returning home to Portsmouth every week end. Now in Newburyport lived a young widow, Louisa Ayres, who had the misfortune to attract the attention of Alexander.

He paid court to her, pretending to be unmarried. He finally persuaded her to marry him.

They were wedded in due form in September 1867 and set up housekeeping in Newburyport. Thus Alexander lived in two cities, having a supposed wife in each.

The new wife in Newburyport had no suspicions, for Alexander assured her that he had a young son in Portsmouth whom he felt in duty bound to visit over each week end.

THE Portsmouth wife, however, finally became suspicious of Alexander's integrity and decided to go to Newburyport and investigate. On the morning of June 23, 1868, while Alexander and Louisa were seated at the breakfast table, enjoying a honeymoon tete-a-tete, in walked Mary Jane. The scene that followed may be imagined. Mary Jane failed to produce a marriage certificate but she was privileged to see the official certificate of her rival. She left the house in tears. But Louisa was a woman of spirit. She gave her new husband the third degree with a vengeance. He admitted that he had married Mary Jane and was then living with her every week end, whereupon Louisa drove him from the house, declaring that she never wished to see his face again.

Alexander, in evident fear of consequences, returned to Portsmouth, patched up matters with Mary Jane and moved with her to Lewiston, Me. Unknown to either Alexander or the Newburyport wife, the first wife had died a few months before the Newburyport marriage, thus rendering the latter marriage the only lawful matrimonial alliance that the man had contracted in his career of crime.

But Louisa supposed that her marriage to Alexander was null and void. She continued to reside in Newburyport for thirteen years, and until her marriage to Thomas L. Randlett in January 1880. It appeared in evidence that Louisa had told Randlett, prior to the acceptance of his proposal of marriage, all of the facts concerning her betrayal into a supposed marriage with Alexander.

She asked him to investigate for himself and to take legal advice on the question of whether she had a right to marry again. Owing to the fact that Alexander's real name was Haven the record of the first marriage was not discovered and the lawyer advised that Alexander's existing marriage with Mary Jane rendered Louisa's marriage null and void.

So Louisa and Randlett were duly married and lived together for three years until Randlett's death in 1883. He left considerable property. His relatives sought to defeat the widow's rights therein. Through the industry and ingenuity of the lawyer, the facts as I have described them were proved in court.

Distressingly as the woman had been wronged by the infamous Alexander, she was now called upon to face the disgrace of having her marriage to Randlett officially declared null and void and to be denied the rights of a widow in Randlett's estate. Alexander was still her husband even though she had not seen nor heard from him since the June morning, eighteen years before, when she had ordered him out of the "love nest."

The case was Randlett v. Rice, 141 Mass. 385.

Marriage Before Divorce Becomes Absolute

It is customary in divorce cases to grant what is known as a decree nisi, that is, a decree that will become absolute at the end of a given time, usually six months, unless before that time it is modified by the court for cause. For the petitioner to misbehave or even for husband and wife to resume marital relations within the probationary period will be a sufficient cause to defeat the divorce. Some people, however, have an idea that as soon as the decree nisi is entered in the court records they may safely marry without waiting for the expiration of the probationary period. But a marriage thus contracted within the jurisdiction will have no validity and will defeat the divorce.

For example: James Moors secured a decree nisi in a divorce against his wife Hannah in April 1875. Two months later, believing that he was at liberty, he married another woman and settled her in his home. After a year of married life, and when the second wife was in a way to present him with a child, Moors suddenly discovered that his divorce from the first wife was not complete. He then petitioned the court to issue a decree of divorce absolute which, under the circumstances, proved to be impossible.

While the court took into consideration the unhappy plight of the second woman yet necessary laws of divorce could not be set aside. The marriage itself was illegal and void. A decree nisi does not dissolve

the former marriage, and the parties thereto are bound by their marriage vows until the six months' period has expired, at which time notices required by law must be given and the petitioner must have been guiltless of marital fault during the period. Moors was not entitled to a divorce from Hannah and might be indicted and punished for adultery.

The case was Moors v. Moors, 121 Mass. 232.

Fraudulent Divorce and Elegibility to Marry

LAST week I pointed out to you the great dangers that an innocent person might encounter by too trustingly accepting the marriage offer of one who is not legally free to contract a lawful marriage. Human love is a tremendously compelling impulse that often leads otherwise sane people into the most reckless and disastrous courses of action.

Seventy-Ninth Broadcast— NBC Net— January 30, 1932

Blindness of Love

You know the old saying—"Love is blind." If we contemplate the legal consequences of the passion when yielded to in the reckless abandon that characterizes the present age, when self control and self denial are becoming lost arts, we are sometimes quite appalled at the manifestation of that truth. Certainly blindness is a charitable interpretation of the causes that may lead people into ruin. The glamour of courtship, that blinds people to the faults and failings of the object of adoration, seems likewise to blind them to the obvious need of checking up the past, especially the marital past of that object of adoration.

Unfortunately it is the trusting woman who suffers most grievously from this malady and upon whom the consequences bear most heavily. She takes the word of her lover against all the world, and sometimes that lover is a scoundrel of the deepest dye. The smooth and designing knave, whose only object is to satisfy a temporary unworthy passion, may lure her into a supposed marriage, only to leave her disgraced and ruined for life when that passion is sated, or when the hands of justice reach out for the criminal for past and present crimes.

Since the world began it has been ever thus. No words of warning can do more than temporarily delay the inevitable, it seems, for there are cases on record where infatuated girls, knowing that a man is not yet free to marry them, have accepted his word that if she will trust him everything will be right. They have yielded, only to awaken too late to the horrible realization that the warning by friends and relatives was after all amply justified by the man's true character. So the man goes his way and the woman remains as damaged goods, her prospects blasted for life.

Effect of Invalid Marriage

A marriage ceremony even though performed in church, amidst the loving congratulations of the friends of the bride or groom, is an empty and meaningless event if there are legal impediments to the marriage. Many other legal transactions entered into under conditions that might render them voidable may nevertheless be rendered completely valid and binding by subsequent ratification. But marriage is far more than a contract since the state itself is a party to the transaction.

The state has a vital interest not only in the private and public morals of men and women but also in the rearing of children. That, after all, is the primary reason for marriage so far as the State is concerned. Marriage fixes liability upon the man for support of his wife and children.

The public has a right to insist that every legal precaution shall be taken to prevent a woman and her offspring from becoming public charges. The most effective precaution is that of marriage. That is one of the compelling reasons why the state will protect any marriage to the last moment of its legal existence. The law has provided certain definite methods of legally terminating a marriage and unless those methods are strictly employed, marital freedom is not achieved. Any attempted second marriage under these circumstances is therefore null and void.

Divorce Obtained by Fraud

It is unquestionably true that many divorces are procured by fraud practiced upon the courts by designing persons. The simplest, and perhaps most common type, is where the husband and wife agree to separate, but desiring marital freedom, concoct a scheme by which one of them shall sue for divorce, falsely alleging a cause which the other agrees not to deny, allowing the case to go by default.

If the court is satisfied that the notice or citation has been duly served, and the defendant, or libellee, fails to appear and contest the suit, then the court, after hearing a reasonable amount of evidence, will grant the divorce as a matter of routine.

Although those who obtain such fraudulent divorces may feel very secure in their iniquity yet, if the true facts ever come to the official attention of the courts, the divorce decree will be set aside for fraud, notwithstanding the lapse of time.

This is true even though the guilty party may have married some innocent third person, who accepted the divorce decree as conclusive evidence of the guilty person's marital freedom. The law gives priority to the first marriage because if it is not legally dissolved in the first instance the second marriage would have no legal foundation.

Example One: Henry J. Sampson, while living in the State of Washington had on two occasions attempted to divorce his wife Ida. Each time the wife had succeeded in blocking the attempt. They finally moved to Bristol County, Massachusetts, where they took up residence in the Town of Westport.

Sampson was apparently a traveling man and was usually away from home two or three weeks at a time, then returning for several days, being received by his wife with all the love and confidence appropriate to the wifely relation. Whatever the husband's secret feelings toward his wife may have been he nevertheless appeared to her as a model lover.

After a trifling disagreement, however, he stopped off in Springfield, Mass. in July 1912 long enough to consult a lawyer about securing a divorce. He falsely asserted that he lived in Springfield and that his wife had deserted him four years before. He declared that she was then living in Providence, R. I. at a certain address. The lawyer drew the divorce libel accordingly and dispatched a notice of the filing of the same by registered mail to the wife at the Providence address.

Sampson then returned to his trusting spouse. He apologized for his part in the quarrel and told her of his divorce attempt, but assured her that he had changed his mind in the matter.

In order to secure her acknowledgment of the service of the libel, however, the designing husband advised her to go to Providence and secure the registered letter so that it might not fall into other hands and cause comment. The trusting woman did so and thus furnished acknowledgment of service.

She paid no attention to the divorce matter. With heartless cruelty, however, Sampson continued to live with his wife as before, all the while expediting the divorce. In October 1912 he secured a decree nisi. This did not alter his homecoming habits.

He continued to live with her as before, not only during the six months before the decree became absolute but from that date in May 1913 to about the third week in October of that year. After spending a week end with her in the home he told her that in about two weeks he expected to marry another woman. She then for the first time learned of the divorce.

On Nov. 5, 1913 Sampson married Alice Wordell with whom he had secretly been keeping company for three years. Ida Sampson at once consulted a lawyer. About a month later a petition was filed in the same court that had granted the divorce, asking to have it set aside. The court made a decree setting aside the divorce. The case was appealed to the Supreme Court where the decree was affirmed despite the fact that a child had been born to Sampson and Alice Wordell in the interval.

Said the court "A legal wife at least is as much entitled to have her status preserved as is an unfortunate and possibly duped woman who mistakenly thought herself to be the second wife, to have her status justified and established.

The supposed second wife hardly can ask to be protected by such a trick upon the courts as that by which Henry J. Sampson obtained the appearance of a legal divorce. The position of the second wife is unfortunate. But she is in no worse condition than any woman who marries a man already married.

The guilt of the husband is the sole cause of her misfortune, to which no act of the petitioner contributed. The court cannot suffer itself to be used fraudulently by a man, reckless of his initial marriage obligations, as an instrumentality for wronging his first wife, merely to protect his second wife."

The case was Sampson v. Sampson, 223 Mass. 451.

Example Two: William Edson and his wife Jane were married in Philadelphia in May 1856. Nine years later they moved to Brookline, Mass. taking their three children with them. Edson soon made the acquaintance of a woman of immoral character with whom he conducted himself so scandalously that the wife packed up and left him, declaring her intention to procure a divorce.

Edson and the woman before mentioned shortly thereafter began to live together in a shameless fashion. But the man was at the same time petitioning the court in another county for a divorce from his wife, falsely asserting that he lived in the said county and wickedly and falsely accusing his wife of adultery.

He further alleged that she had absconded and that her address was unknown, despite the fact that he knew very

well that she was living in New York City with her sister. Notice was therefore by publication in newspapers that he well knew his wife would never see.

When the divorce hearing was held Edson procured perjured testimony that convinced the court of the guilt of the wife, thereby securing a divorce decree and also the custody of his three children. Mrs. Edson did not learn of the divorce suit until after the decree had been granted, whereupon she took measures immediately to have it set aside.

Unfortunately for the woman she brought her action in Suffolk County instead of Bristol County where the decree had been granted. It was therefore necessary to take the case to the Supreme Court where it was ordered retried in Bristol County. This caused a long delay but two and one-half years after the original decree of divorce it was set aside by the court of Bristol County.

The case was Edson v. Edson, 108 Mass. 590.

Dean Archer's formula for preparing an educational broadcast script will appear in a later edition of Radio Digest.

Jacques Renard

(Continued from page 11)

very excited when she tells how father escaped from the army and how they carried me across the border into Roumania with bullets flying over our heads. That was in 1900 and I was just two years old. We fled toward the sea and finally were placed aboard a ship bound for America.

"We landed in Boston, after what my parents describe as a most disheartening voyage across the Mediterranean and Atlantic. We settled in the Ghetto of Boston where we lived in extreme poverty. My father's first job was in an iron foundry where he earned $4.00 a week breaking up scrap metal. My mother has given birth to thirteen children in her lifetime, and that will keep anyone busy, seeing that they are cared for properly.

"I suppose I was like any poor city kid. But one day something happened which changed my entire life. My father saw an inexpensive violin in a pawn shop window and he promised that he would buy it for me if I would be a good boy for an entire week. You can believe that I was good as I knew how to be, and what a happy kid when I had that violin. Somehow, owning that violin made me ambitious. I was sent to a regular teacher. He was an Italian who taught every known musical instrument and knew none of them.

"Finally we moved to Chelsea, a Boston suburb, and with this rise in the family's position, for it was an auspicious move for us, I was sent to a good teacher, Jacques Hoffmann of the Boston Symphony. I began to feel that the violin was really a part of me and under the tutelage of Mr. Hoffmann I made considerable progress. At last I achieved one of my big ambitions by giving a recital at Steinert Hall in Boston. I still have the newspaper clippings calling me a boy prodigy and predicting for me a bright future.

"I suppose I must have presented a funny picture the day I played my violin for Karl Muck, director of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. I had my present big frame without the covering of flesh that so many people find amusing. I had broad shoulders, a big head, and a slender body. But Mr. Muck apparently overlooked my physical deficiencies, for he offered me a chance to play with his orchestra. It happened, however, that I had played in an orchestra owned by Meyer Davis, and the thrill of playing for beautifully dressed dancers was too much for me. I cast my lot with the newer school of music. I wanted to play lovely, sweet music for dancing, not the terrific jazz that was popular then, but real music. So I went to Meyer Davis.

"My ambitions did not permit me to remain a member of an orchestra for long. I soon had my own band. I got a job with my group in the Westminster Hotel. The orchestra I had was a small one and I felt that it should be larger. I was so insistent upon this point that the management finally became tired of me. I was fired from my first important job. Fortunately I managed to secure a contract with the Mansion Inn with a larger band.

THEN success of a sort seemed to come easy. Boston seemed to like my music and I opened the Lido Venice the next year. Then in 1928 I opened the Coconut Grove and started making phonograph records. Last year my most successful venture, Renard's Mayfair, a beautiful supper club, was opened. Then in came 1931, and I secured the job of playing for the Camel Quarter Hour with two great fellows, Morton Downey and Tony Wons. And that's about all there is to my story."

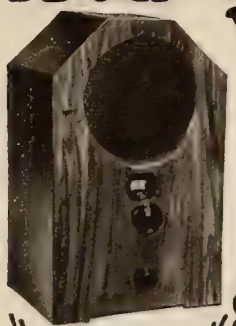
Gabalogue

(Continued from page 50)

Miss Brainard is conferring with musicians, engineers, technicians, and linemen, for all angles of broadcasting come within her understanding.

Miss Brainard was born and educated in Montclair, New Jersey. She is of average size, has blue eyes and reddish hair and is extremely attractive. She is a carefully coiffured and ultra-modernly dressed young woman. . . usually wears a gardenia or an orchid. She is heart whole and fancy free. Her mother and her job are her two big interests in life.

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ART SCIENCE LITERATURE



Dr. Painless Parker, sponsor for University of the Air.

Opportunity to Study and Acquire Practical Education Provided in Washington Air School

By Margaret A. Butterfield

WHILE some of the Eastern broadcasters and the big Chain systems have been liberally dispensing higher education through lecture courses by distinguished educators it remained for a small group of stations of the Pacific Northwest to introduce simple instruction for the benefit of those who may not have been privileged to finish their regular public school courses.

More than the fact that this very practical course has been instituted and put on the air is the remarkable circumstance that it is a commercially sponsored course.

The University of the Air was conceived and put into effect by Dr. Seth Maker, a dentist located at Seattle, Washington. The sponsor is Dr. "Painless" Parker, founder of the E. R. Parker System of Dentistry.

I asked Doctor Maker to tell me something of the conception of the Radio University, it's growth and development. He smiled when I asked him, and in his quiet, unassuming manner, told me the story.

"The original Parker Program consisted of a series of diversified questions and answers which were put on the air daily over stations KGA, KEX, and KJR. The program had a cultural trend which made a big appeal to a large audience. After the program had been in progress a year, an enthusiastic fan made the suggestion that the plan be reversed, and instead of having the questions asked by the public and answered by radio, that a series of questions be asked the audience. This suggestion was the nucleus of one of the most popular programs of the Northwest.

"The plan was considered and discussed. It presented a variety of problems, and required several months of study and preparation before it was finally submitted to the public. It was proposed to make the new Radio University a democratic institution, without educational prerequisites; the term being fifteen weeks. Five questions were to be asked on each class day, once every week. Class day was Monday, and the time 1:15 P. M., an hour convenient for housewives everywhere. The students were required to find their answers and return their examination papers for grading, within a time limit of ten days. Four of the questions were questions of fact, and the fifth, a question involving the opinion of the student. The answer to question No. 5 was to be in the form of an original essay in order to develop both initiative and facility of expression. The questions of fact were related for the most part to cultural subjects, such as history, English, literature, and composition. These questions—to use the language of the photographer, were exposures, designed to bring the student in contact with a great array of helpful facts. The fifth question, a developer, permitted the student to draw upon his own knowledge and experience, and utilize these to the best possible advantage.



Dr. Seth Maker, director of University of the Air.

"THE following is a sample list of the questions, such as were submitted every class day:

1. Please quote what you believe to be the most effective speech in the drama "Julius Caesar," by William Shakespeare.
2. What great prehistoric art or discovery contributed most to civilization?
3. Name the planets of our solar system in the order of size, then in the order of their distance from the sun.
4. Correct the following sentences:
   'Everyone of them are good.'
   'It benefited neither your nor I.'
   'I ought to have went there.'
   'Neither of them are dead.'
5. Write in 250 words or less, a story of life in 1931—one hundred years from now. (Here is full scope for your deductive powers, as well as your imagination.)

"You can readily see that the first question cannot be answered intelligently, without a comprehensive reading of the drama mentioned. Question No. 2 demands more than a mere superficial investigation. To give a correct answer to Question No. 3 requires a reasonable knowledge of the Copernican theory. No. 4 is only one of many questions submitted which develop facility of speech and the use of correct English. No. 5 calls for a creative effort, and there are other similar questions.

(Continued on page 77)

Tuneful Topics

(Continued from page 32)

the name of the composition was "Adios," and I resolved then and there to secure the composition for presentation on some of our broadcasts.

Buddy Sheppard, our solo violinist, knows Madriguera very well, as Madriguera had been concert master with one of the NBC house orchestras, and Sheppard had substituted for him on various occasions. A few nights later Madriguera honored us by visiting the Pennsylvania Grill late at night, with a copy of Adios for me.

Home

HOW I could ever have failed to discuss this composition is somewhat of a mystery to me. It was certainly not due to any lack of interest in the composition, as it was shown me in embryo, and I enthused about its musical possibilities. While I was a little afraid of the general construction of the composition, as being a bit complicated, yet as I have just said above, "Stardust" has shown me that the lay mind, if it so desires, can twist itself around any composition.

Perhaps my interest in the composition was increased on learning that one of its composers was Peter Van Steeden. Van Steeden has always stood in my mind as one of the cleanest and finest orchestra leaders in the business, a boy of the same quality and type as his predecessor, Smith Ballew. Van Steeden is playing nightly at Smith's old hang-out, Whyte's Restaurant, and he has one of the finest dance aggregations it has been my pleasure to hear. I am sure if you have ever caught him on his NBC broadcasts you must be of that same opinion. Van Steeden has been leading for years, and was fortunate at one time to have the personal aid and direction of that master arranger, Arthur Lange. Certainly he was well-grounded in the art of arranging, writing and direction. I am not a bit surprised to find that "Home," one of his first compositions, has clicked and is now the leading hit of the country.

Harry and Jeff Clarkson are two new-comers to writing, both of them young, enthusiastic, and extremely happy that their first composition, which they wrote with Van Steeden, has become a real overnight hit.

We have just made a hit-of-the-week record which will be released in January sometime, with an unusual arrangement of the composition that I hope will make something pleasant to listen to.

The Song I Wrote for You

MR. VALLEE brings himself into the picture again. This time, however, in the role of revisor.

Two amateur writers brought me a popular song with a title that I liked, and a simple melody that I liked; they called it THE SONG I WROTE FOR YOU. The melody in the middle part of the chorus was absolutely contrary to all the rules of common sense and sequence; furthermore the expression "Lover mine, the waltz they're playing," was just a bit too "tutti fruitty" for my very plain and humble tastes. The song was left in my hands to do with as I saw fit. The revision was comparatively simple for me, as its defects were so apparent that there was little doubt in my mind what I would have to do.

Where it said "Lover mine, the waltz they're playing," I changed it to "Listen to the waltz they're playing," and the melody construction in various parts of the chorus was but the work of a few minutes. If the song ever becomes a hit, and stranger things have happened, yours truly will not take the bow for it, as the original idea and the general make-up of the song was not conceived by me.

There is a feeling along Tin Pan Alley, however, that sometimes it is very difficult to say just how much credit should be given to a particular writer when there happens to be several writers concerned. Sometimes the changing of one note or one word has made all the difference in the world as far as public assimilation of the ditty goes, and it is a keen judge indeed who may say just which contribution of any writer is responsible for the hit properties of any song. However, my keenest delight is in the revision of manuscripts, as from the standpoint of a singer, and one who watches the public at very close range while dancing, I feel that my best qualifications are for a general examination of an idea in embryo and the polishing up into a tighter and better song.

I was not even above changing the handiwork of those gods, Messrs. DeSylva, Brown and Henderson, in "You Try Somebody Else." There was a place in the chorus of that song where the accent came on a very unimportant word. To me the pronouns are more important than the verb "meant" in the phrases, "If I was meant for you, if you were meant for me," but the climax of a musical note in these two places gives the word "meant" more emphasis, so I had the audacity to reconstruct the parts so that the high, explosive note came on the words "I," and "You," giving them emphasis, and differentiating between two pronouns which were complete opposites.

I Found You

THE British Lion roars again, and this time the same three boys who wrote and sent us the English version of "Goodnight Sweetheart" have aspired again to a popular song hit. I'm afraid they will not see the success of "Goodnight Sweetheart" duplicated in this tune, though it is a dandy. One of the best barometers of all is the fact that most of the Connecticut Yankees raved about the song, and called it to my attention.

We played it recently for the sick daughter of Louis Bernstein, of Shapiro, Bernstein and Co., who are publishing it, and Frank Kelton, Manager of Exploitation for the firm, held the telephone as close as he could to the band and I sang I FOUND YOU especially for her.

"I Found You" will make an enjoyable part of any program. I am sure that long ere this article reaches you, you will have heard it time and time again.

Conclusion

I WAS rather amused as I glanced over the "Voice of the Listener" in the past issue of "Radio Digest," to find my literary ability completely routed by a young man with the auspicious title of "Ph.D." Fortunately, I have no illusions about my writing ability, and was not a bit crest-fallen or downcast, as I realize that it is really horrible. This is rather paradoxical in view of the fact that English and Composition were my forte in both high school and college, as the records would show if you cared to investigate. However, I have always seemed to incline towards split infinitives, wandering from the main subject, and little or no punctuation, but I do these things deliberately, because I believe it makes for easy reading.

In other words, I couch my thoughts in the way that I believe most people arrange their own ruminations and *pensamientos*. Just as I have never attempted to sing in the grandiose style, because I believe that Gene Austin, Marion Harris, Nick Lucas, and most singers of our type have become popular due to the fact that we sing a song as the average person would like to sing them were they offered the opportunity. And that is the way I write these articles—as simply as possible, with more of an eye to the subject matter than to the syntax and technical arrangement of it for the eyes of any Doctor of Philosophy.

I am very sincere when I agree with the mentioned gentleman, and I accept his reproof most humbly.

Guy

(Continued from page 15)

bardo tribe—Jean Goldkette once offered three trumpet players for him. He is crazy about the movies, and has built a home apparatus of his own. He used to sing in the orchestra until he decided he needed his wind for the trumpet.

VICTOR LOMBARDO—"Vic" is twenty-one but tells people he is older. Tchk. Tchk. Perhaps the handsomest of the Lombardos and is responsible for the music of the baritone saxophone. He once directed his own orchestra, until enlisted by Guy. He has a favorite movie actress but he can't remember her name.

FRED KREITZER—Blonde, nervous and amusing. His active hands coax unexpected trills and lilting notes out of the piano—presenting an unusual accompaniment. He is affectionately known as "enemy" which is a hangover from war days. Began study of piano at the age of seven, continuing for 15 years. Coming to New York was his biggest thrill. His ambition is to live in California but he doesn't want to leave New York.

LARRY OWEN—Is an affable young gentleman with a moustache adorning his upper lip. He's the only member of the band not hailing from London, Ontario. He hails from Cleveland. He plays second sax and Oh—*does* he play it?

FRED HIGMAN—He's twenty-three and the tallest member of the band. Says his pet aversion is "enemy" with whom he and George Gowan live. Several nights a week after work he goes down to the Bowery and buys meals for some fifteen or twenty derelicts.

BEN DAVIES—Studied to be a tool maker but now plays bass horn. Tennis is his favorite sport . . . and his biggest thrill is getting over the first serve in a match. Scientific text books compose his only reading.

GEORGE GOWAN—He's the drummer of the outfit—and can he make those drums beat a hollow magic for the "Song of India"—and does he set a whispering tempo for soft music—and is he wonderful? He is.

JIM DILLON—He was born in London, Ontario—grew up in Nova Scotia and returned to birthplace to join Guy. He is a swell trombone player—and also—for an outside diversion, he enjoys amateur hockey.

FRANCIS HENRY—a pensive-looking blonde young man. He plays the guitar and banjo to perfection. He composed the song hit "Little Girl"—and is at work on another. His pride is a wire-haired fox terrier called "drags." For the Robert Burns Panatela broadcasts from the Columbia studios he perches on a high stool—directly under the microphone.

Every Monday afternoon at one of the studios in WABC—Columbia, the Royal Canadians assemble for rehearsal. There is an adjusting of microphones—production men move swiftly about—and there is a tuning of instruments. All is energetic and business-like. Suddenly the band swerves off into melody. Guy halts half-way and shows his vague disapproval by frowning. It didn't sound quite right. There is an immediate bedlam of suggestions. "Carm," who does most of the arranging, is outstandingly active. So is "Lieb." They stage a free-for-all argument.

Guy—That won't do. What we want is a good, snappy college medley.

Lieb—That was terrible.

Vic—Ye-ah.

Carm—It should end da-da-da. Like that.

Guy—No.

Lieb—That was terrible.

Carm—You can't do it any other way. Play it through again. Cut it off short at the end like this—da-da-da.

Guy—All right.

Which is a very mild example of the usual set-to.

The Roosevelt Grill nightly is a very charming place. There is a glistening of white satin dresses in the dim light, and the lull in conversation is punctuated by strains of "Good Night Sweetheart."

A couple stop at the platform, and Guy bends over affably to converse with them. He rules the tempo of the place, and of the air waves, by his violin bow and his personality. The violin, apropos, is never played—but the personality is much in evidence.

"Do you like modern young people?" we asked Guy.

His face broke into another smile.

"Well," he said without weariness, *"naturally!"*

Letters to the Artist

(Continued from page 27)

making his request, and asking you to please do this for him.

I have only seen the little fellow twice for one half hour each time in the past 18 months, and it will give me some pleasure to listen in here in my bed in the hospital and think of my boy enjoying himself. Thanking you in advance, I am, sincerely, Claude J. Croxdale, Ward R. 2, U. S. Veteran's Hospital, Oteen, N. Carolina.

This is part of a letter from a boy I know and whom I had not seen nor heard from in years up to this time. At present I haven't his address so that I might obtain permission to give you his name. It is so interesting I am sure that if he should happen to see it in Radio Digest he will forgive me for giving this much of it to the world—without using his name, of course.

Dear Irene:

. . . How I ate I don't know, but I lived.

At a "flop" house in Memphis between trains I heard of a job on the Mississippi River. I took it. Carrying 100 lb. rocks up steep river banks to prevent the banks caving-in. I was promoted to a pile driver and dredge-boat. We would get up at 3 A. M. and steam up the river for miles and build dykes. It was a very thrilling life and a dollar a day, with plenty of food—but the food happened to be poisoned one day and I became sick. Went to Memphis to try for a job. Went broke again, but was lucky enough to be left this studio while the owner was out of town. There wasn't any food in the place but oatmeal. The oatmeal was soon gone—and the coal for fuel. The nights were very chilly. I would sit huddled up for hours, reading, studying, drawing, and building hopes. I can dream on an empty stomach.

One night it was particularly lonely. The lights were out, except for a tiny glow of the radio. A cold wind whistled around the house, and even the darkness of the room seemed to shiver and come closer to the tiny glow of light. I pulled an old tattered bath robe around me, cuddled up in a big soft chair and listened to some far away orchestra. The music faded away and I fell asleep. I dreamed of that cold night spent on the lake front. I heard a voice, a thrillingly soft voice singing some old southern songs. "Why, that's Irene. What is she doing on this lake at this hour of the night? Hey, Irene!" I was awake. Not on a lake front, but in a soft chair seated before a mellow light. There *was* a girl singing. Hauntingly, thrillingly, and longingly, it seemed. "Gosh, but that voice is familiar. If that isn't Irene Beasley I'm a—" . . . This is station KMOX, the voice of St. Louis . . . etc. . . . singing . . . Irene Beasley . . . gal from Dixie, etc.

I was so happy I nearly cried . . .

THESE precious letters from people in all walks of life mean more to me than anything else. What a joy it is for us who have been privileged to spread such God-given gifts as we may have to so many people in near and remote places. To think that while one may sing in New York, that song is rebroadcast from Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, and a score of other cities that penetrate to the most distant spots! There are so many, many interesting letters but I am afraid I have already taken up more space than you had planned for me.

Art and Literature

(Continued from page 74)

"The first appeal for enrollments met with enthusiastic response. Registrations came from young and old; from men and women; from shut-ins, cripples, laborers, professional men, teachers, preachers, and most of all, from housewives with from one to six or seven children to care for. Three of the applicants were totally blind.

"The first week there were 1,722 registrations. Unchecked, it might easily have run up to fifteen or twenty thousand, and it suddenly dawned upon the sponsor, Doctor Parker, that it would require a small army of college graduates to mark and grade the papers for so many students, and the registrations were reluctantly closed. Diplomas were recently written and mailed to more than ninety per cent of the original registrants. The first—the very first—All Radio University Class has become a matter of history.

"Literally thousands of letters of appreciation have been received, and if the value of the new educational venture may be judged by the enthusiasm of its students, it is destined to grow and prosper.

"When details for a Radio University were submitted to Doctor Parker, he did not throw up his hands and call it a vague and impossible idea. He did not assume that all of the men and women who listen in radio land were obsessed with a desire to move about their homes to the rhythm of jazz. Being somewhat of a pioneer in the matter of adopting practical innovations, he embraced the idea at once.

What to Do and How

(Continued from page 24)

comes after him; and, last, the gentleman. There's only one chance to do it wrong, and that's for the lady and gentleman to go down the aisle together—and then they wouldn't be a lady and gentleman!

"When does a woman take a man's arm if at all?"

Miss S. A. C.,
Providence, Rhode Island.

It's permissible for an elderly woman or one who is ill to lean upon a man's arm at any time; but a healthy young woman or girl should never take a man's arm except at night upon the street. Then she merely rests her hand gently in the curve of his elbow; she doesn't grip him or run her arm through his. At a crossing, he may offer his arm and she may take it; but by no means should he try to joust her under the elbow, as some over-anxious young men insist on doing.

"Please, Mrs. Allen, could you tell me how to fold a dinner napkin correctly?"

Mrs. J. R. M., Buffalo, New York.

Certainly, Mrs. M. A dinner napkin should be twenty by twenty-four inches, and you should fold it square, with the monogram showing. However, if you have a small table and many guests, you may fold the napkin again diagonally, making a triangle that takes up less space.

"I was brought up away down South, and I never have got used to some of the northern ways. It just riles me to see a big strapping man sitting down in a subway train and a woman standing right in front of him. Another thing: The men up here hardly ever take their hats off in an elevator. Are they right and am I wrong? Has the world changed? Or what?"

Mr. E. G. M., New York City.

You are absolutely right, Mr. M., by the usual rules of etiquette. No edict has ever annulled the law that a gentleman may not sit while a lady is standing; or may he be in the same room with her and keep his hat on. However, our economic and social systems have altered rapidly in the past few years, and we must modify the rules of etiquette to conform. When woman entered business in great numbers and on the same footing with man, she voluntarily abandoned some of the privileges she had enjoyed as a charming but not very sturdy ornament of the home. In the rush hour on the subway, it would be impossible for any man who, by miraculous luck, had obtained a seat to pick out the woman who needed it most and give it to her. The fact that there would still be many women standing doesn't make any difference, of course; but the fact that many of those on their feet don't wish any special favors because they are women does. Most of them are quite grateful if they have room to stand! Consequently, I don't think you need worry if you remember to give up your place for an elderly man or woman, or one who looks tired or ill; otherwise, sit quietly, being scrupulous not to take up more than your share of space by sprawling or by sticking your feet into the aisle.

The answer to your question about removing your hat in the elevator requires the application of the same principles. A train is a public conveyance; so is an elevator. You would scarcely remove your hat because there were ladies on the train; you need not do so in an elevator. However, if, on the train or in the elevator, you converse with a lady, you should at least lift your hat when you first speak and again when you say goodbye; or, better, keep the hat off during the whole chat. Again practicality determines your procedure. When fifteen or twenty people get jammed into a single elevator, there's not room for the men to hold their hats in their hands; and if the hats are liable to being crushed—!

"Suppose a man and woman who know each other slightly meet on the street. Which should bow first?"

Miss C. R. B., Rochester.

The woman should recognize the man and bow first; if she fails to see him or to remember him at once, he may attract her attention in some unostentatious way. If it is extremely important for him to speak, he may beg her pardon and address her. If two women meet, the elder should bow first; but who wants to confess she's the elder? Likewise, the person of higher social position has the right to decide whether to admit an acquaintance. But who's going to judge the relative height of the social positions? A younger man meeting an older should wait for the latter to nod. There you have all the rules. But, fortunately, most people are so cordial that they bow almost simultaneously, and you'd require a slow-motion camera to make out which preceded. The one inescapable law, as I said, is that the lady must nod to the gentleman before he is free to bow. This rule puts a considerable responsibility upon her. She should never, unless for some grave cause, fail to acknowledge an acquaintance.

Mrs. Allen will be happy to answer your questions about etiquette. Just write to her in care of Radio Digest. From time to time, in her chats over the Columbia Broadcasting System at ten o'clock, Monday mornings, she will talk about these problems—always, of course, without mentioning your name.

Shaw and the Boob

(Continued from page 19)

go to America in the first place. Of course as soon as he found out that we were boobs and stupidly cold to his propaganda activities he had the intelligence to go back. Those who came over and are still here obviously are either too dull to see that they are butting their heads against concrete skulls or are enjoying our lack of freedom, our silly boobyism and becoming naturalized American boobs like the rest of us.

Of course, G. B., you must take into account that scattered here and there in our midst you will find Americans who are not boobs. Sometimes a thundering Voice rears itself in a circle of the intelligentsia and speaks with a Helen Maria roar. We probably should apologize for our Ambassador who shocked you with such a flow of language you could only gasp, "That is the Voice of

(Continued on page 80)

The MARKET PLACE

For Anybody Who Has Anything to Buy or Sell

Rates are twenty cents a word for each insertion. Name and address are counted. Two initials count one word. Cash must accompany order. Minimum of ten words. Objectionable or misleading advertising not accepted. Lineage rates will be sent on request.

●

¶ The MARKET PLACE has been "opened" as a service to readers of Radio Digest, to broadcasting stations, artists, and, in fact, anybody who is in the market to buy or sell anything.

¶ The MARKET PLACE offers an unusual opportunity for those interested to get their message before a great number of people at very small expense.

¶ If you operate a business and are seeking agents; if you operate a broadcasting station and want to sell equipment; if you are trying to sell a station or business; if you are seeking something you can't find in the local stores; if you are associated with a broadcasting station and want to make a connection in another part of the country, the MARKET PLACE is at your service. It is a sure, quick and economical way to reach an army of enthusiastic readers; a host of business people, including advertising agencies, broadcasting stations in the United States, Canada, and Mexico as well as in other parts of the world.

¶ Advertising will be run three columns to the page and each advertisement will be placed under a proper heading, such as "For Sale"; "Agents Wanted"; "Broadcasting Equipment for Sale"; "Business Opportunities," etc., etc.

●

Radio Digest Publishing Co.

420 Lexington Ave. **New York, N. Y.**

Telephone Mohawk 4-1760

The MARKET PLACE

For Anybody Who Has Anything to Buy or Sell

Rates are twenty cents a word for each insertion. Name and address are counted. Two initials count one word. Cash must accompany order. Minimum of ten words. Objectionable or misleading advertising not accepted. Lineage rates will be sent on request.

RARE COINS

OLD COINS for Sale. Price List and Old Coin 10c.
DAVIS
BOX 1791
HUNTINGTON,
W. VA.

CORPORATION SERVICE

INCORPORATE DELAWARE preparatory financing inventions, business. Retain perpetual control. Booklet, forms, free. Universal Incorporations, Dover, Del.

AGENTS WANTED

MEN Wanted to introduce a souvenir proposition of foreign stamps to stores, markets, etc. You make $7.00 on each order which you collect right away. Live wires can get several orders a day. Sample outfit including carrying case, beautiful advertising material, packets, circulars, order book, etc., supplied at cost of $2.50. This money returned when you get second order. Get started now and make big money. Grossman Stampco, 104 West 42nd St., New York.

GENERAL Agents and others. New, fast-selling, profitable line of flavors, toiletries, and other specialties—under your own imprint. Our plan wins. Write us at once. Diversified Products Company, 1215 Jackson Ave., Toledo, Ohio.

WANTED—Agents. For attractive, quick-selling office and store necessity, selling at $2.00. Commission 75c. Specialty Sales Co., Cairo, Ill.

SELL To stores, carded merchandise, razor blades, aspirin, etc., 45 different items. Metro Specialty Co., 8 West Pearl St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

NEW Invention, improved alarm chases robbers, intruders, etc., Simple, effective, safe. Approved by police. Radi-O-Alarm Co., 1701 Barr Bldg., Warren, Ohio.

"POWDERED-SILK" America's best hand cleanser sells fast to everybody. Removes grease, stains, ground-in dirt. Big profits. Sample free. Adams Manufacturing Co., Dept. A, Boone, Iowa.

NEW Rubber goods line. 47 money makers. Rubber rugs, cushions, bath mats, raincoats, rubber soles, aprons, baby goods, etc. Big profits, best values. Direct from Akron, the rubber city. Make $90 weekly. Credit given. Write for catalog and free outfit. Kristee Mfg. Co., 1431 Bar St., Akron, O.

AGENTS, Mechanics' soap! Cleans greasy hands immediately. Dozen cans $1.50. Mechanics Soap Co., 1610 Knapp St., St. Louis.

SELL Dealers Uncle Jerry's aluminum solder. Your profit over 50%. Box 146, Hamilton, Ohio.

STAMP COLLECTING

MEN Wanted to introduce a souvenir proposition of foreign stamps to stores, markets, etc. You make $7.00 on each order which you collect right away. Live wires can get several orders a day. Sample outfit including carrying case, beautiful advertising material, packets, circulars, order book, etc., supplied at cost of $2.50. This money returned when you get second order. Get started now and make big money. Grossman Stampco, 102 West 42 Street, New York.

A BIG Bargain—All for only 50c. Stamp album, providing spaces for 2200 stamps with 700 illustrations, packet of 500 different stamps, 500 hinges, and millimetre measure. Free with each order our pamphlet which tells "How To Make A Stamp Collection Properly," and our 80 page list of albums, supplies and hundreds of bargains in sets and packets. Queen City Stamp & Coin Company, Room 36, 604 Race Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

COVER PAINTINGS FOR SALE

PORTRAITS of beautiful and popular RADIO STARS painted by world-famous artists in exquisite colors for sale. They have all adorned the covers of Radio Digest and include: Helen Morgan, Ginger Rogers, Frances Collette, Countess Albani, Bernadine Hayes, Elitia Dore, Mary Charles, Virginia Gardiner, Lillian Taiz, Mary Hopple, Lily Pons, Dorothy Knapp, Betty Ross, Harriet Lee, Jessica Dragonette, Connie Boswell, Sylvia Sidney and many others. Rates submitted upon request.

RADIO DIGEST BINDERS

SET OF TWO BINDERS to hold 12 copies of Radio Digest. $2.00. Single binders $1.00.

Exclusively for Women—

HOTEL
MARTHA WASHINGTON
30 EAST 30TH ST.
29 EAST 29TH ST.

a fine residence for women. Ideally located. Close to shopping, theatre and all business districts.

Weekly for Two
Double Room Private Bath **$15**
DOUBLE ROOM Running Water $12
Weekly for One
SINGLE ROOM Private Bath $14
SINGLE ROOM Running Water $10
Daily Rates, $1.50 - $1.75 - $2
Phone: BOgardus 4-0600

The Home Hotel of New York

Homelike in service, appointments and location . . . away from noise and congestion, yet but a few minutes from Times Square . . . garage facilities for tourists.

Home folks will like this hotel

HOTEL
BRETTON HALL
BROADWAY at 86th ST.
NEW YORK

How you can get into Broadcasting



Floyd Gibbons
Famous Radio Broadcaster

BROADCASTING offers remarkable opportunities to talented men and women—if they are trained in Broadcasting technique. It isn't necessary to be a "star" to make good money in Broadcasting. There are hundreds of people in Broadcasting work who are practically unknown—yet they easily make $3,000 to $5,000 a year while, of course, the "stars" often make $25,000 to $50,000 a year.

An amazing new method of practical training, developed by Floyd Gibbons, one of America's outstanding broadcasters, fits talented people for big pay Broadcasting jobs. If you have a good speaking voice, can sing, act, write, direct or sell, the Floyd Gibbons School will train you—right in your own home in your spare time—for the job you want.

Get your share of the millions Advertisers spend in Broadcasting every year. Our free book, "How to Find Your Place in Broadcasting" tells you the whole fascinating story of the Floyd Gibbons Home Study Course—how to prepare for a good position in Broadcasting—and how to turn your hidden talents into money. Here is YOUR chance to fill an important role in one of the most glamorous, powerful industries in the world. Send the coupon today for free book.

Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting,
2000—14th St. N. W., Dept. 2B61, Washington, D. C.
Without obligation send me your free booklet "How to Find Your Place in Broadcasting" and full particulars of your home study course.

Name..... Age.....
Please Write or Print Plainly
Address .....
City..... State.....

F. & H. CAPACITY AERIAL



Price $1.00 Complete, Postpaid

Every Instrument Tested on Actual 1127 Mile Reception

A Large Number Are In Use by Government, in Navy Hospital

The F. & H. Capacity Aerial Eliminator has the capacity of the average 75-foot aerial, 50 feet high. It increases selectivity and full reception on both local and long distance stations is absolutely guaranteed. It eliminates the outdoor aerial along with the unsightly poles, guy wires, mutilation of woodwork, lightning hazards, etc. It does not connect to the light socket and requires no current for operation. Installed by anyone in a minute's time and is fully concealed within the set. Enables the radio to be moved into different rooms, or houses, as easily as a piece of furniture.

WE PREDICT THIS TYPE OF AERIAL WILL BE USED PRACTICALLY ENTIRELY IN THE FUTURE. 8,000 dealers handle our line. Dealers! Over 80 leading jobbers carry our line or order sample direct. Write for proposition.

— — — **Send Coupon it protects you** — — — —
Name .....
Address .....
City..... State.....
Send one F. & H. Capacity Aerial with privilege of returning after 5-day trial if not satisfactory, for which enclosed find ☐ check ☐ M. O. or dollar bill, or send ☐ C. O. D. ☐ Send Literature. ☐ Dealer's proposition.

F. & H. Radio Laboratories
Fargo, N. Dak., Dept. 32

Shaw and the Boob

(Continued from page 77)

the Middlewest." No mere boob could have done a thing like that to you.

But that is beside the point of your broadcast to us, and your views about Russia, which are so important to our national welfare. You had rambled on to the point in your advice to Americans contemplating a visit to Russia where you hinted some of our simple financiers might have made the mistake of going into foreign exchange by trading the Russian ruble. And you said:

"If you take that line in Russia you will soon get rich, but when this fact comes on to the notice of the Income Tax Authorities they will ask the O.G.P.U., which acts as an inquisition, to inquire into your wealth and methods. An agent will tap you on the shoulder and conduct you to the offices of that famous force. There, you will be invited to explain your commercial proceedings and your views of life in general. You will be allowed to vindicate your American business principles and your belief in individualism and self-help to the full 100 per cent. You will not be reproached, nor bullied, nor argued with, nor inconvenienced in any way. All that will happen to you is that when you have made yourself clear, you will suddenly find yourself in the next world, if there be a next world. If not, you will simply have ceased to exist, and your relatives will be politely informed that they need have no anxiety about you as you are not coming home any more.

DO not think this is a punishment or that it has anything to do with the criminal law. All it means is that the Russian putty has been shaped to believe that idiots are better dead. Idiot, as you know, means a person who can see no further than himself. Your views will satisfy the Russians that you are an idiot, and in mercy to yourself and society, they will just liquidate you, as they call it, without causing you a moment's unpleasantness. In this they are merely carrying out a proposal made by me many years ago.

"I urged that every person who owes his life to civilized society and has enjoyed since his childhood its very costly protection and advantages should appear at reasonable intervals before a properly qualified jury to justify his existence, which should be summarily and painlessly terminated if he fails to justify it, and it develops that he is a positive nuisance and more trouble than he is worth. The secret of the success of Russian communism is that every Russian knows that unless he makes his life a paying proposition for his country, he will probably lose it."

And after all this, G. B., you calmly advised us American boobs to go over to Russia and see for ourselves what a marvelous, wonderful, happy, thriving country it is. And you know how idiotic we boobs are about the sacredness of human life. Do you really want to destroy us by the mysterious arm of the all powerful O.G.P.U.? Would you stand idly by stroking your long gray beard while we innocently told our simple little alibi to the income tax collector, the while a snaky eyed GPU gunman crept up from behind and cracked a Soviet bullet midway up between our ears?

No sir, you wouldn't do that, G. B. Not you. Besides, who knows, the inspector might suddenly catch sight of you and not even take the trouble to listen to your tale—just simply wink to the gunman. And, presto, you'd be shaking hands with your friends in the next world, too.

It's too bad some of our really smart people haven't taken the trouble to answer your broadcast; but maybe they weren't listenin', G. B. So for safety's sake us boobs should "togedder shtick."

The Grand Wham

(Continued from page 13)

the assault of the flaying hands of that worthy is reduced by the time they reach the danger zone.

Lenore Ulric stage, screen and sometimes radio star is another entertainer on the Lean and Lissom HAuer. In fact it was at the time of her initial broadcast that Miss Ulric first visited the 69th floor of New York's Chrysler Building. Incidentally, Auer is proud of the fact that his studios and his prices match. They are both the highest in the country. Lenore was worried how her voice was going to sound for radio and a friend suggested that she pay Jac Auer a visit. She could not see what good a Swedish masseur could do her voice, but took a chance and went to see Jac. She told him what she wanted and also admitted that to her knowledge a massage wouldn't help a voice much. However, she took the treatment and went to her broadcast. Her voice needless to say was in great shape and now she relies on this weekly treatment, plus a strenuous massage, to keep her fit for her busy week in the theatre.

Before you enter the sanctum where Jac Auer holds court, you pass through a long hall. The walls of this hall are filled with autographed pictures of famous people. Some of these autographs strike a humorous vein. Others are out and out tributes to the prowess of Jac Auer. Besides brilliant stars of the entertainment world there are pictures of many princes of the business world. Walter Chrysler, the automobile magnet and also the landlord to Jac Auer, is a client. Lindbergh, the Flying Colonel, Franklin D. Roosevelt, governor of New York State; the late and beloved Harry Houdini and his wife, both of whom were regular clients.

There is a picture of Floyd Gibbons, conspicuous because it is unsigned. I asked Jac about this.

"Floyd promised the picture," he explained, "and then left for the Orient before he had time to bring it in to me. I asked his brother to get it for me and so I am keeping it here until Floyd gets back and then we'll have him sign it for the gallery."

Bing Crosby, maybe your favorite and positively mine, paid Jac a visit a short time ago accompanied by a friend. Bing watched the friend go through the mill and decided that it was not for him. Auer kidded him about it, and tried to make the sale. But Bing held his ground. He had seen too much.

"Nothing doing," quoth the pride of California, "I'm a little guy you know. And furthermore my nature rebels at such an ostentatious display of nudity."

According to Auer, Bing finally admitted that it was no doubt just what he needed and "maybe I'll be back sometime."

AND so this 160 pound version of a modern Shylock sits in his modernistic studios literally in the clouds, and takes his pound of flesh, aye pounds of flesh from the great and famous. Just as no man is a hero to his valet, neither is the biggest radio star in the heavens anything more or less than so much tissue to Jac Auer.

Morton Downey may have the sweetest voice this side of heaven when he is in the Columbia studios, but when he is in Jac Auer's studios all he has is a ripple of fat around his waistline.

Sylvia Froos may have the swellest lingerie in the length and breath of radio town, but she takes her beating in silence from Eleanor Woodward, the girl with the "Wham what Am."

I took one of the treatments a few weeks ago at the invitation of Jac Auer. It was late afternoon and a rosy sun was just settling into the Hudson at the foot of 42nd Street. It's glory reflected from the tinseled spires of the Chrysler roof filtered through the modernistic windows of the studios. John, our masseur, the while he hummed a Nordic ballad, plied his art. And as the same fingers that had stroked and slapped and punched some of this country's most famous stomachs, sped their nimble way up and down my arm, I dozed off praying; "Please Lord make me a radio star. This is the life."

My brief reverie was disturbed by loud voices. I looked up and Jac Auer was standing there laughing with his chief "Muscle-man."

"Guess he'll live alright, eh John?" he said.

"Yah," said John, "I t'ink so too."

WGAR



COVERS THE CLEVELAND MARKET

WGAR, a new Station for Cleveland, less than a year old, has won the immediate favor of listeners throughout the greater Cleveland area. Mainly because it brought to them for the first time, regular reliable reception of Amos 'n Andy, and other popular blue network features.

The Friendly Station of Cleveland

Two of the three large department stores of Cleveland use WGAR regularly to reach Cleveland's buying public. Inside their 35 mile primary area are 1,028,250 radio listeners.

WGAR reaches this lucrative market at less cost per person than any other medium

STUDIO
STATLER HOTEL

TRANSMITTER
CUYAHOGA HTS.

WGAR BROADCASTING COMPANY

CLEVELAND

G. A. RICHARDS
President

JOHN F. PATT
Vice-Pres. and Gen. Mgr.

"None so good as LUCKIES"



"I've tried all cigarettes and there's none so good as LUCKIES. And incidentally I'm careful in my choice of cigarettes. I have to be because of my throat. Put me down as one who always reaches for a LUCKY. **It's a real delight to find a Cellophane wrapper that opens without an ice pick."**

Jean Harlow

Jean Harlow first set the screen ablaze in **"Hell's Angels,"** the great air film, and she almost stole the show from a fleet of fifty planes. See her **"Goldie,"** a **Fox** film, and **Columbia's "Platinum Blonde."**

MOISTURE-PROOF CELLOPHANE
Sealed Tight Ever Right
THE UNIQUE HUMIDOR PACKAGE
Zip—
and it's open!

"It's toasted"

Your Throat Protection—against irritation—against cough

And Moisture-Proof Cellophane Keeps that "Toasted" Flavor Ever Fresh

Copr., 1931, The American Tobacco Co.

★Is Miss Harlow's Statement Paid For?
You may be interested in knowing that not one cent was paid to Miss Harlow to make the above statement. Miss Harlow has been a smoker of LUCKY STRIKE cigarettes for 2 years. We hope the publicity herewith given will be as beneficial to her and to Fox and Columbia, her producers, as her endorsement of LUCKIES is to you and to us.

THE CUNEO PRESS, INC., CHICAGO

Radio Digest

March

25 Cents



Betty Council NBC

Beauty Unseen Wins Anyway

Vincent Lopez • Frazier Hunt • Dean Archer

The Cumberland Ridge Runners—featured in the Aladdin Barn Dance Frolic, on

WLS

CHICAGO



The Aladdin Barn Dance Frolic

Every Saturday night from 8:30 to 9:00 Central Standard Time, the Cumberland Ridge Runners, featured act on WLS, Chicago, bring to thousands of listeners the highly popular Aladdin Barn Dance Frolic. They are sponsored by the Mantle Lamp Company of America, makers of the famous Aladdin Lamp, the most satisfactory light known for homes without electric service.

It is the second year Aladdin has brought WLS listeners this justly popular act. The boys are natives of the Cumberland mountain district of Kentucky and present a program of "Play Parties" based on games they themselves played at parties in their home neighborhoods and revives memories of present and past days to thousands of listeners. They produce these plays and music with a fidelity of detail possible only to those to whom it is a natural part of their every day lives.

Listen to this unusual program Saturday nights and become personally acquainted with the boys who present it—in the picture from left to right, Karl Davis, mandolin; Hartford Connecticut Taylor, guitar; Slim Miller, fiddler; John Lair, jug—(the leader); and Hugh Cross, the Smoky Mountain Boy. You'll enjoy knowing them—and Aladdin Lamps.

WLS

THE PRAIRIE FARMER STATION

BURRIDGE D. BUTLER, President
GLENN SNYDER, Manager

Main Studios and Office: 1230 West Washington Blvd., CHICAGO, ILL.
50,000 WATTS 870 KILOCYCLES

SAY FELLOWS

GET INTO

RADIO-TELEVISION

AND

TALKING PICTURES



Let me tell you how I can quickly train you, NOT by book study, but by actual shop training on real Radio, Television and Talking Picture equipment in 10 WEEKS in the great shops of COYNE in Chicago.

Here at Coyne you don't need advanced education or experience and many of my students earn while learning. after graduation I give them lifetime employment service. Here at Coyne too you get individual instruction and you can start anytime.

Radio offers jobs as Designer, inspector and Tester, Salesman, and in installation work, operator of a broadcasting station, wireless operator on a ship, with Talking Pictures theatres - with Television Laboratories and studios. Television alone will soon be calling for thousands of trained men.

Come to Coyne here in Chicago and prepare for one of these jobs the quick and practical way - BY ACTUAL SHOP WORK.

It is a shame for any fellow to go thru life as an untrained man working at small pay, and never even sure of a steady job, and when he does work working at any old price they want to pay him.

You can avoid this. You can be a trained man and have a real future. Mail the coupon today and I'll send you my big Free book and tell you how you can be a success just as hundreds of my graduates are making

H. C. LEWIS, President
Radio Division, COYNE ELECTRICAL SCHOOL
500 S. Paulina St., Dept. 32-9H Chicago, Ill.

Send me your Big Free Radio and Television Book, and tell me how I too can make a success in Radio.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

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THE NATIONAL BROADCAST AUTHORITY

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Radio Digest

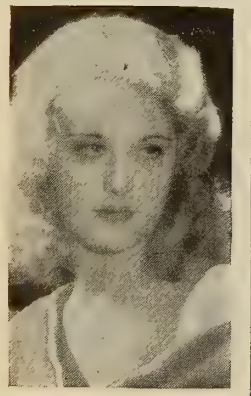
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Charles R. Tighe, Associate Editor

Nellie Revell, Associate Editor

Including RADIO REVUE and RADIO BROADCAST

Raymond Bill, Editor



ETHELYN HOLT. a sight and sound subject over CBS in a series of experimental television plays. Miss Holt has to commit to memory every line in these plays. Her experience in stock companies has given her an excellent background for this work. The talkies will get you, if you don't watch out.



LOUISE BRABANT has recently become a member of the family of WTAMians. Miss Brabant is a Chicago society girl and brings to the audience a voice of unusual quality and range. Radio listeners have heard this unusual coloratura soprano over WBBM, WMAQ and WGN.

March, 1932

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PEGGY KEENAN who teams up with Sandra Phillips in the CBS program, "Piano Pictures," has done a great deal of touring in vaudeville. She is tall, slender and has red hair. Peggy studied with Godowski and Stojowski and has done a great deal of concert work and accompanied famous artists in recitals.



ILOMAY BAILEY "blues" singer over NBC, literally "swam" her way through college as swimming instructor. Every day except Tuesday and Thursday she can be heard with Lee Sims over the NBC-WJZ network. "Piano Moods"—that's the name of the program.

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63 FOREIGN COUNTRIES

get dependable 'round the world reception with SCOTT ALL-WAVE RECEIVERS



Darkened areas show the foreign countries in which Scott All-Wave Receivers are depended on for radio contact with the rest of the world.

Not only in America, is the Scott All-Wave supplying an entirely new concept of radio performance. In other lands too—in difficult spots, this receiver is doing equally sensational work. For instance, atmospheric conditions are so bad in the Canary Islands that reception there has always been considered almost impossible. Scott All-Wave Receivers located in the Canary Islands, bring in stations 9,000 and 10,000 miles away with good clarity and volume. But it is the underlying reason for such amazing performance that interests *you!*

The Scott All-Wave Receiver is so powerful and so sensitive, that when operated with the volume turned way down below the noise level, there is still more than enough sensitivity to give ample loud speaker reproduction of signals originating 9,000 and 10,000 miles away. This is one of the main reasons why Scott All-Wave Receivers are being used with complete success in 63 foreign countries today—why Scott owners in *this* country can tune 'round the world with their receivers whenever they choose—and why YOU will want a Scott!

What is the Difference that makes the Scott All-Wave so much Better?

The Scott All-Wave is not a factory product. It is built in the laboratory by experts and to laboratory exactness. Physical measurements are by the micrometer—electrical measurements are computed to the smallest fractions—each nut and bolt, each wire, and each operation, no matter how small, is performed by a man with a thorough technical understanding of radio.

The result is a precision-built receiver capable of doing things that factory-built receivers can never hope to do. The result is sensitivity so great that Chicago owners can listen to G5SW, Chelmsford, England; 12R0, Rome; VK3ME, Sydney; HRB, Honduras; and many others any day they choose. The result is also perfect 10 Kilocycle selectivity. No "cross talk." And the resulting tone is nothing short of downright *realism*—full, round and natural.

These Foreign Countries Now Served by SCOTT ALL-WAVE RECEIVERS

1. ALASKA
2. ARGENTINE
3. BARBADOS
4. BELGIUM
5. BERMUDA
6. BRAZIL
7. BRITISH GUIANA
8. BRITISH OCEANIA
9. CANADA
10. CANAL ZONE
11. CANARY ISLANDS
12. CHILE
13. CHINA
14. COLOMBIA
15. COSTA RICA
16. CUBA
17. CZECHOSLOVAKIA
18. DOMINICAN REPUBLIC
19. ECUADOR
20. EGYPT
21. ENGLAND
22. FINLAND
23. FRANCE
24. FRENCH WEST AFRICA
25. FRENCH WEST INDIES
26. GERMANY
27. GREECE
28. GUATEMALA
29. HAITI
30. HAWAII
31. HONDURAS
32. INDIA
33. ITALY
34. JAMAICA
35. JAPAN
36. MALTA
37. MEXICO
38. NETHERLANDS
39. NETHERLAND EAST INDIES
40. NETHERLAND WEST INDIES
41. NEW ZEALAND
42. NICARAGUA
43. NORTH AFRICA
44. NORWAY
45. PANAMA
46. PERU
47. PHILIPPINE ISLANDS
48. POLAND
49. PORTO RICO
50. PORTUGAL
51. SALVADOR
52. SAMOA ISLANDS
53. SCOTLAND
54. SIAM
55. SOUTHERN RODESIA
56. SPAIN
57. SWITZERLAND
58. TRINIDAD
59. UNION SOUTH AFRICA
60. URUGUAY
61. VENEZUELA
62. WALES
63. YUGOSLAVIA

Sturdy Construction Protects Precision Adjustments

The precision work, which gives the Scott All-Wave its supremacy is assured constancy by the heavy steel chassis—rigid as a bridge, and *chromium* plated to protect it from deterioration. The All-Wave chassis is so sturdily built that it is unconditionally guaranteed for five full years. Any part proving defective within that time will be replaced free of charge.

Write for Full Details

Surely, a 15-550 meter receiver that will satisfy the exacting requirements of 63 different foreign countries, will suit your needs better than any other. Surely, a receiver that is tested on reception from London and Rome before shipping is the receiver you would rather own. Mail coupon today for full particulars of the Scott All-Wave Receiver. (Name and address of Scott owner in each foreign country, sent on request).

CLIP

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Chicago, Illinois

Send me full details of the Scott All-Wave, 15-550 meter superheterodyne.

Check here if Set Builder ☐ Dealer ☐ Radio DXer ☐

Name .....

Street .....

Town ..... *State* .....

The E. H. SCOTT RADIO LABORATORIES, Inc.
FORMERLY SCOTT TRANSFORMER CO.
4450 Ravenswood Avenue, Dept. D-3 Chicago, Illinois

Next Month Come the Finals in Beauty Queen Contest

Votes received from all parts of the Nation---Preliminaries ended---Zone winners and finals in April

VOTES . . . votes . . . votes! From every part of the country they are being mailed by readers of Radio Digest in its campaign to find the Beauty Queen of American Radio. The first phase of the contest is over. By the time this issue of Radio Digest is in your hands we will have started counting the votes cast for the various candidates—and the winner in each of the three zones will be selected. Then comes the final test of beauty! The picture of the girl in each zone receiving the largest number of votes cast for any candidate in that zone will appear in the April issue of Radio Digest. DON'T FAIL TO GET THE APRIL NUMBER SO THAT YOU CAN REGISTER YOUR VOTE IN THE FINALS. The girl receiving the greatest number of votes in the finals will be the cover girl of one of our future issues. This picture will be painted by a prominent portrait painter and then the winner will be presented with the original painting. Fame will be her reward and you will have the satisfaction of knowing that for the first time the public has been the judge of beauty and has had the opportunity of expressing a preference. Of course, if there is a tie vote identical awards will be made to winners.

On this page appears a list of the artists who represent the three zones. For three months readers of Radio Digest have been studying this list and making their selections from the pictures of the stars as they appeared in Radio Digest. Enthusiasm has been rampant as is indicated by many letters received.

A Long Island reader writes: "I am enclosing my votes herewith and I want to tell you that I think this contest is an interesting and splendid idea." A gentleman from Michigan sends in his ballots and a letter giving the reasons for his choice as follows: "I have a half dozen pictures of beautiful Jane. She looks so sweet and real . . . not a lot of make-up about her . . . I surely hope Jane wins."

There are many more letters and quite a stack of votes. The counting begins as soon as the closing date of the campaign (announced in the last three issues of Radio Digest) brings in the last batch of votes.

Zone One

Edith M. Bowes, CNRH, Halifax, Canada.
Catherine Fields, WEAF, New York City.
Rosaline Greene, WJZ, New York City.
Estelle Happy, WTIC, Hartford, Conn.
Ethelyn Holt, W2XAB, New York City.
Harriet Lee, WABC, New York City.
Verna Osborne, WOR, Newark, N. J.
Mary O'Rourke, WPAW, Pawtucket, R. I.
Lillian Parks, MCDA, New York City.
Christine Perera, CMBT, Havana, Cuba.
Nina Tonelli, WLWL, New York City.
Mary Williamson, WMCA, New York City.

Zone Two

Nell Cook Alfred, KRMD, Shreveport, La.
Virginia Clarke, WJJD, Chicago.
Donna Damerel, WBBM, Chicago.
Nan Dorland, WENR, Chicago.
Jane Froman, WMAQ, Chicago.
Connie Gates, WGAR, Cleveland, O.
Lena Pope, WCKY, Covington, Ky.
Peggy O'Neil Shelby, WEBQ, Harrisburg, Ill.
Constance Stewart, CKNC, Toronto.

Zone Three

Elizabeth Anderson, KTLC, Houston, Tex.
Celeste Rader Bates, KGDM, Stockton, Calif.
Miriam Dearth, WNAD, Norman, Okla.
Alice Holcomb, WFAA, Dallas, Tex.
Hazel Johnson, KFYR, Bismark, N. D.
Rita Lane, KPO, San Francisco, Calif.
Helen Musselman, KGO, San Francisco, Calif.
Julietta Novis, KFWB, Hollywood, Calif.
Nellie Santigosa, KROW, Oakland, Calif.
Madaline Sivyer, KQW, KTAB, San Jose, Calif.
Annabell Wickstead, XEQ, Juarez, Mexico.



J. E. Smith, President, National Radio Institute, the man who has directed the Home-Study training of more men for the Radio Industry than any other man in America.

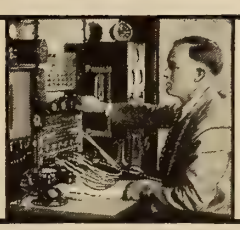
YOU'RE WANTED *for a* Big Pay Radio Job

I'll Train You at Home in Your Spare Time for RADIO · TELEVISION · TALKING MOVIES



Set Servicing

Spare-time set servicing is paying N. R. I. men $200 to $1,000 a year. Full-time men are making as much as $65, $75 and $100 a week.



Broadcasting Stations

Need trained men continually for jobs paying $1,200 to $5,000 a year.



Ship Operating

Radio operators on ships see the world free and get good pay plus expenses.

Aircraft Radio

Aviation is needing more and more trained Radio men. Operators employed through Civil Service Commission earn $1,620 to $2,800 a year.



Talking Movies

An invention made possible by Radio. Offers many fine jobs to well-trained Radio men, paying $75 to $200 a week.



Television

The coming field of many great opportunities is covered by my course.



IF YOU are earning a penny less than $50 a week, send for my book of information on the opportunities in Radio. It is free. Clip the coupon NOW. Why be satisfied with $25, $30 or $40 a week for longer than the short time it takes to get ready for Radio?

Radio's Growth Opening Hundreds of $50, $75, $100 a Week Jobs Every Year

In about ten years Radio has grown from a $2,000,000 to a $1,000,000,000 industry. Over 800,000 jobs have been created. Hundreds more are being opened every year by its continued growth. Men and young men with the right training—the kind of training I give you—are stepping into Radio at two and three times their former salaries. J. A. Vaughn, Grand Radio & Appliance Co., 3107 S. Grand Boulevard, St. Louis, Mo., writes: "Before I entered Radio I was making $35 a week. Last week I earned $110 selling and servicing sets. I owe my success to N. R. I."

You Have Many Jobs To Choose From

Broadcasting stations use engineers, operators, station managers and pay $1,200 to $5,000 a year. Manufacturers continually need testers, inspectors, foremen, engineers, service men, buyers, for jobs paying up to $7,500 a year. Radio operators on ships enjoy, see the world, with board and lodging free, and get good pay besides. Dealers and jobbers employ service men, salesmen, buyers, managers, and pay $30 to $100 a week. There are many other opportunities too.

So Many Opportunities Many N. R. I. Men Make $200 to $1000 While Learning

The day you enroll with me I'll show you how to do 28 jobs, common in most every neighborhood, for spare-time money. Throughout your course I send you information on servicing popular makes of sets; I give you the plans and ideas that are making $200 to $1,000 for hundreds of N. R. I. students in their spare time while studying. My course is famous as the one that pays for itself. G. W. Page, 2210 Eighth Ave., S., Nashville, Tenn., writes: "I picked up $935 in my spare time while taking your course."

Talking Movies, Television and Aircraft Radio are Also Included

Special training in Talking Movies, Television and home Television experiments, Radio's use in Aviation, Servicing and Merchandising Sets, Broadcasting, Commercial and Ship Operating are included. I am so sure that I can train you satisfactorily that I will agree in writing to refund every penny of your tuition if you are not satisfied with my Lessons and Instruction Service upon completing.

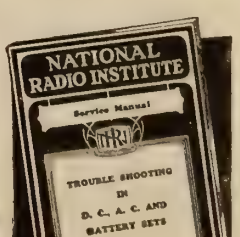
64-page Book of Information Free

Get your copy today. It tells you where Radio's good jobs are, what they pay, tells you about my course, what others who have taken it are doing and making. Find out what Radio offers you, without the slightest obligation. ACT NOW!



J. E. SMITH, President
National Radio Institute
Dept. 2CR3
Washington, D. C.

Special Free Offer



"Trouble Shooting"

Act now and receive in addition to my big free book "Rich Rewards in Radio," this Service Manual on D. C., A. C., and battery operated sets. Only my students could have this book in the past. Now readers of this magazine who mail the coupon will receive it free. Overcoming hum, noises of all kinds, fading signals, broad tuning, howls and oscillations, poor distance reception, distorted or muffled signals, poor Audio and Radio Frequency amplification and other vital service information is contained in it. Get a free copy by mailing the coupon below. ACT NOW.

THIS COUPON IS GOOD for One FREE COPY OF MY BOOK *mail it now*

J. E. SMITH, President
National Radio Institute, Dept. 2CR3
Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. Smith:

I want to take advantage of your Special offer. Send me your two books "Trouble Shooting in D. C., A. C. and Battery Sets" and "Rich Rewards in Radio." I understand this does not obligate me and that no salesman will call.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*..... "M"

Coming *and* Going

Observations on Events and Incidents in the Broadcasts of the Month

HOW do you like Jessel as a substitute for Cantor on the Java hour? It's a tough spot for George. He needs mike training, just as Cantor did. Too many stage personalities underestimate the importance of knowing just how to put themselves into a microphone. And how do you like the ever-popular Elsie Janis? Now don't say "Just Esso"—anyway she's improving, and everybody's pulling for her.

* * *

IT'S a shame about Aileen Clark, one of the most delightful coloraturas on the air. You remember her, no doubt, on the Valspar program. She sang once and no sooner was the program finished than the mail department of the NBC-N. Y. studios was flooded with calls and telegrams. Within twenty-four hours from her first hearing she was signed by her Valspar sponsor. She sang thirteen weeks then the contract was not renewed. She hasn't had a program since. She wasn't very adept at stunts. To hold high C for three minutes was too much. And she was so much better equipped to sing opera and concert selections than torrid jazz. "But I could sing blues better than I could hold high C for three minutes for a stunt," she laughed.

* * *

SPEAKING of Aileen Clark I am reminded of Aline Berry, the charming Mrs. Peter Dixon, the mother in the Raising Junior skit that comes nightly over an NBC network. Peter and Aline are about the two most popular young people in the whirl of parties that loops around between broadcasts. They are impartial so far as business affiliations are concerned. You are just as apt to find them at a CBS affair as an NBC.

* * *

PETER always suggests to me a dynamo of repressed energy. I know he does a tremendous amount of work, but I've never seen him doing it. Besides his daily skit of about two thousand words he grinds out a peppy radio column that is syndicated through a dozen leading newspapers. Then he is at the head of the Beacon Syndicate with a staff of about fifteen writers which turns out programs and dramatic skits to order for broadcasting stations all over the country. He has numerous other chores that come in the day's work. But when I see him he has time on his hands and talks leisurely about what should be done to improve radio drama. He is positively worried about it—thinks something or somebody should take it by the collar and jerk it out of whatever it's in. I'll tell you more about that one of these days.

* * *

FLOYD GIBBONS and Peggy Hull, our two old friends of war days, are back in the trenches on the Shanghai front as these lines are written. I think they must be having a grand time, daring sudden death and disaster in their pursuit of headline news. Floyd's one broadcast from the battle front was a masterly achievement. He lured the Japanese general in command to a telephone booth in a Chinese pawnshop, talked by wire to Tokyo, and then over the Pacific heavens to San Francisco and to all of the American continent. We even heard the general telling us all about it in Japanese. Floyd then slashed through the air a vivid word picture of his adventures with the Japanese army in frozen Manchuria. Then came his sudden dash to Shanghai in time to attend the opening fireworks in that bomb blasted city. Every dispatch has been a masterpiece of war reporting.

* * *

MODEST little Peggy Hull who used to write regularly for Radio Digest about what the stars had in store for radio celebrities has not had the benefit of proper editorial appreciation for the remarkable war stories she has been writing in the newspapers. But she gave us the detailed story as seen with a woman's eyes when she told of the Japanese sailors forming in line at the station in their dark blue uniforms unaware of death so near at hand; how they started marching up the street like a Memorial Day parade and then dropped "like flies in the dust" as hidden rifles cracked from windows over the stores. She told at another time of standing on the roof of the Hotel Cathay and watching the airplanes that "seemed to hang in the air" as they swung around the city spreading fire, destruction and mass murder. It was Peggy's ambition to broadcast her stories from Japan as she came to the Radio Digest office to say good-bye to her friends here before sailing. She made her first broadcast under Radio Digest sponsorship. She also was heard over an NBC network when she broadcast her impressions of the great air armada of 600 army planes that zoomed over her head as she stood on a roof of lower Manhattan last year. Good luck to Peggy Hull!

* * *

SOMEBODY one of these days will wake up and sign Tom Curtin for his best Thrillers. Curtin's dramatized adventure narratives I think are one of the top notchers. They carry something of the fact appeal of the March of Time and the gripping suspense of Sherlock Holmes. Curtin lived at Lord Northcliffe's home when he was in London. But the most of the time he was bluffing his way in and out of enemy lines during the World War and through the most hazardous positions. "How many of these Thrillers do you suppose you could produce?" asked Phil Carlin when he heard the first audition at NBC. "Oh, I could easily knock out 200 without half trying," replied the ex-war correspondent for the London Times. I asked Mr. Curtin for some of his letters when he dropped in the other day. You will find a few in this Radio Digest. Others we had but did not use. They were human documents. Every adventure is bona-fide. Mr. Curtin is meticulous about the things he states as facts for well he knows some listener—probably several—will be in a position to check him up in detail. His program will be a boon for some discriminating broadcaster.

* * *

I THINK the watchword for the next phase of commercial announcements in connection with a program will be "INTEREST." Advertisers will get over the tactics of billboard ballyhoo. That worked for a while but it couldn't last. The patent medicine barker of radio is surely trailing down to the end of Oblivion street with his gasoline torch and fake promises. Listeners are revolting at the many fraudulent word contests. Sell it with a good story at the end.—H. P. B.

Which of these BIG PAYING BROADCASTING JOBS do *you* want?

The Floyd Gibbons Course will show you how to get it in your spare time—right in your own home



DO YOU want a position paying from $3,000 to $15,000 or more a year? Do you want to get in Broadcasting — the newest, fastest growing, most glamorous industry in the world today? Then here is a remarkable new method of training that fits you for the job you want—right at home in your spare time—a method developed by Floyd Gibbons, famous "Headline Hunter of the Air".

If you can talk, sing, act, write, direct, read or sell—no matter what branch of Broadcasting you are qualified for—if you have natural talent, the Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting will train you in the Technique of Broadcasting, preparing you to take a high salaried position in this fascinating work.

Your Opportunity in Broadcasting

Broadcasting offers you unusual opportunities for fame and success. It is recognized everywhere as the fastest growing industry in the world today. And Broadcasting constantly needs new talent. Broadcasting is *growing*—growing so fast that no one dares predict how large it will become in the next few years, or how many more millions of dollars will be spent annually before the "mike"—staggering as the figures already are.

Think of it! Four years ago a total of $4,000,000 was spent over the air. Last year, *advertisers alone* spent $29,000,000, while radio companies spent many times that amount. Many more millions will be spent next year—thousands more men and women will be employed—if they are properly trained. This spells opportunity for you in letters a foot high.

Turn Your Talent into Money

Think of what this means to *you*. Realize that *you* can have *your* share of these millions—if you have talent combined with the proper training. If you can act, if your voice shows promise, if you are good at thinking up ideas, if you have hidden talents that can be turned to profitable Broadcasting purposes, you, too, can qualify for a job in Broadcasting. Let Floyd Gibbons show you how to capitalize your hidden talents!

Talent alone is not enough to bring you success in Broadcasting—you must have a complete and thorough knowledge of the Technique of Broadcasting. Many well known singers, actors, writers and other successful artists have failed dismally before the microphone — while others who were formerly unknown have risen suddenly to undreamed of fame and fortune. Why? Simply because those who have been successful were *trained* in Broadcasting technique, while those who failed were not.

That is why the Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting was founded—to bring you the training that will start you on the road to Broadcasting success. This new, fascinating home-study Course gives you a complete and thorough training in all branches of Broadcasting. Now you can profit by Floyd Gibbons' years of experience in Radio. Now—right in your own home—in your spare time—through this remarkable Course, you can train for a big paying Broadcasting position. No need to give up your present position or make a single sacrifice of any kind while you acquire the technique that makes Radio Stars. Out of obscure places are coming the future Amos and Andys, Graham MacNamees, Olive Palmers, and Floyd Gibbonses, and their future earnings will be enormous.

Complete Course in the Technique of Broadcasting by FLOYD GIBBONS

A few of the subjects covered are: The Station and Studio, Microphone Technique, How to Control the Voice, How to Make the Voice Expressive, How to Train a Singing Voice for Broadcasting, the Knack of Describing, How to Write Radio Plays, Radio Dialogue, Dramatic Broadcasts, Making the Audience Laugh, How to Arrange Daily Programs, Money Making Opportunities Inside and Outside the Studio, and dozens of other subjects.

Jobs like these often paying from $3,000 to $15,000 a year are open to trained, talented men and women.

Announcer	Advertising
Singer	Publicity
Actor	Musician
Musical Director	Dramatist
Script Writer	Reader
Program Manager	Writer
Sales Manager	Director

or any other field of Broadcasting

Excellent positions in Broadcasting are open to men and women who have mastered the technique of Broadcasting. Read how you, too, can prepare yourself for a big paying job in Broadcasting.

Send for FREE booklet

An interesting booklet entitled "How to Find Your Place in Broadcasting" tells you the whole fascinating story of the Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting. It tells you how to prepare for a good position in Broadcasting. It tells you all about our Course and how you can turn your undeveloped talents into money. Here is your chance to fill an important role in one of the most glamorous, powerful industries in the world. Send today for your copy of "How to Find Your Place in Broadcasting." See for yourself how complete and practical the Floyd Gibbons Course in Broadcasting is. Act now—send coupon below today. Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting, Dept. 2C61, U. S. Savings Bank Building, 2000 14th Street, N.W., Washington, D. C.

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Dept. 2C61, U. S. Savings Bank Building,
2000 14th Street, N.W., Washington, D. C.

Without obligation send me your free booklet, "How to Find Your Place in Broadcasting" and full information regarding your spare time, home-study Course in the Technique of Broadcasting.

Name ..... Age .....
Please Print or Write Plainly

Address .....

City ..... State .....



Vincent Lopez

"I FIND my work a thrill every night. I love crowds if they are gay, and happy . . . It is like a happy dream to stand on a rostrum and see beautiful women, and stalwart men, drifting by, while rainbow lights play on them during a dreamy waltz,"
—Lopez speaking.

Jogging Along Down Memory Lane with

Vincent Lopez

Pioneer Radio Jazz Master Reflects on Colorful Career that wends from Somber Walls of a Monastery to the Bright Lights of Broadway and London Night Clubs

By Vincent Lopez

MEMORIES, I firmly believe, provide the real happiness of life. The secret of being happy, I have always thought, is making of today a pleasant memory for tomorrow. The trouble is, we discover the secret only after we have stored up a preponderance of memories that recall events which stir us too deeply. Still, I like to gaze back over the years and the events that characterized them. It gives you an opportunity to check up on yourself and it makes you look ahead, too—carefully.

Even now I find fleeting moments of boyish joy in recalling those days when as a kid in Brooklyn, it was my great ambition to be a fireman. It was a dream that my father brought to a rude end by decreeing that I was to learn music—the guitar, the piano, and the mandolin. And then, to my consternation I learned that father had chosen my vocation for me—the priesthood.

There was some happiness too, in the monastery at Dunkirk, where a lad of 12, I found my urge for musical expression supported by the kindly priests. I believe it was there that I acquired my real love for melody. It was there too, that I discovered the virtues of silence. We had long periods of it—they were called "Meditation." Few of my friends know that I entered a monastery. It is difficult, I suppose, for them to associate me with religion, especially, when they look back to the days when I officiated in honky tonks, blissfully unaware that I was in training for the interpretation of the jazz era that was to come. I didn't last long in the cloister. I suppose I believed myself then a free soul. I took my own vocation.

What followed conjures memories that are tinctured with flavorings of unmistakable hardships. I shudder to recollect the dreary days that I spent in the prosaic offices of a milk company. Then I recall, John O'Kane, a singer appeared. And then Eddie Moebus; and the first thing I knew, I was playing a piano in a Brooklyn restaurant. Perhaps you can remember with me, that in those days, the piano and a singer comprised the only entertainment to be had in a restaurant. How happy I was to get $3 a night. I was happy to work 14 hours at a stretch.

Few of those people I know today recall McLaughlin's at Sheepshead Bay. I was 17 when I took the job there. We had 35 singing waiters. I had to play for all of them.

ONE of my happiest recollections is meeting up with Al Herman. That was when I was 19, and playing at one hotel or another. It was Al who guided me to the Pekin. I joined the five-piece orchestra as piano soloist. It was three months later that the big break came—it is one of my happiest memories. I was given the leadership of the Pekin orchestra—my first! My star performer at the time was Russ Gorman, who performed on the wailing horn. He was later to rise to fame as Paul Whiteman's ace saxophonist.

It was at the Pekin that I gave Ted Lewis a job, too.

Then came the dawn of the jazz age. I loved it immediately. Its clamor and clatter were discordant, but the rhythm is what fascinated me. It caught you and held you and then made you sway.

My next memory is of Coney Island —Perry's. It is an extremely happy reminiscence. There I met Pat Rooney and Marion Bent. They liked the new music, and the first thing I knew, I had signed with them for their act, "Rings of Smoke." Rooney and Bent taught me more than any other persons I had met. They taught me showmanship. After a season with them came engagements at Ross Fenton Farm, and then I went back on the road with this lovable pair. Soon afterward, came the offer from the Pennsylvania Hotel.

It was there that I began making special arrangements of the modern dance music. J. Bodewalt Lampe was my first arranger. He taught me in so many words that the real conception of an orchestra is that of one great instrument on which the director plays at will.

You'll find it difficult to believe, but my wisest advisor at this time was Alma Weere, a cigarette girl. It was she who used to criticize the music, and tell me what the patrons were saying. Then came the billing at the Palace. And soon afterward, they asked us to play for the radio. It was the radio that brought the orchestra nation-wide fame, and I am not ungrateful to the radio for the part it has contributed to my success. We played for WOR and the old WJZ.

I still thrill to the memory of a subsequent trip to London and the gay Kit Kat Club. The Duke of Marlborough was our real sponsor. A fine chap the duke, and a regular fellow.

Back in New York, after success abroad, and then the Casa Lopez. I shudder at the memory of that place. I shudder at the notoriety that an overzealous press agent brought, when he framed a fake story of a dancer's attempted suicide in the lake at Central Park. I still fidget when this incident flashes across my mind. I was not

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Letters to the Artist



Tom Curtin as he is today after an amazing life of countless hair-raising adventures.

Many Listeners Write to Author of

THRILL *Adventures*

By TOM CURTIN

Dear Mr. Curtin:

Would you mind if readers of Radio Digest look over your shoulder as you read some of the letters from your listeners?

—Editor.

Dear Mr. Editor:

LETTERS from the listeners in response to the Thrill Adventures series over the NBC network always bring to me the greatest thrill of all. The tiny ether wavelets trickle into so many homes that sometimes they touch and reknit a thread of friendship that has been broken by time and tide and circumstance. Now here is an instance:

On the night of December 26th, 1931, Alexander Simonyez—now of Brooklyn, but formerly of Constantinople and points East—was innocently exploring the ether with his radio dial. Suddenly Simonyez's dial hand became rigid; then his power hand turned on more juice. Every nerve tingled at this totally unexpected hearing of a name—and a voice—he had known a decade back when the window of his room had looked out on minarets and the Bosporus instead of on commercial skyscrapers and the East River.

The name was Princess Nina Mdivani. But Simonyez knew more than the name. Again he was delivering his pretty confectioneries from the patisserie in Istanbul to the temporary home of General Mdivani. It had been a special delight for him to make an extra display of his confections to the young school-girl princesses of the household, Nina and Rousidana.

That was in 1921 when General Mdivani and his family were refugees in Constantinople. Those days came vividly back to Simonyez now as he heard the rich musical tones of Princess Nina's voice coming from the loudspeaker in his Brooklyn room—Princess Nina of whom he had lost all trace in a stormy decade of years that had buffeted him out of the confusion of Istanbul and pitched him into the scramble of New York. . .

On the Manhattan side of the East River I was putting on a special coast-to-coast Saturday night "Thrillers" at the National Broadcasting Company. I was dramatizing the actual escape of Princess Nina Mdivani with her mother and youngest brother Alexis from their home in Batum, across the Black Sea from Constantinople in the Trans-Caucasian land of Georgia. General Mdivani, who had been aide-de-camp to the Tsar, had gone to Constantinople to organize the White Army with General Wrangel in a last great effort to win back Russia from the Bolshevists.

For four years the tide of Bolshevism had been unable to sweep south of the Caucasus. And while General Mdivani was militarily active with his plans in Constantinople he felt that his wife and young son and daughter were safe in his old governmental mansion in Batum.

Like a broken dam before a swollen river that security was abruptly and tempestuously swept aside in 1921. And it is at that point that I began the drama which the confectionery worker of Constantinople picked out of the air waves entirely by chance on the night of December 26th.

A real life drama that begins with General Mdivani flashing a wireless message from Constantinople to the last hope in Batum—the Italian steamer *Garibaldi.* The gallant lieutenant, a la stage operetta, volunteering to go back into the town to the rescue. The *Garibaldi* letting go the anchor again. The lieutenant bursting in upon the young Princess Nina with the ringing com-

mand that they have only five minutes to leave the house. Not even five minutes, for the Red Cavalry is already clattering through the streets and a stormy mob is blocking the square outside.

The Mdivani chauffeur drives the car to the door inside the gates. The refugees quickly get into it. The lieutenant opens the gates. The car rolls through but is blocked by the mob. Seemingly no chance to reach the harbor and the *Garibaldi*.

The young Princess Nina jumps out and makes her way to the Bolshevist leader standing on his own red painted car inciting the mob amid shouts of "Long live Lenin! Long live the revolution!" The frightened girl appeals to him and he looks down at her. Then, Bolshevist or not, the human heart in him was touched by her entreaty.

"There is only one way," he tells her. "Go quickly back into your car. I will drive through the crowd. They will open up for me. Tell your driver to keep his motor so close to mine that the crowd cannot get between and block you off."

There are dead men on the side streets—machine guns are tack-tacking at the last of the barricades as the refugees reach the water front and the launch takes them to safety.

The *Garibaldi* weighs anchor and heads into the Black Sea sunset to Constantinople, where Princess Nina is reunited to her still younger sister Rousidana in the temporary quarters of their father.

Then it was that Simonyez of the patisserie shop used to go with his confections and spread them before the admiring eyes of the two young princesses.

And now to hear the actual voices of both Princess Nina and Princess Rousidana! What an event for Simonyez! His ear also picked up the name of the Waldorf Astoria. So at the earliest respectable moment next day he presented himself at that Park Avenue hostelry, where he lived a golden hour of reminiscence.

He also discovered that Princess Nina is now married to Charles Henry Huberich, American, with international law offices on two continents. And that Princess Rousidana is married to Maria José Sert, Spanish mural artist, who did the Sert Room in the new Waldorf Astoria.



Princess Nina Mdivani, heroine of Mr. Curtin's broadcast "The Flight of a Princess." She appeared in person to assist in the broadcast and her voice was recognized by a listener who had been at the scene of her narrow escape.

ACROSS another river, in Plainfield, New Jersey, Harold E. Williams had tuned in on the same broadcast to which Simonyez was listening in Brooklyn. Mr. Williams' letter speaks for itself:

Dear Mr. Curtin:

It was with great interest that I listened to your "Thrillers" drama on the "Flight of a Princess" last evening, as I was in Batum myself during those stormy and terrifying times. I was the captain's coxswain on His Majesty's Ship *Marlborough* at the time.

Probably only a few people know of the inside methods used in the final flight of the survivors of the Russian royal family from the bolshevists—that at the last moment the British Admiralty sent a man-of-war to their rescue. They had fled to the southernmost part of the Crimea, where escape seemed hopeless. Some of those whom we rescued were: Prince Yousopoff, who killed Rasputin; Grand Duke Nicholas, generalissimo of all the armies of old Russia; Grand Duke Michael, Princess Orloff, Grand Duchess Xebia, and Empress Maria Feodano, the mother of the Tsar.

I would like to show you the actual photographs I have of those stirring scenes.

Harold E. Williams.

Letters like that make the flash-point connection of friendship of us rovers of the world. Close to big scenes, but not quite meeting until the magic of radio bridges the gap—and then we find we have so much in common that it seems as though we'd known one another all our life. I was not far from the *Marlborough,* having my own adventures in Black Sea lands in the Red War that followed the World War.

IN THESE "Thrillers" I use only actual exploits. And my response mail most emphatically proves to me that dramatic truth is a much prized Radio commodity. When I broadcast "The Mysterious Companion," an escape from Ruhleben Camp near Berlin by two British prisoners and a "plant," I was careful to reproduce accurately the positions of the essential barracks, the two lines of barbed wire and fence —all of which I knew first hand. And I also reproduced a bit of the modest part I played in giving the escapers the help that probably got them through to freedom at the Dutch frontier.

Here is the letter I received the very next morning from Brooklyn.

Dear Mr. Curtin:

I have heard your story tonight and it certainly brought back some memories. I was a prisoner in the same camp at Ruhleben. I, also, escaped from that prison camp two times, but was caught on the Holland border. Your story was almost the same as my own. So you see how it hit the spot.

I hope to hear from you and will listen in again Sunday.

Louis Amkraut.

Back in the spring of 1922 when icebergs began to break away from Greenland fate placed me in the midst of about a hundred of these green-white monsters on a tramp freighter that was being salvaged by some desperately skilful seamanship. We chummed with the icebergs for five whole days off the narrow entrance to St. John's, Newfoundland. When we got in the story was a big one for the newspaper of that northern port. Thomas J. Walsh was the local reporter who did the story —and then he and I and the rescued wireless operator did some knocking about that wildish coast. After that we went on our several ways to the ends of the earth, drifting out of each other's lives.

One night Thomas Walsh was listening in to Nellie Revell's sparkling, witful and informative hour when he heard an old familiar name mentioned. Here is the letter that came out of that little earful.

Dear Tom Curtin:

Your "Thrillers" have given me a genuine thrill. Since I heard you were on the air I have not missed one of them, and have been greatly entertained. Keep up the good work. When I go to New York after Christmas I hope we may renew that acquaintance which began on the climax of another of your thrillers—the rescue of the Oxonian off Newfoundland. But the real climax thrill for me was when I heard your name mentioned by Nellie Revell and found you were truly the D. Thomas Curtin I knew.

Thomas J. Walsh.

Radio is a gift of heaven to shut-ins. My heart quickens when I open a message from some one who has heard me while lying in a hospital. Here is one from Ward B-2 U. S. Naval Hospital, Brooklyn, N. Y.

National Broadcasting Company.

Gentlemen:

We, the undersigned veterans, wish to take this opportunity to thank you for broadcasting such an excellent feature as Tom Curtin and his Thrillers. Seldom has anything on the air pleased us so much, and we'd like to hear the good news that Tom Curtin will stay with us. We all know *real stories* when we hear them—and that's why *we folks who have been places and seen things* are so strong for Curtin's Thrillers.

John J. Baird	Thomas F. O'Brien
Joseph B. Seeley	Charles G. Rumery
Fred W. Rohrer	Stephen Frances

AN encouraging word from those professionals who know their "theater" is stimulating. Here are two. The first is from Brewster, New York.

Dear Mr. Curtin:

I am an actor—or perhaps I should say a retired actor—with twenty years experience in every English-speaking country in the world. I say this by way of expressing my appreciation of your well acted, worth-while presentations. In your most refreshing plays the actors are provided with something they can bite into. The best. And thank you.

E. W. Wilson.

And the second is from Rowayton, Conn.

Dear Mr. Curtin:

Allow me to thank you for the most enjoyable half hours we have had in some time. "Thrillers" is very well put on, and we flatter ourselves that we are good judges. We have been in the theatrical business for many years. My husband was Company Manager for W. A. Brady last season. We hope you will be with us over the air for many Sundays to come for we need more of this kind of entertainment.

Mrs. L. E. Weed.

There's a deep down heart touch to a fellow who's roamed the world when he gets letters like these:

My dear Mr. Curtin:

This admirer is seventy-six years of age and most thoroughly enjoys your "Thrillers." I hope you will continue to help me pass otherwise lonely hours. My dear husband and I loved Gibbons "yarns" but now that my husband is no longer with me it is doubly essential that I have something to turn to. You and the NBC players have meant a lot to us and the least we can do in payment is express gratitude. Only the shut-ins and aged really know the value of radio. Yours in grateful appreciation and hoping you continue to "thrill."

Mrs. Stephen A. Cuddy.

DEAR SIR: I am writing to tell you how much I personally appreciated your story concerning the four escaped prisoners. Well, sir, I might say I had a brother in the 35th Canadian Battalion organized at Montreal, I believe. However, brother was taken prisoner, I believe, on the Ypres salient and taken to Westphalia, Germany, to work on farms. He finally ventured an escape, no doubt similar to the one you unfolded to us on the air, finally to land in Holland and home in this city. It was only to be killed by a train here two years after. However, sir, your drama just brought me back to the time of Private Walter Atkins' return home . . . when we saw his tired face once again, no doubt tired of all and everything but glad to be home. . . E. Atkins, 468 Brock Ave., Toronto.

Dear Sir and Brother Adventurer: Your program came in fine Sunday evening. It made the old dogs itch to be away searching the ends of the world. Yet, like many another ship, I have come to anchor for a time being in the big country. And while the desire is strong guess that my days of adventure are over as I am well anchored. Until the anchors heave themselves up and start cruising for themselves I will have to depend upon the radio and the magazines to do my wandering. Best wishes. C. R. Chadbourne, M. E., Cardinal, Ont.

And so I could go on through these precious letters that have come in out of the ether. Letters from adventurers whom I had known; letters from other adventurers who too, have roamed; but most of all from young and old, men and women, boys and girls, who do the more useful job of living in homes, but who love to listen to the drama of a thrilling tale.



Jane Vance

WHY wouldn't Paul Whiteman choose this petite young miss to add a dash of color to his program. Just in case you don't believe it, there's her sorority pin to identify her as a daughter of Northwestern University. They showed infallible judgment in choosing her last spring as fairest co-ed, *n'est-ce pas?* We salute!

The Jolly Chef

Gay and Happy were the Golden Days when Rector's was the Focal Point of Merriment and Good Things to Eat— Mine Host Himself Revives it All for a Nation of Listeners

By Ted Deglin

SEARCHING the world over for interesting people and ideas to beguile the radio audience sponsors of Our Daily Food program discovered George Rector. And who, pray, in all this bibbed and napkinned land could possibly know more about good food and the bon vivants than the jovial Mr. Rector himself? So up to the mike with him. Let him reminisce and introduce to you that prince of gourmands, Diamond Jim Brady who was Rector's "twelve best customers".

GEORGE RECTOR is now a broadcaster. To the thousands who knew the old Rector's in its salient position on Broadway, the name brings up memories of wining and dining when these two occupations were arts of preparation and understanding. To the epicure the name Rector means the quintessence of flavoring in food; to the *bon vivant* it means bright lights and sparkling beverages.

George Rector is a personality typifying the genial host; he is still the lord and master of culinary secrets denied to all but a chosen few. The celebrities who came to worship at the shrine of Epicurus (translated Rector's), left him with a store of anecdotes which have filled two books, delighting tens of thousands, and which will now recall pictures to millions as he reminisces over the air-waves.

George is of the House of Rector, an oligarchy of restaurateurs reigning in Chicago and New York. He was sent to Cornell where he chose to enlist in the ranks of the barristers, but the call of the Cafe was too strong for him. When his father told him that Rector's best twelve customers — "Diamond Jim" Brady — insisted that something be done about bringing the recipe for the famous "Filet of Sole Marguery" to this country from the Cafe Marguery in Paris, George volunteered to "return with the sauce, or in it."

AND that was the start of a colorful career which brought him a royal decoration and an enviable reputation.

Before a microphone at the NBC studios on The Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Company's "Our Daily Food" program, George Rector is the same raconteur and jovial personality he is when sitting at a dining table. His round face, bounded on the north by slightly thinned white hair, balanced front and center by a full gray mustache, and bounded on the south by a "spare tire" as he calls it, is keenly alive. He motions. He waves his arms as he describes the gastronomical delights of the old Rector cuisine, and when he describes the process of preparing famous foods he makes each ingredient seem an important cog in the wheel of living.

He tells of many happy days in France which, though spent in kitchens as chef's apprentice, nevertheless brought him a store of culinary knowledge which has found a ripe reward. He was first sent to the Cafe de Paris, in Paris, where he learned the art of scrubbing floors; the proper way to polish a dish and just what motions to use when wielding a broom. These mastered, he graduated to the "bus boy" class, then was permitted to enter the select circle of waiters, that silent-footed, suave and sure group which built up an aristocracy of its own.

THE gourmands and epicures served in the Cafe de Paris demanded a sense of tact and finesse which was of the highest. To illustrate the situations encountered in this profession, Rector tells this story:

"One day everything was going along nicely when suddenly a patron went berserk. A plate crashed within an inch of my head. It took a dozen of us to subdue the diner. The head waiter sought to find out the trouble, but our guest was speechless. Finally, he sent for a gendarme —a policeman. Meanwhile, the poor frightened waiter who had offended him was hiding in the linen closet.

"In about fifteen minutes our guest was able to talk coherently. Seeing that he had calmed down somewhat, the head waiter said: 'Your pardon, sir, but were you visited with bodily



"One drop, no more, my dear young lady. One must be precise to achieve art in the making of a cake." These lucky girls were permitted a peep into the culinary sanctum of the jolly wizard, and what a thrill it was!

harm by that atrocious waiter?"

" 'Name of a cabbage!' shouted the diner. 'I was not attacked. I can take care of myself. I was a soldier in the Third Empire. What is bodily harm to a man who fought the Prussian Guard in '71?'

"Then he became more violent, and had to be led out by a convoy of gendarmes, who escorted him to a hospital. He went out the door, still shrieking, 'He brought the prunes in backward! He brought the prunes in backward!'

"We questioned the waiter, who had been hiding in the closet. He said that everything had been going fine, until the prunes were served. The diner had looked at the prunes in amazement, clutched at his throat, then made a grasp for the waiter's neck, screaming, 'They're backward! Name of a pig, they are not forward!' "

WITH all of the preliminaries mastered Rector was accepted in the Cafe Marguery as a student of Maurois, the chef. For three whole months, 15 hours a day, he experimented with the Sole and sauce, and at last he produced a combination that was voted perfect by a jury of seven master chefs.

Then came his big moment. He was commanded to prepare Filet of Sole Marguery in the Palais des Champs Elysees for a state dinner in honor of Oscar, King of Sweden. And for the culinary perfection he demonstrated that day, President Loubet of France decorated him with the "Cordon Bleu."

Now he returned to the United States with the sauce Marguery and on the day of his arrival prepared it for "Diamond Jim" Brady who had been expectantly looking forward to that day.

"Diamond Jim," by the way, lives strongly in Rector's memory. Let him tell you of this colorful character:

"He was an odd character, and the first of the successful salesmen who utilized the bright lights of Broadway to promote the sale of his commodities. His name was derived from his jewelry, and when Diamond Jim had all his illumination in place, he looked like an excursion steamer at twilight. He had powerful diamonds in his shirt front that cast beams strong enough to sunburn an unwary pedestrian. He had diamonds in his cuffs and actually wore diamond suspender buttons, fore and aft. The fore may have been good taste, but the aft were *parvenu*. He wore diamonds on his fingers and there was a rumor that he had diamond bridge work. His vest buttons also were precious stones, and I think that when remonstrated with for his excessive display of gems, Mr. Brady remarked, 'Them as has 'em wears 'em.'

"Although his business life led him among the bright lights, Diamond Jim never smoked or drank. But how he could eat! He loved to be surrounded by handsome men and beautiful women at the table, and it was no unusual thing for us to lay covers for eight or ten guests of Mr. Brady. If they all kept their appointments, fine! If but two or three were able to be present, fine! And



George Rector, the jolly chef, with his characteristic smile and as he appears before the microphone for Good Food talks.

if nobody showed up but Diamond Jim, fine! Mr. Brady proceeded gravely to eat the ten dinners himself.

"It is possible to obtain some idea of his terrific capacity by his average menu under normal conditions. When I say he never drank, I mean intoxicating beverages. His favorite drink was orange juice. I knew just what he wanted, and before he appeared at the table I always commandeered the most enormous carafe in the house. This was filled to the brim with orange juice and cracked ice. He tossed that off without quivering a chin. It was immediately replaced with a duplicate carafe, to be followed by a third, and possibly a fourth before the dinner was over and the last waiter had fainted in the arms of an exhausted chef.

"THE next item was oysters. Mr. Brady was very fond of sea food. He would eat two or three dozen Lynnhaven oysters, each measuring six inches from tip to tail, if an oyster has either. An observer of Diamond Jim eating oysters, remarked, 'Jim likes his oysters sprinkled with clams.' Observing the same diner from a near-by listening post, this man continued his observations with 'Jim likes his sirloin steaks smothered in veal cutlets.'

"After Diamond Jim had nibbled daintily on three dozen papa oysters, it would be an even bet that he would order another dozen or so just to relieve the monotony. Then would follow a dozen hard-shell crabs, claws and all. There was no soup, which discounts the statement that Jim fanned the soup with his hat.

"Diamond Jim was a gentleman, even though he did wear his napkin around his neck. This was not due to lack of etiquette, but rather to the conformation of Mr. Brady's topography. A napkin on his knee would have been as inadequate as a doily under a bass drum. Diamond Jim's stomach started at his neck and swelled out in majestic proportions, gaining power and curve as it proceeded southward. Therefore the only place where a napkin would have done him any good was around his neck. And there he wore it. It looked like a bookmark in a tome of chins."

Although he is exclusively with The Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Company, Mr. Rector broadcasts but once or twice a week. When he is on the air he delights his audience with anecdotes about Brady; the Vanderbilts; Sarah Bernhardt; Enrico Caruso and others whose names reflected the glamour of the gay 90's and the tumultuous twenty pre-Volstead years on Broadway.

HE TRAVELS over the country making personal appearances in cooking schools, demonstrating the art of "making every-day food appeal to the epicure." When he broadcasts he gives menus and recipes which housewives find possible for their use. To this end, he may well be called the "Crusader for Happiness," for his suggestions on making daily foods tasty to the eye and palate are making men love their wives again. Hail George Rector, the Great White Way's menace to divorce!

Something significant of the trend of the times was noted in all civilized countries when the lights were turned out at Rectors for the last time. It was a sensation. The world had moved around another milestone in the pathway of history. Now the old glamour, the old crowd with its whimsies of the day have melted into the dim mists of the past. Only the jolly old chef, who always was far more than a chef in that he was at the same time a genial and companionable host, George Rector, remains. Through his own vivid personality alone the radio listener is transported to another day that has passed. And a million housewives are learning how to make better things to eat for their families.

"Just An Humble Opinion"

By Rudy Vallee

METROPOLITAN centers recently have developed a new type of columnist—a bizarre and startling fellow who stalks about among his betters exulting in his power to strike terror through the sheet that tolerates his kind of insolence. He overcomes his lack of intellectual parity by his brutality, just as the physical giant will use his fists instead of his head in a clash of wits. It may be all a part of Nature's plan to maintain the human balance but it is tough on the victim who must take his type lashing without means of defense or retaliation. So the readers of Radio Digest doubtless will understand the feelings of Rudy Vallee, who flies to battle for a young mother recently drawn into the mikespot and forthwith made the target for these lead slugs engraved with points that are deadlier than bullets.
—Editor.

I WAS rather amused as I read the following part of an article in a radio weekly. The essence of the article itself was a query as to whether success would spoil a certain young lady who had become a star overnight, as it were. The article began:

"There have been so many cases where it has been acquired simultaneously with a big contract. So-and-so is an ordinary singer; he climbs suddenly to fame; equally suddenly he becomes unapproachable, a person to be seen only by appointment. He laments that another is stealing his stuff; he deplores the fact that he never gets decent breaks from publicity departments or booking offices (purely imaginary). And needless to say it is not with joy in their hearts that the people who have to work with him watch such evidences of temperament. Radio Row is as bad as Hollywood in the number of unpleasant stars in evidence."

The caption of the quoted paragraph also read "Is it true that conceit is an inseparable part of radio stardom?"

The unfortunate part of such statements as this, and paragraphs such as the one quoted, is that too many lay readers of this article who, perhaps, have never given the matter a thought, will be led to believe that conceit *is* an inseparable part of radio stardom, or stardom in any other field for that matter. This article was unquestionably written by someone who has never known what it does mean to be in the limelight, or the article would never have been written.

ONLY the person who has the headache can appreciate how the head feels. Too many articles such as this one, which find their way to the eager and believing eyes of hundreds of thousands of readers are written by individuals who have a limited knowledge, or complete lack of knowledge, of the thing which they are discussing.

Take the opening line of the paragraph, stated so dogmatically and positively, as though absolute proof could be given by the writer: "There have been so many cases where it has been acquired simultaneously with a big contract." How stupid! How asinine!

With the decision, or the contract to do anything, great or small, in life there come attendant complications and a necessary change of routine and life. With such a big contract which subsequently came to this young lady, her time was necessarily more taken up. There are 24 hours in the day, and it is generally conceded that at least eight should be given to sleep. Take the particular case of this young lady. Before this big contract was given her she probably devoted several of the sixteen remaining hours (assuming she only took the minimum amount of sleep) to the care of her children which, after all, is the prerogative of a mother. Then, too, she lives out of town and (since beginning the broadcast) many hours are spent in traveling from her residence to the studios in New York for rehearsal.

Many hours have to be spent listening to songs, either at the publishers' offices, at the studios, or in the privacy of the home, because songs are the vital part of any singer's life on radio, and when a person is on fifteen minutes a night for six nights a week, it requires many songs to make each fifteen minutes worthwhile. Out of the hundreds of songs listened to, many are worthless; still there must be hundreds listened to, all of which takes a great deal of time in order to find the select few.

All of this serves to eat up the remaining few hours not spent in actual travel back and forth from the studio.

With the acquiring of a big contract come obligations of many sorts, too numerous to mention; discussions with the sponsors of a radio hour, the reading of fan mail, and in many cases appearances in theatres, at benefits, pictures, and all the things that usually go with success in one particular field.

Time left for conversations with neighbors and friends necessarily becomes increasingly small. Naturally, too, any such person suddenly thrown into the limelight becomes a target for hundreds of individuals desiring to bring some benefit to themselves as a result of this person's climb to success —insurance agents, book agents, amateurs who believe that their song is another tremendous hit, people with all sorts of requests and propositions—few of them, indeed, offering anything to the successful individual, most of them seeking to *get* something.

Granting that all of these, even the parasites among them, should have access to the new star, what if it is an impossibility? There are only sixty minutes in the hour, and the person who can show how these sixty may be increased will be a very successful person indeed. When it is a flat impossibility to see people due to the fact that one's schedule may be completely filled with things absolutely essential and necessary to be done, then it is extremely unfortunate that a person in such a predicament must bear the stigma of "high-hat" or conceit. Only one who has been in this predicament can appreciate it.

It is quite obvious that the ones who write these articles have never known such a demand for their time.

Another paragraph reads:

"There is the case of a very prominent singer. He has been long reaching the pinnacle of success and it has taken many years of hard work and perseverance. Yet he will walk in and out of a studio, or along the street and pass by without a sign of recognition. That is just one instance . . . there are many more."

I AM not quite sure just who was referred to by this paragraph. I only know that personally I try to greet everyone I meet with a cordial recognition. But I do know that at times I am so fatigued and worried by my work, especially when I am in the midst of a law suit or an exceedingly difficult rehearsal, or a situation that requires much concentration and thought, that it is quite possible while walking along Broadway, or in and out of the Pennsylvania Hotel, or in the lobby of the Apollo Theatre, that I may neglect to say hello to certain individuals I know, and know well. It is very likely that my mind is so fully occupied at the time I am not aware there is anyone else around.

Life for a person in the public eye, doing a great deal of work, demands a great many important decisions. And

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Della Bartell

IT WAS a big night for Della when she received a telephone call from Ben Bernie, the Old Maestro, just after she had finished her regular program at WCFL, Chicago, where she is regularly engaged. He invited her to sing on one of his programs, then another, and another until now she has become known from many stations across the country. But she still loves WCFL, the station that discovered her, and considers that her home port of radio.



Frazier Hunt

GRADUALLY we are finding out how to utilize radio facilities to extend culture and promote ideas that lead to better citizenship. Frazier Hunt's Great Personalities series over an NBC network is a notable example of this finer type of program. Each week he has been giving us a story of great achievement by typical Americans. Hunt has himself achieved greatness through his rise from the editor of a country weekly in Alexis, Illinois, to one of the most famous journalists in the world. His story of the making of Melvin A. Traylor is typical of this series.

This is the Story of MELVIN A. TRAYLOR

MOUNTAIN BOY BANKER

Went Barefoot until Eighteen — Came Down from Kentucky Hills to See First Train when He was Twenty—Now President First National Bank Chicago — Is Rated One of World's Greatest Financiers

By Frazier Hunt

HERE'S a story I would like to have all the scoffers and all the determined pessimists—all those thousands who think America is no longer a land of opportunity—I would like to have them all listen in to this story tonight. It's about a man who never saw a railroad train until he was twenty years old; it's about a Kentucky "hill-billy" whose father was born and died in the same room of a two-room cabin and to the day of his death never saw a railroad train; and yet he died only thirteen years ago. It's about an ignorant country boy who, except in the dead of winter, never wore shoes until he was eighteen years old—whose total schooling would be about the equal of the sixth grade pupil in a modern school—yet who, today, at fifty-three, is a great and courageous leader in world finance, a banker who had the temerity and the plain nerve to tell his own brother bankers and financiers that they had completely fallen down in leadership, and that the Stock Market had certain of the elements of a crap game. And lastly, it's about a Kentucky mountaineer lad who became a cultured, broadly educated, wise, humorous man of the world who has never forgotten where he came from or how he got to the place he has reached.

To me that is all pure drama—American drama. And this story is proof that this old American romance, this American magic of opportunity, is not entirely a thing of the past.

Now to get the full flavor of this story, we will have to go back a hundren and ten years and follow a little group of settlers from the tide-water country of Virginia, down the Shenandoah Valley and across Cumberland Gap to the hill country of Adair County, Kentucky, the second tier north of the Tennessee Border. Forty miles away, and seven years before this family arrived, a boy had been born in the Tom Lincoln family—a boy named ABRAHAM—and about the same year that the Traylor family moved into the Kentucky country, this Lincoln family mi-

grated north and then later west, up to Indiana and over into Illinois. The Traylors stayed on; and one fall day fifty-three years ago, in October, 1878, when the leaves were turning red and brown, a boy was born to Jim Traylor and his wife, Kitty. He was the first born. Six were to follow, until that two-room mountain cabin fairly overflowed with children. Jim Traylor, the father, was a hard-working, honest, intelligent—if uneducated—Kentucky mountaineer. He raised tobacco and corn. His total income would average somewhere around $200 a year; but he owned his little "hill" farm and raised most of the things the family ate.

Two miles away was a school that in those days ran for three months a year, from July 5 to the early part of October, when the corn shucking began. When this oldest boy, Melvin, was about ten years old the school term was increased to five months, almost up to Christmas. But always one or another of the three oldest Traylor boys would stay at home at least a day or two a week to help out with the corn husking and farm work. Melvin went to this country school until he was turning eighteen, then on horseback, he rode over to the County Seat town and passed the teachers' examination, and for the next two years taught in an adjoining school district, five months a year at $30 a month. The money and his other seven months of labor went to the support of his poor family.

THIS was a rugged, mountainous country, isolated and removed from the great winds of progress that were blowing over the world. Sixteen miles away was a little town, Columbia, the county seat, and still some thirty miles further on was Campbellsville and here the railroad touched the rim of these piled-up and forgotten hills. Melvin Traylor's father, Jim, never got as far as Campbellsville, nor did his mother, Kitty, until the day in 1918 when Melvin Traylor came back to bury his father and take his mother home with him to Texas. That was the first time she had ever seen a railroad train.

Now, over here at Columbia, the County Seat, lived General Garnett, a rugged old Confederate Veteran who practiced law. From General Garnett, this boy borrowed two volumes of Blackstone and at nights would read law and dream of becoming a lawyer.

"I didn't see much future in teaching school at $30 a month," he told me the other day—"I was determined not to stay on that farm all my life, so I figured law would be a good thing for me." Then he went on: "You see, in those days, a man in politics pretty near had to be a lawyer; and of course, down in Kentucky, politics was a great profession." He smiled a warm, human, wise smile, and his deep brown eyes twinkled and wrinkled; this man had the common touch; he had not forgotten.

"Then when I was about twenty years old, I had a bad case of the 'itching foot'" he explained to me—"I wanted to move on; one of my uncle's brothers had gotten as far as Texas and other people of our neighborhood had followed, so I thought I would take a chance. My brother and I rode to Columbia on horseback and my brother led my horse back home, and I took the stage coach the thirty miles to Campbellsville, and then I saw a railroad train!" He looked over at me with a sort of queer light in his eyes. Then he went on talking:

"WELL, I got down to Hillsboro, Texas, and got a job in a grocery store and then pretty soon I joined the Fire Department so that I could sleep for nothing in the fire house." He chuckled—"I was a fireman for almost seven years, and ended as the Chief."

"I used to be a nozzle man myself," I cut in here. We both laughed. Then he went on: "Next, I got me a job as night clerk in a hotel, working from seven p. m. to midnight. I got my board for that. Then I remembered I wanted



Melvin A. Traylor

to be a lawyer, so I started reading law again."

And pretty soon he was running for city clerk and when the votes had been counted he found he had been elected to this choice $75 a month job. A year later he was admitted to the bar, and about this period, while he was still city clerk, he started selling life insurance for the New York Life, and he still has his own first policy that he took out more than thirty years ago. Well, it wasn't very long until he was appointed assistant prosecuting attorney for the county, at the magnificent salary of $125 a month and the first thing he did was to promptly get married to one of the belles of the town, Dorothy Arnold Yerby. But within a year or two, the whirligig of Texas politics had skidded him out of his office. And so, at twenty-six, he opened up his own law office. It seemed, however, that there was already a superabundance of Texas lawyers, and one day about a year later, with a total capital of less than $200, he walked out of his office and over to the Citizens National Bank building. Boldly he went up to the cashier's office and told him he was going to give up law and go into the banking business.

"Well, we haven't any job for you," the cashier told him.

"I don't want any money," went on Traylor. "I just want to learn the business with you."

The cashier hesitated. Here was a man of twenty-seven giving up law and starting into the banking business without a salary; and, anybody who would do that deserved a little help. "Well, our head bookkeeper is going on his vacation on Monday," he said. "Come in then and we will see how it works out."

It worked out all right! At the end of two or three months, Traylor knew how to run a set of bank ledgers and they sent him over to the little town of Malone, Texas, to a cross-roads bank that was all but on the rocks. And somehow or other, with a vast outlay of nothing but common sense and integrity and hard work, he pulled this bank out of the red and into the black. And before very long, he was doing the same thing to another bank, using the same tools—common sense, integrity and hard work.

HIS reputation soon spread even beyond the broad borders of Texas, and within twenty years after he had quit law and turned to banking, he had followed a trail from Texas to St. Louis, then to a Live Stock Bank in Chicago—and then to the great First National Bank of Chicago and finally to its Presidency.

Now to me that's a thrilling story of opportunity and success, but the real story of this Kentucky hill boy is greater than that; it's a story of courageous leadership and fearless attack on the citadels of wealth and privilege. On a May day, this past spring, Melvin Traylor addressed the International

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ENOCH ARDEN MARRIAGES *and their* EFFECT

By Gleason L. Archer, LL.D.

Dean, Suffolk Law School, Boston

Eighteth Broadcast

Good Evening Everybody:

I PRESUME you are one and all familiar with Tennyson's immortal poem entitled "Enoch Arden"—that epic tale of a husband, shipwrecked and lost for many a year, who found escape from his desert island and returned to his old home to learn that his wife was now happily married to another man. His own children now called that second husband "father." You will remember the depth of sorrow that engulfed the man, and how he fought against the natural impulse to proclaim his safe return and thus to claim his wife and children. But when he learned that to this second marriage children had been born and that the woman whom he loved better than all the world must be stricken dumb with shame at her predicament should he proclaim himself, he nobly resolved to sacrifice his own happiness under a sort of living death.



Dean Archer commutes between Boston and New York every Saturday to give his weekly talk on Laws That Safeguard Society.

But Enoch Arden was the hero of a great poem. Poems do not always square with human life. There are written down in the sober pages of the law many stories of an Enoch Arden who was quite different from Tennyson's shadowy saint. In those cases the lost husband returned to claim his rights, or at least to disrupt the second home, and because of that claim much law has been evolved.

Death Presumed from Long Continued Absence

IN THE first place, we should consider the presumption of law arising from long continued absence of husband or wife. Since men and women do not ordinarily drop out of sight of their friends and acquaintances and remain away for long periods of time without sending tidings of their welfare or asking tidings from home, the natural conclusion from long continued and unexplained absence is that the missing person is dead.

This line of reasoning has found expression in the law itself. We have a common law rule that if a person is absent for seven years without being heard from by members of his family, or by friends or acquaintances, a presumption of law arises that he is dead. Applying this law to the domestic problem, *we find that if a husband or wife has been absent from home for seven years without tidings of any sort being received by any in the home circle the law presumes that such missing spouse is dead.* The other is then free to marry without the necessity of obtaining a divorce.

It must be borne in mind, however, that this is merely a common law rule and may have been changed by statute in your own jurisdiction. It should be understood also, even at common law, that the presumption of death would not protect a marriage entered into under it if the missing spouse should reappear in the flesh. The second marriage would then become void. Divorce is therefore the only certain protection. For Example:

The Queer Case of Mary McGregor

WILLIAM HEPBURN emigrated from Scotland to America in 1854. On the same ship was a Scottish lassie, Mary McGregor, with whom Hepburn became acquainted. In fact romance blossomed on shipboard. Mutual vows were exchanged and shortly after the couple arrived in New York City they were married.

The young people secured lodgings in a humble section of the great city. But work was hard to obtain. Day after day the young husband tramped the streets looking for a job; but without

success. Week after week passed. The meagre savings of the couple melted away. Small wonder that under these distressing conditions marriage, that had seemed to them so blissful at first, became less and less attractive.

There was a clash of temperaments. When, after two months, William was offered a berth on a whaling ship Mary could part with him without violent pangs of sorrow.

In fact, William told Mary that she was well able to work and care for herself, just as she had intended to do when she embarked for America, so that while he was off hunting for whales she could shift for herself.

The young wife received two letters from her husband but, being destitute, she left New York City and secured work in a rubber factory in New York State. From there she went to Massachusetts and continued in the same kind of employment for nearly ten years until she was married to James Glass. It appeared that three years prior to this marriage she had made a visit to Scotland, and had inquired for the missing William Hepburn.

Unknown to her, however, Hepburn had returned to New York City four years after his departure and had endeavored to find his wife. He had lived in New York for eighteen months, then went to Easton, Mass. Believing that his wife was dead and that he was free to marry, Hepburn in 1860 married another woman.

Thus we have the strange and dramatic situation of a husband and wife, each believing the other dead, each married a second time, living in homes not many miles apart in the same State.

But Mary's marriage with James Glass, happy at first, soon lost its romantic glow. Petty bickerings over trivial things gradually drifted into genuine clashes between husband and wife. Not even the children that came to bless their home could keep them together, so within ten years from their marriage we find them estranged and living apart.

James Glass would have divorced his wife but there was no legal cause for divorce unless he waited for three years of desertion. Even then his wife, who had a will of her own, might defeat his purpose by setting up a defense in court that she did not desert him but took him at his word when, in a moment of anger, he had declared that he could never have peace in his own home so long as she was in it.

The proud lady had thereupon departed, taking her children with her. In the midst of this perplexity, it chanced that James Glass had occasion to visit the town of Easton, Mass. He there met a man named William Hepburn. The name set him upon inquiry. Yes, Hepburn came from Perth, Scotland. He had emigrated to America in 1854. He had lived in New York City. He had married a Scotch girl, gone away on a whaling voyage and returned only to find that she had vanished.

This was quite enough for James Glass. He at once filed a suit in court to have his marriage to Mary annulled, on the ground that she had a living husband at the time of her marriage to him. Indignant and belligerent, Mary Glass came to court to fight this charge. When she was on the witness stand, however, the husband sprang his great surprise by causing William Hepburn, whom he had summoned as a witness, to stand up and confront her.

AS THE result of his talks on the Legal Aspects of Marriage over an NBC Network of 33 stations Dean Archer receives many interesting letters from his listeners and from readers of Radio Digest where these talks are published monthly. Here is one from a lady in an Eastern state: "My husband was the youngest of a family of eight. The eldest brother (my grandfather) married and his youngest child was my father. That is, I married my grandfather's brother." The Dean investigated the unusual case and found that while she could not legally have married an uncle she was within the law by marrying her great uncle.

Whether the lady fainted at this apparition from the past the austere court records fail to make clear, but of course the verdict was against the wife.

Unwilling to surrender even then, she carried the case to the Supreme Court, but with the same result.

The court declared, however, that since the second marriage had been entered into in good faith, in full belief that the former husband was dead, there could be no criminal liability for adultery. The children of the union would also be deemed the legitimate issue of their father, but the marriage itself was null and void. The case was Glass v. Glass, 114 Mass. 563.

No Property Rights in Estate of Second Spouse

ONE result that flows from marriage while a supposedly dead husband or wife is actually living, is that the person so marrying acquires no property rights in the estate of the second spouse. The presumption of death from seven years or more of unexplained absence is at best a presumption of law that will vanish away upon evidence that the absent party is actually living, thus leaving the second marriage in the position of an illegal alliance in all respects, save that no criminal prosecution for adultery could succeed. In some states, laws permit children of the invalid marriage to inherit from the other parent as legitimate offspring. According to the general rule, the husband or wife, undivorced from the previous marriage, have no property rights.

Court Decides Case Against Step-Mother

DAVID JONES, a native of Wales, was married to a girl whose name was Ann. He lived with her for many years in his home country. He then left Wales on a journey and failed to return. After a lapse of more than seven years without word from her missing husband, Ann Jones, believing herself a widow, came to America and finally settled in Pennsylvania.

She presently met William R. Thomas, a widower, who had a family of children by his previous wife. Thomas became interested in the lady from Wales and finally proposed marriage.

His suit was successful and on January 16, 1875, the couple were duly married. There is evidence that the bride did not win favor in the eyes of the step-children. They resented her presence in the home. Her accent was foreign to their ears and her well-intended efforts in their behalf were repelled with all of the intolerance of childhood, so we find the scene set for domestic strife when the head of the house might die.

After ten years of married life William R. Thomas fell ill and died. The widow then petitioned the court for an award of dower rights.

The children of Thomas opposed the widow in this matter, claiming that she had never been lawfully married to their father. They alleged that her first husband, David Jones, had not gone to Davy Jones' locker as was currently believed, but was alive and well at the time of the second marriage. In fact they convinced the court that the said Jones was then living. Under the law there was nothing that the court could do except to deny to Ann Thomas her alleged rights as a widow of William R. Thomas. "The jury were fully satisfied," said the court in reviewing the case, "that at the date of the plaintiff's marriage to Thomas in January, 1875, she had a husband in full life, viz., David Jones, from whom she had never been divorced. That fact without more, rendered the second marriage null and void. It matters not that she had reason to believe and did believe that he was then dead." The case was Thomas v. Thomas, 124 Pa. St. 640; 17 Atl. 182.

Removal of Impediment to Marriage

THE courts are not agreed on the effect of a continuation of the marriage relation after the impediment to the marriage is removed by divorce or death of the first spouse. In states where common law marriages are recognized there would clearly be a valid subsequent marriage. But in those States where living together ostensibly as husband and wife will not result in a legal marriage, nothing short of a subsequent formal marriage will give the relation the legal status of matrimony. Example One:

A WOMAN in New York State innocently and in good faith married a man named Schmidt. The man had a wife then living in Germany, but the German wife died not long after the second marriage of her husband. For thirteen years after this event, and until the death of Schmidt, the New York woman continued to live with him, being known in the neighborhood as Mrs. Schmidt. The court held that notwithstanding the illegality of the marriage in the first instance, yet after the death of the first wife it ripened into a legal common law marriage. The case was, Matter v. Schmidt, 87 N. Y. Supp. 428.

Example Two:

VOORHEES obtained a fraudulent and void divorce in Connecticut from his wife who lived in New Jersey. He knew that the decree was worthless at law, but he exhibited it to a woman in Massachusetts and thus secured her consent to a marriage. The woman acted in good faith. A church wedding was held. A few months after this marriage the deserted wife learned of the divorce in Connecticut. She got the decree set aside and herself secured a divorce. This decree rendered Voorhees capable of marrying the Massachusetts wife, but he concealed all knowledge of the facts from her. She continued to live with him as his wife. The court held that the woman, however wrongfully and fraudulently dealt with by the man, did not acquire any legal rights as a wife. The case was Voorhees v. Voorhees' Executors, 46 N. J. Eq. 411; 19 Atl. 172.

Engagements or Betrothals of Marriage

Eighty-first Broadcast

FOR THE past two months we have been considering the laws that govern eligibility to marry, but tonight we extend our inquiry to that great and thrilling crisis of courtship when the young man musters up courage sufficient to put the fateful question.

And that question, if it is answered in the affirmative, is even more fraught with destiny than the young man realizes.

Impelled by the most irresistible impulse of life, he offers himself in marriage to the girl of his choice, convinced, no doubt, that life will be an utter blank for him unless she consents to share it with him.

The average lover scarcely glimpses the significance of that sharing in weal or woe for his future, and for his possible descendants. He is living in the glamorous present.

The mystic urge of love quite obscures his judgment and possibly affects his very manner of speech.

But somehow or other he succeeds in making himself understood. The lady of his dreams, in her turn, gives him the answer that she has no doubt long ago decided upon.

I well remember the moonlight evening in the Public Gardens of Boston, many years ago, when I asked the fateful question of the charming college classmate who is now my wife. She says that I bungled the job—that it was no story-book proposal that I stammered forth on that May evening of long ago. But what does it matter so long as the girl understands and answers to the more or less incoherent question—especially if she answers "Yes"?

When that fateful three letter word is spoken the most significant contract in all the world is brought into being. If the parties thereto are truly in love there is no contract, except that of marriage itself, that can mean so much in human happiness.

So whether a man counts the cost and approaches the moment of offering himself in marriage with a full realization of what it signifies, or whether he is caught up by a surging tide of emotion and blurts out the fact that he wishes to marry the object of his adoration, all this is immaterial in the eyes of the law.

The fact of the offer by the man and the acceptance by the woman, each mentally and legally competent to enter into an engagement of marriage, is all that the law of the land takes into consideration. Whether the parties are calm, collected and unemotional at the moment, or in the joyful delirium of romance, means nothing to the judge on the bench.

There is an offer and an acceptance and a contract to marry, which is quite enough. Legal rights have thereby been created.

Neither party can afterward withdraw from that contract without the consent of the other, although it must at once be confessed that the law plays favorites in this matter of engagements to marry. It protects the rights of the woman, but it gives the man little or no redress if the girl later changes her mind about marrying him.

Too Late to Retract

FEW accepted swains are as swift to regret their action as the young man of a certain well known story. He had gone riding, you will recall, with a charming young lady. It was in the days of the horse and buggy when moonlight and country roads were even more conducive to romance than is true in our own hurrying, scurrying age. The moonlight and the romantic moment had been too much for the young man. He had proposed and the girl had accepted. But as they were riding homeward, he drove for some distance in silence. Whereupon the girl addressed him thus: "Charlie, why don't you say something?" "Ah me," he replied, "I'm afraid I have said too much already."

So you see, Charlie realized that he had made a contract. He was uncertain about its wisdom. Possibly it turned out well after all. Now let us examine the legal aspects of that contract.

An Executory Contract

An engagement to marry is essentially an executory contract. By the term executory, we mean a contract calling for performance at a future time, in distinction from an executed contract in which performance has already been rendered.

No doubt some of my listeners may be surprised to learn that a question and an answer, mere spoken words, can amount to a legal contract, but such is the fact. To be sure, there are certain kinds of contracts that must be in writing. In future broadcasts I will tell you of two kinds of promises to marry that must be in writing, but for our present purposes we should understand that an oral contract, that is, one based upon spoken words, is legal and binding.

Engagements to marry in the United States have become largely a personal, and perhaps we might say an emotional matter. Two young people fall in love, then perhaps fall into each others arms and in due course become married. There are no monetary or commercial features about the average mating in this land of democracy. But such is not the case in all lands and was not true of some of our ancestors.

Betrothals have been, and still are, very ceremonious and decidedly businesslike transactions. Some of our multi-millionaires have learned this fact to their dismay when they have attempted to marry a daughter to some impoverished nobleman of Europe.

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Vis-a-Vis

with

BILL SCHUDT, Jr.

Director Television Programs, CBS

TELEVISION is getting a mighty good start this year. Most of us look forward to an exciting year all around. There are going to be some good receivers on the market very soon, too, if you can believe those rumors that are rampant along New York's radio byways and highways.

From a program standpoint we are attempting a number of interesting experiments. Others, now on paper, will be aired from W2XAB and W2XE within the next few months.

One of these in particular should prove interesting. It is a full length drama. It will run two solid hours and we plan to devote an entire Saturday evening to its presentation.

Another dramatic experiment which Miss Eleanor Hiler of our staff is preparing will present the same drama for six consecutive weeks on a definite time and night each week. The basic idea will be to determine the best set-up and best technique in presentation. Although, the lines will be the same and the exact cast will take part, there will be alterations in the scenic background as well as a variance each week in the distance between the set-up and the photo electric cells.



Marion Harwick, proud Indian beauty, who sometimes appears in the scenes produced by W2XAB television. She whoops a little over the short waves as she dances—and everybody who looks in and listens thinks television is an unqualified success.

THIS type of experiment is very important to lookers-in since it will give them the same subjects each week, but with variation of projection. Their comments will aid us materially in determining a number of things; foremost of which is the limitation of pickup as we move the set-up farther and farther away from the cells bank.

More and more are we moving toward the perfection of complete fifteen minute acts with distinctive ideas. Instrumental groups up to five have already been projected successfully.

What amazes all of us at Columbia, however, is the constant stream of letters arriving from distant points reporting constant reception of W2XAB television.

South, West, and North alike receive our programs. Letters and post cards report reception that is rarely equalled even locally. Then there are obstacles in reception of not only our station but all television broadcasters. In the particular band in which they now transmit there are many harmonics of broadcasters which often seriously interfere and mar the picture reception. Code signals are scattered over this band and at intervals cause interference. It is probable, however, that the Federal Radio Commission will reallocate the television channels in the near future. Fading is bad at times too.

Although it's rather late now to talk about Christmas, nevertheless, this is the only opportunity I will have to turn back the pages of history, for a moment, to recall what television did on that great holiday's eve.

Santa Claus was presented for the first time over television and after showing a bagful of toys and gifts put on display at Columbia's official Christmas Tree. Lookers liked this idea and promptly phoned the station about it. Over the holiday week W2XAB, during its afternoon hours, exhibited two cards on which were inscribed "Columbia Wishes You a Merry Christmas" and "Columbia Wishes You a Happy New Year."

I HAVE established a looking-in post at Oceanside Long Island at the home of Frank Sutherland, Jr., for the purpose of checking our television programs. Twenty six miles from the transmitter this location gives a good idea of the coverage we are obtaining in the metropolitan area. Many unusual occurrences in television reception have been noted here. Static, for instance, is reproduced on your televisor screen in the form of black snow and falls in a similar formation, slowly running to the bottom of the screen. It lasts but a second and is not as bothersome to the eye as to the ear.

Ghost images play havoc with visual broadcasting every so often. Some nights no "ghosts" are noted while others are so bad as to completely obliterate the picture at times.

Ghost images are when a man's figure on the screen becomes two and three and sometimes four reproductions of him, one behind the other and each a fraction of an inch or so to the left or right of the original.



Sylvia Froos

"BABY SYLVIA" they called her until she recently passed her eighteenth birthday when she achieved the dignity of a young headliner. She has been singing in public since she was a tiny toddler. Nellie Revell introduced her on the Radio Digest NBC program as Baby Sylvia, whom she had known as a child singer. She has a very sweet soprano voice, prefers popular music but does well with any classification. She is on the WJZ network three days weekly.

Alex *and* Nat *are* "Satisfied"



Alex Gray

ALEX GRAY sloshed around the wet decks of an Atlantic merchantman and sang songs above the swish of sea spray. Mme. Louise Homer, passenger and celebrated singer, heard him, sought him out, and urged him to quit the seas for songs.

Nat Shilkret, seven years old, in knee breeches and clutching a clarinet, fingered through his first solo with a young symphony orchestra of New York. The concertmeister smiled, nodded satisfaction.

Years later a group of men sat around a big table in New York, plotting one of the major broadcasts of 1932. Chesterfield cigarettes were going on the air. The manufacturers sought means to entertain a nation for fifteen minutes every week night of the year.

"Good music, well played and well sung." That, they agreed, is what the radio audience most desires. So they searched the salons and symphonies; surveyed the stage and screen.



Nat Shilkret

Alex Gray, the one-time deckhand, grown up a robust, romantic baritone who abandoned business for Broadway, concerts and Cinemaland was chosen. They sought out Nat Shilkret, the clarinet prodigy who leaped through all of Gotham's major symphonies and operas to create classic syncopation for the ears of thirty-five nations.

TALENTS of the dramatic singer were combined with those of the maestro of symphonic melody. Chesterfield announced the production of "Music That Satisfies" for a Columbia network from Maine to California, every night except Sunday at 10:30 P. M., EST.

The Gray-Shilkret period brought several radio innovations. One was the origin of program "trailers." Each night Messrs. Gray and Shilkret lower the curtain with a snatch of song and a bit of orchestration from the features for the succeeding evening. America's master song writers, headed by Irving Berlin, will compose a special song each month for the feature. The quarter hour is a full, swiftly-paced program of contrasting numbers.

Alex Gray leaps into one of 1932's richest radio spots, fresh from headlines of the musical stage and screen. Several years ago he jumped from obscurity into Ziegfeld's Follies, became the dashing Red Shadow of "The Desert Song and other operettas. He swept into stardom of Hollywood with Marylin Miller and Bernice Claire in such hits as "Sally" and "Viennese Nights."

Gray is a vibrant figure in song and a vagabond of life. He alternately has been Pennsylvania farm boy, college youth adventurer on the high seas, industrial engineer, teacher, technical writer, and advertising executive. He left his post as salesmanager of a Chicago motor truck firm to take the spot before Flo Ziegfeld's gorgeous chorus.

Shilkret, when only 21, had played in the New York Philharmonic, Damrosch Symphony, the Metropolitan Opera House, and with Sousa, Pryor and Goldman. At 24, he became a musical director of the Victor Talking Machine Company.



Publishers' Photo Service

Troop of Canadian Mounted up for review at Regina.

They Always Get Their Listeners

The ROYAL CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE



No stage actor but this member of the Northwest Mounted in his winter garb stands ready for action. Note the strong character lines of his face and figure.
Publishers' Photo Service

By Sam G. Winfield

Wild and wide are my borders, stern as death is my sway
And I wait for the men who will win me—and I will not be won in a day;
And I will not be won by weaklings, subtile, suave and mild,
But by men with the hearts of vikings, and the simple faith of a child;
Desperate, strong and resistless, unthrottled by fear or defeat,
Them will I gild with my treasure, them will I glut with my meat.

—From The Law of the Yukon by Robert W. Service.

DESPERATE, strong and resistless are the hardy members of the Canadian Royal Mounted Police and if you have not already tuned them in at 10 o'clock, EST, of a Monday night you have missed the touch of that something which tingles your imagination and respect for the sturdy unvarnished spirit of virile manhood.

The series, sponsored by Canada Dry Ginger-Ale, is a dramatization of the true experiences and case histories in the annals of the Canadian Mounted. The characters portrayed are the characters of real individuals who live or have lived in the actual environment with which the story is clothed.

This mighty police force which is unique and one of the most famous in the world is an army of carefully picked men. Each member is proud of his uniform, proud of his identification, and alive to the traditions which he must maintain. Some are former soldiers who have seen blood in foreign wars, but many are just Canadian boys who have grown up with the ambition to serve on the Force—and "Force" is the name by which this organization was known for many years. These boys are the sons of pioneers from all lands, used to rugged contact with primitive land, mountains, forests and frozen wastes.

True Stories of Adventure Over Crooked Trails of the North



Allyn Joslyn who plays the leading character in the Royal Canadian Mounted dramas.

It may not be amiss to briefly state a little of the history of this famous organization which now is figuring so conspicuously on the air over the NBC Blue network each week.

THE outfit from its beginnings in 1873 really had to fight for its own life; but it had many able advocates in Parliament. In the crucial days of 1923 when enlargement and extension of the Force became necessary, a movement to abolish it altogether gained threatening headway. It was then that one loyal supporter at court carried the day with this eloquent appeal:

"The Royal Canadian Mounted Police cannot be bribed and they cannot be bluffed and intimidated. They are not now in politics and never have been, so far as I know. In the matter of morals they are comparable to the Canadian corps overseas.

"I have seen a stripling of a boy in the Mounted Police uniform, walk into a bar-room where a dangerous row was going on and where armed and enraged men were fighting. The men were arrested and disarmed by him without protest. . . It was not because of any superhuman power on his part, but because public opinion of the Dominion of Canada was behind him. The public opinion being behind him, the whole Force and all the resources of the Dominion were behind him, and the lawbreakers knew this force would be exercised and that this man would be backed to the limit in performance of his duty."



Sun Calf

Stories which are being dramatized are based on official records kept by T. Morris Longstreth, chronicler of the force. They are replete with stories of hard and gruelling service in the hunt for criminals, for instance, consider the O'Brien Murder. Three happy travelers on their way from the Yukon to a Christmas feast with gold in their pockets had disappeared. Murder was suspected.

Corporal Ryan and Constable Pennycuick were sent out to locate the missing prospectors. They met at the roadhouse of Mrs. Fussel at Minto, a stopping place for the lucky gold seekers in 1899 on their way back south from Dawson. Mrs. Fussel was the last person known at the time to have seen the missing men. Leaving their hostess after gleaning all the information she could give them the two men followed the trail along the telegraph line.

"It may lead to a clue," said Pennycuick.

"I was just thinkin' it was like the earth had swallowed them up from here somewheres," said Ryan.

They jogged along silently for a little way. Even the hoofs of their horses were almost noiseless from the muffled blanket of January snow.

They came to a steep pitch and paused to scan the entire surroundings. It was new to Pennycuick.



Spring Chief

"What do you call this trail?" he asked.

"The Pork and it's a short cut across the bends of the river. That's why the telegraph is strung along here for 16 miles off the regular river trail."

"Now look here, Ryan, do you see what I see in the snow there?"

"A bit of a foot trail snowed in or I'm a stuffed monkey!"

"It appears to be goin' up into the cottonwoods."

Leaving their horses they followed the tracks which were not very old. The trail continued into the shadow of the trees. Shortly they came to a tent. The bed and cooking pots indicated that it had not long since been deserted. Each article was examined closely. Pennycuick recognized a stove that had been stolen from a scow at Hells Gate. The thieves were believed to be two men known as Miller and Ross. And then Ryan found a file and pliers with Ole Olsen's name scratched in the handles. And Olsen was one of the three missing prospectors they were trying to find.

With this valuable information in hand it was decided that Ryan should stay near the scene while Pennycuick reported to headquarters. In the meantime another member of the Force had arrested a suspicious character who turned out to be Miller—the same who had robbed the scow. Later when Pennycuick went down to the cell to look the prisoner over with Inspector Scarth he was connected with the disappearance of Olsen and his two companions. But still there was nothing to prove what had become of the Olsen party.

"We've got to have evidence and I'm sending you back to the camp with Constable Maguire," said Inspector Scarth to Pennycuick. "I want you to examine *every square inch of ground* in the vicinity for a clue. We have our suspect but we must have the evidence to prove our case. Also I have other business for Corporal Ryan. You'll be leaving immediately. Report as often as possible."

WHEN Pennycuick and Maguire arrived at the scene of the camp they settled down for a siege of the drudgery that must come at times to every member of the Force. Day after day on hands and knees they proceeded to search every square inch of the ground, scraping away the snow with cold and aching fingers. It was Maguire who first showed a trace of fag.

"For five weeks now we've been at this," he exclaimed as he stood up and flapped his arms about his body. "And what have we found that really amounts to anything?"

"Cheerio, old boy. Don't say that. What about the burnt buttons and moccasin eyelets we found in the ashes? That's important. Men don't go around burning their clothes just for fun."

"Of course, I suppose I'm just get-

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Little Listeners Love Old Man Sunshine

ONE morning in St. Louis, about two years ago, a handwriting expert sat at his desk, peering intently at a certain signature, written five times, as per instructions, on a plain sheet of white paper.

"Humph," humphed the handwriting expert, and then picking up his own pen, scribbled the potential characteristics of Ford Rush, WLW's Old Man Sunshine.

> "The capital letters are of an unusual type and form, which indicates imagination and originality, and a wide point of view, and a very decided personality. The forceful way in which the signature is written is an evidence of decision and determination. The open "O" in "Ford" reveals a kindly feeling to his fellow men. He has quite a swing in his walk, a cordial greeting, and a breezy and ingratiating manner."

And there you have the make-up of a man who has won his way into the hearts of millions of children, via the radio, under the simple little title of "OLD MAN SUNSHINE!"

Every week-day night, promptly at six o'clock, Eastern Standard Time, WLW sends Old Man Sunshine to the "vast unseen audience," primarily as children's entertainment, but like all things, artistically done, its "listener interest" knows no age limit.

Suppose we "literally" dial to WLW right now. It's just six o'clock, so let's find out for ourselves, what there is to a Children's Program, attracting a fan mail response of 20,000 letters in one day!

"HELLOOOOOO Kiddies," comes the soft voice of Ford Rush. "It's Ford Rush, Old Man Sunshine, and how are all the little men and women tonight . . . all feelin' fine, eh? Well how about a tune or two from my Toy Band?"

And while he can't hear the thousands of "Oh's" and "Ah's" of approval, we know they're there . . . we've read his fan mail! Old Man Sunshine's Toy Band can't be described with the written word. One must hear it. Paul



Ford Rush, WLW, "Old Man Sunshine"

Whiteman, Vincent Lopez, The Philadelphia Symphony . . . these orchestras all pale in children's minds before the naive rhythms and fascinating arrangements of The Jolly Miller, Farmer in the Dell and others by Old Man Sunshine's Toy Band.

Of course, each member of this Toy Band is an expert musician. He must be. Gene plays the "celeste" and sometimes doubles on "vibraharp." Tommy pounds away on a "xylophone." Joe, oompah's to his heart's content on a great big "saxophone" while Red and Bill do their bit on "trumpets."

Their so-called "work" is a real pleasure, for each member is just a "big kid" himself, and do you think for one instant they make up their own programs? Well I should say not! Each musical selection appearing on the Old Man Sunshine list has been picked by some member of the club. He might have been three years old, and again he might have been fifty.

You can't "kid" Ford Rush about music the children like. His million some-odd fan letters have given him a complete survey as to the musical likes and dislikes of young boys and girls.

From the Cradle to Ten Years of Age, the preference runs to Nursery Rhymes. From Ten to Twelve it's "Tin Pan Parade," "The Parade of the Wooden Soldiers" and "The Wedding of the Painted Doll" type of tunes. Then from Twelve to Sixteen these preferences fade for the Popular Tunes. "Good Night Sweetheart," "You Call It Madness" . . . that's what they want between the ages of Twelve and Sixteen.

But what about this Ford Rush. Who is he? What is he? Where did he acquire this invaluable knack of entertaining children to the "nth" degree, yet still holding the attention of the older folks?

Back in 1924, when older heads were being shook and older mouths were saying, "Radio will never last. It's just a plaything!" WLS was broadcasting a program entitled "Lullaby Time." Ford and Glenn were the two characters. Ford was Ford Rush, and Glenn, the "Glenn" of "Gene and Glenn" of the present time. Even in those days when radio was more of a thing to see how many stations one could "bag" in an evening, rather than listening to a program all the way through, these boys became sensations.

A TOUR, beginning at WLW in Cincinnati was continued all over the country. Several years later, WLW was featuring another harmony team, known as Jack and Gene, when something went wrong with Jack's voice. This resulted in the formulation of the trio, Gene, Ford and Glenn. Another WLW triumph. During this time, Our Ford Rush was learning the secret of entertaining children on the radio, and when the time came, he left his associates to do a radio "single."

At KMOX in St. Louis he was dubbed the "It Boy," not for the sake of a clever title, but because he was so well liked by persons of every age, in every walk of life. His fan mail carried messages from Bank Presidents, Teachers and Principals of public schools, as well as the inevitable overrun of letters from romantic young girls. It was at St. Louis, that Ford Rush inaugurated the program called

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Unseen Beauty Wins Anyway

"Just Like Two Eyes" Sentimental Mike Conveys Charm of Southern Girl to Radio Audience and Brings Success in Spite of Many Heart-breaking Obstacles.

SUCH handicaps as being invisible and practically unknown do not necessarily defeat a charming young woman when she brings her beauty to the radio audience. Miss Betty Council, whose face adorns the cover of this March Radio Digest, is an example in point. She is an exquisite type of Southern beauty. Her voice is low, vibrant and alluring. Her manner is unaffected. Her diction is clear and perfectly controlled. She is just 22. She has had a struggle but she is winning anyway.



Betty Council

By Delight Miriam

IT WAS a jealous star who kicked pretty Betty Council off the stage, into radio and onto the cover of this month's Radio Digest. All Broadway knows the story that almost broke Betty's heart. But she's happy now. She has a larger and more appreciative audience than the jealous stage star ever did or ever will know. And she believes if you are sufficiently determined you can win somehow, some way, seen or unseen.

All her life Betty had meant to be an actress. She began by speaking pieces and singing in the little Methodist Sunday School down in Americus, Georgia. Her adoring old black mammy instilled that love of entertaining great audiences.

"De good Lawd make you beautiful," said that gentle soul, "and de Good Book say don't yo' hide yo' light in a bushel basket. That bright smile in yo' eyes is yo' light and ef yo' don't git out an' let it shine yo' ain't doin' what de Almighty specks ob yo'."

Now Betty's father was—and still is—a prominent and highly respected citizen. Of course Betty hardly could be expected to follow in his footsteps as the head of the town bank but at any rate none of the Council family had ever been connected with the stage. So when Betty made known her ambition her parents were too much amused to be scandalized. They laughed at her.

But Betty saw nothing funny about it. At the ripe age of 13 she decided something would have to be done right soon if she ever was to get anywhere with her career. Americus became to her the proverbial bushel. So without announcing her intentions to anyone—not even her good old black mammy—she surreptitiously packed her grip and took a train for Atlanta. She didn't feel particularly vain but she had heard many people say she was a little beauty and at least that would be one asset for her necessary requirements for a career behind the footlights.

SHE had been to Atlanta with her parents and she knew just what to do when she got off the train. She went to the little hotel where they were known. She hesitated at the register, debating whether to sign her own name, but she thought if she should pick a stage name immediately the people in the hotel might think something was wrong, especially if they should remember her. She wrote in a slightly trembling hand, "Betty Council, Americus, Ga."

The bellboy showed her to her room. At last she was definitely launched on a career. The world would soon be clapping its hands and hurrahing for little Betty Council from Georgia. She began to think on a broader scale. Probably she would go with her company from Atlanta north to New York. But first, what would be the best show to get into? She bought a newspaper and read the advertisements and selected two or three. After she had talked to the managers she could decide which one would offer her the greatest advantages.

She always had enjoyed having whatever money she needed. But now that she was on her own she must watch her pennies. No time must be lost. Deciding upon her course of action she went calling—on stage managers.

"I am sorry, Miss, but our cast is complete," said the first stage manager whom she confronted. "In fact we always make up our cast before we leave New York. But I think you are a great little girl, and I wish you luck. By the way, where is your mamma this afternoon?" He smiled and closed the door.

That last question just about spoiled everything. Why did he have to ask about her mamma? Was it customary for stage managers to ask young actresses about their mammas when they were seeking engagements? She thought probably it would be better to try somewhere else. She powdered her nose and dabbed a bit of rouge on her lips and walked in to see the next manager. The man smiled at her in a fatherly way.

"So you want to go on the stage?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, indeed I do. I have definitely decided," she replied.

"Well, well," said the man. He drummed a pencil on his mussy looking desk. "But you see our show has no children's parts. You are a very charming little girl, and you seem very determined—excellent qualities. Why don't you have your mother come and see me. I would be very glad to give such advice as I may."

"Oh dear me, can't you understand, sir, my mother is not concerned. It is I who am interested. I have my own life to live, and mother has hers. Please make a part for me in your company and I am sure you will find I can do very well. I am sure the people will like me. Just give me a trial."

But it was of no avail. And she tried one other place before she gave up for the day. All night she lay awake thinking what to do and trying not to cry. She never had imagined that the people who appeared in shows had come from anywhere else than Atlanta.

The next day she made more calls

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Ruth Wenter

NORTHWESTERN University certainly has been going radio since Clara, Lu and Em, from that citadel of learning have scored so heavily across the country. Miss Wenter, another N. W. U. girl, has now been acclaimed Chicago's Radio Queen. She is featured in the Rhythmic Serenade program broadcast from that city over the NBC Blue network daily at 2:45 except Sunday and Monday.

RADIOGRAPHS

Intimate Personality Notes Gleaned from the Radio Family of America's Great Key Stations

Jill and Judy

By Marie K. Neff

THE flicker of candlelight disclosed two figures seated at a table—one was operating a typewriter while the other was quoting from a book. Mrs. Davis Edwards and Juliet Amos Barker were at home—to "Jill and Judy," their radio personalities. They were developing another adventure for their two sophisticated characters.

The advent of these two very interesting persons in radio parallels everything else about them—it was different and it all happened around a tea table. Those partaking of the beverage had persuaded the girls to tell them something of their experiences in travels, their meeting with interesting people and their acquaintance with books and the theatre. When they had finished, Miss Vida Sutton, already established as an authority on diction and speech for the National Broadcasting Company and whose programs, "Magic of Speech," are heard regularly on the network, asked the girls why they didn't consider radio as an outlet through which to dispense such fascinating stories as they had just told.



Jill (Mrs. Edwards) and Judy (Juliet Barker)

It was food for thought. Both girls had been giving club programs but it entailed a certain amount of travel and this they decided could be eliminated by radio. They talked it over and finally hit on a plan. Their next step was to write a tentative sketch. This they did and decided to peddle it to every radio station in town. They took it to NBC first because it was the biggest. It was a good bet—they were put to work immediately and since February 9, 1931, they have been humanizing art, giving out facts, and dishing up antidotes for boredom semi-weekly from the Chicago NBC studios.

Evangeline Huntley Edwards was born in China, 600 miles inland, the daughter of a medical missionary.

As a child, this little "western" girl had many strange and harrowing experiences in the land of superstition. However, superstition itself never daunted her. One experience developed an utter horror of burial in the grown Evangeline and she believes their curious customs to be responsible. The Chinese keep their coffins unburied in shallow graves for days and even months waiting for a "lucky day."

SHE heard her father say that he wished he had another skull for demonstrating purposes to his class of young medics. While out walking she passed dozens of shallow graves and empty coffins. This sight recalled to her mind her father's wish so the youngster immediately set about to secure one for him. She came to a coffin in which a young tree had grown up through the bottom snapping the skull off the spine and wedging it against the end of the coffin. Without a qualm, which shows how common these things are in China's interior rural districts, she stooped over, put her fingers through the sockets and under the jaw and wiggled it loose.

She carried it home triumphantly and presented it with a flourish to her father. He, much to her disappointment, was shocked. Dr. Huntley explained to her that while the Chinese are very careless they nevertheless have ancestor worship and that if any of the natives had seen her carrying that thing home it probably would have caused a riot and she and her family might have lost their lives. However, he used the specimen for demonstrating purposes but only after he had carefully explained that it had been imported from England and was not the skull of a possible ancestor of any member of the class.

The most cruel thing that ever happened was when her father had been obliged to kill her goat. She was only ten years old and a student in a Shanghai boarding school. It seems the troublesome fellow, who had been white and woolly when she got him but grew to be a big black billy goat, had knocked down the gatekeeper's wife and broke her hip. The killing wouldn't have been so bad but her father had written that he was going to make "beef" tea out of him for his patients in the hospital. That was too much—she cried for three days.

After leaving boarding school Mrs. Edwards spent two years in England and this was followed by three years in America. She then returned to China where she was secretary to the Shanghai College for one year during which time she traveled considerably in China. However, she came back to the states for her college work.

HER partner, Juliette Amos Barker, the "Judy" of the skit, is new-world born and educated.

In school and college Miss Barker was always active—regardless of what it was—glee club, basket-ball or dramatics. Denison University at Granville, Ohio, is her Alma Mater by direct

heritage. Both sides of her family, as she puts it, "way back to Noah helped found Denison." However, the universities of Minnesota and Northwestern also helped educate her, the latter giving her a masters degree in dramatics.

Since leaving school, "Judy" has directed speech and dramatics in high schools and college, and has been associated with the Out-door Players at Petersborough, New Hampshire, for one season. She was also on the staff of the Goodman Theatre, Chicago. Today she is an independent dramatic coach and reader, specializing in lectures and recitals in modern poetry.

NEITHER does Miss Barker have any superstitions. And going back to her childhood—read it and see if it isn't typically American.

This incident also happened at the age of ten—how those girls do stick together. Her allowance had entirely run out and she was at a resort where Ben Greet and his famous Shakespearean players were playing in their traditional out-door manner. And oh, how she wanted to see "Twelfth Night." Finally, in desperation she wriggled on her tummy under the canvas fence, much to her family's subsequent embarrassment.

Although born in the old world and educated there to a great extent, it didn't take Evangeline Huntley long to acquire the speed of the new world, particularly when it came to matrimony. She met "the man" at Oberlin, Ohio, during the fall of her senior year at college. He was teacher of speech so she immediately elected speech for a snap course. She worked harder and faster than ever before—but to use her own words she "landed him in six weeks" and they were married the day after graduation. Sounds thrilling and fast, doesn't it? But after meeting "Jill" Edwards one can hardly keep from feeling that Davis Edwards, head of the Department of Speech, Divinity School, University of Chicago, had he been honest with himself, could have reduced it to four weeks.

IS THAT "six weeks" still representative of the hardest work she has ever done? It is doubtful. Because —today, as Mrs. Davis Edwards, she supervises an eight room apartment, a maid, and a student who helps with the children, Carolyn, aged 10, Jean 8 and Clark 6. She also does most of her husband's stenography and arranges his recital engagements, teaches classes in speech, writes and gives her radio sketches.

And now how does Miss Barker keep busy? It is she who furnishes the atmosphere out of which spring new adventures for "Jill and Judy." Her apartment is in one of Chicago's very nice apartment buildings. Its furnishings are old English and, as "Judy" has a passion for candle light and brass, candle power prevails. The walls are covered with photographs of well-known celebrities of stage, screen and platform; books, the latest as well as the oldest; and leading magazines including, of course, Radio Digest.

When the radio chores for the day are over, "Miss Judy" settles down to a favorite author. Sometimes she cooks a meal for friends, but best of all, she enjoys visiting and "ragging" with her good friends—talking of everything from baseball to the nudist cults of Germany, music and always the theatre.

If you aren't numbered among their radio audience, just try to imagine what their programs must be like with China, the Malay Philippines, Japan, England, Europe, Suez and the Mediterranean as well as the good old U. S. A. from which to draw their material. Curtain.

Brooks and Ross

By Steve Trumbull

SOME day a fiction writer will come along and put one of those small-town-boys-make good sort of things in the radio setting.

If he takes for his plot the true story of Jack Brooks and Don Ross he will be accused of stealing Horatio Alger's



Brooks and Ross

stuff, for the career of this pair is packed with more ups and downs than the aforementioned Alger managed to crowd in *Sink or Swim, Jed, the Poorhouse Boy,* and all the rest of them.

Although their vocalizing on the air brought them commissions as full-fledged Kentucky Colonels, only one-half of the team, Brooks, is a native of the Blue Grass state. Ross hails from Ohio, the son of a Methodist minister.

They met in amateur theatricals while attending Ohio State University. Undergraduates were so enthusiastic over their brand of entertainment that, in 1922, they decided to try it on the "big time." Chicago was decided upon as the first stop, but somehow Chicago wasn't enthusiastic. They played in ten different theaters—one performance in each.

IT NEVER occurred to either of them to give up, traveling in a manner that qualified them for membership in the Hitchhikers Pioneers. There followed several weeks on park benches, then Don landed a job in *Lady Butterfly,* where he sang a tune called *Kiss Time* to Imogene Wilson, now better known to thousands of movie fans as Mary Nolan. When the show moved into the warehouse it was back to the parks.

Then a night club, the old Tent, came to the rescue. It marked the turning point in the career of the pair. Rebuffed a hundred times, they struck upon the brand of harmony that clicked. Six months with the Greenwich Village follies, and then they signed a contract to sing their way across the Atlantic.

American music was just catching hold in London in those days and Brooks and Ross, with a bag of the latest hits, were welcomed with open arms. They were booked in no less a spot than the Picadilly club, favorite of the Prince of Wales. The Brooks-Ross rendition of American college songs found high favor with the royal guest, and at least twice each week during their stay in London the prince visited the club, staying on until the entrance of the scrubwomen.

Back in America, and the days of one night stands were definitely a thing of the past. Big time vaudeville decided if the prince liked it it must be good, and Brooks and Ross, the unknowns of a year before, were headlined across the country.

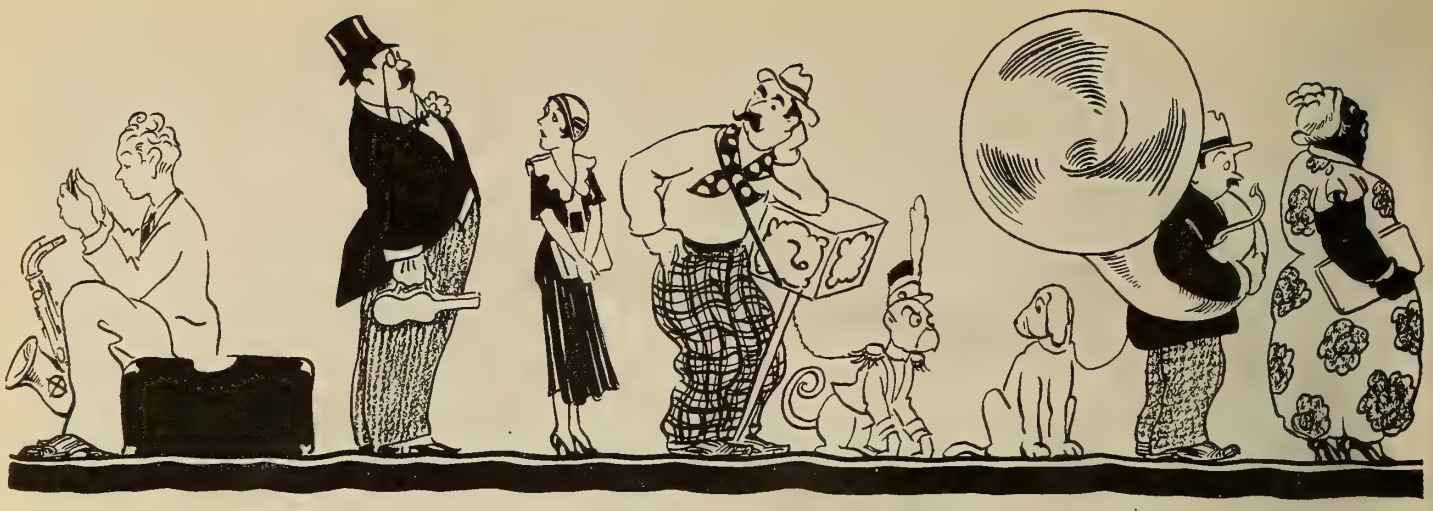
RADIO lured them away from the stage, and in the ether lanes they were a success from the start. In one small Ohio town, where they were making a personal appearance, they arrived simultaneously with one of the leading circuses. The town statutes specified that but one parade could be held in one day on the streets. The city council went into session on the matter, and decided, after weighty deliberation, that the populace was more interested in seeing Brooks and Ross. They had seen a circus parade before, so the harmonizers were escorted through the streets in state, while a circus manager chewed his moustache in rage.

Brooks and Ross have returned to Chicago, scene of their first professional defeat. They are now featured in several of the programs of the Columbia Broadcasting System originating in that city.



Ruth Lyon

THIS little lady takes her high seas with calm and equanimity whether it be on tempestuous Lake Michigan or before the mike where she is heard as soprano for the Wonder Hour over an NBC-WEAF network on Sunday afternoons Please do not be too critical about the "high sea" in this picture, however, for we suspect the photographer may have accidentally tilted his camera just a little to get that effect. But yon can't tilt a mike.



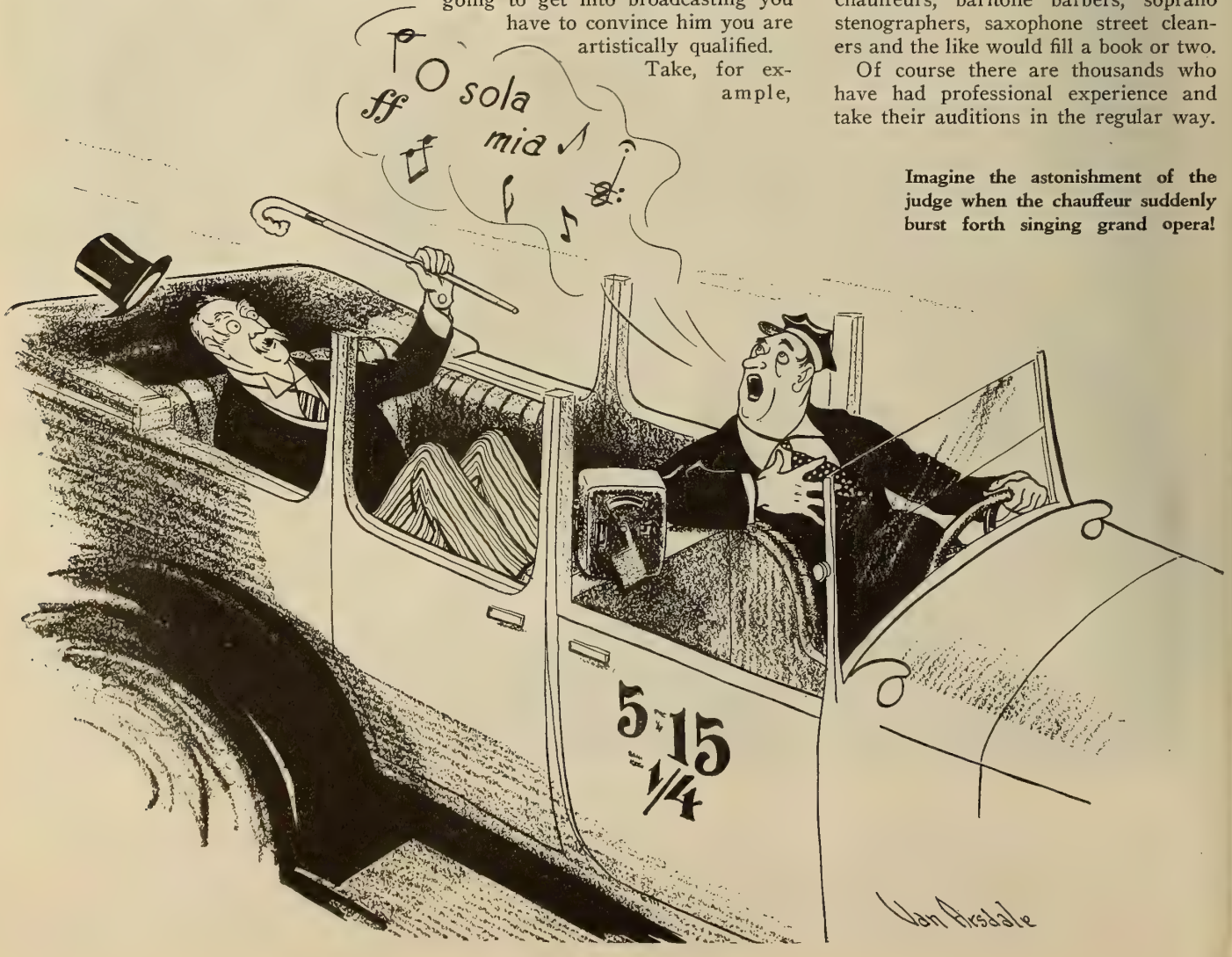
We All Have

ALL the world is microphone mad. Everybody has the bug. Now don't shake your head, dear reader, 'fess up, you know you have had the itch to get at a microphone and spread yourself a little on the air.

Argue as you please you will never be able to convince any audition man that you haven't. They know all the world is more or less microphobia struck. After all you can't blame the audition person. His life is not a happy one. He is a St. Peter at the golden gate with the key in his hand and if you've made up your mind you are going to get into broadcasting you have to convince him you are artistically qualified.

Take, for example, Leslie Joy, in charge of auditions at the National Broadcasting Company studios, 711 Fifth Avenue, New York. There's a man for you. And what he can tell you about all the crooning chauffeurs, baritone barbers, soprano stenographers, saxophone street cleaners and the like would fill a book or two.

Of course there are thousands who have had professional experience and take their auditions in the regular way.



Imagine the astonishment of the judge when the chauffeur suddenly burst forth singing grand opera!



Microphobia!

By T. J. Williams

But there are thousands of others who fail to get past the cloakroom inside the golden gate and they imagine they are the victims of unfair discrimination or fiendish conspiracy. They will circumvent the broadcasting St. Peter and get over the fence in some other way. So they plot and scheme. Many are the ingenious devices brought to bear. To them any artifice is justified so long as they are given the one chance they crave.

Imagine the surprise of a Chicago judge who recently stopped in New York for a few hours previous to his departure for Europe when the chauffeur who drove him to the pier burst forth into reverberating selections from Il Trovatore. The dignified gentleman in the back seat thought the driver had suddenly gone crazy with his ear splitting yodeling. Policemen at the corners looked askance, and peered suspiciously at the passenger who preserved all the decorum possible under the circumstances.

ARRIVING at the pier he hastened to pay his fare. And the jehu, fumbling at the change, glanced up slyly at his irritated customer.

"How you like it?" he asked.

"Like what?" demanded the judge.

"My voice," replied the chauffeur. "I wait long time outside 711 to pick you up so I can sing for you. Maybe you think I would be good on radio. What you think? I been in opera in Milan once."

It was not until then that the judge associated the singing chauffeur with his visit to the NBC studios where a New York relative had invited him to come to see "the wheels go round."

The audition director is not the only victim of the wily aspirant to broadcasting fame. In fact there are frequent demands for auditions by those who will take no from nobody but Mr. Merlin H. Aylesworth, the president of the company, himself. That may be one reason why his office is necessarily guarded by a line of individuals from doorman, page, hostess and on to his secretary, with lines of detour enroute.

A VIOLINIST recently succeeded in getting Mr. Aylesworth's ear on the telephone and promptly requested an audition by wire. On the same day a singer in the amateur class succeeded in getting a record to Mr. Aylesworth's desk in the hope of obtaining an audition in this way.

Can you blame the regular audition expert for looking upon everyone with suspicion? Think of him sneaking through back corridors, down rear elevators out the alley doors and down the back streets fearing every moment he will be tapped on the shoulder by a janitor, a street sweeper, or maybe even a policeman and requested to listen to a monologue, a bass solo or a harmonica refrain.

One violinist who believed he would be a great success on the air went so far as to pose as a street beggar near the portals at 711 and played for pennies for the passing throngs on Fifth avenue. He had hoped in this way to be heard by someone of importance and get his chance. His ruse worked. After a number of reports had been received as to his activities on the street he was asked to come up to the studios and play for an audition. He was given one chance on the air but that was the last. He has not been seen since.

Then there is the story of the hair restorer salesman who found a way to get to John Royal, vice president in charge of programs. Among his minor worries Mr. Royal has noted with sadness the thinning thatch to his scalp. Word came to him of a man who knew all about such things and could work miracles. So the man was admitted to the Royal presence and invited to tell his story, which turned out to be a salestalk for his own vocal excellence and potentialities as a broadcaster. Mr. Royal lost interest at once.

ANOTHER persistent would-be singer who insisted on seeing Mr. Royal succeeded in getting into the ante-room to the private office. There he saw a large thoughtful looking man sitting beside the secretary's desk.

"How do you get to this man Royal?" the visitor asked. "I want to sing for him. I have the best voice in the world."

"I'm afraid I can't give you any advice," answered the thoughtful man, "I've been trying to get him alone for six months."

"Don't give up, Buddy," breezed the singer, "watch me and I'll show you."

The room was soon filled with voice. The entrance door to the room was closed mysteriously from the outside. Other persons in the room disappeared one by one until the singer found him-

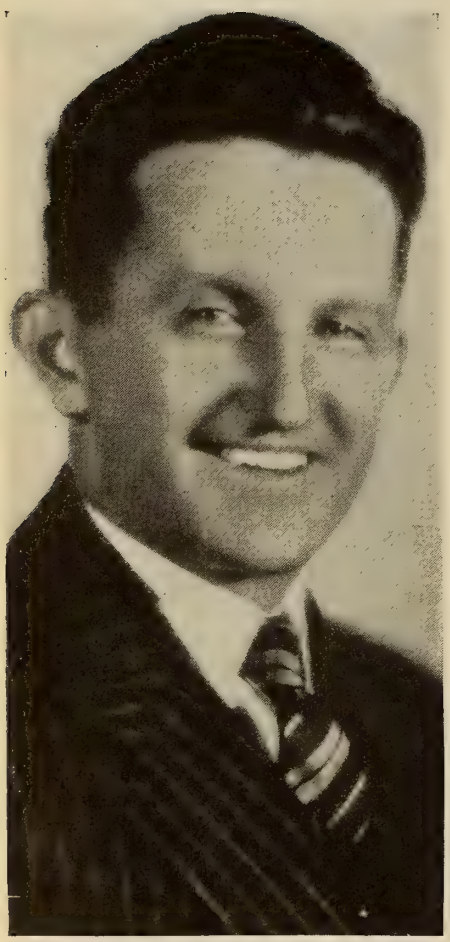
(Continued on page 30)

ALAS for the audition man! He leads a haunted existence. He dodges through the streets trembling for fear that every person he meets will stop him and demand opportunity to display his talents. He is convinced that every butcher, baker, candle stick maker, the man waiting on the corner, and the girl catching up with him from behind is mike mad and desperate.

GEORGE O'BRIEN *of* WLWL

German Music Is a Hobby of This Son of Erin. Fate Swerved His Footsteps from the Pursuit of Medicine and Landed Him on Crest of Radio Wave

By Maybelle Austen



George O'Brien with the smile that wins

GEORGE O'Brien is one tenor who wanted to be something else . . . a doctor. Fate on the other hand had different plans for George . . . he would sing whether he chose to or not! His career is just another example of the futility of attempting to ignore the dictates of Destiny.

Back in Branford, Connecticut, some thirty-odd years ago, the stork paid a visit to the home of Mr. and Mrs. O'Brien, blessing them with a baby-boy . . . that by the by was George. Skipping the school and boyhood days, we jump to 1917, when the United States signed the proper articles to prove we had joined forces with the Allies and were entering the War. George became a member of the Ambulance Division, and it was during the great Oise-Aisne Offensive, while in the act of taking a frightened German prisoner for much-needed first-aid, that this man in his terror knocked out all of our George's front teeth with the butt of his gun. Now to a singer, this was absolutely and positively a major catastrophe, but just as the enemy was the cause of his seeming ruin, so were they effective in fixing him up . . . a famous Austrian specialist performing later a perfect plastic and dental adjustment.

RETURNING to his native hearth the worse for war, WLWL's future arbiter of programs hied himself to the North Woods with a voice teacher who had lumberjack tendencies and proclivities. An intensive three months in the open, working hard at crude tasks, practicing rigorously and religiously, and we find George recuperating rapidly from the ills derived on the field of battle, and when he finally returned he had his health, renewed vigor, and a bigger and better voice than ever.

Back in Branford, he was requested to sing at a benefit performance of some kind, where he was heard by an official of one of the world's greatest piano companies. This man was so enthusiastic about his find, that he immediately took George under his wing, and sponsored his career. Since that time he has proven conclusively that this man's judgment was not unfounded. He has recorded with Victor and Columbia . . . was one of the original members of the WEAF Light and Grand Opera Companies . . . has broadcast for such programs as Majestic, General Motors, Victor, Mobiloil, Cities Service, and others too numerous to mention. He was featured soloist with the New York Symphony Orchestra, and according to him, his opportunities as a singer were so great, that although he still had a secret hankering to be a doctor and did not wish to follow the muse, the muse took this means of leading him into what has proven to be the proper channel.

In searching about for someone with a great deal of radio experience, WLWL officials thought of George O'Brien, an old friend, a genuine tried and true veteran of the airwaves, and that is how he became a member of the Paulist Fathers' station staff.

GEORGE has two interesting hobbies . . . one, his wife Catherine, (yes, he's married . . . and happily) whose modest claim to fame is that she is George's wife, and that her father was born in the same house that later was the scene of Ex-Governor Al Smith's arrival on this earth . . . the second is German music, which taking everything into consideration, is rather a queer choice for an O'Brien, or isn't it?

The Most Beautiful Girls in Radio

A complete series of RADIO BEAUTIES will appear on Radio Digest covers beginning with this March issue. They are being painted by Charles Sheldon, famous portrait artist to the New York Four Hundred. Make sure that your series is complete.

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RADIO DIGEST
420 Lexington Ave.
New York, N. Y.

GABALOGUE

By Nellie Revell

The Voice of RADIO DIGEST

HOWDY, friends. Listeners have been asking questions about their radio favorites and I'm going to answer a few of them. John Fogarty who spent his boyhood on Montana ranches . . . and often ran away from home to follow strings of horses to county fairs, is first on my list. That boy sure is popular.

I guess it was his interest in running horses that made him a runner too. You know—or didn't you know—that John was a contestant in the mile-running race in the Olympics in 1919? John might have won too, but he was accidentally spiked in the heel while coming down the home stretch in the lead.

Larry Shields, the U. P. star, shot ahead of him and won the race. But he's no runner-up when it comes to radio popularity. You should see his fan mail. He gets over 500 letters a week.

John's father was some shakes as an entertainer, too. He was one of the greatest soft shoe and buck-and-wing dancers in the country—shaking a wicked hoof, as the boys say. But John was always more interested in singing than dancing. He got the fever at the age of nine when he made his debut at an Elks Minstrel show in Great Falls, Montana. John's been singing ever since . . . except when he's playing the races.

WHO are the Goldbergs? The fans want to know and so I'll tell 'em.

Molly, that's Mrs. Goldberg, is played by Mrs. Gertrude Berg, wife of a sugar merchant. And she also writes the sketches. Jake, the father, is James Waters, well-known on the legitimate stage. Sammy is Alfred Corn, son of a New York physician, and Rosalie is Roslyn Silber. The Goldbergs are in no way related to each other.

The whole world and its brother want to know about that fascinating little NBC singer, Marion Harris. Keep her on the air, and there'll be no postal deficit. Marion Harris, eh? You know they call her the "lone wolf."

That's because Marion keeps so much to herself and plays a lone hand, as it were. She is none too robust physically . . . Nature gave her a marvelous voice and then fell down when it came to giving her strength to carry on. Miss Harris has to dodge dinners and dances and social engagements to conserve her energy for her broadcast and professional work. She doesn't try to keep up with the Jones, but prefers to keep by herself in her own home. And such a home, too.



Our own genial Nellie

WHEN she remodelled the old farmhouse—it's located near Great Neck, Long Island—she was dissatisfied with the fireplace in her living room. She thought it wasn't true to type, and went into Maine searching for a more suitable fireplace. She found one, and had it moved to her Long Island place, and reconstructed it brick by brick. Now, Marion's idea of heaven on earth is to curl up before the ancient fireplace with its roaring logs . . . and let the rest of the world go by. And a good idea on a cold and wintry night. She can sit by the crackling fire and dream of her ancestors.

Marion's right name is Harrison—she's of *the* Harrisons, of Henderson, Kentucky. She is a direct descendant of President Benjamin Harrison, and is a cousin of former Mayor Carter Harrison of Chicago. She is the niece of former Governor Tanner of Illinois, and is related through marriage to Woodrow Wilson.

HER parents expected her to preside over a southern home and sent her off to a convent for schooling. One night alone in her room Marion heard the call of the stage and responded. It was midnight and Marion packed her belongings in a bag, shinnied down the convent fire-escape, and boarded a train for Chicago. She was frail and fourteen at the time, but went forth to conquer the world with never a qualm. Upon arrival in Chicago she wandered around the Loop until she came to the Casino, a movie theatre on Madison Street. She went in and asked the manager for a job as a singer. He heard her sing, looked at her pigtails and short skirt, and shook his head. "You sing swell, kid, and I'd like to put you on," he said. "But you're too young." Two hours later little Marion reappeared before the manager. Her hair was neatly coiffed and she wore a long dress, which she had purchased from her meagre capital. The manager relented and she sang that night.

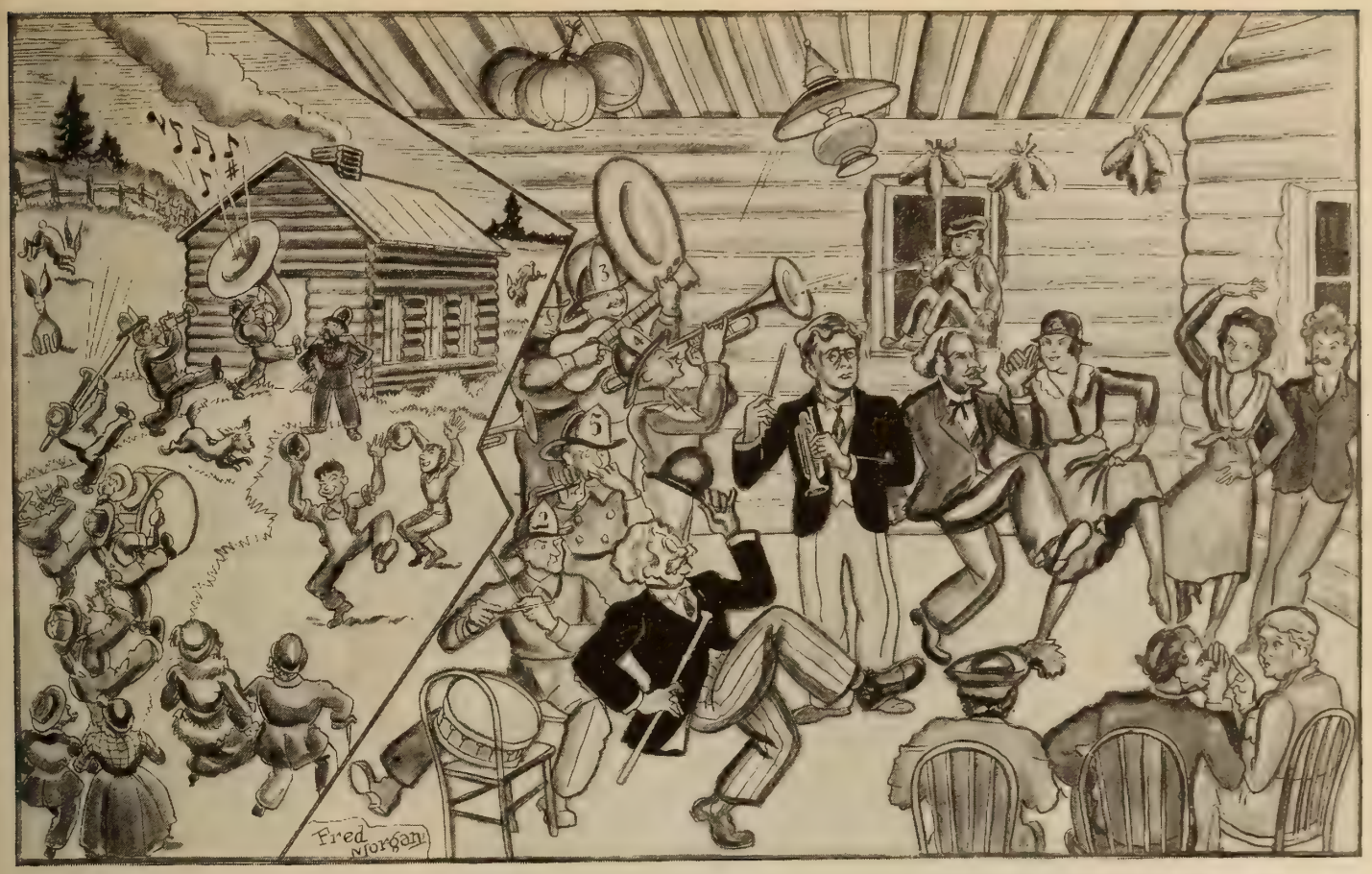
From that point on, the road to fame was slow—but sure—and Marion Harris made it. Two years later she scored her first big Broadway hit with Ziegfeld's Midnight Frolic on the roof of the New Amsterdam Theatre, now the Times Square studio of NBC. Since then she has appeared in many stage successes, and made many phonograph records. Miss Harris has been a headliner in vaudeville over the RKO circuit, and now she is winning fresh laurels as a radio headliner. Which proves once more that the persistent beckoning voice of the theater should be answered and faithfully obeyed.

EVERY Wednesday night at 11 o'clock Miss Revell takes her WEAF mike in hand and rattles off a good old fashioned chinfest about the great and near-great of Radio and stage circles. On this page you will read some of the things she broadcast in case you did not hear her on the NBC network.



George Frame Brown

OLD MATT THOMPKINS of Thompkins Corners, none other, is this sober lookin' soul gazin' down on you from above. He is the party who made Real Folks real and you hear them late on the Sabbath day over a CBS network. Didn't it make your heart bleed the way Matt and Marthy grieved when the boys were carried away in the mountains in a glider? And the blonde vixen who brought them back, didn't you get a grin out of her giggle? Betcha life, so did we! Read a little yarn 'bout Matt on t'other page.



Real folks cut capers in their log cabin home on CBS.

MATT THOMPKINS

Author of famous sketches once scrubbed floors and washed dishes for a living

ONE of the foremost problems of radio program production from the beginning is one that will be eliminated when television comes around that well-known corner. The problem is that of writing dramatic sketches so that all of the listeners can visualize the action solely through the spoken word.

One of the first, if not the very first, writers to realize this fact was George Frame Brown, whose Real Folks sketches have so long entertained a big slice of the radio public with their realistic portrayals of small town life. Since 1928 this sketch has gathered to the loudspeakers a large audience weekly, and only unusual radio events have forced the feature from the air for any time at all. And now that the sketch has been changed to a Sunday afternoon time on a new network, the Columbia Broadcasting System, and to a new sponsor, Log Cabin Syrup, the radio world is anxious to note how well a feature fares when it changes its hour of broadcasting. Mail indications of the first weeks show that the dramatic sketch that has drawn letters from almost a million listeners has not lost its appeal in its new setting. There seems to be no doubt that the program would "click" no matter where or when it is broadcast, although Brown believes the present arrangement is best because it restores the large child audience lost when the feature was transmitted at a late hour.

GEORGE FRAME BROWN hopped from the stage to radio in a single stride, but only after considering the matter very fully. He had gone before the microphone of a New York station along with the cast of a show in which he was appearing. The manager of the station had liked his voice and had been especially pleased with his portrayal of rural characters. He had explained to Brown the possibilities of the new entertainment medium and his arguments had meant a great deal, although Brown was just attaining success on the stage. So Brown left the stage and went before the microphone. He did it with eyes open, taking stage traditions with him, but knowing that he would have to change many of them, drop others and invent many new methods.

THERE is more to this story than appears on the surface. When you think about Real Folks and how it has settled in the hearts of the people you know that it must be genuine, it must reflect in an authentic manner the lives of millions of Americans. What kind of a man is it that can write such human sketches?

George Frame Brown is a modest-appearing, likely-looking young man in his early thirties. He was born in the state of Washington. His parents were pioneers in the Northwest. His father ran a small store and supply firm. And from his childhood memories Brown can resurrect many items for his sketches.

(Continued on page 78)

HITS—QUIPS—SLIPS

By INDI-GEST

LIFE is not a bowl of cherries; it is a bowl of raspberries. And there is a lot to do before you get to the sugar and cream. There are briars and a few scratches that come with the picking—a little backache and some monotony as you go on picking, and picking, and picking to get the berries to fill the bowl. But it helps a lot to whistle a bit and pass along a jest or two as you go.



Irene Taylor looks around.

THERE is something tremendously alive about a live mike. For some it is like a great magnet that draws and thrills. Others find it terribly disconcerting. When old timers sometimes stumble and slip with their tongues before it, is it strange that those who face it for the first time are all but paralyzed. Indi is indebted to Mr. Strickland Gillilan of Washington, D. C., well known writer, for the following verses:

Mike, My Pal

Mike, old pal, first time I faced you,
I was simply frightened dumb.
When the operator placed you
Near my lips, no voice would come.
Who were you, that I should speak to
Little gadget made of steel?
What were you to place my beak to—
You who couldn't think or feel?

Somehow I contrived to utter
Words into your metal heart;
Somehow I contrived to stutter
Dazedly through a written "part."
But next day came words of pleasure
From the ones to whom you gave
What I'd told you! Mike, old treasure,
You have won a willing slave!

From your lively heart vibrating
To a countless listening throng;
To the ears of millions waiting
You have sent my voice along.
So when now, dear Mike, I face you,
I can see the folk behind you.
I am happy when they place you
Where, when signalled I will find you.

STRICKLAND GILLILAN

HERE'S a pome on the "Super Suds Girls," otherwise known as "Clara, Lu and Em," sent to us by Eldora Bruning, 57 Lincoln Road, Brooklyn, N. Y.

"The Super-Suds Girls"

A program that I think is fine
With quite a different kind of line
Is Clara, Lu and Em, who jest
From old Chicago in the West.
They tell us of their daily chores
And all their viewpoints on the wars,
Events occurring every day,
The three discuss in their own way.
They all are wed; have children, too;
There's one who's widowed; her name's Lu.

* * *

PHYLLIS BURTON KORTEN who catches Ben Bernie and Walter Winchell coming and going in the wake of the Magic Carpet sits at her home, 739 Crescent Road, Jackson, Mich., and keeps score. Her bulletin to Indi from this salient reads:

"From the cross-fire of February 2nd: B.B. 'China has sent for Winchell. They want him to take charge of Peking.' . . . (then from the Gotham wave) W.W.: 'Ben Bernie was an extra once in a movie. When he went to see himself in the picture he winked, and missed himself entirely.' Personally I think the round goes to Ben —but then, I am prejudiced, because I am an ardent fan of the Old Maestro."

* * *

Back Talk

Dear Indi:

DID you ever try sitting with your back to people and listening? I think you could get lots of hits and slips that way. You have to be very careful not to let them see you look around. For instance you take a couple of girls like Nan Dorland and Jane Froman here in the Chicago NBC studios, when they get together, Oh me, Oh my, as Andy says. They had a picture taken looking at a clock—and that's the slip I am writing to you about. Well you know Jane has a "go" at 3 p. m. every Sunday so somebody had the bright idea to take a picture with her calling attention to the time. The photographer sticks his head under a hood and sees the image in the back of the camera and I guess it was reversed or something because when the picture was finished the hands were pointing to 9 o'clock. I don't think they wanted anybody to know about it but that's what I got by having my back to them, then peeking around. Isn't that funny?

Irene Taylor



"Stop, Look and Listen" and to their program which comes at 3 (not 9 as the hands on the clock indicate.) Jane Froman and Nan Dorland, NBC, Chicago.

Pure Old Stoopnagle

DEAR INDI: Now that Bud and yours truly have become 99.44 per cent pure I have become greatly concerned as to what that other .56 impure condition might be. In fact it has become almost an obsession, as the most of my consulting alienists say. Is there any way of eliminating it, or is the condition apt to become worse? Sometimes when I look at Bud I wonder to myself if—but I scarcely dare to think it even to myself, if he might be IT. What I mean is the impure .56 per cent. Very well, then would that leave me 100 per cent pure? Ah yes, but pure WHAT? Can't you see it's all forcing me to hire another psychiatrist? The agonizing problem is killing me. It floats, it floats in my brain, eluding my grasp until I feel ready to toss up the sponge and yell, "Aw suds!" Only to the pure all things are pure so how can you understand? Do you think I should tell Bud? Yours purely,

Colonel Lemuel Q. Stoopnagle.



Tunes of the Times

DEAR INDIJEST: I wish to call your attention to the difficult times. It is very distressing to musicians who are always being asked to play something that they don't. Isn't that the truth! So many are out of work. But the thing to do when you are out of work, or there isn't any job for your kind of work, is learn to do another job. So if a man says "Well, well, too bad, but I haven't any jobs today for a ukeist," you come back and say, "Oh, that's all right, I play a guitar much better anyway. I'll take a job as a guitarist." "But," suppose the man says, "I don't need a guitarist either."

Then, if you have been making good use of your time while you didn't have a regular job, you say, "Fine, that's just my luck. I was playing piano in Gus Noodledunk's cafe only last week when the installment house had to take the piano away. I'm a great piano player and that happened just as I was beginning to draw the people in." So you go on until the fellow says he doesn't want any of the different instruments you have learned to play. He doesn't even want you to sing for him. Then you play your trump. You say:

"BUSINESS certainly needs jazzing up, Mr. Fiddlewitz. Let's get together. We all have to make $1 do the work that $5 did before the Reconstruction period. You now have a six piece orchestra. You let me take the part of five men in your orchestra and just leave the girl to play the piano. I'll do the drums, the kazooka, the guitars, harmonica, the cymbals, and imitate all the other parts of a jazz orchestra with my voice. You'll be saving money and I'll have a good job. How about it? Want an audition?" Of course it'll be tough for a while on the five fellows who are let out but they can learn the same as you have and by that time the Reconstruction period will be over and everything will be all right with jobs for everybody. Listen in at CBS, sometime, and you'll hear me do the one man band all by myself.

Chordially yours,

V. M.

Vincent Mondi, the One Man Band at CBS, New York. If you don't believe it when you hear him you can tune him in on W2XAB television from the same station and see him.

Ooh That Kiss!

SOME of the Indi-Gestians will remember the diary of B. A. Rolfe's vacation trip to Hawaii as published exclusively in this department two issues ago. He went to the Islands of Paradise for peace and quiet and to forget all about what kind of days are here again. Everybody knows what happened. He came hurrying right back to the comparative quiet of Broadway where the so-called roar is but as the sleepy purr of a contented kitten.

We sent one of our most astute reporters to interview Mr. Rolfe as to his experiences and as to why he returned so abruptly. It seems that the answers were somewhat evasive but the picture may tell more than words.

"Your trip seems to have tanned you a bit," observed the interviewer.

"Oh yes. Plenty of wind and sunshine, you know, ha! ha!" twinkled Mr. Rolfe.

"See any hula hula Lulus?"

"Yes and no. The water was fine."

"What kind of bathing suits do they wear?"

"Oh that all depends. I didn't notice any."

"Nothing at all?"

"Oh, no, no, no! I mean, I mean I didn't notice what they wore.

"Is that a bump on top of your head, B. A.?"

"You understand men wore men's bathing suits and women wore whatever was necessary."

"No more, no less?"

"Something like that."

"What is that swelling on the top of your head, B. A.?"

"Oh nothing, I guess. You see these hula girls stay pretty much by themselves, with their own people, you know. The men of their kind don't seem to like our people fooling around very much."

"Hope you didn't find that out by experience, B. A.?"

"For heaven's sake, of course not. What's new on Broadway?"

"You saw Ed Wynn's Laugh Parade, I know, for well I remember that nice little party you gave for us—"

"And then at the Tavern—"

"But the songs. They're on the air now—almost every program."

"You mean?"

"Ooh, That Kiss!"

"Ooh, yeah? Well, good bye."



"Ooooooooooh that Kiss! B. A. Rolfe about to take a steel guitar lesson with Mr. Joseph Kamakau at the frets. And the lady's name is Rose. Note horrified Hawaiians in the background rushing to the rescue.

Voice of the

WILL D. X. PLEASE ADVISE

NOT knowing just whom I should ask for the following information I hope that you will be able to advise me. Several times I have listened to a program which is, to the best of my knowledge, all Spanish music and talk. I have never heard a word in English or any call letters and I am wondering if there might be a station at this location which is not listed in my call book. If my readings on my Majestic radio are correct, this station comes on 900 kilocycles where I also have tuned in Alaska, Los Angeles, Oklahoma City, and Buffalo, N. Y. It does not seem that any of these stations would broadcast a Spanish program exclusively. Of course it may be Cuban language and music that I have been hearing. I listened to this program for an hour one Sunday without hearing any call letters and it has aroused my interest. I wonder if any of your readers have heard such a broadcast and if they know where it is coming from.—Olive Crosby, 272 Elm St., Amesbury, Mass.

IT'S UP TO VOLLERS

WHILE reading the V. O. L. page in the December issue I found that almost all of the letters were about Rudy Vallee. How about giving Rudy a break by not putting so much in about him for one issue. Spread it out a little more. Don't forget that we all do not prefer the same type of program, and by publishing so much of Rudy Vallee you are apt to turn many against him who ordinarily enjoy him once in a while. You know there is such a thing as too much of a good thing.—Walter J. Hammill, 3821 Bonaventure St., Philadelphia, Pa.

. . . Dear Mr. Hammill: The editors have very little to say about these V. O. L. pages. You letter writers supply the material. If 90 per cent of the letters mention one artist there is nothing we can do but print as you write.—Editor.

THINKS CALLOWAY "SWELLEGENT"

HERE'S to R. D. and all the articles therein. I have just recently become a V. O. L. fan, but you may rest assured I'll be with you through 1932. Just a word or two about that person who wrote the letter panning Bing Crosby in the December issue. Did he forget that Bing was one of the first to start this deep and low down style? Russ Columbo is O. K. but at least a poor imitation of Crosby. And gee, won't some of you fans give me a hand in singing a hymn of praise for Cab Calloway. I think he's simply swellegent (W. Winchell) when he does that "Minnie the Moocher."—Eunice St. George, 709 Washington Ave., East Grand Forks, Minnesota.

SEE SEPTEMBER R. D.

I HAVE been reading your publication for many months and find it very interesting. I have my favorite on the air and want to talk about him—Ted Lewis. His orchestra to my mind has more personality than any other band on the air. And that includes Rudy Vallee, too. Guy Lombardo seems to be the only one who can come close to the High Hat Tragedian. How about a story on Ted and illustrate it in the Radio Digest manner.—Lakin Phillips, Higginsville, Mo.

TRADELAST FOR DENNY

EVERYBODY has been praising his favorite dance orchestra through this column and so I wish to praise mine also. My praises are sung for Jack Denny and his Canadian orchestra heard over the NBC Network. The peculiar manner in which he plays his dance music and the slow tempo have won for him a featured spot in many a fan's list of favorites. He holds first place in mine. The band is known as Canada's finest, but in my opinion that should be stretched to include the whole of North America, for there is not one who can compare with Denny. I am glad to see that he is getting the breaks he deserves on the Lucky Strike programs.—Grace Custer, 2423 Clyde Place, Canton, Ohio.

JUST IMAGINE THIS!

HERE is a question that I should like to have answered. Is there any radio artist or entertainer whom a fan can write a letter to and hope to have it answered? To date I have written 1,730 letters to artists and stations and have never received a reply. Is it that they do not want to answer the fan letters or are they merely uninterested? I have written ten consecutive letters to Miss Mildred Bailey and as many to Lee Morse and Marion Harris, but have never heard from either of them. I cannot understand it. They tell us to write and say that fan mail is considered very important at the studios, but why don't they reply? I am not alone in this cause, for many of my friends have had the same luck when they have written letters to artists. Something should be done about it. I have three radios myself and there are few programs that I miss. I would like to get the name of one radio person who will answer my letters—can you help me out?—Eugene W. Cain, 186 Scioto Avenue, Chillicothe, Ohio.

WE'LL ASK HER

MARCELLA, can't you get a picture of Pinky Hunter the vocalist in Emerson Gills' orchestra? They were formerly heard over WTAM in Cleveland but are now located in a Syracuse cafe where they broadcast daily over the Columbia network. —Mrs. T. W. Walters, Eyota, Minn.

LET'S BE GOOD SPORTS

I THINK the lady from Kentucky was rather unkind in her opinion of Morton Downey. Surely she knows what that switch and the controls on the front of her radio are for. She can always shut the thing off. Rudy, Mort and Bing have worked hard to get where they are. So why not live and let live as the air is large enough for all of them and we need the entertainment that they provide. Yours for better appreciation and less fault finding.—Mrs. A. E. Wood, Burnell Ave., Portland, Maine.

"NOT IMITATING," SAYS SHE

I GUESS everyone has his or her pet peeve and mine happens to be the constant controversy which the public insists upon fostering between the three best known radio crooners—Rudy Vallee, Lew Conrad and Will Osborne. Why should people intimate that Lew Conrad is imitating Will Osborne or that either of them are imitating Rudy Vallee? To compare voices is like comparing milk, wine and Scotch—they are all good and all different, therefore it is illogical to say that one is imitating the other. I am a loyal Vallee fan and I think that Mr. Vallee has one of the sweetest voices on the air, but that is no reason why I cannot appreciate Mr. Conrad's voice too. He isn't an imitator. I happen to know that he has been singing for a number of years and has not changed his vocal technique to suit the radio or to imitate any current stars in the radio heavens. His voice is a natural one and all of it is his own personal property. And what about Will Osborne? Five years ago he was writing a series of articles for an orchestral magazine expounding his methods of orchestration and singing. But Will couldn't put his method over and it took Rudy Vallee to popularize it. That is why it seems so foolish to me to hear people say that "Lew Conrad is a very good Vallee imitator and there are dozens of lesser ones, but who wants to listen to a substitute when you can hear the original." Why say that one is imitating another when who knows, when you get down to brass tacks but what the so-called imitated is the real imitator.—Helen Fleitz, 7014 S. Rockwell St., Chicago, Ill.

ARE YOU A WEEMSER?

WE HAVE recently organized the "Ted Weems Radio Club" and I, in the capacity of secretary, have been asked to write you so that you could mention us and have other Ted Weems clubs get in touch with us. If you can publish the fact that any one who is interested in joining may do so by writing the signed name and address we would appreciate it.—Dorothy Raymond, 824 13th Ave., St. Cloud, Minn.

LIKES HYMNS AND DAMROSCH

HAVE seen in Radio Digest that listeners opinions are wanted on the programs that are heard on various broadcasts. As I happen to be a listener I am taking the liberty of expressing a few of my opinions. A few weeks ago John Wilcox, music critic on the Denver Post, wrote an article on this subject, and as I share some of his opinions I am going to repeat a few of his ideas. He says that if some broadcasters do not stop bothering the listeners with trashy music and other trashy stuff we shall have to appeal to Congress to pass laws governing the radio programs. Most of the average listeners are not morons, writes Mr. Wilcox, and I agree with him there too. I do not know what this esteemed critic thinks to be trash, but I do know what I do not care to listen to on the radio and intend to mention by name a few of the programs I particularly like or dislike. Jazz music for one thing is disgusting. Women sopranos singing opera or what have you make us take a high dive for the radio dial to switch them off. Continued stories, silly sentimental songs, plays and talks we can also do without and they are things that I always tune out. What I like best is honest to goodness good music. We all like the good old fashioned string bands, playing those lovely and peppy old time tunes. But the big broadcasting networks do not seem to favor that sort of music. At least I am never lucky enough to tune them on at such times. Everyone playing a saxophone

Listener

should be exiled to Siberia, no? Walter Damrosch and his music appreciation hour is the best thing on the air. Rudy Vallee has a splendid voice as has Bing Crosby, but they always sing these sentimental songs that have neither melody or sense, and one tires of that very readily. Take for instance that song called "Guilty." It is the most boring thing I ever heard. So then what we like best is good old fashioned string music. Also the good old fashioned classics. Organ solos are nice too, and hymns are nice if sung by men or men and women with the female voices in the minority. But let's get away from all this jazz.—Mrs. C. Peterson, Box 168, Rocky Ford, Colo.

NICE LITTLE POSY FOR R. D.

I WANT to say that I enjoy your magazine very much. It is such a great help in locating the stations. Also it is one of the best in its field for reading matter for radio fans. When something is interesting I believe one should say so. Hence my letter. That's all.—Alice M. Meredith, 820 Park Ave., Richmond, Va.

WILL N. N. PLEASE WRITE?

MAY I say a few words of praise about the radio being a source of much comfort to the ill? When I was confined to my bed for many months it was the only contact with the outer world and with my copy of Radio Digest I whiled away many and many a happy hour with these two great tonics for the blues. I am still confined to the house a good deal and would like to hear from other invalid radio fans. —Miss L. R., 129 Laurier Ave., Montreal, Can.

"QUIRRP-QUIRRP-QUIRRP!"

WELL I wonder if this is going to get into V. O. L.? I have been reading Radio Digest for some time and have just begun to wonder who in the world is running this department. All I see is Rudy Vallee this, and Rudy Vallee that. Why not give some one else a break if for no other reason than to insert a bit of diversion for the readers? For instance there is Eddie Cantor. Why not a story on Eddie and a few letters? At any cost it would be a great relief to read something besides notes on MR. VALLEE.—R. F. D., Jackson City, N. Y.

AGAIN SO SOON?

I READ Radio Digest every month and think it is great. I enjoy your radiograph and silhouette pages very much, but why not publish pictures of some of the children who appear on the National and Columbia systems? Such child artists as Jimmy McCallion and Walter Tetley would be good ones to start with and then follow it up. This would please the readers.—H. E. Buck, Chestnut Hill Academy, Chestnut Hill, Pa.

BY AND LARGE

JUST a word of defense in hopes of taming some of those flagrant outbreaks against Rudy of late in your columns. Perhaps he is not grammatically perfect (who is?). Perhaps he is no James Melton, but Rudy never laid claim to the title. But it stands to reason that he must have something or he would never have made the success he has in the short time he has been broadcasting. Personally, while I do not enjoy Vallee's crooning and his orchestrations, my taste runs to the classical and my favorites are in that field. But I am just riled up about all those nasty letters and have got to get it off my chest. I think that most people are too extreme in their judgment of Rudy Vallee. His fans are too flattering and his non-fans are far too caustic. After all he is only a man, and at that a young one. He has made a great deal of money and has worked hard. Why not hats off to Rudy Vallee as a figure who has done the world and this country in particular the decided favor of showing them how and why it can and is being done.—May Hanson, 27 Bowen Street, Edgewood, R. I.

MAYBE NEWS ABOUT YOLANDE?

THIS is my second letter to you and I have little to add other than that your magazine continues to be the finest, cleanest and best of all radio publications. Please keep it so. Will you please print something about the inside workings of the "Arabesque" program? Unquestionably Frank Knight is one of the finest radio actors we have and should be written about in the magazine as well as the other artists on this program.—Marion Montgomery, Brooklyn, N. Y.

TOLERANT

AS I am an admirer of Rudy Vallee and his orchestra I am always on the lookout for pictures and articles about them, no matter how big or small. About a year ago or perhaps a little more, I passed a newsstand and noticed RADIO DIGEST. I thought it might contain some news and so I bought a copy. I found little articles and quite a few fan letters mentioning Rudy, and was very much pleased with my find. We can't expect everything to be about Rudy Vallee, for there are lots of people not as interested in him as we are, and who have other artists they prefer and enjoy. Therefore we expect and look forward to your articles on other artists, as has been your policy. Don't forget that article on the Connecticut Yankees, and above all don't forget Manny Lowey.—Mae Ward, 2650 North 16th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

JUST another Rudy Vallee Club coming to the front, and we would appreciate your notice. Any Vallee fans in this section of the country please communicate with the undersigned. We herewith extend a cordial welcome to all new members.—Sally Barrett, President "Vallee Vagabonds," 510 Stanyan Street, San Francisco, Cal.

MALE BEAUTY CONTEST

THE radio beauty contest has been quite a topic of conversation hereabouts. So just for fun why not start a handsome male beauty contest for radio stars. But let us be fair and not choose our winner from any point of view other than pure good looks. Not musical or professional talent of any kind. Let's be impartial. And so I nominate herewith, Will Osborne, CBS orchestra leader and crooner as the most handsome man on the air. I am sure there will be plenty to second my choice.—An Osbornian, San Francisco, Cal.

LIKES BATTLING BEN BERNIE

MAY I make a few suggestions for your magazine? In the first place during the two years that I have read and enjoyed Radio Digest there has never been anything in it about George Olsen. Since George is back on the air regularly we think a lot of people would be interested in a feature story about him. We should also like to see pictures of some of his many singers in particular Fran Fray. And too, I wish you would have Ben Bernie write an article about the members of his band. We believe Ben to be by far the grandest entertainer on the air and I feel certain he could write a most interesting account of his 'lads.' We got a great kick out of the "Battling Ben Bernie" pictures and his remarks about them in the last two issues.—E. F.

BETTER'N BETTER, SAYS SHE

HAVE been reading Radio Digest for over four years and I can say this much for it, that it is getting better and better. Lots of people like to say mean things about things they don't like but I think they should keep their dislikes under their hat. Please tell me why you do not have more pictures of the small stations* and their artists. I think that they are equally deserving and fully as interesting as the large network stations. If you will only publish news of the little fellows you can be assured of my loyal support year by year as long as Radio Digest continues. It's a fine book.—Mrs. Gertrude Latch, 320 Jordon Ave., Miles City, Montana.

** Because out of our national circulation there are only a limited number of readers particularly interested in any one small station. See Station Parade for news sent in by individual stations.—Editor.*

DID YOU READ "GUY?"

HAVE just bought my January copy of R. D. and I feel that the time has come for me to say what I think. After the result of the Jack Foster poll was made public I thought surely you would begin to realize that there must be a huge army of Lombardo fans, to give those Royal Canadians the grand majority they got. For three years I have been an enthusiastic Lombardo fan and a real booster for the Sweetest Music this Side of Heaven. There is a fine new group picture of the Lombardo orchestra showing each man and the instrument he plays. I wish you would give us a good clear print of it. And give us lots of pictures of Guy and his brothers and all the rest of them.—Hazel R., 1749 Winchester Ave., Chicago.

THANK YOU, I.M.S.

I THINK that every Radio Digest reader should send you three cheers for the splendid issue just published so here is my applause. The article "Hello Hawaii" made me recall that delightful program when the NBC was inaugurated at station KGU. The stories about Floyd Gibbons, John Sousa and Ray Perkins also helped to make this an outstanding issue. I liked the new features "Letters to the Artist" and hope you will continue it. Next month please include something about my favorites.—I. Mary Stayley, Frederick, Md.

Broadcasting from

Friendly Minister Inquires: Why Not Give Notice of Program Shifts?

JUST now when all the forces hostile to the present free American Plan of Broadcasting are combing with a fine-tooth comb for every possible flaw, it behooves every broadcaster to stand alert and to give the listener the finest possible service.

And here is a matter that needs all around investigation and control. All stations should give the listener a break of some kind when they cut off his favorite program. If he is a regular listener he has developed certain listening habits. He has his favorite programs. The sponsor has built up a certain amount of good will at great expense and part of that good will extends to the station that presents the program. At a certain time of the evening the listener sits down and sets his dial in anticipation of the program. He may have been thinking and talking about it during the day. The hour comes. The moment arrives. Then, without warning, some totally strange announcement comes out to him. He is puzzled. He tests the dial, checks up the program listing. Then he becomes hot under the collar as he twists frantically for other stations in the hope that he will find the program for which he had been waiting. All in vain. And never a word has been spoken, not a word of explanation or apology. He is a ripe prospect to listen to some plan of revenge, and the broadcaster has lost another friend to the most efficient broadcasting system in the world in spite of its admitted faults.

Writes the Reverend A. J. N. of Cherokee, Ia., to Radio Digest who had expected to find a certain program over WOW, Omaha, and had suffered just such an experience as described above: "Not a word was said as to whether the program had been dropped, the time or chain changed, or any other information. Instead there began a program of electrical transcription about electric refrigerators, when the temperature outside my house was ten below. But I was plenty hot. . . Of course the sponsors of a feature have a right to change or discontinue it, but why all the secrecy, yea even discourtesy, about it? It might take a moment or two of the new program's time, but then the new program might be listened to."

The pastor says he may be making the fight alone but he has made a resolution, "that when any radio program I liked was dropped or shifted without notification I would protest to the sponsors of the program and discontinue using their product, if I had been using it."

Programs are usually contracted for not less than thirteen successive weeks. It would seem there could be some arrangement for announcement in advance when they are going to end, or there is to be a change. But practically every station in the country is guilty of the same offense which our Iowa correspondent charges up to WOW. The program taken off in this case, was a "sustaining" or non-commercial, one that was wired in from New York. It cost the station money for wire service. The program was replaced by one that doubtless paid the station money.

The editors of Radio Digest do not question the propriety or necessity of frequent shifts of programs. Some of them must be made on what amounts to an emergency basis. But is there any real excuse for not taking the listener into the station's confidence, thereby building friendship instead of fanning discontent?

A Carolina Newspaper Argues for Radio

RADIO DIGEST in its defense of the American Plan of Broadcasting has had occasion to point out positions of attack on the plan, and reasons for the attack from the time that the Fess Bill was first introduced. It has no fight with the newspapers; on the other hand it has tried to show where an alliance between newspapers and radio must ultimately result for the good of all concerned. We deplore the schism that has developed but we could not put the case any more specifically than is outlined in an editorial which appeared in the Carolina State News, Spartanburg, S. C., under the title, "Let's Make It Fifty-Fifty":

"NEWSPAPERS are conducting a vigorous campaign against Radio. A poor, half starved newspaper and editor at Ventura, Cal., has devoted his plant and full time to the fight on radio. Undoubtedly some interest is furnishing the money. The Newspapers and their association (The Editor and owner of this paper is a member of the Association) protest that America should have the European system of broadcasting, viz: all stations owned by the Government and operated by the Government. A tax on receiving sets pays the bill. You pay for listening to poppy cock bunk, and hokum handed out over the stations by the political party in power. The newspapers, at least some of them, have brought themselves to the actual belief that they are acting in a purely altruistic spirit in behalf of the public. The President has declared himself in favor of the independent method of broadcasting operation now practiced in the United States. Leading Congressmen and Senators have declared for the same method. There seems little possibility that the newspapers' campaign will bring results, so they have begun to demand more restrictions for broadcasters. Broadcasters in the United States can, in ten minutes, reach and talk to more people than any one issue of every newspaper printed in America combined. It is a sad indictment of the Fourth Estate when they would be led by a few radical fools in attacking progress, science and development. What about the buggy manufacturers. They didn't howl when automobiles came in!

"Now if you, gentle readers, would like to know the real reason newspapers are attacking radio, then read this—Newspapers lost in excess of 38% advertising revenues in 1930 from the peak revenues of 1929. During the same year Radio gained approximately 97%. Newspapers took another nose dive in 1931 while Radio went up another 50% over the 1930 figures. Local advertisers, not counting chain advertisers, spent $170,000,000 advertising over radio stations in 1931. Do you wonder why newspapers, at least some of them, will not publish Radio programs and are attacking radio and demanding more government restrictions or adoption of the European system of broadcasting? Radio's answer is:

" 'O. K. Gentlemen of the Press—we are willing to have the European system of broadcasting, provided you agree to the same governmental regulation of your newspapers as experienced by European

the Editor's Chair

newspapers at present. Or we are willing to have more Governmental regulation provided the Government makes the same rules that apply to Broadcasting stations apply to your newspapers. In other words, the Government must also tell you when you shall open your business and when you shall close it. The Government will tell you that you cannot take sides in a political fight but must give both sides equal space, the Government will license you to publish for 90 days at a time, and subject you to hearings at Washington at all times, should your paper not comply with regulations of the Government, and, incidentally hearings are very expensive. You will be limited in the number of papers you will publish and your pressmen and other employees will have to stand examinations and secure a Government license and must be on duty at all times while your paper is being published. Indecent and obscene matter will be barred from your papers. Of course you do not have such in your papers now, but such little phrases as, "ten, twenty or forty feet of intestine," "bowels," "sour stomach," "constipation," "sore feet," "periodic pains," "women's ailments," "poisonous matter," "bad breath," "B. O. (body odor)" might be barred by the Government and then your revenues would suffer. Think what might happen now if the newest inventions for the comfort of women were exploited over the radio? Lydia Pinkham would soon become history if the radio was depended upon to tell suffering ladies of her tonic. Certain bath room accessories would have never become known and we probably would not know corn on the cob to be the delicacy it is. It is good business for newspapers however. And Yeast—think what relief to mankind has been done by the Constipation ads—we doubt if the world could have learned of the great advantage of yeast without the newspapers. The grotesque expressions on the faces of sufferers from tooth ache, back ache, kidney pains and exhibitions of various parts of the anatomy pictured in newspaper ads would be sorely lacking on the Radio. Pictures of feet, ugly distorted feet with long toes, crooked toes, toes such as no person would admit as theirs, are not shown over the Radio—but in newspapers—Tiz. And did you ever hear a suggestive smutty sexy story read over the Radio? "Her Secret Love," would have fallen flat as a serial if Radio had been depended upon to carry it to the public. Did you ever hear a broadcast from a penitentiary death house, actual scenes of a woman being electrocuted? And last, but not least, ladies and gentlemen of the newspaper and radio audience—when equal regulation of Radio and Newspapers is actually put into practice by the Government, postal rates for newspapers will be raised to a par with all other mailings. The Taxpayers of these United States will not be forced to pay millions of dollars to cover the expense of delivering newspapers through the mails at postage rates that do not cover one tenth the actual cost of handling the newspapers and distributing them.

" 'Radio wants a fifty-fifty break with newspapers, but wants no odds, nor does Radio want the newspapers to have odds—Radio will insist that the fifty-fifty proposition be not like the restaurant owner who used horse meat in his rabbit stew. Fifty-fifty, one horse and one rabbit.' "

A New York Newspaper Derides Government Control of Air

MR. ELMER JOY MORGAN and Mr. Armstrong Perry, P. A., carrying shield, buckler and megaphone for the 15 per cent split of all available broadcast wavelengths ostensibly for "educational purposes" have been breaking into print again over proposed legislation. Somehow newspapers that theoretically should be their strongest advocates have not been altogether kind. Mr. Joseph Medill Patterson, co-publisher of the New York Sunday News and the Chicago Tribune, has been rather lukewarm toward radio in spite of the fact that WGN, Chicago, is a subsidiary of the Tribune. In the New York Sunday News (January 10, 1932) an editorial reads as follows:

"THE POOR old radio industry has just come in for another sock on the jaw. This latest left hook is delivered by a Mr. Armstrong Perry, representing the National Committee on Education by Radio. Mr. Perry unloaded the haymaker at a New Orleans convention of scientists.

"It is Mr. Perry's feeling that radio should be rigidly controlled if not owned by the Government, as it is in most European countries; that advertising should be taken off the air; and that radio should be used 'to serve the people instead of to exploit people.'

"Mr. Perry then turns around and says that people don't listen to the radio advertising which he feels is exploiting them. That's a funny canceling-out of one argument against advertising by radio. If the people don't listen to the advertising, how are they being affected by it at all?

"We presume that what Mr. Perry wants most is Government control of radio, and that he is gathering up all the arguments he can find to support that proposal. Lots of people are. It's a question that will probably have to be decided sooner or later in this country.

"Mr. Perry's most substantial argument for Government radio control is that 94 per cent of all songs, speeches, special acts and so on, broadcast in the United States, are subject to the censorship of

(Continued on page 51)



Tuneful Topics

By RUDY VALLÉE

"Starlight"

I RECEIVED the following telegram from the Santly Brothers, who have been associated with the biggest of publishers before they went into business for themselves:

"Dear Rudy we have sent you what we sincerely hope to be a quick outstanding hit entitled Starlight would you kindly play it over and if you like it may we ask your support for what we believe to be the best fox trot we ever published kindest regards—Lester Santly."

The telegram speaks for itself, and I believe it is the first time the boys have wired me quite so enthusiastically. By the time their wire came, I had already heard the song done beautifully by that little master of song, Little Jack Little. He featured it on his Monday night broadcast with the Brothers Lombardo. He was clever enough to associate with it the thought of "Evening Star" from "Tannhauser," and his presentation of the song was particularly fine.

Although, in my opinion, the Santlys have published greater songs than STARLIGHT, it is an exceptionally good fox trot, and I hope it exceeds their expectations.

We play it slowly, at about one minute the chorus.

"Was That the Human Thing to Do?"

AS I said in my Fleischmann Hour chatter, my first reaction on hearing "Was That the Human Thing to Do?" as sung by Jean Malin at the Club Richman, accompanied by George Oleson's orchestra, was that it must be the work of Noble Sissle, Layton and Johnston, Eubie Blake, or at least some colored composer who hails originally from the Harlem belt. I was indeed surprised to find the names of Sammy Fain and Joe Young on the sheet. Not that both of these writers are not capable of writing this type of song, but it is entirely in the raucous, senseless colored style.

The song is a welcome relief from many of the

"Oooh, oooh I love you-oo-oo
Will you be true-oo-oo"

type of song. It puts me very much in mind of the song "If I Could Be With You One Hour Tonight," which was the work of Creamer and Johnston. Just how Fain and Young came to achieve the quality of that peculiar touch I do not know.

Diminutive Sammy Fain may take the bow for "You Brought a New Kind of Love to Me," "When I Take My Sugar to Tea," "Mia Cara," and others, but this is the first time anything of this type has come to my attention. Fain also boasts a very fine singing voice and the enviable ability to accompany himself at the piano.

In our early days of broadcasting for Herbert's Jewelry Store on the Herbert Diamond Hour, Sammy often used to follow us, or precede us with various accounts, such as the Finkenburg Furniture Hour over WMCA; in fact it is over that station that he has done most of his solo broadcasting and duet work with various individuals. One of the original "Radio Franks" was sick, and I believe Sammy substituted for him and hardly anyone knew the difference. He happened to be in Florida when we were playing there on our Paramount tour, and gave me one of the first copies of "When I Take My Sugar to Tea." It looks as though he has a real hit in this song.

Joe Young is an old veteran in Tin Pan Alley, and is one of the big moguls of the Alley itself, having written such hits as "Crying for the Carolines," "Laugh, Clown, Laugh," "King for a Day," and "Have a Little Faith in Me."

At noon time all the great writers of the Alley may be found congregated in a restaurant known as "Lindy's," at 52nd Street and Broadway, where they not only pat each other on the back, assuring one another that the music business has not gone to the dogs, and that the other fellow's song is a "natural"; but they also enjoy supplying the lesser fry of the columnists with scandal and dirt about radio hours, artists, and even other songwriters.

It is at these noon-day gatherings that Joe Young presides, very much as a great political boss, especially more so in view of the fact that he is secretary of the American Society of Authors, Composers and Publishers. It has always been a source of wonderment to me that the American Society should be controlled by men who are still active writers and publishers. Gene Buck, the President, is one of the fairest and finest men I have ever met, and although he is a writer he is not actively engaged in writing at the present time. I imagine it must be extremely difficult for men like Joe Young, and Louis Bernstein, President of Shapiro-Bernstein, to decide absolutely impartially on problems which confront them, especially when the fortunes of their own respective firms and writers are at stake. But these two men, and the others who control the destinies of the great society are capable and fine men, well-liked by everyone in the profession.

But to get back to the song itself. (I am sure that my Ph.D. critic by this time has torn out all the hair on his head because of my wandering from the subject.) When I first heard the song rendered, I noticed that the singer took an extremely high note, in the colored fashion, on the word "thing." I believed at the moment that this was the individual's own particular style of singing the song, only to find out that this colored characteristic was part of the music of Sammy Fain, and is in every copy of the song.

The lines are very funny, very catchy and very clever. Joe Young feels that not even the treatment of a dog equals the treatment accorded to the jilted one who is lamenting in the song. It is certainly getting a great play from all the band and cabaret singers. If it catches the public fancy Messrs. Fain and Young will be riding around in new Fords during the summer months.

We play it at about one minute the chorus, and it is published by Witmark, Inc.

"When We're Alone" (Penthouse Serenade)

IT IS a peculiar thing, but in most of the songs submitted me by people who come from the elite or upper strata of New York society, one out of every four selects the idea of a penthouse, or a cozy apartment for two, as the idea of the song. Not since "Just a Love Nest" of musical comedy fame has there been as successful a song about a cottage, a penthouse, or apartment, as this

one, "When We're Alone," and I attribute it mainly, in this case, to the melody and not the lyrics.

Very much in the same vein as "Dream a Little Dream of Me" was this melody brought to my attention by its rendition at the hands of another orchestra. Eating at Whyte's and listening to Van Steeden's orchestra, they were playing a melody which my boys had played on two occasions when I was off the stand at the Pennsylvania, and its reiteration by Van Steeden and his boys brought home to me the fact that it was a grand melody. When asking Van what the name of the tune was, and realizing that we had it in our books, I resolved to program it the next Thursday, which I subsequently did.

I received a very lovely letter from the boys who produced the show in which the number appeared for 19 consecutive weeks on the Coast, a feat quite unheard of in that short-lived show territory! The song is probably one of the reasons that the show did well, as it is a beautiful melody, and is another tune which, if not a big selling hit, is one that is played by all the bands, large and small, known and unknown.

The lyrics are lovely, however, dealing with "Hinges on chimneys for stars to go by." It must have seemed rather odd to the California players in the show to be singing about "old Manhattan," three thousand miles away, but it really is a grand song, and I congratulate Larry Spier, of Famous Music, on bringing it East.

The opening phrases which are reiterated throughout the song consist of six quarter notes in a measure, which necessitates these six notes being divided into triplets in order to get them all in within the time allotted to each measure. For that reason and no other we play the tune at about one minute and five seconds to the chorus.

"Of Thee I Sing" and "Who Cares"

AS I discuss these two songs, I cannot help but feel enthusiastic. Although I am far from being a veteran show-goer and a critic of these things, still I can honestly say that "Of Thee I sing" is the finest and most interesting of its type that I have seen in the course of my life-time. Possibly I went into the theatre convinced that I would like the show, because the name of George Gershwin, coupled with George S. Kaufman would guarantee for me the finest of enjoyment, as I found it really was. I knew, too, that if the work done by the afore-said gentlemen was at all good, William Gaxton would more than do justice to it, but I had a distinct surprise in the fine acting of Lois Moran, and the superb portrayal of his part by Victor Moore. It is difficult to say just what person or what feature of the show is most responsible for its success as the smash hit of the season.



Rudy "'Neath the sheltering palms"

Whatever the decision may be in that direction, one cannot help but admit that the show is a wow from start to finish, although I feel that the first appearance of the nine supreme court judges was a trifle long drawn out, which opinion was subsequently seconded by Buddy DeSylva, whom I met for the first time a few evenings ago. Still the show will have a long run, and is your best bet for an evening's entertainment in the future.

While the music is not the sensational type of hit (which may be said to be typical of most of Gershwin's musical comedy songs); it is the kind of music which grows on one, and which bands continue playing long after they have forgotten the light type of popular songs. "Of Thee I Sing" is well reprised many times throughout the show, being introduced by William Gaxton at a Madison Square Garden demonstration, and its final rendition is by Gaxton as he kneels at the bed of the first lady of the land with her newly born babies.

"Who Cares," while less outstanding and less played in the show than Of Thee I Sing, is nevertheless a very excellent song, and its second rendition in the show is at a very tense and melodramatic moment which I am sure would affect sentimentally anyone who has any sentimentality at all in his make-up.

"Can't We Talk It Over"

A BRUNSWICK record of this tune, with Mrs. Jesse Crawford at the organ accompanying Bing Crosby, is responsible for my particular mention of it in this list. This is not the first time that a big Wurlitzer organ has accompanied a male singer of the popular type. Gene Austin, Scrappy Lambert, Jack Miller, and many other singers have had this unusual accompaniment on some of their records; in fact, Jesse Crawford and I recorded "My Sin" two years ago when I was appearing at the New York Paramount, but the record was never released.

It was not so much the organ accompaniment as Bing's inimitable rendition of the tune which made it haunt me so much that I feel very sanguine as to the popularity of the song itself.

I am glad to see Vic Young, who wrote the melody, finally go commercial. Vic is perhaps a mixture of Paul Whiteman and Ferde Grofe, being not only a very fine orchestra conductor but a gifted arranger. All his arrangements and songs have leaned toward the very beautiful, intricate and elaborate, but while these things are beautiful from the musician's standpoint, they rarely sell to the public.

Here he has combined with Ned Washington to write a song which will give many of us a great deal of pleasure in the singing. It probably has never occurred to you but we who interpret and present popular songs for you over the radio, can lend just so much more sincerity and feeling when the tune is really one that inspires us, and even the simplest song may do it if it has just that indescribable something which every outstanding song must have.

I presume Joe Keit selected this song for the firm of Remick; if so he has certainly chosen wisely. Rather than attempt to describe the construction lyrically or melodically of the song, I would suggest that you listen for it over your loud speaker, and you will find it kind, indeed, to your ears unless you are unhappy in love, when you will probably find it not only the expression of your thoughts, but a song you would like to have the other party hear.

It should be done extremely slowly, in just the way Bing does it.

"Goodnight, My Love"

IT IS a time-proven adage that imitation is the sincerest form of flattery; and successful product or person knows imitators galore. "Ballyhoo" magazine, which has been a gold mine for its founders, is now going through the throes of imitation almost to duplication. Likewise in popular songs the outstanding popular hit finds itself followed by songs using the same phrases, the same ideas, and almost the same melodic twists. This is not to be wondered at, as it is only natural that others would like to enjoy the same success, but rather than achieve it by originating something different, they prefer to secure it, if possible, by following the way which has been shown to be successful.

"Goodnight Sweetheart" has become the slogan for a dozen or so "Goodnight" songs. Not that the word "Goodnight" alone is responsible for the phenomenal success of "Goodnight Sweetheart" from the selling standpoint, but still no one can account for the tremendous popularity of the song, so others who would like to secure the same results feel that they must play safe and at least title their songs with "Goodnight."

The general idea of "Goodnight Sweetheart" was "Goodnight, Dear, Till We Meet Tomorrow." You must not be surprised if you find a run of songs expressing the same sentiment one after another. Mr. Walter Donaldson has written a very fine song in "Goodnight Moon," and now the writers of "Sweet and Lovely" have combined to write "Goodnight My Love."

The saving grace, at least in this particular case, is that it is published by the publisher of "Goodnight Sweetheart." There is also absolution for the imitators, as in this case they wrote a waltz instead of a fox trot.

It is a lovely waltz, perhaps too lovely. To me it is worthy of a place on a program of semi-classical music, at least the class of music that is used for the accompaniment of ballet dancing, or for a particular scene in a picture. As a popular song I am doubtful that it will achieve the same popularity as its predecessor.

The Robbins organization, which is hitting on all eight, will see that you hear a great deal of it in the months to come. I am sure that its writers will not be a bit hurt if you like it and play it.

"One More Kiss"

ANOTHER song of the same vein as "Goodnight Sweetheart," though originally written years before the advent of "Goodnight Sweetheart," is this bright snappy tune which was brought to my attention by the lovely singing voice of Bobby Borger of George Olson's orchestra. The song was originally written by an amateur, an orchestra leader, Art Kogan, and was played a great deal in Atlantic City. The keen ear of Archie Fletcher, always looking for hit material, saw possibilities in the song.

He gave it to Peter de Rose and Charlie Tobias, for a necessary revision, but the original haunting twist of the song which caught his ear, is the thing that will make the song, if it is going to be popular—at least one of its saving graces is that it may be played brightly, and you will rarely hear it played improperly unless some band leader with a perverse idea of tempo decides to play it very slowly.

We take 36 seconds in the playing of one chorus, and the firm of Joe Morris is working on this one song at the present time.

"Kiss by Kiss"

PHIL KORNHEISER, director for twenty years of the destinies of Leo Feist, Inc., one of the manniken-makes of Broadway, who has helped more than a score of some of Broadway's biggest names on their way to fame, and who, for the past year and a half, has been, like George Marlo, struggling for that first outstanding hit, is still holding his head high and carrying on.

Phil's nearest approach to a sensational hit was "Pardon Me Pretty Baby." It is possibly that fact that has inclined him to have a great deal of faith in Meskill, Klages and Vincent Rose. Those three boys have individually and collectively written a great many songs. Vincent Rose, especially, can always point back proudly to his "Whispering," "Avalon," "Linger Awhile," and more recently, "Were You Sincere." And the other two boys are not far behind him in ability.

Their words, after demonstrating "Kiss by Kiss" to Kornheiser, were "If you don't like this, then you don't know a hit when you see one!" While that may be a bit exaggerated on their part, I think it is an extremely fine fox trot, and as titles go it is outstanding. Jack Robbins is of the opinion that a title does not mean as much as most publishers believe. Rather does Jack believe that if the story can be told in the first eight measures, such as "Goodnight Sweetheart, Til We Meet Tomorrow," then titles should not be given such undue importance.

I am rather inclined to agree with Mr. Robbins that too much stress has been placed upon titles, that it is the melody of the chorus, and especially the opening eight measures that either catches the listener's attention and holds it, or fails to do so. "Kiss by Kiss" is a great title, with a very lilting melody and a very catchy thought. Whether it will attain those sensational heights of popularity is again for Mr. and Mrs. Public to determine.

Where other bands may play the chorus in thirty-six seconds or less, we take a minute and five seconds, thereby unscrambling the tune enough for you to understand what it is all about.

GOOD LUCK FOR 1932, PHIL!

"If I Ever Meet the Girl of My Dreams"

THE notes of the bugle call have always offered an opportunity to songwriters to build their songs around these fascinating notes of "G," "C," and "E."

Little Jack Little evidently has felt the charm of the bugle call and has incorporated in a very lovely waltz these three notes as he begins his chorus. It is a tricky waltz at best. By tricky I mean that it is rather difficult for a singer or a "lead" instrument to get the notes in exactly. The Connecticut Yankees made more work of it than was necessary, until I finally convinced them that it was not half so difficult as it seemed.

A few minutes before our first Fleischmann broadcast of it, I thought that the bugle call played by the trio of brass, arranged in an artistic way, would serve as a very fine introduction, and Cliff Burwell scratched out my idea, and in a twinkling the brass was playing it as though they had been playing it for years.

We gave the song a fine send-off, playing 4 choruses of it on that particular Thursday night.

Little Jack Little's wife and guiding mentor, Tee Little, like the wives of so many song-writers, has taken a hand in the writing of this, Jack's latest opus. Her lyrical job is a good one, and as there have not been any songs dealing with the idea of Dream Girl since "The Vagabond Lover" and "Sweetheart of All My Dreams," the song comes as a welcome relief.

On account of the bugle call triplet, I would suggest that the entire waltz be played more slowly than is customary, thereby enabling one to articulate the lyrics on those particular notes and get some sense out of what is being sung.

(Continued on page 74)

Beauty Wins Anyway

(Continued from page 29)

and one man was not very polite. In fact he gruffly said in her presence that he couldn't imagine what mothers could be thinking of these days letting their youngsters run around bothering busy people when they should be in school. That was the unkindest cut of all. She was very unhappy when she went to bed that night. And she cried a little before she went to sleep.

In the morning just as she was counting over the little money she had left and was about to go down for a cup of coffee there was a knock at her door. A bellboy told her a "Gen'leman was awaitin' fuh huh down staihs."

"Aha, a repentant manager, perhaps, ready to give her a trial." She hurried down, looking around for a minute then found herself in a grand hug in her daddy's arms. They had hunted frantically for her and at last discovered she was registered at the hotel. She was persuaded to return home and grow a little more so managers would not always be asking about her mother.

"And if you will go to Mount Vernon Seminary in Washngton for four years and still want to go on the stage we will try to help you in your ambitions," said Betty's mother when calm had been fully restored in the Council household. Betty thought it over soberly and agreed to the bargain.

Followed then four years of real study and a vast accumulation of knowledge as to the ways of the world as they are revealed in Washington, D. C. Finished with this course and some experience in amateur school theatricals Betty was ready for her parents to go through with their end of the bargain.

She headed for New York immediately and entered the American Academy of Dramatic Art (Sargent's) in the autumn of 1927 when she was just seventeen. A year of study here and then hard times came a-knockin' at de do' and Betty, just as hundreds of thousands of others, felt the pinch. Her parents were no longer able to pay her way. But they prayed for her success if she wished to continue toward her goal on her own wings.

Drawing the curtain of her sheltered past behind her she stepped forth to conquer the booking barons of Manhattan's great Playway. She was more charming than ever. Nobody would be asking her about her mother now. But here too she found beauty had come to flutter and flame from all parts of the world. The stones of Broadway were hard to her feet. The faces in theatrical offices were hard. But she would not give up as she assailed door after door. Then she came to a great producer who was very kind, who understood, and who proved his sincerity by giving her a chance as understudy to Ann Harding in "The Trial of Mary Dugan." Oh, what she would do in that role if she ever had a chance to play it! But Ann Harding was in the pink of health at the beginning and every day she seemed to be getting even pinker. So that situation passed and she had a better break as ingenue in "Thou Shalt Not."

There was no fault to be found with Betty's acting but something about the play did not have the power to drag in sufficiently paying audiences off the street and the show folded up before it ever reached New York. Betty kept her chin up and her feet on the ground and the good producer who had faith in her beauty and talent found a place for her to understudy in "All the King's Men" in which Grant Mitchell was starred. "Love Bound" paused to give her a part but she found it was bound for the warehouse before she had joined it.

Then came Elsie Ferguson in "Scarlet Pages" and Betty had a chance to understudy Claire Luce, who had an important part. In fact it may have been too important under the circumstances as Miss Luce seemed to be performing under difficulties. Her nerves were frayed. And scarcely had Betty learned the lines before she received a summons. Caire Luce was confined to her bed with a nervous breakdown.

Without even a chance for a rehearsal Betty had to step into the role and perform. She was immediately recognized and acclaimed as a new find for Broadway. In fact her charm and beauty were too well recognized. Things began to happen. Later, a critic sitting in one of the front rows heard and saw things as Betty went on that were not in the lines of the play. He wrote about it the next day. And the story was out concerning a tragedy behind the scenes.

Betty withdrew from the cast unnerved and heart-broken. Another understudy was prepared as she had been. She had met many discouragements. The stage life had lost all of its glamour. Everything seemed a sham. She was on the point of renouncing it all when a friend who had been very kind talked to her about radio.

"I have a part for you right now on the True Story Hour if you will take it," he said.

"But I have never seen a radio broadcast," she demurred.

"I'll train you. You have the voice, the personality, the dramatic training and natural instinct. You have beauty and charm—"

"Thanks for the bouquets but what good will beauty and charm do anyone in a broadcasting studio? Nobody ever sees the person who broadcasts."

"Oh you'd be surprised," laughed her friend. "The old mike just knows and pipes it across to the listener almost as good as a pair of eyes."

After hours of rehearsal with a floor lamp acting the role of a microphone Betty was declared ready for an audition. At the studios she was introduced as an actress of wide experience. She performed like an old timer.

She has been appearing on many programs during the past year. But she is best known for her own true self today as the mistress of ceremonies on the Ponds Hour every Friday night. And from the letters received she thinks that after all the listeners do not have to see you to like you and if you keep trying you can win anyway.

Derides Bureau Control

(Continued from page 47)

business groups. He would like them transferred to the control of politicians.

"Would this be a change for the better?

"Maybe the politicians would have the energy and artistic ambition and real courage which was shown by certain private broadcasters when they determined to put the Metropolitan Opera on the air, and carried the project through with sensational success.

"The politicians might put on the air such worthwhile and educational features as the recent radio debate on reparations between Norman Thomas and Representative McFadden; such superb musical programs as the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra broadcasts directed by Leopold Stokowski; such balm for the souls of millions of lovesick, romance-damp boys and girls as the sloppy but comforting croonings of Rudy Vallee, Morton Downey, Russ Columbo and Bing Crosby.

"It might happen with radio under political control, but we have our doubts.

"Politicians are too apt to let their friends in on a good thing, and to bow to organized special groups. The air would probably become much more loaded with political propaganda and appeals for this and that worthy but tiresome cause than it is now loaded with advertising.

"There is just something about politics which doesn't mix with entertainment. Censors kill the best lines in shows, suppress the most interesting books. It will be a long time before many Americans will want to soak up much education from radio in their homes. Until most Americans do want such education, let's leave radio largely to the professional showmen (they put on the best shows), supported by private capital (it doesn't have to ask about a ham performer's politics before it bounces him)."

The editors of Radio Digest look upon these two newspaper editorials as forerunners of a new and better relationship between the press and radio.

MARCELLA

Little Bird Knows All—Tells All—Ask Her About the Stars You Admire

TODDLES, Presiding Pigeon of Graybar Court, her Empress Eugenie feather wilting under the heavy downfall of rain—and your own Marcella subwayed to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Redferne Hollinshead in Yonkers, the other Saturday where we spent one of the most delightful afternoons in many a month. Mr. Hollinshead is not broadcasting now and expects to make a tour of Canada—if he is not already on it at this writing. With all of the fans still inquiring where "Holly" is and why he's not broadcasting, a sponsor, in search of a good program, should veer his gaze toward Yonkers. Of course, Holly is kept quite busy with his solo-ing at Grace Church and with engagements at exclusive functions. He sang for us Dvorak's *Goin' Home,* and when he reached those top notes, it was as if he had touched some goal far beyond our grasp. And as he climbed up and landed on that vast reach, what a song of triumph it was.

* * *



Jack Denny

FOR benefit of Mary Lou Evans, Helen Moore, Katherine Stewart, E. M. Robson, Norman Benner and others, here is Jack Denny who will come to N. Y. after a long stay at the Mt. Royal Hotel, Montreal. He will appear in an American Safety Razor Co. series over CBS. He's married, is about 37, and belongs to the growing tribe of six footers. Old time radio listeners will remember Jack Denny and his Frivolity Club when they broadcast over WMCA in the days before WEAF reared its head above the radio waves. There is only one Canadian-blooded member in Denny's orchestra. The rest are emigrants from Broadway. The letterheads of this famous orchestra bear the crest of the Prince of Wales—they are the only group of musicians that have this privilege, which may account for their swank.

TO EDITH JOHNSTON and other Herbie Kay worshipers: Mr. Kay is not married yet—and very firmly answers in the negative when the question is put to him but that's because he is only twenty-four. At this young age he is the composer of these very popular songs: *This Is a Night Made for Love, Nona* and *My One Love* in which Ross Metzger collaborated with him. If ever the Blackhawk Cafe in Chicago and the offices of music publishers close up, Mr. Kay can return to the insurance brokerage business for he's a licensed insurance broker and realtor. With most city-bred persons he used to share the great ambition of owning a farm, but it doesn't look as if he's headed toward raising wheat for Uncle Sam with his present popularity with radio listeners.



H. Kay
(MCA photo)

* * *

DEAR ESTEY—thanks for your whimsical letters, good wishes and calendar. Toddles especially, gurgles with delight over your delightful notes, and every once in a while when I can't find her, she is somewhere in a corner churning over some delectable phrase where you have complimented her.

* * *



J. Hamp

JOHNNY HAMP is thirty years of age, runs short of six inches to join the six footers and weighs 160 pounds. Is a graduate of Franklin Marshall College, Lancaster, Pa., class of '22. The first chapter in the success of his orchestra opened at the home of Senator Edge of New Jersey when he was a host at a special dinner dance held in honor of the late President Harding at the Sea View Country Club in Atlantic City. Immediately following this he was given a contract at the Ambassador Hotel in America's playground succeeding Paul Whiteman who was returning to New York. It is the low sweet rhythmic sweep of his music that is so enchanting to his audiences.

* * *



B. Cummins

BERNARD JOSEPH CUMMINS—known to us rad-dio listeners as Bernie Cummins was born on March 10th, 1902, in Akron, Ohio. He is one of ten children. Now married to a New York heiress. From professional boxing to conducting is a big leap, but Bernie did it and landed in the lap of fame. He started his orchestra at Cincinnati in 1923 at a quaint little place called "Toadstool Inn." And from there he went to the Ambassador Hotel, Club Madrid in Philadelphia, Biltmore Hotel, New York and Congress Hotel, Chicago. His hobbies are golf, baseball and football.

* * *

LUCILLE LAVIGNE writes to our Editor, "Many thanks for the very fine space and preferred position given to Lew Conrad. I am glad you very generously gave him this tribute. His success has been attained after long, uphill work and in spite of continual obstacles placed in his path. Will you please thank and compliment Mr. Chaplin on his article? I only wish I had known that he was planning it and I would have given him some additional recent information such as the fact that Mr. Conrad is now Musical Director of the Hotel Statler in Boston. He named his orchestra after three loyal little fans from the University of Chicago who write in to him after his broadcasts and sign themselves Conrad's Three Musketeers. Lew somehow has the faculty for inspiring ardency and a zealous interest in his welfare. A devout little fan sends him amulets to wear for his protection and another burns candles and offers up Novenas of prayer." Well, with such good wishers, Lew certainly should be protected every step of the


Steve Cisler

way. Thanks Lucille for the information.

* * *

STEVE CISLER, formerly of WLS and WGAR is now WMBD-ing in Peoria, Ill. Just a week or so before he took over the job at this station as assistant director, he stepped into the R.D. offices and told us of his plans. Steve is six feet tall, has blue eyes and has a very quiet air about him. He began broadcasting from a small high school station in Omaha and then jumped to Hot Springs. Took his degree in journalism and makes use of his knowledge of this subject continuously in the writing of radio plays and continuity. Very often, a housewife in town or country, upon answering the doorbell will find Cisler smiling benignly from those blue eyes of his and asking her, not what kind of a carpet sweeper she uses, neither does he pull out a washing machine from his vest pocket and start demonstrating it on the front porch. He merely asks her what kind of a radio program she likes and he comes away, having formed a very pleasant acquaintance and with a knowledge of what WGAR listeners are anxious to hear.

* * *

MAY HICKLING who is associated with the Hawarden Pioneers of Hawarden, Saskatchewan, writes, "In answer to Mrs. Millie Sage's inquiry regarding the name of the singer on the records made by Jack Hylton's orchestra of the song, *Sitting on a Two-Barred Gate,* it is Grace Fields (in private life Mrs. Archie Pitt.") So glad you enjoy our chats and thanks for your good wishes, May, and your interest in writing.

* * *

MARC WILLIAMS is the tall, handsome cowboy crooner over KSTP, St. Paul, Minn. According to Peggy of Indianapolis, one of his admirers, he is only 28 and still single. There is only one creature that is unappreciative of Marc's talents—his former pet broncho on dad's ranch at Midlothian, Texas. And just to show that fame means nothing to this brazen pony, he sniffed, as the Crooner betook himself on his back, and bucked and kicked. Marc was thrown almost high enough to touch the North Star, but although he missed that particular one, many of the other constellations kept company with him on his way down. The pony and Marc have still to come to terms. The Cowboy Crooner learned his songs from his grandfather on the same old ranch. At the University of Texas he joined the University band as a saxophone player. Later he formed his own college band and made a few trips around, thus earning enough for his college education. Equipped with a B.A. degree, which by the way did not serve him in good stead on the back of the pony, he next turned his toes in the direction of an M.D. But his talent as a singer won for him the honored title of C.C. and Cowboy Crooner he has been ever since.


Marc Williams

* * *

HARRY B. HALL is out in Hollywood broadcasting over KFWB. Toddles and I had the pleasure of meeting his charming wife over a cup of tea at the Hotel Bretton Hall not long ago, and for a few brief moments we talked about things in general and things in particular. Mr. Hall is a graduate of the University of Southern California and made his debut in radio some six years ago. He was a soft shoe dancer in vaudeville, and buh-lieve me, it's valuable experience to have around a studio where the radio equipment is so sensitive that one isn't even allowed to touch the floor when walking.


George Hall

* * *

SYLVIA Froos, the young singer who has created such a sensation on the radio, and whose name appears regularly every day in newspaper and magazine columns, has her eighteen years just crammed with interesting occurrences. She has everything from dolls to sandwiches named after her, and it just remains for a new continent, or a river to be christened Sylvia Froos or "Princess Little Ear" which is the title conferred upon her by an ancient Indian chief who was captivated by one of her performances.


Sylvia Froos

* * *

FOR Dee Anderson and Charlotte Hamelin: Guy Hunter, sightless entertainer over WAAT, New Jersey, is not married and has no children. He writes, "I am very fond of children and they are generally to be found where I am. I employ a boy as a guide and I am happiest when some of his young friends are around where I can hear them playing, even when I am busy. Though I have been broadcasting almost twelve years, I would rather listen to good radio programs than eat, and I like to do that. I am very fond of reading, and take all the magazines published in braille for the blind." Mr. Hunter was born blind. He attended a school for the blind but left earlier than he had planned. In his home town he played for private dances. Then he began to work in theatres and vaudeville. He has been on one radio program for two years and neither he nor his radio audience has tired of it.


Guy Hunter

* * *

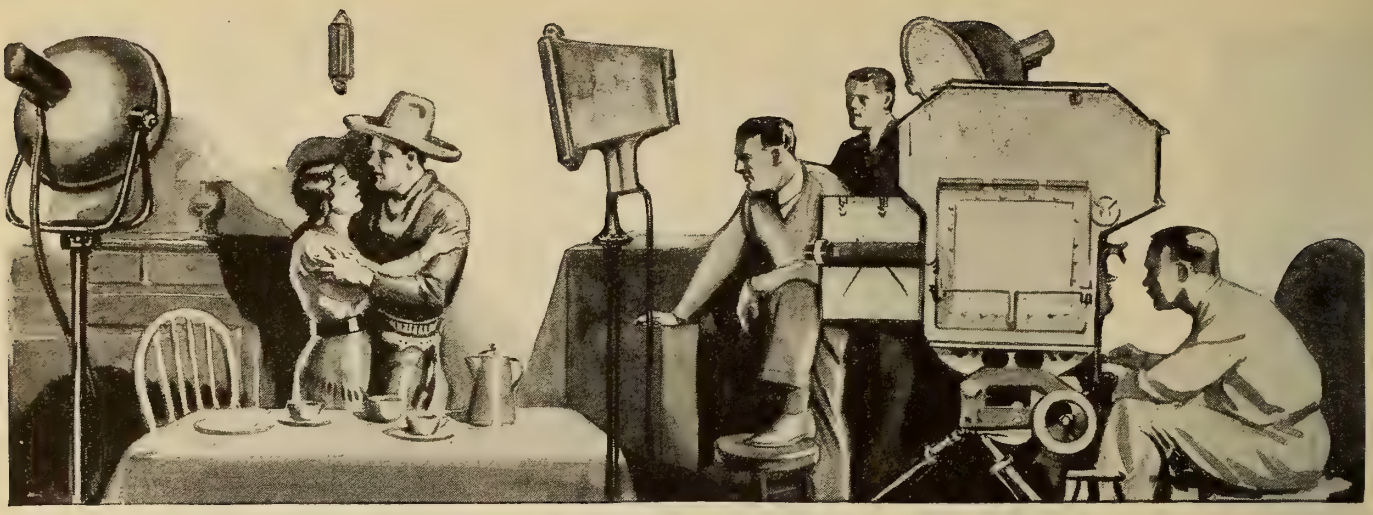
THE cheery, energetic greeting of "Hello, hello, hello" ushers in Allen Prescott's interesting, zestful program WINS, formerly WGBS. His voice, his manner of presentation, his dramatic ability qualify him to handle any important program, and if Marcella's and Toddles' vision are not failing, we prophesy that more than a local audience will be hearing his voice very soon. Prescott hails from St. Louis, but he has been in New York ever since he was a child and therefore dubs himself a New Yorker. Is a graduate of the New York Military Academy, worked for Paramount Pictures and runs a news column for one of the New York papers.


Allen Prescott

* * *

NOTES for General Public: Bill Hay does speak from Chicago. Helen Stone of Bloomington, Ill. who signs herself Another Little Bird—I presume she wants to be included in the Tribe of Toddles, sends a newspaper clipping to the effect that John Brodhead, known to radio listeners as Al Cameron has just been married to Miss Gertrude Frane. Yes, Mrs. Lee, Irma Glen is married. It happened a year ago Valentine's day—and Mr. Ted Hill, a Chicago business man was the bridegroom. Ethel Shikrallah will find Carveth Wells over the following NBC network every Sunday morning from 10:00 to 10:30 a. m. CST: WENR, Chicago, WOC, Davenport, WHO, Des Moines, WDAF, Kansas City, WOAI, San Antonio, WBAP, Forth Worth, WKY, Oklahoma City and KVOO, Tulsa. Via electrical transcription he is heard over the following: KFBB, WBBZ, WRVA, KTHS, KGNO and WAAM.

(Continued on page 78)



LEARN RADIO-TELEVISION TALKING PICTURES in LOS ANGELES

Come to sunny California where many of the world's most famous Radio Stars make their home—where the great American Television Laboratories are located—where hundreds of trained Sound Engineers and Mechanics are employed in the Talking Picture Studios, Broadcasting Stations and Theatres of Hollywood.

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Don't worry about the expense of the trip! For a limited time we are allowing railroad fare to Los Angeles from any point in the United States. This is deducted from your tuition, so the trip costs you nothing extra. Take advantage of this opportunity to visit Los Angeles and Hollywood, and prepare for a good job at the same time. Mail the coupon for full particulars!

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For over 25 years National has been training men by the practical shop method. Over 20,000 ambitious men from all over America have come to National for their training. You'll find National graduates working in the famous Studios of Hollywood, in Talking Picture Theatres, great Broadcasting Stations, for Radio Manufacturers and Dealers, while many have gone into the Radio business for themselves and are making big money as their own boss. What they have done, you can do!

MANY JOBS OPEN

10,000,000 Radio sets to be constantly serviced! 600 Broadcasting Stations employing trained Operators and Mechanics! 10,000 Theatres equipped for sound and the job only half done! Eight stations already sending out regular Television programs! New jobs will be opening up every day—hundreds of golden opportunities for the trained man. And you can prepare for them in 4 months at National!

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When you've finished National Training—four months of practical Shop Work in the great National Television, Talking Picture and Radio Shops,—then National's Employment Department will assist you in every possible way to get the job you want. And if you're short of money, National will gladly help you to get a spare time job to pay your living expenses while at school.

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Station Parade

Pageant of Personalities and Programs as they Appear Across the Continent for the Biggest Show on Earth

Savage Entertainment Feature at W O V

MEMBERS of the Royal Family of Ubangi recently were heard on station WOV in New York when the latest contingent of these big lipped African savages were presented over that station by Edward Gibbons who acted as inquiring reporter through an interpreter, and attempted to get the low down on the Ubangis.

The so called "Royal Family" consists of King Gnauble and his four wives who are on tour in this country. Their collective highnesses created quite a stir during the broadcast when the King himself decided that his time was worth more than the new twenty-five cent piece with which they had induced him to talk, and set up a native roar that was not to be denied until one of the studio officials rushed out, and returned with a bottle of near beer to sooth the jaded savage.

Local critics found the broadcast novel, but were somewhat reluctant in commenting on the radio possibilities of the Ubangis.

Yankee Network Opens Radio School

OPENING up new opportunities for talented singers and musicians has become the new task of the artists bureau recently established in the main studio at Boston of the Yankee Network. The auditions studios are located in Boston at WNAC and already many artists have been able to find their place in the radio sun through this service.

After a long survey of the field to find just how much of a demand there was for such an artists' service where stations could secure new talent, Mr. John Shepard came to the conclusion that the facilities of the Yankee network would be ideally suited.

This will not only enable the artist to secure radio engagements but will put the individual in touch with theatres tentative to personal appearances and will serve as a connecting link in many ways. This is a new step in New England and one that should provide the fans with many interesting programs before the season is over.



Here is handsome Phillip Symons, chief announcer at WCDA in New York. He used to be a sailor and someone suggested he try radio. He did, with the result that he is now on the way up the ladder as an announcer and glad he deserted the sea.

Bart McHugh New WIP Vice-President

THE appointment of Bart McHugh as vice president of the WIP-WFAN Broadcasting Company has been announced by President Benedict Gimble. Mr. McHugh has been with the organization since is was founded a year ago and has had general charge of the studios for that time. He will continue as studio manager.

Nat Ayer is a young man who has been causing many a flutter in feminine hearts because of his songs over WIP-WFAN and his fan mail is one of the studio's heaviest. Only three months ago Nat presented himself at the studio for an audition and after he had sung one number the officials there invited him to sign a contract. He did not have to go on the air and it took a great deal of persuading to get him to sign. After his very first program letters and phone calls flooded the studios and since then his popularity has jumped daily.

Kentucky Collegians Heard through WHAS

THE Blue and White orchestra, a dance combination made up of University of Kentucky students is proving to be one of the most popular attractions at WHAS in Louisville. Every Tuesday and Thursday afternoon hundreds of feminine hearts turn flip-ups when the strains of "Along the Highway of Love," the theme song of the "Blue and Whiters," comes over the air.

The broadcast originates right on the campus of the university and is relayed by special control to the main studios of WHAS eighty miles away in Louisville. "Spud" Spaulding is the featured vocalist on these programs and that is another reason for the many feminine fans. "Spud" has a particularly pleasing baritone voice and his fan mail is more times than not scented with all



Agnes Marie Yopko, dramatic actress, musician, soprano, and continuity writer at Pittsburgh's station KQV. She is best known as "Ann" in the domestic sketch, "Tad and Ann."

of the delightful perfumes affected by the ladies on their lavender correspondence sheets. Any young radio fan in the Midwest will tell you all you want to know about this aggregation.

Beg Pardon!

IN THIS section of the January issue a picture of Tremlette Tully was printed and the caption stated that she was connected with WCKY at Covington, Ky. It appears that Radio Digest was in error and we are happy at this time to correct the statement. Miss Tully having relinquished her post at WCKY is now affiliated with WKRC at Cincinatti and is in charge of that station's dramatics.

Pittsburgh Boasts Versatile Minstrel

ELMER J. WALTMAN, better known as Brother Henry of the KQV Thirty Minute Minstrels is a veteran minstrel man and has held down one of those posts on KQV's program of negro humor of the past two seasons. He used to be a vaudeville black facer but has changed his talent to the studios. Blackface dialect is by no means his only stock in trade for his Irish and Italian impersonations have gained him fame over this station. They say he is a born pessimist—he just won't like anything and that he is without scruples and will do almost anything for money except work.

Detroit Station Claims Oldest Air Orchestra

HY STEED and his WMBC Commodores are called one of Detroit's most popular orchestras, and justly so. The Commodores are on the air several times during the day's broadcast and their programs include both the popular and the classical. They have been recently appointed the official studio orchestra for WMBC. Prior to that they were considered one of the oldest orchestras on the air based on the number of years they had been broadcasting in that neck of the woods. Their total time on the air is in the neighborhood of five thousand hours which you must admit is a pretty nice neighborhood. The Commodores have been heard over WMBC over a period of two years.



WBT in Charlotte, N. C., is mighty proud of their Melody Maids. The maids are just as full of smiles, apparently, as they are melody. From top to bottom: Grace Johnson, Elsie Moseley, and Ruth Holly.

WHBU Broadcasts Season's Basketball

THE Central States radio fans have been the recipients of some rare treats in the broadcasting of their favorite basketball during the past four years, and this year they will be glad to know that they can keep their fingers at the pulse of this exciting game. WHBU at Anderson, Indiana has taken an active part in these athletic broadcasts with studio manager Al McKee doing the microphoning from the floor. Mr. Anderson, or "Ol' Corntop" as he is affectionately known to his fans has been handling basketball for years and knows the game inside out as well as each of the players. His record is nearly two hundred games and that is a lot of basketball.

The biggest Indiana event of the year in this sport comes when the state tournament is played off at the end of the season. It is then that "Ol' Corntop" is in his glory and nightly during the tournament he is at the floor shooting the details of the games play by play over his WHBU microphone.

"Monkey Club" In Middle West

MICHIGAN, Indiana and Ohio are infested with monkeys, according to reports received from the program director at WKZO at Kalamazoo,



Here's the King of the Ubangi savages, and a handful of his wives as they appeared last month in WOV's studios for their radio debut. Edward Gibbons, brother of Floyd, asked questions of the King and was able to get his answers through an interpreter.

Michigan. This startling news has come to light during the past three months at which time Bob Fidlar announcer at WKZO recruited Clint Smith and his old time dance orchestra from the field of playing at barn dances and deposited them with all hands safe in the WKZO studios. These boys organized a hill-billy club on the air and called it the Monkey Club.

Requirements for membership are quite simple. This angle is of course in keeping with the policy of the club which it might be said is decidedly "simple minded." Any person writing to the Monkey club and either panning or praising the program becomes a life member. An average of five hundred letters a week from brother and sister Monkeys throughout the territory have convinced this station that the little simians are in great numbers throughout the Middle West and are collecting themselves at the KMZO Monkey Club house where the program is heard every week day at one o'clock in the afternoon.

WTMJ Introduces New Sports "Mike"

RATHER than have their announcer chained to the "mike" as are most of the sports commentators, Russ Winnie at WTMJ in Milwaukee has turned the tables and fastened the mike to him. Thus Russ, who is surprisingly active despite his two hundred pounds can move around in all directions and still have the instrument with him.

The device includes a regular condenser microphone of the latest type and was developed by WTMJ engineers exclusively for this announcer who is somewhat of a local idol in Milwaukee sport circles for his broadcasts. The amplyfying tubes and other mechanics are contained in the box which can be carried on a strap slung over the shoulders. The mike can be placed at any angle and whether on a flat surface or on the announcer's chest it has been found extremely useful.

* * *

Kan du Spraka Svenska? Sprechen Sie Deutsch? Mowisz po Polsku? Parlez vous Francais? No, and very few of us can, but the announcers at WTMJ are in a position to handle programs in any of the above languages which include Swedish, German, French and Polish.

Out of the staff of fourteen announcers there are eight different nationalities represented and in case the talk swings to local Leagues of Nations, why, Milwaukee is prepared to go in for it in a big way. Here's the list of announcers and the languages they savvy:

Louis Roen, Norwegian; Russ Winnie, Dutch; A. J. Lukasewski, Polish; Gene Emerald, Danish; Tom Coates, Irish; Merl Blackburn, English: Larry Teich, German; Stanley Morner, Swedish; Elwyn Owen, Welch; Bob DeHaven, French, Myrtle Spangenberg, German; Bill Perrin, English; Bill Benning, German; Larry Lawrence, Scotch.



Claude Beck, announcer, baritone, continuity writer and what have you at KFLV at Rockford, Ill., is one of that station's busiest young men.



Here is the group in charge of WTAM's drama department. From left to right: Elmer Lehr, Raye Wright, Mildred Funnell, Jack Clubbly, Warren Wade (seated) and Ellen Mahar. Their realistic presentations have attracted wide attention.

College Education On Station WHA

SHORTLY before the first of the year WHA in Madison, Wisconsin, presented the first of a series of educational programs from the University of Wisconsin. At that time it was something new. Officials there were uncertain whether the public would turn to their radios to be educated when there was so much in the entertainment field to tempt them from a more cultural if not more entertaining program.

Since that initial broadcast however, WHA has found the broadcasts of educational features to be one of their highlights. Up to now the programs have featured lectures on topics of the day and have been handled by some of the university's most able professors. These lectures are interspersed with text book classes where by tuning in you can be instructed in French, Latin history and even mathematics. Here's an ideal chance for any of you who wish you had spent more time at college to make up for time that is lost and educate yourself while sitting in your own easy chair.



Eddy Hanson, staff organist at WCFL, has been broadcasting for seven years. He is truly one of the pioneers and a Chicago favorite over various other stations.

Mike Childs a Veteran At this Music Business

THE story of Mike Childs, conductor of one of St. Louis' most popular orchestras, heard over KMOX, takes you back almost twenty years to the time when Mike, at the age of nine, pleaded in vain with his father to buy him a violin so that he could be a musician. The senior Childs demurred at this request and so little Mike was forced to abandon the idea until at a later date he found it possible to get his own violin. Soon he began to assert himself in the local musical events about St. Louis.

He played in orchestras everywhere and as time rolled by he came to be one of the favorite sons of St. Louis. Then he appeared at KMOX for his first radio work and almost instantly he was put on a commercial. Since then he has been heard on hundreds of programs over this station and has built up a large and devoted army of fans. Of course not all of his broadcasts have been over KMOX but he is back at that station now and they would have you know he is there for keeps if the studio officials have anything to say about it. Mike is happy to be back at the scene of his early endeavors and everyone is happy.

KMOX in St. Louis has added a school of Radio Continuity Writing to supplement its training school now well established there. The new school is under the able direction of David B. Flourney who has had many years experience in this particular field. Mr. Flourney is a graduate of the University of Missouri and holds the coveted key of Phi Beta Kappa.

As an extra incentive to students KMOX has contracted to buy from the radio school, the best manuscript produced by a student during the course. And in addition to this the studio will endeavor to place others of the scripts on the market for other stations.

It might be said that Bob Price, crooning tenor on this station, has been brought up in music and make no mistake he knows all his sharps and flats. Since he was six years of age Bob has studied music and now that he is making his mark as a radio crooner those early years of study are serving him in good stead. His talent is not limited to his singing for he also picks a mean banjo when the spirit moves and tickles the piano and drums. Mike Childs, staff orchestra director at KMOX takes the laurel for bringing Bobby to radio for it was Mike who first induced him to try his hand at the game and gave him a job as vocalist for his orchestra. Bobby has been heard over the Columbia network, keyed through KMOX.

WGN Funsters Have Tables Turned

TOM, Dick and Harry who manufacture laughs for the ladies over WGN each week day morning had the laugh turned on them one day last week. A woman admirer sent the boys a jar of home made raspberry jam and like a bunch of kids they opened it in the studio for a sample. It didn't take the jam long to attach itself to everything in the studio, and there was jam on the piano, the microphone and even the pages of the music were jammed together. Consequently there was plenty of ad libbing when the boys couldn't get their music open. It proved a gala time while it lasted and the pay off came when Miss Katherine Roche, studio hostess, made the boys get soap and water and wash up the debris. Now they are not so anxious to receive morsels at the studio although they, of course, appreciate the lady's good intentions.

Big Timers Thrill WCLO Organ Fans

IT'S only a 100 watt station but WCLO at Janesville, Wis., boasts two artists of real big time calibre. They are Walt Goetzinger, organist and composer of no small ability; and Art Sellner artist, continuity writer and announcer, both in regular service.

Walt went to WCLO after twenty years of organ playing in motion picture theatres and orchestra directing for vaudeville houses. It was during his years in the theatre that he gained his experience in showmanship which fits him for his all around job at WCLO as production manager as well as studio organist.

Art Zellner went to radio work after six years in front of a newspaper typewriter, during which time he devoted much of his spare time to writing amateur theatricals and performing in them. He is now in charge of the dramatic programs at this station and his staff of some twenty odd voices including several dialects form an important item of his stock in trade. One of this station's most popular programs is when these two get together for their half-hour program of old-time recitations each week.

New Music Makers Pep up WLW Programs

"HARMONICA BILL" known to his intimates as Bill Russell has come to roost at WLW in Cincinnati and with Jack Saatkamp the new assistant musical director at that station have generally pepped up the musical broadcasts from the Crosley station.

Both of these boys are troupers and Jack Saatkamp was one of the music officials for the Shubert Brothers for many years. Prior to that he had played in orchestras in vaudeville and in night



Mildred Cook's delightful soprano voice has endeared her to thousands of enthusiastic WGAR listeners as she solos on "The Lamplit Hour" at this Cleveland station.

clubs and hotels. He made his debut in the music field at the age of eighteen when he joined a dance band, and only two years later he had organized his own group of players and started to blaze the trail that has led him to WLW.

"Harmonica Bill" likewise has been through the mill in vaudeville. This virtuoso of the harmonica learned his art while serving his enlistment in the Navy and after he left that service decided that a career in show business was his for the taking. Those who have heard him will be interested in knowing that he plays all his tunes on a simple and not at all elaborate instrument. In fact he prefers a cheap reed harmonica to the more expensive kind. The trick is to play it, he says.

"Life of Joneses" Draws Comment

WAY down South in Shreveport, La., they've been broadcasting a program called the "Life of the Joneses" and station KWKH calls it their one hundred per cent American program. The fan mail which this fifteen minute broadcast rates indicates that a lot of folks are interested in this homey type of entertainment.

The feature is unique in that it is carried out with a realism that has few imitators. Family life is portrayed with all its complexities, running the whole gamut of domestic disturbance brightened by a threat of good humor throughout. Clarence Jones, feature of the program and his wife Annabelle, their small son Chester and all the laws and in-laws are the individuals about whom the story unfolds. The entire broadcast is written and presented by two people, John Paul Goodwin and Olive Henry Crane, artists of no small ability.

In all of the fan mail received by this program the key notes of the letters stress the simplicity and naturalness with which it is presented. This is the kind of a program, it would seem, that everyone gets down on the floor and listens to with rapt interest. Both Mr. Goodwin and Miss Crane are artists who have written and appeared in many radio dramas. They are both on the dramatic staff of station KWKH.



Faye McCarthy, director of Home Economics program at WOC. She is also in charge of station dramatics. She's just as fine and wholesome as she looks.

KFJF In New Quarters

THE signing of a contract for a new studio on the top floor of the Biltomore hotel in Oklahoma City brought many happy smiles to the staff and artists of station KFJF who have recently moved into the new quarters. These new studios are the last word in luxury and have been equipped with all up-to-the-minute radio fixtures for better broadcasts. KFJF is the oldest station in the state of Oklahoma having been on the air since July 4th, 1923 when they broadcast their first program which consisted of a phonograph record.

Since that time the station has been quartered in several different buildings and has carried on its activities at times under great handicaps. For the first time in Oklahoma city visitors to the studios will be able to view the actual program in the making through plate glass windows that have been installed in all studios. Dudley Shaw, station manager, and his entire staff are to be congratulated on their progress. They have been responsible for providing their state with excellent radio entertainment for many years and are at last set up in the studios they needed.

Hill-Billy Tunes Feature at KFBI

NO ONE who ever visited the hills of Arkansas has wanted to leave before hearing some of the quaint mountaineer tunes as played by the natives on fiddle, guitar and mandolin. These real hill-billy folks are, as a rule, reticent when it comes to demonstrating their ability before strangers and it is a rare occasion when they can be persuaded to come before a microphone.

But through tactful persuasion the managers at KFBI in Milford, Kansas, induced Pa Perkins and His Boys to come to Milford from their native hills and perform through that station for the edification of thousands of listeners. The requests for old-timer tunes come from practically every state in the Union all of which indicates that the program is as popular elsewhere as it is right in the heart of the Kansas plains. The program is spiced up with plenty of local color so that the music has an appropriate background.



Hank Richards, former newspaper man, now one of the busiest people in Chicago radio circles. In addition to his executive position with WFAA he also writes continuity, appears in many of the radio plays, and is something of a singer.

And Montana Follows Suit

MONTANA station KFBB at Great Falls recently inaugurated a program that is proving extremely popular with its audiences. Three nights weekly the Foreman and his Montana cowboys are presented in a program of old time dance music and burlesqued plainsman poetry. The foreman with his dry, lazy drawl; Lonesome, the singing cowboy of the aggregation and Happy the fiddle playing member are drawing a large volume of fan mail. Visitors are invited into the studio to take part in the fun and they assist materially in furnishing an enthusiastic background.

"Ship of Joy" Sails From Frisco Port

KFRC in San Francisco is where the "Ship of Joy" programs are launched under the direction of Captain Hugh Barrett Dobbs and his crew of

nautical musicians. Captain Dobbs is known on the west coast as the first man to broadcast from a ship at sea on the Pacific to land listeners when he played with his ship's orchestra several months ago. He also has appeared in vaudeville with his bands and broken house records in his tours.

"R.G.M. Trio" has KFOX Guessing

KFOX is going in for mystery programs now, their latest contribution to the "guess-it" fans is the "R. G. M. Trio" who are heard in a half hour program of songs daily at 12:30 p. m. From what we can make out at this point we hear two men's voices and one girl's. But who are they? They are never referred to individually except by the initials R., G., or M. So if you care to try your luck at the guessing, tune the station in some day and see how good you are. And here's a tip for you. The three artists are all known through other programs, and by their full names at this California station.



Pa Perkins and his boys, by golly. They've been a-playin' them hill-billy tunes for many a day now through KFBI in Milford, Kan. That's Pa hisself in the center background with the harmonica. In his cheek, that ain't toothache, that's tobaccy!

An Accordion, and An Idea

JUST a little over a year ago a young man joined the staff of KFOX and presented that studio with an accordion and lots of ideas. One day this young man timidly suggested one of his ideas for a radio program. This program has since developed into what is known as Rural Free Delivery and its sponsor is none other than the young man with the many ideas, Jay Johnson. The action and dialogue of this program centers about the post office and general store in a rural community known as Wiggsville and it deals with the trials and tribulations of daily life as it is lived there. Twice during this program's career it has been taken off the air and each time the insistent demands of listeners have brought it back. Now it occupies a sponsored position on the daily schedule of this station and will be there for many months.

This type of program has been found to have great appeal to KFOX fans and as a result the so-called "corn fed" programs are presented in great quantity. The Bucaroos are another group that has displayed considerable talent. The artists appearing in this presentation are all native Texas rough riders of established reputation. Their daily broadcast is arranged by way of remote control from an auditorium where they perform at rope spinning and dancing while the songs and sounds are picked up and relayed to the KFOX studios. These bona fide bucaroos are all expert riders and participate in rodeos all over the country. This is a real wild west show that is made possible by radio and it is one of the highlights of coast broadcasts.

Jewish Program Broadcast on KNX

UNDER the guidance of Rabbi Mayer Winkler the "Community Synagogue of the Air" has been presented over KNX in Hollywood since its debut there on November 6th. With the Jewish sabbath beginning at sundown on Fridays, the hour chosen to broadcast this program combined with the day itself to make of this service what is believed to be the first and only authentic synagogue service now on the air.

Dr. Winkler, a learned and kindly man has attracted international attention to his radio church here. Founded on a spiritual constitution of thirteen principles designed to foster and sustain respect and good will between the Jew and Gentile, the Community Synagogue is friendly as well as unique.

KHJ Linguist Singer Commands Eleven Languages

AN ARTIST who sings in eleven different languages including Greek, Gaelic, and Yiddish is the latest feature to reach the ears of KHJ fans. The versatile artist is George Gramlich, who is a native of the state of Michigan which is in a manner of speaking as American as can be, but he has traveled extensively and mastered enough of the foreign languages to sing the songs.

He has been heard in many Fox pictures when voice doubling for some of the stars. Recently he finished a long engagement at the famous Cocoanut Grove in the Ambassador Hotel, Los Angeles. While there he improvised his own arrangement of "When Yuba Plays the Rumba on the Tuba" and this became one of his favorite pieces.

His hobby is collecting folk songs and has amassed rare ballads from obscure corners of the world for this collection, including even some voodoo songs from darkest Africa. His particular forte is a rich baritone but when occasion demands he does very well as B flat tenor. His recent debut on KHJ with Raymond Paige's orchestra caused studio officials to consider that they had a find.

KHJ has arranged a special monthly symphony program to feature the works of rising American composers. This program is presented on the first Tuesday of each month and will feature Frederick Stark's orchestra. Only pieces of decided musical merit will be considered and they will be presented both as solos and as orchestrations.

This innovation seeks to bring before the public some of the many valuable works of art which at present

have no audience. Special emphasis will be placed upon the works of California music writers but this will not be to the exclusion of other ambitious composers. These concerts will continue as the popular Inglewood Park broadcasts, thus placing the new music on an established program played by the best of musicians. The Inglewood Park concerts have long been regarded as among the more important radio productions.

A "Record" Break

HERE'S one contributed by Hap and Jack, KYA's "Rapid Fire Songsters," heard over that station each night at 9:45 o'clock.

This happened back in 1928 when the pair was working on an eastern station.

They were scheduled for an audition one afternoon at 2 P. M.

The advertising committee of the company in question arrived half-an-hour early, and took seats in the audition room.

In order to entertain the prospective sponsors while waiting for the audition, the announcer turned on the audition room speaker so they could hear the program going over the air.

It was a program of phonograph records. The first record was of the famous team of Van and Schenk, singing "Southern Gals," one of their best harmony numbers.

At 2 P. M. a salesman stepped into the audition room, and found the advertising men had disappeared.

He found, however, a note, which read:

"Had to get right back to the office. Couldn't wait to see you. Heard one number. Okay. The boys are great. Bring the contract with you in the morning."

Hap and Jack didn't know whether to be pleased or scared. They had won a 26 week's contract without even an audition. But imagine trying to equal Van and Schenk for 26 weeks!

Anyhow, it all ended happily. The boys got across and the sponsors got a great laugh over their mistake.

Japanese Program at KELW

KELW is now presenting a Saturday program at 7:30 p. m. for the Japanese Chamber of Commerce of Los Angeles.

There is a native orchestra with the odd instruments and weird, mystic tunes of the Orient. And of course, there is an abundance of soloists both vocal and instrumental.

It seems that the broadcast is intended to serve a two-fold purpose. It provides an entertainment feature for the Japanese of the southwest who are listening in. And it calls the attention of Americans to Japan as a tourists' mecca.

With the addition of the Japanese program, KELW resembles a miniature league of nations . . . Jewish hour, Cowboys band, Rocky Mountaineers, Japanese orchestra and other international aspects of program creation.

KGMB at Honolulu away down in the mid-Pacific is making plans whereby they can pick up and relay to their listeners the programs from the Pacific navy squadron and thus entertain residents at Honolulu as well as thousands of sailors aboard the vessels who otherwise could not receive these broadcasts.

The principal navy radio station at Schofield, thirty miles from Honolulu have their own radio system and exchange with KGMB daily. Manager Henley at KGMB comments very favorably on the fine programs from this navy station and tells us that they are responsible for some of his better features.

Incidentally, Pearl Harbor, where these stations are located is one of the largest in the world. It can take care of two navies, and at the same time run off a yacht race as they did not long ago when the Pacific fleets of the United States and Great Britain had both anchored there.

KOIL announces that they have recently arranged to have a permanent stock company present their radio plays and it is expected that this talented group will present some well acted dramas for station fans from Council Bluffs.

By the way King Harvey out at this same station who has been entertaining with western songs and his silver guitar was born in the heart of the cattle country at Safford, Arizona, but until he was eighteen years old, and that was not so long ago, he had never seen a ranch and learned all his cowboy songs from a book. To hear him you would think he had only arrived from some ranch ten minutes before his broadcast.

That crusty old sea dog Barnacle Bill the Sailor has heaved anchor at WWJ in Detroit and through that station he has been passing out his merry horse laugh to the fair damsels he has wooed and won in the far ports of the world. "Bar" as he is affectionately known about the studio admits that he finds it a bit hard at times to live up to his role and pass up some of the more tempting morsels he runs across, but with his never-say-die artistic spirit he always moves on.

Barnacle Bill himself is brought to the microphone by Eddie Bratton who presents the weekly skit with the able assistance of Walter Bastin and Les Backer playing the ladies loved and left. Every Wednesday afternoon the trusty whaler ties up at WWJ's pier and embarks on his half hour of nautical fun. Take a trip with Barnacle Bill some afternoon soon for a jolly cruise.



Little Helen Valentine, despite her youth, is the featured performer on the "Alice in Toyland" program which is a regular feature over KECA in Los Angeles.



Baldwin McGaw, popular dramatic director for KPO, San Francisco, does his stuff. At the left, Mary Groom; at the right, Audrey Farncroft. The group on the extreme right consists of Eva DeVol, Cy Tubbe and Marsden Argall.

Chain Calendar Features

The time listed here is Eastern Standard Time. For the convenience of our readers we are giving the following key to the time when they can tune in on a program in their own territory. If a program is listed here at 7:00 p. m., it can be heard in Chicago and other cities taking Central Standard Time at 6:00 p. m., cities aking Mountain Standard Time can get it at 5:00 p. m., and the Pacific Standard Time would be 4:00 p. m. For example:

EST 7:00 p. m.—8:00 p. m.—9:00 p. m.—10:00 p. m.
CST 6:00 p. m.—7:00 p. m.—8:00 p. m.— 9:00 p. m.
MST 5:00 p. m.—6:00 p. m.—7:00 p. m.— 8:00 p. m.
PST 4:00 p. m.—5:00 p. m.—6:00 p. m.— 7:00 p. m.

See Index to Network Kilocycles on page 69

These listings have been checked and corrected by the NBC and CBS and are in effect as of February 1st, 1932

Throughout Week

TOWER HEALTH EXERCISES–(Daily except Sun.) 6:45 a. m.
WEAF WEEI WFI WRC WGY
WBEN SCAE CKGW

A SONG FOR TODAY—(Daily except Sun.) 7:30 a. m.
WJZ WBAL WBZ WBZA
WHAM KDKA WJR WLW

JOLLY BILL AND JANE—(Daily except Sun.) 7:45 a. m
WJZ WBAL WBZ WBZA
WHAM KDKA WLW

ON THE 8:15—(Daily except Sun.) 8:00 a. m.
WJZ WBAL WBZ WBZA
KDKA WGAR WJR WREN
WRVA WSM WKY

GENE AND GLENN—Quaker Early Birds—(Daily ex. Sun.) 8:00 a. m.
WEAF WTIC WJAR WEEI
WCSH WFI WRC WGY
WCAE WBEN WTAM WWJ
WSAI

SALON MUSICALE—Emery Deutsch, Conductor—(Daily ex. Sun.) 8:00 a.m.
WABC W2XE WFBL WKBW
WCAU W3XAU WJAS WMAL
WDBJ WBT WDBO WDAE
WLAC WBRC WDSU WTAQ
KMOX KMBC KFH KRLD
KTSA KDYL CFRB

PHIL COOK—The Quaker Man—(Daily ex. Sun.) 8:15 a.m.
WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM
WENR WCKY KWK WREN
WCKY

MORNING DEVOTIONS—(Daily ex. Sun.) 8:30 a.m.
WFBL WKBW WCAU W3XAU
WJAS WMAL WDBJ WBT
WDAE WDOD WLAC WBRC
WDSU

CHEERIO—(Daily ex. Sun.) 8:30 a.m.
WEAF WTIC WEEI WRC
WCKY WWJ KPRC WFI
WSB WSM WJAX WPTF
WTAG WBEN WRVA WIOD
WHAS WFLA WTAM WJDX
WJAR WGY WOW WCSH
WSMB WDAF WAPI WFBR
WWNC WIS WKY

OLD DUTCH GIRL—(Mon., Wed. and Fri.) 8:45 a. m.
WABC W2XE WFBL WKBW
WEAN WAAB WCAU W3XAU
WJAS WMAL WCAO WTAR
WADC WHK WKRC WBT
WGST WXYZ WSPD WLAC
WBRC WDSU WISN WOWO
WBBM WCCO KMOX KMBC
KFH KFJF KRLD KTSA
KDYL KLZ CFRB CKAC

TOM BRENNIE—The Laugh Club—(Daily except Sun.) 9:00 a.m.
WJZ WBAL WGAR WREN
WFAA KOA

TOM WARING'S TROUBADORS—(Daily except Wed. and Sun.) 9:15 a.m.
WEAF WTAM WTIC WEEI
WJAR WLIT WRC WFBR
WGY WBEN WCAE WTAM
WWJ WMAQ KSD WOC
WHO WOW

TONY'S SCRAP BOOK—Conducted by Anthony Wons—(Daily ex. Sun.) 9:30 a. m.
WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
WHEC WKBW WLBZ WDRC
WAAB WORC WPG WCAU
W3XAU WHP WLBW WMAL
WCAO WDBJ WADC WDBO
WDAE WXYZ WBCM WLAP
WDOD WREC WLAC WBRC
WDSU WTAQ WGL WBBM
KSCJ WMT KMOX WNAX
KFJF KVOR KDYL KLZ
CFRB

MIRACLES OF MAGNOLIA—(Daily except Sun.) 9:45 a.m.
WJZ WBAL WHAM WJR
WSM WSB WJDX

RAY PERKINS—The Prince of Pineapples—(Thurs. and Fri.) 10:00 a.m.
WJZ WBAL WBZ WHAM
KDKA WGAR WCKY WLS
WKW WREN

MRS. BLAKE'S RADIO COLUMN—(Daily except Sun.) 10:00 a.m.
WEAF WTIC WTAG WEEI
WJAR WCSH WFI WRC
WGY WBEN WCAE WTAM
WWJ WSAI KYW WOC
KSD WHO WDAF

CINDY AND SAM—(Tues. and Thurs.) 10:30 a. m.
WEAF WTIC WTAG WEEI
WJAR WCSH WGY WBEN
WSYR

MYSTERY CHEF—(Tues. and Thurs.) 10:45 a.m.
WJZ WBAL WBZ WBZA
WHAM KDKA WGAR WJR
WLW

BIG BEN'S DREAM DRAMAS—(Tues. and Thurs.) 10:45 a. m.
WEAF WTIC WTAG WEEI
WJAR WCSH WFI WRC
WGY WBEN WCAE WTAM
WWJ WSAI WMAQ WOC

BEN ALLEY, Tenor, with Fred Berrens' Orchestra—(Daily ex. Sat. and Sun.) 11:45 a.m.
WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
WHEC WKBW WLBZ WEAN
WDRC WAAB WORC WPG
WCAU W3XAU WHP WJAS
WLBW WMAL WCAO WTAR
WDBJ WBT WDBO WXYZ
WLAP WDOD WREC WLAC
WDSU WISN WTAQ WBBM
KSCJ WMT KMOX KMBC
WIBW KFH KFJF KTSA
WACO KOH KVOR KDYL
CFRB

GENERAL ELECTRIC HOME CIRCLE—(Daily except Sat. and Sun.) 12:00 noon
WEAF WTIC WTAG WEEI
WCSH WLIT WRC WGY
WBEN WCAE WTAM WWJ
WSAI WENR KSD WDAF
WIBA WDAY KFYR WRVA
WPTF WIOD WFLA WMC
WSB WAPI WJDX WKY
KPRC WTMJ KGO KFSD
KGW KOMO KHQ KSTP
WSM WEBC WFBR WOW
WWNC WIS WSM KTHS
WFAA KSL KTAR

CHARLES BOULANGER AND HIS YOENG'S ORCHESTRA—(Daily except Sun.) 12:00 noon
WABC W2XE WOKO WGR
WLBZ WEAN WDRC WNAC
WORC WPG WIP-WFAN WHP
WJAS WLBW WMAL WCAO
WTAR WDBJ WADC WHK
WBT WDBO WXYZ WLAP
WDOD WREC WLAC WBRC
WDSU WISN WTAQ WCCO
KSCJ WMT KMOX KMBC
KFJF WACO KOH KVOR
KGB KOL KVI KFPY
KFRC KHJ KLZ CFRB

THE REAL GEORGE WASHINGTON—(Daily except Sun.) 12:15 p.m.
WEAF WTIC WTAG WRC
WCAE WMAQ WIS WIOD
WHAS WSM WSB WWJ
KSD

BLACK AND GOLD ROOM ORCHESTRA—(Daily except Sun.; Sat. at 12:00 noon) 12:15 p.m.
WEAF WTIC WTAG WRC
WCAE WMAQ WIS WIOD
WHAS WSM WSB WTAM
WWJ KSD CKGW CFCF

PAT BARNES IN PERSON—(Daily except Sun.) 12:15 p.m.
WJZ WBAL WBZ WBZA
WHAM KDKA WGAR WJR
WLW WENR WTMJ KSTP
WEBC

NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR—(Daily except Sun.) 12:30 p.m.
WJZ WBAL WBZ WHAM
KDKA WGAR WJR KYW
KWK WREN KFAB WRC
WIBA KSTP WFLA WEBC
WDAY KFYR WRVA WPTF
WJAX WIOD WHAS WSM
WMC WSB WAPI WSMB
WJDX KTHS KVOO KPRC
WOC WHO KOA WDAF

AUNT JEMIMA SONGS—(Tues, Wed. and Thurs.) 2:00 p.m.
WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
WGR WNAC WCAU W3XAU
WJAS WMAL WCAO WHK
WKRC WXYZ WSPD WOWO
WBBM KMOX KMBC

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF THE AIR—(Daily except Sat. and Sun.) 2:30 p.m.
WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
WHEC WGR WLBZ WEAN
WDRC WORC WPG WCAU
W3XAU WHP WJAS WLBW
WMAL WCAO WTAR WDBJ
WADC WHK WBT WDBO
WDAE WXYZ WBCM WLAP
WDOD WREC WLAC WBRC
WDSU WISN WTAQ WGL
WFBM WCCO WMT KMOX
KMBC WIBW KFH KFJF
KRLD KTSA KOH KVOR
KGB KOL KVI KFPY
KFRC KHJ KDYL KLZ

WOMAN'S RADIO REVIEW—(Daily except Sat. and Sun.) 3:00 p.m.
WEAF WTIC WTAG WEEI
WJAR WCSH WFI WRC
WGY WBEN WCAE WTAM
WWJ WSAI KYW KSD
WOC WHO WOW WDAF

THE LADY NEXT DOOR—(Daily except Sun.) 5:00 p.m.
WEAF WRC WGY KSD
WTAG WJAR WENR WBEN

SKIPPY—(Daily except Sun.) 5:15 p.m.
WEAF WTIC WTAG WEEI
WJAR WCSH WFBR WLIT
WRC WGY WBEN WCAE
WTAM WWJ WSAI

SINGING LADY—(Mon., Wed., Thurs. and Fri.) 5:30 p.m.
WJZ WBAL WJR WLW

SALTY SAM, THE SAILOR—(Tues., Wed. and Thurs.) 5:30 p.m.
WABC W2XE WFBL WGR
WAAB WCAU W3XAU WCAO
WHK WXYZ WSPD WBBM
WCCO KMOX KMBC

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE—(Daily except Sun.) 5:45 p.m.
WJZ WBAL WHAM WGAR
WLW WRVA WPTF WJAX
WIOD WFLA WGN WENR
KWK WREN KSTP WEBC
KFYR WDAY KPRC WOAI
WKY

RUSS COLUMBO AND HIS ORCHESTRA—(Mon., Thurs. and Fri.) 5:45 p.m.
WEAF WTIC WTAG WEEI
WJAR WCSH WLIT WRC
WGY WBEN WWJ WSAI
WFBR WENR KSD WOC
WHO WOW

THE LONE WOLF TRIBE—An Indian Story—(Mon., Wed. and Fri.) 5:45 p.m.
WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
WKBW WCAU W3XAU WJAS
WCAO WWVA WHK WKRC
WXYZ WSPD KMBC

RAISING JUNIOR — (Daily except Mon.) 6:00 p.m.
WJZ WBAL WHAM WGAR
KYW WIBA WEBC KSTP
WTMJ

VAUGHN DE LEATH — (Mon. and Fri.) 6:15 p. m.
WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
WHEC WGR WDRC WAAB
WORC WCAU W3XAU WHP
WLBW WCAO WTAR WDBJ
WLAP WADC WCAH WDOD
WREC WBT WQAM WLAC
WBRC WDBO WDAE WDFU
WISN WBCM WSPD WTAQ
WGL KFH WFBM KSCJ
KFJF WMT KMBC KRLD
KTRH KOH KVOR WACO

THE ROYAL VAGABONDS—(Mon., Wed. and Fri.) 6:30 p. m.
WJZ WBAL WHAM WLW
KWK WREN KOIL WSB
WAPI WOAI WMAQ WHAS

LITERARY DIGEST TOPICS IN BRIEF—Lowell Thomas—(Daily except Sun.) 6:45 p. m.
WJZ WBAL WBZ WBZA
WHAM KDKA WLW

SWIFT PROGRAM—The Stebbins Boys—(Tues., Wed., Thurs. and Fri.) 6:45 p.m.
WEAF WEEI WJAR WTAG
WCSH WFI WRC WGY
WBEN WCAE WTAM WWJ
WSAI KSD

ARTHUR JARRETT—(6:45 p.m. Mon. and Wed.; 6:00 p.m. on Tues.)
WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
WHEC WGR WLBZ WEAN
WDRC WNAC WORC WPG
WCAU W3XAU WHP WLBW
WMAL WCAO WTAR WDBJ
WADC WBT WDBO WDAE
WXYZ WBCM WLAP WDOD
WREC WLAC WBRC WDSU
WISN WATQ WGL WMT
KMBC WIBW KFJF KRLD
WACO KOH KVOR KGB
KVI KFPY KDYL KLZ
CFRB

AMOS 'N' ANDY—Pepsodent—(Daily except Sun.) 7:00 p.m.
WJZ WBAL WBZ WBZA
WHAM WGAR WJR WLW
WCKY WRC CKGW CFCF
WRVA WPTF WJAX WIOD
WFLA

CREMO PRESENTS BING CROSBY—(Daily ex. Sun.) 7:15 p. m.
WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
WHEC WGR WLBZ WEAN
WDRC WNAC WORC WCAU
W3XAU WHP WJAS WLBW
WMBG WMAL WCAO WTAR
WDBJ WADC WHK WKRC
WCAH WBT WBIG WTOC
WQAM WDBO WDAE WXYZ
WSPD KTBS KGRS WACO
WRR WCSC

At 11:00 p. m. on
WGST WBCM WLAP WDOD
WREC WLAC WNOX WBRC
WDSU WSN WOWO WFBM
WGN WCCO KSCJ WMT
KMOX KMBC KLRA WNAX
WIBW KFH KFJF KTRH
KTSA KOH KOIN KFBK
KOL KFPY KLZ KFRC
KHJ KDYL

TASTYEAST JESTERS—(Daily except Sun.) 7:15 p.m.
WJZ WBAL WBZ WBZA
WHAM KDKA WGAR WCKY
WREN WRVA WPTF WJAX
WIOD WFLA

THE SYLVANIANS—
(Sun. 7:15 p.m.; Tues. 6:30 p.m.)

WABC	WOKO	WKBW	WDRC
WAAB	WCAU	WJAS	WHK
WKRC	WXYZ	WGL	WGN
WCCO	KMOX	W2XE	W3XAU

PRINCE ALBERT QUARTER HOUR—(Daily except Sun.)
7:30 p. m.

WEAF	WTAG	WEEI	WJAR
WCSH	WLIT	WFBR	WRC
WGY	WBEN	WTAM	WWJ
WSAI	WDAF	WIBA	WTMJ
KSTP	WEBC	WDAY	KFYR
WRVA	WWNC	WIS	WJAX
WIOD	WFLA	WOAI	WKY

SAN FELICE SERENADE—(Mon. and Fri.)
7:30 p.m.

WJZ	WBAL	WGAR	WENR
WREN	KOIL		

POMPEIAN MAKE-UP BOX—Boswell Sisters with Bob Haring's Orchestra—(Mon. and Wed.)
7:30 p. m.

WOKO	WFBL	WGR	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WORC	WJAS
WWVA	WADC	WHK	WKRC
WCAH	WXYZ	WSPD	WISN
WCCO	KMOX	KMBC	KFH

KALTENBORN EDITS THE NEWS—Announcer, Don Ball—(Tues. and Thurs.)
7:30 p. m.

WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WGR
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WCAU
W3XAU	WJAS	WLBW	WCAO
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WXYZ
WSPD	WFBM	WBRM	WCCO
KMOX	KMBC	WSJV	

ESSO PROGRAM—(Wed. and Fri.)
7:45 p.m.

WJZ	WBAL	WHAM	WGAR
WJR	WCKY	KYW	KWK
WREN	WTMJ	KSTP	WEBC
WDAY	KFYR	WIBA	WHAS
WSM	WMC	WSB	WSMB
WJDX	KVOO	WFAA	KPRC
WOAI	KOA	KSL	KGO
KFI	KGW	KOMO	KHQ
KTAR	KFSD		

THE CAMEL QUARTER HOUR—Morton Downey, Anthony Wons, and Jacques Renard's Orchestra. (Daily except Sun.)
7:45 p.m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WGR	WLBZ	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WORC	WCAU
W3XAU	WHP	WJAS	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ	WWVA
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WCAH
WBT	WBIG	WSJS	WGST
WTOC	WQAM	WDBO	WDAE
WXYZ	WSPD	WLAP	WDOD
WREC	WLAC	WNOX	WBRC
WDSU	WISN	WFBM	WCCO
KSCJ	WMT	KMOX	KMBC
KLRA	WNAX	WIBW	KFH
KFJF	KRLD	KTRH	WACO
At 11:30 p. m. on			
WOWO	WGN	KTSA	KOH
KFBK	KOL	KFPY	KOIN
KDYL	KLZ		

THE GOLDBERGS—(Daily except Sun.)
7:45 p.m.

WEAF	WSAI	WWJ	WENR
WGY	WBEN	WCAE	WTAM

BLACKSTONE PLANTATION—(Tues.)—(Thurs. at 9:00 on WJZ)
8:00 p.m.

WEAF	WTIC	WEEI	WJAR
WTAG	WCSH	WRC	WOC
KSD	WGY	WBEN	WCAE
WTAM	WWJ	WSAI	WDAF
WOW	WEBC	KSTP	KYW

THE BATH CLUB—(Daily ex. Sat. and Sun.)
8:00 p. m.

WABC	W2XE	WADC	WOKO
WCAO	WNAC	WKBW	WBBM
WKRC	WHK	WXYZ	WOWO
WDRC	KMBC	WCAU	W3XAU
WJAS	WEAN	KMOX	WFBL
WSPD	WMAL	WGST	WFBM
WISN	WCCO		

STERLING PRODUCTS PROGRAM—Abe Lyman's Band with Glee Club, Concertina Player and Comedy Team—(Tues., Thurs. and Sat.)
8:15 p. m.

WABC	WFBL	WGR	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WCAU	W3XAU
WJAS	WMAL	WCAO	WADC
WHK	WKRC	WGST	WXYZ
WSPD	WREC	WDSU	WFBM
WGN	WCCO	KMOX	KMBC
KFJF			

SINGIN' SAM, THE BARBASOL MAN—(Mon., Wed. and Fri.)
8:15 p. m.

WABC	WOKO	WFBL	WKBW
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WCAU
W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL	WCAO
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WXYZ
WSPD	WFBM	WGN	WCCO
KMOX	KMBC		

LA PALINA PRESENTS KATE SMITH AND HER SWANEE MUSIC—(Mon., Tues., Wed., Thurs. and Sat.)
8:30 p. m.

WABC	WFBL	WHEC	WGR
WCAU	W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL
WCAO	WADC	WHK	WKRC
WCAH	WXYZ	KBCM	WSPD
WLAP	WISN	WFBM	WGN
WCCO	KMOX	KMBC	

GOODYEAR PROGRAM—(Wed. 8:30; Sat. 9:00 p.m.)

WRC	WFI	WEEI	WTIC
WJAR	WJDX	WSMB	WRC
WSM	WDAF	WHAS	WSB
WTAG	WCSH	WGY	WBEN
WCAE	WTAM	WWJ	WSAI
KSD	WOC	WOW	KYW
WHO	WMC	WEAF	

THE GLOOM CHASERS—Colonel Stoopnagle and Budd—(Mon. and Wed.)
8:45 p.m.

WABC	WADC	WOKO	WCAO
WNAC	WGN	WKBW	WKRC
WHK	WMAL	WSPD	WFBL
WCAU	W3XAU	WCCO	KMBC
KLZ	WDRC	WOWO	WXYZ
KMOX	WEAN	WJAS	

ANGELO PATRI, "Your Child"—(Sun. and Thurs.)
8:45 p. m.

WABC	WFBL	WGR	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WCAU	W3XAU
WJAS	WMAL	WCAO	WADC
WHK	WKRC	WXYZ	WSPD
WOWO	WGN	WCCO	WMOX
KMBC			

RUSS COLUMBO AND HIS ORCHESTRA—(Tues., Wed. and Sat.)
10:00 p.m.

WJZ	WMAQ	WGAR	WJR
WCKY	KWK	WREN	

LUCKY STRIKE DANCE ORCHESTRA—(Tues., Thurs., Sat.)
10:00 p.m.

WEAF	WTIC	WEEI	WJAR
WTAG	WCSH	WFI	WRC
WCAE	WWJ	WSAI	KSD
WOC	WHO	WTMJ	WEBC
WJAX	WIOD	WFLA	WSUN
WMC	WSB	WJDX	WOAI
KOA	KGO	WKY	KGW
KOMO	KTAR	KFSD	WTAM
WBEN	WDAY	KFI	KSL
KFYR	KSTP	WENR	KPRC
WGY	WIBA	WFAA	WAPI
WSM	KHQ		

MUSIC THAT SATISFIES—Nat Shilkret's Orchestra and Alex Gray, baritone—(Daily ex. Sun.)
10:30 p. m.

WABC	W2XE	WADC	WOKO
WCAO	WNAC	WKBW	WBBM
WKRC	WHK	WXYZ	WOWO
WDRC	KMBC	WCAU	W3XAU
WJAS	WEAN	KMOX	WFBL
WSPD	WMAL	WPG	WLBZ
WBCM	WAIU	WHP	WFBM
WHEC	WIBW	WMT	WLBW
WORC	WKBN	KSCJ	KFH
WGST	WBRC	WBT	WDOD
KRLD	KLZ	KTRH	WNOX
KLRA	WREC	WISN	WCCO
WDSU	WTAR	KFJF	KOH
WDBJ	KDYL	KTSA	WACO
WNAX	WLAC	WDBO	WDAE
WQAM	WTOC	KGB	KHJ
KVI	KOL	KFRC	KFPY
KOIN			

CLARA, LU AND 'EM—(Daily except Sun. and Mon.)
10:45 p.m.

WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	KDKA	WGAR	WJR
KYW	KWK	WREN	

SLUMBER MUSIC — (Daily except Sun.)
11:00 p.m.

WJZ	WWNC	WIS	WIOD
WJAX			

AMOS 'N' ANDY—Pepsodent—(Daily except Sun.)
11:00 p.m.

WMAQ	WENR	KWK	WREN
WBAF	KFAB	WTMJ	KSTP
WEBC	WHAS	WSM	WMC
WSB	WSMB	WJDX	KTHS
WFAA	KPRC	WOAI	WKY
KECA	KSL	KGO	KOMO
KHQ	WFSD		

LITERARY DIGEST TOPICS IN BRIEF—Lowell Thomas—(Daily except Sun.)
11:15 p.m.

WMAQ	KWK	WBAF	WEBC
EDAY	KFYR		

ENRIC MADRIGUERA'S BILTMORE ORCHESTRA—(Tues. at 11:00, Sat. at 11:45)
11:30 p.m.

WABC	W2XE	WLBZ	WDRC
WAAB	WORC	WPG	WCAU
W3XAU	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WDBJ	WBT	WDBO	WDAE
WDOD	WREC	WLAC	WBRC
WDSU			

THE THREE DOCTORS—
11:30 p.m.

WJZ	WIOD

BEN BERNIE AND HIS ORCHESTRA—From Chicago—(Mon. and Fri.)
12:00 Mid.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WKBW	WEAN	WNAC	WPG
WCAU	W3XAU	WHP	WLBW
WBCM	WLAP	WISN	WGL
WFBM	WCCO	WMT	KMBC
WNAX	WIBW	KFJF	KTSA
KOH	KVOR	KGB	KDYL
KLZ			

NOBLE SISSLE AND HIS PARK CENTRAL ORCHESTRA—(Mon., Tues. and Wed.)
12:30 a.m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WKBW	WEAN	WNAC	WPG
WCAU	W3XAU	WLBW	WBCM
WLAP	WISN	WGL	WFBM
WMT	KMBC	WNAX	WIBW
KFJF	KTSA	KOH	KVOR
KGB	KDYL	KLZ	

Sunday

TONE PICTURES—
8:00 a.m.

WJZ	WBAL	WGAR	WJR
KWK	WSB		

MORNING MUSICALE—Emery Deutsch, Conductor—
8:00 a.m.

WABC	W2XE	WTAR	WDBJ
WBT	WDBO	WDAE	WDOD
WREC	WLAC	WDSU	

LAND O'MAKE BELIEVE—
9:00 a.m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WLBZ	WAAB	WPG
WIP-WFAN	WHP	WMAL	WCAO
WDBJ	WHK	WBT	WDBO
WDAE	WXYZ	WBCM	WLAP
WDOD	WREC	WLAC	WISN
WTAQ	WFBM	WMT	KMBC
WNAX	WIBW	KFH	KFJF
KTSA	KDYL		

N. B. C.'S CHILDREN'S HOUR—
9:00 a.m.

WJZ	WBAL	WGAR	WJR
WLW	WFAA	WENR	WCFL
KWK	WRC	WWNC	

COLUMBIA CHURCH OF THE AIR—
10:00 a.m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WLBZ	WDRC	WAAB	WORC
WHP	WJAS	WMAL	WCAO
WBT	WDBO	WBCM	WLAP
WDOD	WREC	WLAC	WDSU
WTAQ	WBBM	KSCJ	WMT
WNAX	WIBW	KFJF	KTSA
KVOR	KDYL	KLZ	

SOUTHLAND SKETCHES—
10:00 a.m.

WEAF	WTIC	WWJ	WDAF
WSB	WCSH	WTAM	WFBR
WENR	WAPI	WGY	WBEN

TROIKA BELLS—
10:30 a.m.

WEAF	WTIC	WRC	WCSH
WFBR	WBEN	WSM	WSMB
WMAQ	WOC	WHO	WDAF
WTMJ	WAPI	KOA	WFAA
WKY			

JULIA MAHONEY AND CHARLES CARLISLE—
11:00 a.m.

WOKO	WFBL	WDRC	WHP
WMAL	WCAO	WDBJ	WHK
WTOC	WQAM	WDBO	WDAE
WLAP	WDOD	WREC	WLAC
WDSU	WISN	WTAQ	KSCJ
WMT	KMBC	KLRA	WNAX
KOIL	KFJF	KTSA	WACO
KVOR	KOL	KVI	KFRC
KDYL	KLZ		

NEAPOLITAN DAYS—
11:00 a.m.

WEAF	WTIC	WJAR	WOC
WHO	WTAM	WKY	WRC
WMC	WAPI	WHAS	WMAQ
WCKY	WFBR	KPRC	KPO

SPARKLETS—
12:00 Noon

WEAF	WTIC	WTAM	WOC
WHO	WDAF	WENR	WRC
WFI	WGY		

VOICE OF ST. LOUIS—
12:00 Noon

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WGR	WLBZ	WAAB
WORC	WPG	WHP	WJAS
WLBW	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WDBJ	WADC	WBT	WDBO
WDAE	WXYZ	WBCM	WLAP
WDOD	WLAC	WISN	WTAQ
WCCO	KSCJ	WMT	KMOX
KMBC	WNAX	WIBW	KFJF
KTSA	KOH	KVOR	KOL
KFPY	KLZ	CFRB	

OLD FASHIONED HOUR—
12:15 p.m.

WEAF	WTIC	WTAG	WJAR
WCSH	WFI	WFBR	WRC
WGY	WCAE	WTAM	WWJ
WOC	WHO	WDAF	CFCF
WDAY	WHAS	KPRC	KOA
KSL	KGO		

INTERNATIONAL BROADCAST—
12:30 p.m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WGR	WLBZ	WDRC
WAAB	WORC	WPG	WCAU
W3XAU	WHP	WJAS	WLBW
WMAL	WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ
WADC	WHK	WBT	WDBO
WDAE	WBCM	WLAP	WDOD
WISN	WTAQ	WCCO	KSCJ
WMT	KMBC	WNAX	WIBW
KFJF	KTSA	KOH	KVOR
KOL	KVI	KFPY	KDYL
KLZ	CFRB		

STREET SINGER—
12:45 p.m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WGR	WLBZ	WDRC
WAAB	WORC	WPG	WCAU
W3XAU	WHP	WLBW	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ	WADC
WBT	WDBO	WDAE	WBCM
WLAP	WDOD	WISN	WTAQ
WCCO	KSCJ	WMT	KMBC
WIBW	KFJF	KTSA	KOH
KVOR	KFPY	KDYL	KLZ
CFRB			

CATHEDRAL HOUR—Channon Collinge, Conductor—
1:00 p.m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WGR	WLBZ	WDRC
WAAB	WORC	WPG	WCAU
W3XAU	WHP	WJAS	WLBW
WMAL	WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ
WADC	WBT	WDBO	WXYZ
WBCM	WLAP	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WDSU	WTAQ
WGL	WCCO	KSCJ	WMT
KMOX	KMBC	WIBW	KFJF
KRLD	KTSA	WACO	KOH
KVOR	KOL	KVI	KFPY
KDYL	KLZ	CFRB	

N. B. C. SYMPHONIC HOUR—Walter Damrosch—
1:15 p.m.

WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WMAQ	WWNC	WIS	WIOD
WFLA	WFAA	KGO	KFI
KGW	KOMO	KFSD	

OLD COMPANY'S PROGRAM—
1:45 p.m.

WEAF	WTIC	WTAG	WEEI
WRC	WGY	WBEN	WCSH
WFI	CKGW	CFCF	

VENIDA PROGRAM—Wee Willie Robyn with Emery Deutsch's Gypsies
1:45 p.m.

WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WGR
WDRC	WAAB	WCAU	W3XAU
WJAS	WMAL	WHK	WKRC
WBBM	KMOX	KMBC	

PASTORALE — Andre Kostelanetz, Conductor
2:00 p.m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WGR	WLBZ	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WORC	WPG
WCAU	W3XAU	WHP	WJAS
WLBW	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WDBJ	WWVA	WADC	WKRC
WBT	WGST	WTOC	WDAE
WLAP	WREC	WLAC	WNOX
WBRC	WDSU	WGL	WFBM
WBBM	WCCO	KSCJ	WMT
KMOX	KMBC	WIBW	KFH
KFJF	KRLD	WACO	KOH
KVOR	KGB	KFBK	KOL
KFPY	KHJ	KDYL	KLZ

SUNDAY BRIGHT SPOT—
2:15 p.m.

WEAF	WTIC	WTAG	WEEI
WCSH	WLIT	WRC	WGY
WWJ	WSAI	KYW	KSD
WOW	WOC	WHO	WBEN
CFCF	KSTP	WEBC	WDAY
KFYR	WRVA	WPTF	WJAX
WIOD	WFLA	WHAS	WSM
WSB	WAPI	WSMB	WJDX
WFAA	KOA	KSL	KGW
KPO	KHQ	KTAR	KFSD
KECA	KPRC	WTMJ	WCAE
WMC	KVOO	WOAI	WFBR

YEAST FOAMERS—
2:30 p.m.

WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	KDKA	WGAR	WJR
WLW	KYW	KWK	WREN
KFAB	WTMJ	KSTP	WEBC
WRVA	WPTC	WWNC	WIS
WIOD	WFLA	WJAX	WHAS
WSM	WNC	WSB	WAPI
WJDX	WSMB	KVOO	WFAA
KPRC	WOAI	WKY	KOA
KTAR	KECA	KGW	KHQ
KFSD			

MOONSHINE AND HONEYSUCKLE—
2:30 p.m.

WEAF	WTIC	WOW	WWJ
KSD	WRC	WCSH	WDAF

COLUMBIA CHURCH OF THE AIR—
2:30 p.m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WKBW	WLBZ	WDRC
WAAB	WORC	WPG	WLBW
WHP	WIP-WFAN	WJAS	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ	WADC
WBT	WDBO	WBCM	WLAP
WDOD	WREC	WLAC	WDSU
WTAQ	WGL	WFBM	WCCO
KSCJ	WMT	KMBC	WIBW
KFH	KFJF	WACO	KOH
KVOR	KGB	KOL	KFPY
KDYL	KLZ		

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Arturo Toscanini, Conductor—
3:00 p. m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WHEC
WKBW	WLBZ	WEAN	WAAB
WORC	WIP-WFAN	WHP	WJAS
WLBW	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WDBJ	WADC	WBT	WDBO
WDAE	WXYZ	WBCM	WLAP
WDOD	WREC	WLAC	WBRC
WDSU	WISN	WTAQ	WOWO
WGL	WFBM	WCCO	KSCJ
WMT	KMBC	WIBW	KFH
KFJF	WACO	KOH	KVOR
KGB	KOL	KFPY	KFRC
KHJ	KDYL	KLZ	CFRB
KVI			

WAYNE KING'S ORCHESTRA—
3:00 p.m.

WEAF	WTIC	WTAG	WEEI
WJAR	WCSH	WLIT	WRC
WGY	WBEN	WCAE	WWJ
WSAI	KYW	KSD	WOC
WHO	WOW	WDAF	

DR. S. PARKES CADMAN—
3:30 p.m.

WEAF	WTIC	WEEI	WJAR
WCSH	WGY	WJAX	WFBR
WFLA	WRC	WBEN	WRVA
KSD	WPTF	WCAE	WIS
WTAG	WWJ	WSAI	WDAF
KYW	WOW	KSTP	WEBC
WDAY	KFYR	WWNC	WIOD
WJAX	WSM	WMC	WSB
KTHS	KVOO	KPRC	WOAI
WKY	KOA	KSL	KGO
KGW	KOMO	KHQ	KFSD

FLORSHEIM FROLIC—
4:00 p.m.

WEAF	WEEI	WTIC	WJAR
KFI	WTAG	WCSH	WRC
WGY	WCAE	WBEN	WTAM
WWJS	WOC	WHO	WOW
WDAF	WFBR	WIBA	WDAY
KFYR	WRVA	WPTF	WJAX
WIOD	WFLA	WHAS	WSM
WMC	WSB	WAPI	WSMB
WJDX	KTHS	KVOO	WBAP
KPRC	WCAI	WKY	KCA
KGO	KFSD	KTAR	KGW
KOMO	KHQ	WIS	WWNC
WMAQ	WEBC		

THE MUSICAL SHOWMAN—
4:30 p.m.

WJZ	WBAL	WHAM	KDKA
KYW	KFAB	CKGW	

NATIONAL VESPERS—Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick—
5:00 p.m.

WJZ	WBAL	WBZA	WHAM
KDKA	WREN	KWK	KFAB
WIBA	WMAQ	KSTP	WEBC
WDAY	WFYR	WRVA	WPTF
WIS	WWNC	WIOD	WFLA
WSM	WSB	WJDX	KTHS
KVOO	WFAA	KPRC	WOAI
KFI	KGW	KOMO	KHQ
KFSD			

REAL FOLKS—
5:00 p.m.

WABC	WADC	WCAO	WBBM
WKRC	WHK	WXYZ	WOWO
KMBC	WCAU	WJAS	WSPD
WMAL	WGST	WBT	KRLD
KTRH	KFSF	KTSA	

GENERAL ELECTRIC TWILIGHT PROGRAM—
C. E. Home Circle.
5:30 p.m.

WEAF	WTIC	WTAG	WEEI
WJAR	WCSH	WFI	WFBR
WRC	WGY	WREN	WCAE
WTAM	WWJ	WSAI	WENR
KSD	WOC	WHO	WOW
WDAF	WIBA	WTMJ	KSTP
WEBC	WDAY	KFYR	WRVA
WJAX	WPTF	WIOD	WFLA
WHAS	WMC	WSB	WSMB
WJDX	KVOO	WBAP	KPRC
WOAI	WKY	KOA	WWNC
WIS	WAPI		

BROOKS AND ROSS—From Chicago
5:30 p. m.

WLAP	WTAQ	KSCJ	WMT
WIBW	KFJF	KRLD	KOH
KVOR	KGB	KOL	KVI
KFPY	KFRC	KHJ	KDYL
KLZ			

THE SIMONIZ GUARDSMEN—
5:30 p.m.

WJZ	WBZA	WLW	WREN
WBAL	WHAM	KYW	KOIL
WBZ	WGAR	KWK	

BLUE COAL RADIO REVUE—
5:30 p.m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WGR	WEAN	WDRC
WAAB	WORC	WCAU	W3XAU
WHP	WCAO	CFRB	

HOOK, LINE AND SINKER—From Chicago—
5:45 p. m.

WLAP	WTAQ	WBBM	KSCJ
WMT	WIBW	KFJF	KOH
KVOR	KGB	KOL	KVI
KFPY	KFRC	KHJ	KDYL
KLZ			

CHICAGO KNIGHTS—
6:00 p.m.

WWVA	WLAP	WDOD	WISN
WTAQ	WFBM	KSCJ	WMT
KOIL	KFJF	KRLD	WACO
KOH	KVOR	KOL	KVI
KFPY	KFRC	KHJ	KDYL
KLZ	WBBM		

JOLLY TIME REVUE—
7:15 p.m.

WJZ	WBAL	WHAM	WGAR
WLS	WREN	KWK	WTMJ
KSTP	WDAY	KFYR	KVOO
KPRC	WOAI	WKY	KSL
KFI	KGY	KOMO	KHQ
KTAR	KFSD		

LUDEN'S NOVELTY ORCHESTRA—
7:30 p. m.

WABC	W2XE	WGR	WNAC
WCAU	W3XAU	WMAL	WCAO
WHK	WKRC	WBT	WGST
WXYZ	WREC	WDSU	WKBH
WFBM	WGN	WCCO	KMOX
KMBC	WNAX	KRLD	KDYL
KLZ			

THE THREE BAKERS—
7:30 p.m.

WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	KDKA	WGAR	WJR
WLW	WKY	KWK	WREN
WTMJ	KSTP	WEBC	WDAY
KFYR	WIBA	WRVA	WIOD
WFLA	WHAS	WSM	WMC
WSB	WSMB	WJDX	KVOO
WFAA	KPRC	WOAI	WKY
KOA	KSL	KGO	KFI
KGW	KOMO	KHQ	KFSD
KTAR	KOIL		

CHASE AND SANBORN—
8:00 p.m.

WEAF	WTIC	WJAR	WTAG
WCSH	WRC	WGY	WCAE
WWJ	WSAI	KSD	WOW
WIOD	KSTP	WHO	WOC
WHAS	WEBC	KSB	WSMB
KTHS	KPRC	WTAM	WJDX
WFLA	WSUN	CFCF	WFLA
WDAF	WBEN	WOAI	WKY
WLIT	WLS	KVOO	WFAA
CKGW	WTMJ		

FRAY AND BRAGGIOTTI—Two-Piano Team—
8:00 p.m.

WABC	WOKO	WFBL	WHEC
WGR	WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC
WNAC	WORC	WCAU	W3XAU
WHP	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WDBJ	WWVA	WADC
WHK	WKRC	WCAH	WGST
WTOC	WDBO	WDAE	WXYZ
WSPD	WLAP	WREC	WLAC
WNOX	WBRC	WDSU	WISN
WGL	WFBM	WCCO	KSCJ
WMT	KMOX	KMBC	WIBW
KFJF	KTSA	KOH	KVOR
KFBK	KOL	KFPY	KFRC
KDYL	KLZ		

FISK UNIVERSITY CHORUS—Spirituals.
8:15 p.m.

WABC	WOKO	WFBL	WHEC
WGR	WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC
WNAC	WORC	WHP	WJAS
WLBW	WMAL	WTAR	WDBJ
WWVA	WADC	WCAH	WKBN
WGST	WTOC	WQAM	WDBO
WDAE	WXYZ	WSPD	WLAP
WLAC	WNOX	WBRC	WDSU
WISN	WGL	WFBM	WCCO
KSCJ	WMT	WIBW	KFJF
KTSA	WACO	KOH	KVOR
KFBK	KOL	KFPY	KFRC
KDYL	KLZ		

COLLIER'S RADIO HOUR—
8:15 p.m.

WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
KDKA	WHAM	WGAR	WJR
WLW	KYW	WREN	KOA
KSL	KPO	KFI	KGW
KOMO	KHQ		

THE DAVEY HOUR—
8:30 p. m.

WEAF	WTIC	WTAG	WEEI
WJAR	WCSH	WFI	WRC
WGY	WBEN	WCAE	WTAM
WWJ	WSAI	WENR	WOC
WHO	WOW	WDAF	

ROXY THEATRE SYMPHONY—Directed by Maurice Baron—
9:00 p. m.

WABC	WOKO	WHEC	WGR
WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WORC	WCAU	W3XAU	WHP
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WDBJ	WADC	WBT
WBDO	WXYZ	WBCM	WLAP
WDOD	WREC	WLAC	WBRC
WDSU	WISN	WFBM	WCCO
WMT	KMOX	WNAX	KFJF
KRLD	KTSA	KOH	KVOR
KGB	KOL	KFPY	KFRC
KHJ	KDYL	KLZ	CFRB

BAYUK STAG PARTY—
9:15 p.m.

WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
KDKA	WGAR	WJR	WLW
KYW	WREN		

ADVENTURING WITH COUNT VON LUCKNER—
9:30 p. m.

WABC	WFBL	WGR	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WCAU	W3XAU
WJAS	WMAL	WCAO	WADC
WHK	WKRC	WXYZ	WSPD
WOWO	WGN	KMOX	KMBC
KOL	KFPY	KOIN	KFRC
KHJ	KDYL	KLZ	CFRB

KELLOGG SLUMBER MUSIC—
9:45 p.m.

WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	WJR	KDKA	WLW
KYW	KWK	WREN	

BUICK PROGRAM—
9:45 p.m.

WEAF	WTAG	WJAR	WCSH
WFI	WFBR	WRC	WGY
WBEN	WCAE	WTAM	WWJ
WSAI	WENR	KSD	WOC
WHO	WOW	WDAF	WIBA
KSTP	WEBC	WDAY	KFYR
WRVA	WJAX	WIOD	WFLA
WHAS	WSM	WMC	WSB
WAPI	WSMB	WJDX	
(WFAA off 10:00)		KPRC	WOAI
WKY	KOA	KSL	KGO
KFI	KGW	KOMO	KHQ
KTAR	KFSD		

OLD SINGING MASTER—
10:15 p.m.

WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	KDKA	WGAR	WLW
WMAQ	KWK	WREN	KOIL
KOA	KGO	KFI	KGW
KOMO	KHQ		

ERNEST HUTCHESON—Pianist and Concert Orchestra—
10:30 p. m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	KFBL
WHEC	WKBW	WLBZ	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WORC	WPG
WCAU	W3XAU	WHP	WJAS
WLBW	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WDBJ	WADC	WBT	WDBO
WDAE	WXYZ	WBCM	WLAP
WDOD	WREC	WLAC	WBRC
WDSU	WISN	WFBM	WMT
WIBW	KFH	KFJF	KOH
KVOR	KGB	KFPY	KFRC
KDYL	KLZ	CFRB	

THE GAUCHOS—
11:00 p. m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WGR	WLBZ	WDRC
WAAB	WLBW	WPG	WCAU
W3XAU	WHP	KOH	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ	WADC
WBT	WDBO	WDAE	WXYZ
WDOD	WREC	WBRC	WDSU
WISN	WFBM	WMT	KMBC
WIBW	KFH	KFJF	KOH
KVOR	KGB	KOL	KDYL
KLZ			

CALIFORNIA MELODIES—
11:30 p. m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WGR	WLBZ	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WPG	WCAU
W3XAU	WHP	WLBW	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ	WADC
WBT	WDBO	WDAE	WXYZ
WBCM	WLAP	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WDSU	WISN
WGL	WFBM	WCCO	WMT
WNAX	WIBW	KFH	KFJF
KOH	KVOR	KGB	KFRC
KDYL			

EDDIE DUCHIN AND HIS CENTRAL PARK CASINO ORCHESTRA—
12:00 Mid.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WGR	WEAN	WNAC	WCAU
W3XAU	WHP	WLBW	WBCM
WLAP	WISN	WGL	WCCO
WMT	KMBC	WNAX	WIBW
KFJF	KOH	KVOR	KGB
KDYL			

NOCTURNE—Ann Leaf at the Organ
12:30 a. m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WGR	WEAN	WNAC	WCAU
W3XAU	WLBW	WBCM	WISN
WGL	WCCO	KMBC	WNAX
WIBW	KFJF	KOH	KVOR
KGB	KOL	KLZ	

Monday

GYPSY MUSIC MAKERS—Emery Deutsch, Conductor.
9:00 a. m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WGR	WAAB	WPG	WIP-WFAN
WHP	WJAS	WLBW	WCAO
WTAR	WDBJ	WADC	WDBO
WDAE	WXYZ	WBCM	WLAP
WDOD	WREC	WLAC	WBRC
WDSU	WTAQ	KSCJ	WMT
KMOX	KFH	KFJF	KDYL
CFRB			

CHATTING WITH IDA BAILEY ALLEN—
10:00 a. m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WKBW	WLBZ	WAAB	WHP
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WDBJ	WADC	WBT	WDLO
WXYZ	WBCM	WLAP	WDOD
WREC	WLAC	WDSU	WISN
WTAQ	WGL	KSCJ	KMBC
KFJF	KRLD	KVOR	

MRS. A. M. GOUDISS—
11:00 a.m.

WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	KDKA	WGAR	KYW
WREN	KWK		

THE NOMADS—
2:15 p.m.

WEAF	WTIC	WRC	WBEN
WTAM	WWJ	KSD	

SMACKOUTS—Comedy Duo: Marion and Jim Jordan.
2:45 p.m.

WJZ	WBAL	WHAM	WGAR
WJR	WCKY	WREN	CKGW
WDAY	WSM	WJDX	KPRC
KOA			

NATIONAL STUDENT FEDERATION OF AMERICA PROGRAM—
4:30 p.m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WGR	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WORC	WIP-WFAN		WHP
WLBW	WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ
WADC	WBT	WDBO	WDAE
WXYZ	WBCM	WLAP	WDOD
WREC	WLAC	WDSU	WISN
WTAQ	WCCO	WMT	KMOX
WIBW	KFJF	KRLD	WACO
KOH	KVOR	KGB	KFPY
KDYL	KLZ		

SOCONYLAND SKETCHES—
8:00 p.m.

WEAF	WTIC	WTAG	WEEI
WJAR	WCSH	WBEN	WGY

CONTENTED PROGRAM—
8:00 p.m.

WJZ	WBAL	WJR	WCKY
KWK	WREN	KOIL	CFCF
CKGW	WIBA	KSTP	WDAY
WRVA	WJAX	WIOD	WFLA
WHAS	WSM	WMC	WSB
KVOO	WFAA	KPRC	WOAI
WKY	WLS	WPTF	

VOICE OF FIRESTONE—
8:30 p.m.

WEAF	WTIC	WTAG	WEEI
WJAR	WCSH	WLIT	WRC
WGY	WBEN	WCAE	WTAM
WWJ	WSAI	KSD	WOC
WHO	WOW	WDAF	CKGW
CFCF	WRVA	WJAX	WIOD
WFLA	WSB	WSMB	KTHS
KVOO	KPRC	WOAI	WWNC
WFBR	WMAQ	WHAS	WIS
WFAA	WKY	WJDX	

A. & P. GYPSIES—
9:00 p.m.

WEAF	WTIC	WEEI	WTAG
WJAR	WCSH	WLIT	WRC
WGY	WOC	KSD	WHO
WOW	WFSD	WTAM	WBEN
WWJ	WSAI	WCAE	WMZQ

MAYTAG ORCHESTRA—
9:00 p.m.

WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	KDKA	WGAR	WJR
WLS	KWK	WREN	WTMJ
WEBC	WDAY	KFYR	WSM
WMC	KVOO	WFAA	WKY
KPRC	WOAI	KOA	KSL
KGO	KECA	KGW	KOMO
KTAR	KFSD		

FROSTILLA BROADCAST REHEARSAL—Orchestra with Mildred Hunt, Vocalist.
9:15 p.m.

WABC	WOKO	WFBL	WKBW
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WCAU
W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL	WCAO
WADC	WKRC	WXYZ	WSPD
WOWO	WGN	KMOX	WRR
CFRB			

BOURJOIS—AN EVENING IN PARIS
9:30 p.m.

WABC	WFBL	WHEC	WKBW
WEAN	WNAC	WCAU	W3XAU
WJAS	WMAL	WCAO	WADC
WHK	WKRC	WBT	WGST
WXYZ	WSPD	WDSU	WOWO
WGN	WCCO	KMOX	KMBC
KFJF	KRLD	KOL	KFPY
KOIN	KFRC	KHJ	KDYL
KLZ			

GENERAL MOTORS PARADE OF THE STATES—Erno Rapee's Orchestra.
9:30 p.m.

WEAF	WTIC	WEEI	WJAR
WCSH	WTAG	WLIT	KSTP
WMC	WSB	WJAX	KPRC
WOAI	WKY	KOA	KSL
KGO	KGW	KSD	WOC
WOW	WDAF	WSM	WFAA
KOMO	KFYR	KFI	KHQ
WRC	WGY	WBEN	WCAE
WTAM	WWJ	WSAI	WHO
WTMJ	KTAR	WMAQ	

MUSICAL DOMINOS—
9:30 p.m.

WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WHAM
KDKA	WGAR	WJR	WLW
KYW	KWK	WREN	

GOLD MEDAL EXPRESS—
10:00 p. m.

WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	KDKA	WJR	WREN
KWK	WTMJ	KSTP	WEBC
WRVA	WJAX	WIOD	WFLA
WSM	WMC	WSB	WBAP
WOAI	WKY	KOA	KSL
KGO	KFI	KGW	KOMO
KHQ	KFSD	KTAR	WMAQ

ROBERT BURNS PANATELA PROGRAM—Guy Lombardo's Orchestra. Announcer, Frank Knight.
10:00 p.m.

WABC	WFBL	WKBW	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WCAU	W3XAU
WJAS	WMAL	WCAO	WADC
WHK	WKRC	WXYZ	WSPD
WOWO	WFBM	WBBM	WCCO
KMOX	KMBC	KFJF	KRLD
KTRH	KTSA	KOL	KFPY
KOIN	KFRC	KHJ	KDYL
KLZ			

WITH CANADA'S MOUNTED—
10:00 p.m.

WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	KDKA	WGAR	WJR
WLW	WMAQ	KWK	WREN
KOIL	CFCF	CKGW	

Tuesday

CHARACTER SONGS—Artells Dickson—
8:45 a. m.

WABC	W2XE	WGR	WMAL
WDBJ	WBT	WDBO	WBT
WDAE	WDOD	WLAC	WBRC
WDSU			

HELEN BOARD—Soprano
9:45 a.m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WKBW	WDRC	WAAB
WORC	WPG	WCAU	W3XAU
WHP	WJAS	WLBW	WMAL
WCAO	WDBJ	WADC	WHK
WBT	WDAE	WXYZ	WBCM
WLAP	WDOD	WREC	WLAC
WBRC	WDSU	WTAQ	WGL
KSCJ	KMOX	KMBC	KFJF
KRLD	KVOR	KLZ	

GRANT, GRAHAM AND COUGHLIN—
10:00 a.m.

WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WDRC
WNAC	WORC	WCAU	W3XAU
WHP	WJAS	WCAO	WKRC

U. S. NAVY BAND CONCERT—From Washington, D. C.
10:15 a.m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WKBW	WLBZ	WEAN
WDRC	WAAB	WORC	WCAU
W3XAU	WHP	WJAS	WLBW
WMAL	WCAO	WDBJ	WADC
WBT	WDBO	WDAE	WXYZ
WBCM	WLAP	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WNAC	WDSU	WISN
WTAQ	WGL	WBBM	WCCO
KSCJ	KMOX	KMBC	KFH
KFJF	KRLD	KTSA	WACO
KOH	KVOR	KDYL	CFRB

YOUR CHILD—
11:00 a.m.

WEAF	WTAG	WJAR	WCSH
WLIT	WFBR	WRC	WGY
WBEN	WCAE	WWJ	WSAI
KSD	WOC	WHO	WDAF
WEBC	WDAY	KFYR	WRVA
WPTF	WWNC	WJAX	WIOD
WFLA	WHAS	WSM	WSB
WSMB	WJDX	KTHS	KVOO
WBAP	KPRC	WOAI	WKY

CURRENT QUESTIONS BEFORE CONGRESS—Senator Chas. C. Dill.
11:30 a.m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WKBW	WLBZ	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WORC	WPG
WCAU	W3XAU	WHP	WJAS
WLBW	WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ
WDBO	WXYZ	WLAP	WDOD
WREC	WLAC	WDSU	WISN
WTAQ	WBBM	KSCJ	WMT
KMOX	WIBW	KFJF	KTSA
WACO	KOH	KVOR	CFRB

THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS—
11:30 a.m.

WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	KDKA	WGAR	WJR
WLW	WREN	KWK	KYW
KFAB	CKGW	WTMJ	WEBC
WDAY	KFYR	WIBA	WRVA
WJAX	WIOD	WFLA	WHAS
WSM	WMC	WSB	WAPI
WSMB	WJDX	KVOO	WFAA
KPRC			

COLUMBIA SALON ORCHESTRA—Emery Deutsch, Conductor
2:15 p.m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WGR	WLBZ	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WORC	WPG
WCAU	W3XAU	WHP	WJAS
WLBW	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WDBJ	WADC	WHK	WBT
WDBO	WDAE	WXYZ	WBCM
WLAP	WDOD	WREC	WLAC
WBRC	WDSU	WISN	WTAQ
WGL	WFBM	WCCO	KSCJ
WMT	KMBC	WIBW	KFH
KFJF	KRLD	KTSA	KOH
KVOR	KOL	KFPY	KFRC
KHJ	KDYL	KLZ	CFRB

MUSIC IN THE AIR—
3:00 p.m.

WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WGAR	WJR	WLW	KWK
WREN	KFAB	WIBA	WEBC
WDAY	WRVA	WPTF	WWNC
WIS	WJAX	WIOD	WFLA
WSM	WMC	WSB	WAPI
WSMB	WJDX	KTHS	KVOO
WBAP	KPRC	WKY	KOA
CKGW			

MUSICAL AMERICANA—
3:30 p.m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WGR	WLBZ	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WORC	WPG
WIP-WFAN		WHP	WJAS
WLBW	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WDBJ	WWVA	WADC	WHK
WKRC	WCAH	WKBN	WBT
WGST	WTOC	WQAM	WDBO
WDAE	WXYZ	WSPD	WLAP
WFIW	WREC	WLAC	WNOX
WBRC	WDSU	WISN	WTAQ
WGL	WCCO	KSCJ	WMT
KMOX	KMBC	WIBW	KFJF
KTSA	WACO	KOH	KVOR
KGB	KFBK	KVI	KFPY
KOIN	KHJ	KDYL	KLZ
CFRB			

GEORGE HALL AND HIS TAFT HOTEL ORCHESTRA—
4:30 p.m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WGR	WEAN	WDRC	WAAB
WORC	WIP-WFAN		WCAU
W3XAU	WHP	WJAS	WLBW
WMAL	WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ
WADC	WBT	WDBO	WDAE
WXYZ	WBCM	WLAP	WDOD
WREC	WLAC	WBRC	WDSU
WISN	WTAQ	WGL	WCCO
WMT	KMOX	KMBC	WIBW
KFH	KFJF	KRLD	KTSA
WACO	KOH	KVOR	KGB
KOL	KVI	KFPY	KFRC
KDYL	KLZ	CFRB	

"BILL SCHUDT'S GOING TO PRESS"
5:45 p.m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WKBW	WLBZ	WAAB	WORC
WHP	WJAS	WLBW	WCAO
WTAR	WWVA	WKBN	WBT
WGST	WTOC	WQAM	WDBO
WDAE	WXYZ	WSPD	WLAP
WREC	WLAC	WNOX	WBRC
WDSU	WTAQ	WGL	KSCJ
WMT	KFJF	KOH	KVOR
KDYL	KLZ		

SAVANNAH LINERS ORCHESTRA—
6:30 p.m.

WJZ	WBZ	WBZA

MID WEEK FEDERATION HYMN SING—
7:00 p.m.

WEAF	WTIC	WTAG	WFI
WJDX	WBEN	WCAE	WSAI
WSB	WSM	KSTP	KOA

HEEL HUGGER HARMONIES—
8:30 p.m.

WJZ	WHAM	WLS	WREN
KOA	KSL	KPO	KFI
KGW	KOMO	KHQ	KFSD
KTAR			

TRUE STORY—
8:30 p.m.

WEAF	WTIC	WTAG	WEEI
WJAR	WCSH	WFBR	WRC
WGY	WBEN	WWJ	WOC
WHO	WDAF	KSD	WFI
WTAM	WSAI	KYW	WOW

GERARDINE—Ed Sullivan Program.
8:45 p.m.

WABC	WFBL	WGR	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WCAU	W3XAU
WJAS	WMAL	WCAO	WADC
WHK	WKRC	WXYZ	WSPD
WOWO	WGN	KMOX	KMBC

BOBBY BLUES AND HER BOY FRIENDS—
8:45 p.m.

KOIL	KHJ	KOIN	KFRC
KOL	KFPY	KVI	KGB
KVOR	KRLD	KLZ	KTRH
KFJF	KOH	KSCJ	KTSA
KDYL	WIBW	WACO	KFH
WNAX			

McKESSON MUSICAL MAGAZINE—
9:00 p.m.

WEAF	WTIC	WTAG	WEEI
WJAR	WCSH	WFI	WRC
WBEN	WCAE	WTAM	WWJ
WSAI	WLS	KSD	WOC
WHO	WOW	WDAF	WTMJ
WEBC	WDAY	KFYR	WRVA
WJAX	WIOD	WFLA	WSUN
WHAS	WSM	WMC	WSB
WSMB	WJDX	KTHS	KVOO
WOAI	WKY	KOA	KSL
KGO	KTAR	KFSD	KGW
KHQ	KFI	KOMO	

BEN BERNIE AND HIS BLUE RIBBON ORCHESTRA—
9:00 p.m.

WABC	WFBL	WKBW	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WCAU	W3XAU
WJAS	WMAL	WCAO	WADC
WHK	WKRC	WKBN	WBT
WXYZ	WSPD	WLAC	WBRC
WDSU	WOWO	WGN	WCCO
KMBC	KFH	WRR	KTRH
KTSA	KMJ	KFBK	KOL
KFPY	KOIN	KFRC	KHJ
KDYL	KLZ		

ROMANCES OF THE SEA — Announcer, Frank Knight.
9:30 p.m.

WABC	WFBL	WKBW	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WCAU	W3XAU
WJAS	WMAL	WCAO	WADC
WHK	WKRC	WXYZ	WSPD
WOWO	WGN	KMOX	KMBC
CFRB			

THE FULLER MAN—
9:30 p.m.

WEAF	WTIC	WTAG	WEEI
WJAR	WCSH	WFI	WRC
WGY	WBEN	WCAE	WTAM
WWJ	WSAI	KYW	KSD
WOC	WHO	WOW	WDAF
WTMJ	KSTP	WEBC	WSB
WBAP	WOAI	WKY	KOA
KSL	KGO	KECA	KGW
KOMO	KHQ		

CHIC SCROGGINS ORCHESTRA—
9:30 p.m.

KHJ	KOIN	KFRC	KOL
KFPY	KVI	KGB	KVOR
KRLD	KLZ	KTRH	KFJF
KOH	KTSA	KDYL	WIBW
WACO	KFH		

ROUND TOWNERS—
10:15 p.m.

WLBZ	WDRC	WAAB	WORC
WJAS	WMAL	WDAE	WXYZ
WDOD	WISN	KMBC	KLRA
KFJF			

Wednesday

MELODY MAGIC—
9:00 a.m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WGR	WDRC	WAAB	WPG
WIP-WFAN		WHP	WJAS
WLBW	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WDBJ	WADC	WDBO	WDAE
WXYZ	WBCM	WLAP	WDOD
WREC	WLAC	WBRC	WDSU
WTAQ	KSCJ	WMT	KMOX
KFH	KFJF	KDYL	CFRB

FLYING FINGERS—
9:30 a.m.

WTAM	WEAF	WTIC	WJAR
WLIT	WCAE	WWJ	WEEI
WGY	WRC	WFBR	

GRANT GRAHAM AND COUGHLIN—
10:00 a.m.

WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WDRC
WORC	WCAU	W3XAU	WHP
WJAS	WCAO	WKRC	

MARY HALE MARTIN'S HOUSEHOLD PERIOD—
10:00 a.m.

WJZ	WBAL	WHAM	WMAQ
WREN	WRVA	WWNC	WHAS
WSM	WMC	WFAA	

JANE GRANT'S STEERO PROGRAM
10:15 a.m.

WEAF	WJAR	WFI	WGY
WOC	WHO	WTIC	WEEI
WRC	WBEN	WTAM	WWJ
KYW	WTAG	WSAI	WCAE

MELODY PARADE—Vincent Sorey, Conductor
10:15 a.m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WHEC
WKBW	WLBZ	WDRC	WAAB
WORC	WCAU	W3XAU	WHP
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WDBJ	WADC	WHK	WBT
WDBO	WDAE	WXYZ	WBCM
WLAP	WDOD	WREC	WLAC
WDSU	WISN	WTAQ	WGL
WBBM	KSCJ	KMOX	KMBC
KFH	KFJF	KTSA	KVOR
KDYL	CFRB		

WILDROOT CHAT—
10:30 a.m.

WEAF	WTIC	WEEI	WJAR
WTAG	WCSH	WFI	WRC
WWJ	WSAI	WCAE	WDAF
WBEN	WTAM	WGY	KYW

THE FOUR CLUBMEN—
11:00 a.m.

WABC	WOKO	WFBL	WHEC
WKBW	WLBZ	WPG	WCAU
W3XAU	WHP	WJAS	WLBW
WMAL	WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ
WBT	WDAE	WXYZ	WBCM
WLAP	WDOD	WREC	WLAC
WDSU	WISN	WTAQ	WBBM
KSCJ	KMBC	KFJF	KTSA
WACO	KOH	KVOR	KLZ

MUSICAL ALPHABET—Ralph Christman, Radio Home Makers
11:15 a.m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WKBW	WLBZ	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WORC	WPG
WHP	WJAS	WLBW	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ	WBT
WDBO	WDAE	WXYZ	WBCM
WLAP	WCCO	KSCJ	WMT
KMOX	KMBC	WIBW	KTSA
WACO	KOH	KVOR	KDYL
CFRB	WREC	WBRC	WDSU
WISN	WTAQ	WBBM	

RADIO HOUSEHOLD INSTITUTE—
11:15 a.m.

WEAF	WTIC	KOA	WJAR
WTAG	WCSH	WLIT	WRC
WGY	WCAE	WTAM	WSAI
WEEI	KSD	WTMJ	KSTP
WEBC	WHAS	WSM	WSB
WAPI	WSMB	KVOO	WOAI
WKY	WWJ	KTHS	KVOO
WBAP	KPRC	WOAI	WKY

RITZ CARLTON HOTEL ORCHESTRA—
1:30 p.m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WGR	WLBZ	WDRC	WAAB
WORC	WPG	WCAU	W3XAU
WHP	WJAS	WLBW	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ	WADC
WBT	WDBO	WDAE	WXYZ
WBCM	WDOD	WLAC	WBRC
WDSU	KFJF	CFRB	

EDNA WALLACE HOPPER—
3:00 p.m.

WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WHEC
WGR	WLBZ	WEAN	WNAC
WORC	WCAU	W3XAU	WJAS
WMAL	WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ
WKRC	WCAH	WBT	WGST
WXYZ	WDOD	WREC	WLAC
WNOX	WBRC	WDSU	WISN
WOWO	WFBM	WCCO	KSCJ
KMOX	KMBC	KLRA	WIBW
KFJF	KRLD	KTRH	KTSA
KOL	KVI	KFPY	KOIN
KFRC	KHJ	KDYL	KLZ
CFRB	CKAC		

U. S. NAVY BAND CONCERT from Washington, D. C.—
4:00 p.m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WGR	WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC
WNAC	WORC	WPG	WIP-
WFAN	WHP	WLBW	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ	WADC
WBT	WDBO	WDAE	WXYZ
WBCM	WLAP	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WDSU	WISN
WTAQ	WCCO	WMT	KMOX
KMBC	WIBW	KFJF	KRLD
WACO	KOH	KVOR	KGB
KOL	KVI	KFPY	KFRC
KHJ	KDYL	KLZ	CFRB

EASTMAN SCHOOL CHAMBER MUSIC—
4:30 p.m.

WJZ	WBAL	WHAM	WENR
WJR	WWNC	WHAS	WSM
WAPI			

SAM LOYD—The Puzzle Man
5:30 p.m.

WEAF	WTIC	WTAG	WJAR
WCSH	WGY	WBEN	WWJ

HAROLD STERN AND HIS ST. MORITZ ORCHESTRA—
6:15 p.m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WKBW	WLBZ	WAAB	WORC
WIP-WFAN		WHP	WJAS
WLBW	WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ
WWVA	WKBN	WBT	WGST
WTOC	WQAM	WXYZ	WSPD
WREC	WLAC	WNOX	WBRC
WDSU	WGL	KSCJ	WMT
KOH	CFRB		

BIG TIME—
8:00 p.m.

WEAF	WJAR	WGY	WOC
WHO	WTAG	WEEI	WCSH
WFBR	WRC	WBEN	WTAM
WWJ	WSAI	WMAQ	KSD
WOW			

COLLEGE MEMORIES—
8:00 p.m.

WJZ	WBAL	WHAM	WGAR
WJR	WCKY	KYW	KWK
WREN	WTMJ	KSTP	WEBC
WDAY	KFYR	WIBA	WSM
WMC	WSB	WSMB	WJDX
KVOO	WFAA	KPRC	WOAI
KOA	KSL	KGO	KFI
KGW	KOMO	KHQ	KTAR
KFSD			

THE MELLOW-CLARIONS—
8:15 p.m.

WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WHAM
WGAR	WJR	WCKY	KYW
KWK	WREN	KOIL	WTMJ
KSTP	WEBC	WDAY	KFYR
WIBA	WRVA	WWNC	WJAX
WIOD	WFLA	WHAS	WSM
WMC	WBZA	WSB	WSMB
WJDX	KVOO	KFAA	WBAP
KPRC	WOAI	WKY	KOA
KSL			

OHMAN AND ARDEN—
8:15 p.m.

WEAF	WTAG	WEEI	WJAR
WCSH	WRC	WGY	WBEN
WWJ	WSAI	WLS	KSD
WOC	WHO	WOW	WDAF
WTAM			

MOBILOIL CONCERT—
8:30 p.m.

WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WCSH
WTAG	WLIT	WRC	WSAI
KSD	WOW	WTAM	KOA
KVOO	WFAA	WIBA	WOAI
WKY	WTIC	KSD	WGY
WEBC	WDAF	WCAE	WHO
WOW	WWJ	WBEN	KSTP
WDAY	KFYR	KYW	

JACK FROST MELODY MOMENTS—
8:30 p.m.

WJZ	WBAL	WHAM	KDKA
WGAR	WJR	WLW	WLS

WAHDEMNA CHORAL CLUB—
8:45 p.m.

KOIL	KHJ	KOIN	KFRC
KOL	KFPY	KVI	KGB
KVOR	KRLD	KLZ	KTRH
KFJF	KOH	KSCJ	KTSA
KDYL	WIBW	WACO	KFH
WNAX			

HALSEY STUART PROGRAM—
9:00 p.m.

WEAF	WJAR	WTAG	WCSH
WLIT	WRC	WGY	WCAE
KOA	KSL	KGO	KGW
KOMO	KHQ	WSAI	KSD
WOC	WHO	WOW	WWJ
WSMB	KPRC	WOAI	WTMJ
KSTP	KYW	WSM	WHAS
WRVA	WMC	WSB	WBEN
WTAM	KFI	CKGW	WJDX
KVOO	WFBR		

GOLD MEDAL FAST FREIGHT—Wheaties Quartet and Gold Medal Organist. From Minneapolis
9:00 p.m.

WABC	WOKO	WFBL	WKBW
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WCAU
W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL	WCAO
WDBJ	WADC	WHK	WKRC
WXYZ	WSPD	WOWO	WFBM
WGN	WCCO	KSCJ	WMT
KMOX	KMBC	KFH	

SALONESQUE—
9:30 p.m.

KHJ	KOIN	KFRC	KOL
KFPY	KVI	KGB	KVOR
KRLD	KLZ	KTRH	KFJF
KOH	KTSA	KDYL	WIBW
WACO	KFH		

DUTCH MASTERS PROGRAM—
9:30 p.m.

WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	KDKA	WGAR	WJR
WENR	KWK	WREN	

ROCHESTER CIVIC ORCHESTRA
10:00 p.m.

WJZ	WBAL	WHAM	KDKA
WGAR	WJR	WCLE	WREN
WWNC	WLS	WIOD	WFLA

VITALITY PERSONALITIES—
10:00 p.m.

WABC	WOKO	WFBL	WKBW
WEAN	WDRC	WAAB	WCAU
W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL	WCAO
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WCAH
WBT	WGST	WXYZ	WSPD
WREC	WLAC	WBRC	WDSU
WISN	WOWO	WFBM	WBBM
WCCO	KMOX	KMBC	KLRA
KFJF	KTRH	KTSA	KOL
KFPY	KOIN	KFRC	KHJ
KDYL	KLZ	KRLD	

GORDON MALE CHORUS—
10:15 p.m.

WABC	WFBL	WKBW	WLBZ
WDRC	WAAB	WCAU	W3XAU
WJAS	WMAL	WCAO	WADC
WHK	WKRC	WXYZ	WSPD
WOWO	WGN	WCCO	KMOX
KMBC	KFJF	KRLD	KDYL
KLZ	CKAC		

COCA COLA—
10:30 p.m.

WEAF	WEEI	WTIC	WTAG
WCSH	WLIT	WRC	WSAI
WOC	WEBC	WKY	WRVA
KSD	KFSD	WHAS	WJAX
KSTP	WIOD	WSM	KPRC
WOAI	KOA	KSL	KGW
KGO	KHQ	KOMO	WDAF
WHAS	WTAM	WHO	WOW
WMC	WPTF	WSB	WWJ
WBEN	WFI	WGY	WTMJ
WJAR	WFLA	WSUN	KTAR
CFCF	WSMB		

NELLIE REVELL—The Voice of Radio Digest
11:00 p.m.

WEAF	KSD	WRC	WJAR
WCSH	WEBC	WOW	WTAM
WGY	WWJ		

DAVID GUION AND HIS ORCHESTRA—
11:30 p.m.

WEAF	WTAG	WEEI	WJAR
WCSH	WFBR	WRC	WCAE
WTAM	WWJ	WENR	WOC
WHO	WOW	CKGW	WWNC
WSB	WSMB	KTHS	WKY
KGO	KTAR		

EDDIE DUCHIN AND HIS CASINO ORCHESTRA—
12:00 Mid.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WKBW	WEAN	WNAC	WPG
WCAU	W3XAU	WHP	WLBW
WBCM	WLAP	WISN	WGL
WCCO	WMT	KMBC	WNAX
WIBW	KFJF	KTSA	KOH
KVOR	KGB	KOL	KFPY
KHJ	KDYL	KLZ	

ISHAM JONES AND HIS ORCHESTRA from Cincinnati—
12:30 a.m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WKBW	WEAN	WNAC	WPG
WCAU	W3XAU	WLBW	WBCM
WLAP	WISN	WGL	WFBM
WMT	KMBC	WNAX	KFJF
KTSA	KOH	KVOR	KGB
KFPY	KFRC	KDYL	KLZ
WCCO			

Thursday

U. S. NAVY BAND CONCERT from Washington, D. C.
9:00 a.m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WGR	WDRC	WAAB	WPG
WIP-WFAN		WHP	WJAS
WLBW	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WDBJ	WWVA	WADC	WCAH
WDBO	WXYZ	WBCM	WLAP
WREC	WLAC	WBRC	WDSU
WTAQ	WBBM	KSCJ	WMT
KMOX	KFH	KDYL	CFRB

COPELAND-CERESOTA FLOUR PROGRAM—Dr. Royal S. Copeland's Health Talk
10:00 a.m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WKBW
WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WCAU	W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL
WCAO	WHK	WKRC	WXYZ
WBBM	WCCO		

WESTCLOX PROGRAM—
10:45 a.m.

WEAF	WFI	WFBR	WRC
WBEN	WCAE	WTAM	KSD
WWNC	WSM		

FORECAST SCHOOL OF COOKERY
11:00 a.m.

WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	KDKA	WCKY	KYW
KWK	WREN		

LA FORGE BERUMEN MUSICALE—
3:00 p.m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WGR	WLBZ	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WORC	WPG
WIP-WFAN		WHP	WJAS
WLBW	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WDBJ	WWVA	WADC	WHK
WKRC	WCAH	WKBN	WBT
WGST	WTOC	WDBO	WDAE
WXYZ	WSPD	WLAP	WFIW
WREC	WLAC	WNOX	WBRC
WDSU	WISN	WTAQ	WGL
WFBM	KSCJ	WMT	KMOX
KMBC	KFJF	KTSA	WACO
KOH	KVOR	KGB	KFBK
KVI	KFPY	KHJ	KDYL
CFRB			

Blue Ribbon Chain

Throughout the Week

8:15 a.m.—WJZ—Phil Cook the Quaker Man with his radio army of voices bringing fun and song with Eddie and Abner and all the other boys. Okay Colonel! (Daily ex. Sunday.)

9:00 a.m.—WJZ—Tom Brennie getting the laughs with his well known and popular Laugh Club. Tom presents pictures from many nations in native tongues. (Daily ex. Sunday.)

6:30 p.m.—WEAF—Ray Perkins the old topper himself, still holding the honors for radio's top comic. (Tues. and Sat.)

6:45 p.m.—WJZ—Lowell Thomas literary digests the headlines in this excellent news broadcast. (Daily ex. Saturday and Sunday.)

7:00 p.m.—WJZ—Amos 'n' Andy and who could ask for anything more. (Daily ex. Sunday.)

7:15 p.m.—WABC—The Sylvanians. Popular music for dancing and a male quartet. Mark Warnow swings the baton. One of the better musical programs. (Sun. and Tues. at 6:30 p.m.)

7:30 p.m. — WEAF — The Prince Albert Quarter Hour with Alice Joy, singer, and Van Loan's music makers. (Daily ex. Sun.)

7:45 p.m.—WEAF—The Goldbergs. Radio's funniest sketch about the rise and fall of a Jewish family. (Daily ex. Sunday.)

8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Julia Sanderson and Frank Crumit, radio's sweethearts of song, get together on some splendid singing for the Blackstone plantation. (Tues. and Thurs. WJZ at 9:00 p.m.)

8:30 p.m.—WABC—Kate Smith, the southern gal, and her Swanee music in a program of popular and memory songs. (Mon., Wed. and Thurs.)

8:45 p.m. — WABC — Colonel Stoopnagle and Budd in fifteen minutes of nonsense on and around their famous gas-pipe organ. (Mon. and Wed.)

9:00 p.m.—WABC—Vapex brings you the **Four Mills Brothers** with their unusual style of song which has brought them quick fame and fortune. (Mon. and Thurs.)

10:00 p.m.—WEAF—Walter Winchell and his gossip presented by Lucky Strike with music by nationally known orchestras on a large hook-up. (Tues., Thurs. and Sat.)

10:30 p.m.—WABC—Music that Satisfies featuring Alex Gray, baritone, and Nat Shilkret's orchestra. (Daily ex. Sun.)

10:30 p.m.—WJZ—Clara, Lu and Em discuss daily topics in their own inimitable way. (Daily ex. Sun. and Mon.)

11:00 p.m.—WJZ—Slumber Music under the baton of Ludwig Laurier. (Daily ex. Sun.)

Sunday

12:30 p.m.—WABC—International Broadcast coming from one of the European capitols.

1:15 p.m.—WJZ—Walter Damrosch's period of symphonic music for post graduate lovers of music.

3:00 p.m. — WABC—New York Philharmonic Symphony orchestra presenting a two-hour concert under the direction of Bruno Walter.

5:00 p.m.—WABC—Real Folks. Presenting a half hour drama with rural home folks and their problems as the theme of the skit.

5:30 p.m. — WEAF—The Davey Hour brings you classical and semi-classical music with folk songs of various lands.

7:30 p.m.—WJZ—The Four Bakers. Ray Perkins and the lads whooping it up in a program of mirth and song.

Monday

6:00 p.m. — WABC—Current Events by Kaltenborn, giving the latest political news flashes.

6:15 p.m.—WJZ—American Tax Payers League. A series of discussions by leaders in various walks of life.

8:00 p.m.—WJZ—The Contented Program with Morgan Eastman's orchestra and the Fireside Singers.

8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Soconyland Sketches. Vivid dramas presented by an all star cast and written expressly for radio.

8:15 p.m.—WABC—Singin' Sam with his throaty baritone and gags.

8:30 p.m. — WEAF—Voice of Firestone gives you Lawrence Tibbett, Gladys Rice and James Melton with an excellent orchestra.

9:30 p.m.—WEAF—General Motors Parade of the States patriotic program of state music played under the direction of radio's Erno Rapee.

10:00 p.m.—WABC—Robert Burns Panatella program featuring Guy Lombardo's music.

Tuesday

5:45 p.m.—WABC—Bill Schudt's going to press still brings to the microphone some leading lights of the journalistic field.

7:00 p.m.—WEAF—Midweek Federation Hymn Sing. A program of hymns and sacred music by a mixed quartet.

8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Big Time. A humorous sketch about a small time hoofer and music by Joseph Bonini's orchestra.

8:30 p.m.—WEAF—True Story program, featuring Mary and Bob, proving that truth is stranger than fiction in dramatized real life stories.

8:30 p.m.—WJZ—Heel Hugger Harmonies. A string ensemble playing catchy tunes with a male quartet directed by Robert Armbruster.

9:00 p.m.—WABC—Ben Bernie and all the lads bringing you song music and funny sayings in the Bernie manner.

9:00 p.m. — WEAF—McKesson Musical Magazine presenting Erno Rapee directing his concert orchestra.

9:30 p.m.—WJZ — Great Personalities. Frazier Hunt introduces his interview with some of the famous names of the day.

9:30 p.m.—WABC—Eno Crime Club. A dramatization of a hair raising mystery thriller from the pen of Edgar Wallace.

10:00 p.m. — WABC—The Shadow has again returned to haunt the air waves. Watch out or he will have the chills running up and down your spine.

Features ▲

11:00 p.m.—WEAF—David Guion and His Orchestra. The American cowboy composer presents musical scores of all kinds. Paul Ravell sings.

Wednesday

11:00 a.m.—WEAF—Keeping up with Daughter. Nan Dorland and Janet King offer the trials and tribulations of doing what the title implies.

4:00 p.m.—WEAF—Pop Concert with Christian Kriens and the soloists of Hartford, Conn.

6:45 p.m.—WABC—Art Jarrett. A new voice from out of the west and Freddie Rich's music.

8:30 p.m.—WEAF—Goodyear presents Sousa and his famous military band.

9:00 p.m.—WABC—The Gold Medal Fast Freight roars on with the Wheaties Quartet in novel song arrangements.

10:45 p.m.—WABC—The Street Singer and his songs and accordion.

11:00 p.m.—WEAF—Nellie Revell, Voice of the Radio Digest, interviews the high and mighty of the studios and has them do their stuff.

Thursday

10:45 a.m.—WEAF—Westclox program which is as snappy a program as you will care for in the early morning and with incidental music.

5:30 p.m.—WEAF—Maltex Program offers you Frank Pinero and his music.

5:30 p.m.—WABC—Salty Sam the Sailor in a program of tricky song arrangements and smart chatter.

6:30 p.m.—WABC—Connie Boswell in a program of her own with Freddie Rich's music.

8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Fleischmann brings you Rudy Vallee, Graham MacNamee and Ray Perkins who get together and bring you a swell guest star.

8:15 p.m.—WJZ—Rin Tin Tin Thriller a dramatic sketch with Bob White and Tom Corwine.

8:45 p.m.—WABC—Angelo Patri, famous child psychologist in a talk on "Your Child."

9:00 p.m.—WEAF—Arco Dramatic Musicale bringing memories of yesteryear in the music world. Music by Jeffery Harris' orchestra.

9:15 p.m.—WABC—Ted Husing, Irene Beasley and Freddie Rich's orchestra. A listing that bodes for good entertainment.

9:30 p.m.—WJZ—Maxwell House Coffee brings you Don Voorhees and his orchestra featuring a quartet of male voices and other singers.

10:00 p.m.—WABC—Hart Schaffner and Marx Trumpeters with Edwin C. Hill telling some of his famous stories by the "Man in the Front Row."

Selected by the Editors

To provide you with the outstanding features for each day of the week the RADIO DIGEST *program editor has selected the programs indicated as Blue Ribbon. Do you agree with her selections? (For stations taking the programs, see adjoining list.)*

▲

Friday

9:30 a.m.—WABC—Tony's Scrap Book. Tony Wons giving you fifteen minutes of his famous home-spun philosophy.

10:10 a.m.—WABC—Bond Bread Program with Frank Crumit and Julia Sanderson.

11:00 a.m.—WEAF—WJZ—NBC—Music Appreciation Hour conducted by Walter Damrosch.

2:45 p.m.—WJZ—Mormon Tabernacle featuring the famous choir from the church.

4:15 p.m.—WJZ—Radio Guild presents some of its thrilling and well acted plays.

8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Cities Service presents the Cavaliers and Jessica Dragonette with Rosario Bourdon's concert orchestra.

9:00 p.m.—WEAF—The Clicquot Club Eskimos directed by Harry Reser in a spell of sophisticated dance music.

9:00 p.m.—WABC—Pillsbury Pageant, with the Street Singer, Toscha Seidel and Sam Lanin's orchestra.

9:00 p.m.—WJZ—Friendship Town, a dramatization of life in a small town by a noted radio cast including Edwin Whitney and Virginia Gardiner.

Saturday

11:00 a.m.—WEAF—Two Seats in a Balcony revives the light opera hits of years back.

11:30 a.m.—WEAF—Keys to Happiness are interpreted on the ivories in piano lessons for beginners by Dr. Sigmund Spaeth.

5:30 p.m.—WEAF—Cuckoo with chief announcer Andrew J. Weems in radio's only burlesque of radio.

6:30 p.m.—WEAF—Dr. Bones and Company with Paul Dumont and Jim Dandy doing their routine of minstrel songs and repartee.

7:15 p.m.—WEAF—Laws that Safeguard Society. Gleason Archer decodes the mysteries of some of our more complicated laws.

7:30 p.m.—WABC—The Bright Spot, a program of Guy Lombardo's music.

9:00 p.m.—WEAF—Goodyear program. Arthur Pryor's Military Band in martial music.

9:00 p.m.—WABC—Carborundum Hour. An Indian legend told by Francis Bowman and music by the Carborundum orchestra.

9:30 p.m.—WABC—Smith Brothers Program. Trade and Mark, beards and all, and Scrappy Lambert and Billy Hillpot offer a program of unique entertainment.

10:00 p.m.—WABC—Columbia's Public Affairs. A recent innovation in radio presenting a guest speaker on a subject of pertinence.

VIRGINIA ARNOLD—Pianist
3:45 p.m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WGR	WLBZ	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WORC	WPG
WIP-WFAN		WHP	WLBW
WMAL	WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ
WWVA	WADC	WCAH	WKBN
WBT	WDBO	WXYZ	WBCM
WSPD	WLAP	WREC	WLAC
WMBC	WDSU	WISN	WTAQ
WGL	WCCO	KSCJ	WMT
KMBC	WACO	KOH	KVOR
KGB	KFPY	KHJ	KDYL
KLZ	CFRB		

U. S. ARMY BAND CONCERT from Washington, D. C.
4:00 p.m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WGR	WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC
WNAC	WORC	WPG	WCAU
W3XAU	WHP	WLBW	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ	WWVA
WADC	WCAH	WBT	WDBO
WDAE	WXYZ	WBCM	WSPD
WREC	WLAC	WBRC	WDSU
WISN	WTAQ	WCCO	KSCJ
WMT	KMOX	KMBC	WIBW
KRLD	WACO	KOH	KVOR
KGB	KOL	KFPY	KFRC
KHJ	KDYL	KLZ	CFRB

SALON SINGERS
4:00 p.m.

WEAF	WTIC	WJAR	WBEN
WTAM	KSTP	WSM	WRC

INTERNATIONAL BROADCAST FROM LONDON—
4:20 p.m.

WEAF	WTIC	WTAG	WJAR
WCSH	WLIT	WFBR	WBEN
WCAE	WTAM	WDAF	CKGW
WIBA	KSTP	KFYR	WPTF
WIS	WIOD	WSM	WAPI
KVOO	KPRC	KOA	KGO
KFI	KGW	KOMO	KFSD
KTAR			

COFFEE MATINEE—
5:00 p.m.

WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	WGAR	KDKA	WLW
KYW	KWK	WREN	KFAB

ROSS GORMAN AND HIS BILTMORE ORCHESTRA—
5:00 p.m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WGR	WDRC	WAAB
WORC	WPG	WIP-WFAN	
WHP	WJAS	WLBW	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ	WHK
WKRC	WKBN	WBT	WGST
WTOC	WDBO	WDAE	WXYZ
WSPD	WLAP	WFIW	WREC
WLAC	WNOX	WBRC	WDSU
WTAQ	WGL	KSCJ	WMT
KMBC	WIBW	KFH	KFJF
KRLD	KOH	KVOR	KOL
KVI	KDYL	KLZ	CFRB

MALTEX PROGRAM—
5:30 p.m.

WEAF	WTIC	WTAG	WJAR
WCSH	WLIT	WRC	WGY
WBEN	WCAE	WTAM	WWJ
WSAT			

CONNIE BOSWELL—
6:30 p.m.

WABC	W2XE	WGR	WLBZ
WDRC	WAAB	WORC	
WIP-WFAN		WCAU	W3XAU
WHP	WLBW	WCAO	WDBJ
WWVA	WKBN	WBT	WDAE
WBCM	WSPD	WLAP	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WDSU	WISN
WFBM	WBBM	WCCO	KSCJ
WMT	KMOX	KMBC	KRLD
WACO	KOH	KVOR	KLZ
CFRB			

"THE WORLD TODAY"—James G. McDonald
6:30 p.m.

WEAF	WTIC	WIOD	WWNC

BETWEEN THE BOOK ENDS—
7:30 p.m.

KHJ	KOIN	KFRC	KOL
KFPY	KGB	KVOR	KRLD
KLZ	KTRH	KLJC	KOH
KFSA	KDYL	WIBW	WACO
KFH	KVI		

FLEISCHMANN HOUR—
8:30 p.m.

WEAF	WTIC	WTFI	WTAG
WJAR	WFI	WCSH	WRC
WGY	WGO	WOW	WWJ
WHAS	WMC	WSAI	WSB
WSMB	WFBC	KOA	WSWA
KTHS	KSL	KOMO	WOAI
WSM	WOC	WAPI	KGO
KHQ	WTAM	KECA	KSD
CKGW	WGN	WSUN	KPRC
WFMJ	WIOD	WPTF	WSUN
WCAE	CFCF	WFBR	KTAR
WDAF	(KSTP on 8:30)		
(WKY	WRAP off 8:30)		

ARCO DRAMATIC MUSICALE—
9:00 p.m.

WEAF	WTIC	WFFI	WJAR
WTAG	WCSH	WFI	CKGW
WRC	WGY	WSM	WIOD
WJAX	WOAI	WKY	KOA
WPAP	WRVA	WWJ	WSAI
KSD	WDAF	KYW	WEBC
WOW	WSAI	WJDX	WOC
WHO	WGO	KECA	WAPI
KOMO	KHQ	KGW	WTAM
KTAR	KUSD	WSB	KSTP
WMC	WPTF	KSL	WHAS
WCAE	WFBR	WTMJ	WSMB

TED HUSING, IRENE BEASLEY, AND FREDDIE RICH'S ORCHESTRA—
9:15 p.m.

WABC	WOKO	WFBL	WKBW
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WCAU
W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL	WCAO
WOWO	WXYZ	WSPD	WGN
WCCO	KMOX	and others.	

LOVE STORY HOUR—Announcer, David Ross
9:30 p.m.

WABC	WFBL	WKBW	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WCAU	W3XAU
WJAS	WMAL	WCAO	WADC
WHK	WKRC	WXYZ	WSPD
WOWO	WGN	KMOX	KMBC

MAXWELL HOUSE ENSEMBLE—
9:30 p.m.

WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	KDKA	WJR	WLW
KYW	WREN	WTMJ	KSTP
WEBC	WRVA	WJAX	WIOD
WFLA	WHAS	WSM	WMC
WSB	WAPI	WJDX	WSMB
WBAP	KPRC	WOAI	WKY
KOA	KSL	KGO	KECA
KGW	KOMO	KHQ	KTAR
KFSD			

ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES—
9:30 p.m.

WEAF	WTIC	WTAG	WEEI
WJAR	WCSH	WFI	WRC
WGY	WBEN	WTAM	WWJ
WSAI	WENR	KSD	WOC
WHO	WOW	WDAF	CKGW
CFCF			

CHIC SCROGGINS ORCHESTRA—
9:30 p.m.

KHJ	KOIN	KFRC	KOL
KFPY	KVI	KGB	KVOR
KRLD	KLZ	KTRH	KFJF
KOIL	KTSA	KDYL	WIBW

A. & P. DANCE GYPSIES—
10:00 p.m.

WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	KDKA	WGAR	WLW
WMAQ	KWK	WREN	

HART SCHAFFNER AND MARX TRUMPETERS—
10:00 p.m.

WABC	WFBL	WKBW	WEAN
WDRC	WAAB	WCAU	W3XAU
WJAS	WMAL	WCAO	WADC
WHK	WKRC	WGST	WXYZ
WSPD	WLAP	WDSU	WOWO
WBBM	WCCO	WMT	KMOX
KMBC	KFJF	KRLD	KLZ

Friday

THE MADISON SINGERS—
9:00 a.m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WGR
WAAB	WORC	WPG	WHP
WIP-WFAN		WJAS	WLBW
WCAO	WTAR	WWVA	WADC
WCAH	WDBO	WXYZ	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WDSU	WTAQ
KSCJ	WMT	KMOX	WNAX
KFH	KDYL	CFRB	

ELIZABETH BAR & NELL—Songs
9:45 a.m.

WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WKBW
WAAB	WPG	WCAU	W3XAU
WHP	WJAS	WLBW	WMAL
WCAO	WWVA	WADC	WHK
WCAH	WDBO	WXYZ	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WDSU	WTAQ
WGL	KSCJ	KMOX	KMBC
WNAX	KRLD	KVOR	KLZ
CFRB			

JOHN KELVIN—Irish Tenor—GRANT, GRAHAM AND COUGHLIN
10:00 a.m.

WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WDRC
WNAC	WORC	WCAU	W3XAU
WHP	WJAS	WCAO	WKRC

BOND BREAD PROGRAM—Featuring Frank Crumit and Julia Sanderson
10:15 a.m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WGR	WEAN	WDRC
WAAB	WORC	WCAU	W3XAU
WMAL	WCAO	WTAR	WWVA
WADC	WHK	WCAH	WXYZ
WSPD	WLAP	WDSU	WFBM
KMOX	KMBC	KFH	KFJF

SAVORY KITCHEN INSTITUTE—
10:30 a.m.

WEAF	WTIC	WJAR	WTAG
WCSH	WFI	WRC	WGY
WTAM	WBEN	WEEI	WWJ
WDAF	WCAE	KYW	WSAI

DON AND BETTY—From Chicago—
10:45 a.m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WGR	WLBZ	WEAN
WAAB	WCAU	W3XAU	WJAS
WDBJ	WWVA	WHK	WKRC
WCAH	WXYZ	WCCO	WREC
WOWO	WBBM	KFH	KSCJ
KMOX	KMBC		

NBC MUSIC APPRECIATION HOUR
11:00 a.m.

WEAF	WJZ	WTIC	WTAG
WEEI	WJAR	WCSH	WLIT
WRC	WBEN	WGY	WCAE
WTAM	WWJ	WSAI	KYW
WENR	WIBO	KSD	WOC
WHO	WDAF	CFCF	WIBA
WEBC	WTMJ	KSTP	WDAY
KFYR	WRVA	WPTF	WJAX
WIOD	WFLA	WSUN	WHAS
WMC	WSB	WAPI	WSMB
WJDX	KTHS	KVOO	WBAP
KPRC	WOAI	WKY	KOA
KSL	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	KDKA	WJR	KWK
WREN	KFAB	WFBR	WWNC
WIS	WSM	WFAA	WGAR
WLW	WIOD		

THE FUNNYBONERS—Songs and Patter—
2:00 p.m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WHEC
WGR	WLBZ	WDRC	WNAC
WORC	WIP-WFAN		WHP
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WWVA	WADC	WHK
WCAH	WKBN	WXYZ	WSPD
WREC	WLAC	WBRC	WDSU
WTAQ	WGL	WFBM	KSCJ
WMT	KMBC	KFH	KTSA
KOH	KVOR	KGB	KOL
KVI	KFPY	KFRC	KHJ
KLZ	CFRB		

ANN LEAF—Organ—
2:15 p.m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WHEC
WGR	WLBZ	WDRC	WNAC
WORC	WIP-WFAN		WHP
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WWVA	WADC	WHK
WCAH	WKBN	WXYZ	WSPD
WREC	WLAC	WBRC	WDSU
WTAQ	WGL	WFBM	KSCJ
WMT	KMBC	KFH	KTSA
KOH	KVOR	KGB	KOL
KVI	KFPY	KFRC	KHJ
KLZ	CFRB		

MORMON TABERNACLE CHOIR AND ORGAN—
2:45 p.m.

WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	KDKA
WGAR	WJR	WDAY	WSMB
WREN	KFAB	CKGW	WIBA
KSTP	WEBC	KFYR	WSM
WAPI	WJDX	KOA	KSL
KPO			

U. S. MARINE BAND CONCERT from Washington, D. C.—
3:00 p.m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WGR	WLBZ	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WORC	WPG
WIP-WFAN		WHP	WJAS
WLBW	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WDBJ	WWVA	WADC	WHK
WKRC	WCAH	WKBN	WBT
WGST	WTOC	WDBO	WDAE
WXYZ	WSPD	WLAP	WFIW
WREC	WLAC	WNOX	WBRC
WDSU	WISN	WTAQ	WGL
WFBM	WCCO	KSCJ	WMT
KMOX	KMBC	WIBW	KFJF
KTSA	WACO	KOH	KVOR
KGB	KFBK	KVI	KFPY
KHJ	KDYL	CFRB	

COLUMBIA EDUCATIONAL FEATURES—
3:45 p.m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WGR	WLBZ	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WORC	WPG
WIP-WFAN		WHP	WJAS
WLBW	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WDBJ	WWVA	WADC	WHK
WKRC	WCAH	WKBN	WBT
WGST	WTOC	WDBO	WDAE
WXYZ	WSPD	WLAP	WFIW
WREC	WLAC	WNOX	WDSU
WISN	WTAQ	WGL	WCCO
KSCJ	WMT	KMOX	KMBC
WIBW	KFJF	KTSA	WACO
KOH	KVOR	KGB	KFBK
KVI	KFPY	KOIN	KDYL
KLZ	CFRB		

LIGHT OPERA GEMS—Channon Collinge, Conductor
4:00 p.m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WGR
WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WORC	WPG	WCAU	W3XAU
WHP	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WWVA	WADC	WCAH
WDBO	WXYZ	WSPD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WDSU	WTAQ
WMT	KMOX	KMBC	WIBW
WACO	KOH	KVOR	KGB
KOL	KVI	KFPY	KFRC
KHJ	KDYL	KLZ	CFRB

RADIO GUILD—
4:15 p.m.

WJZ	WBAL	WHAM	WGAR
WJR	WMAQ	WREN	KFAB
CKGW	WRC	WIBA	KSTP
WEBC	WDAY	KFYR	WRVA
WPTF	WWNC	WIS	WHAM
WSM	WMC	WSB	WAPI
WSMB	WJDX	KVOO	KPRC
WOAI	WKY	KOA	KSL

CURTIS INSTITUTE OF MUSIC PROGRAM—
4:45 p.m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WGR	WDRC	WAAB	WORC
WPG	WIP-WFAN		WHP
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WDBJ	WWVA	WADC
WCAH	WBT	WGST	WTOC
WDBO	WDAE	WSPD	WLAP
WREC	WLAC	WNOX	WBRC
WDSU	WISN	WTAQ	WGL
WBBM	WCCO	KSCJ	WMT
KMOX	KMBC	WIBW	KFH
KFJF	KRLD	WACO	KOH
KVOR	KGB	KFBK	KOL
KVI	KFPY	KFRC	KDYL
KLZ	CFRB		

JOHN KELVIN AND VINCENT SOREY'S ORCHESTRA—
6:00 p.m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WHEC
WGR	WLBZ	WDRC	WAAB
WORC	WIP-WFAN		WHP
WLBW	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WWVA	WADC	WCAH	WDBO
WREC	WLAC	WBRC	WDSU
WTAQ	WGL	WBBM	WNAX
KFH	KRLD	KTSA	WACO
KOH	KVOR	KGB	KDYL
KLZ			

JOHN B. KENNEDY—Talk
6:25 p.m.

WJZ	WBAL	WENR

BOSCUL MOMENTS—
7:15 p.m.

WJZ	WBAL

CITIES SERVICE CONCERT ORCHESTRA AND THE CAVALIERS
8:00 p.m.

WEAF	WTIC	WEEI	WRC
WLIT	WCAE	WJAR	WCSH
WOW	WDAF	KSD	WKY
WOC	WEBC	KOA	WOAI
KOMO	KGO	KHQ	WTAG
KSL	KTHS	CKGW	WSAI
WHO	KECA	WTAM	WBEN
WWJ	KSTP	WTMJ	

(KVOO-KTHS on 8:30)

NESTLE'S PROGRAM—
8:00 p.m.

WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	KDKA	WGAR	WJR
WCKY	WLS	KWK	WREN
KFAB			

THE SONGSMITHS—
8:15 p.m.

KOIL	KHJ	KOIN	KFRC
KOL	KFPY	KVI	KGB
KVOR	KRLD	KLZ	KTRH
KFJF	KOH	KSCJ	KTSA
KDYL	WIBW	WACO	KFH
WNAX			

CLICQUOT CLUB—
9:00 p.m.

WEAF	WTIC	WEEI	WJAR
WTAG	WCSH	WLIT	WRC
WCAE	WSAI	WLS	KSD
WWJ	WDAF	WOC	WHO
WGY	WBEN		

BARN DANCE VARIETIES—
9:00 p.m.

KOIL	KHJ	KOIN	KFRC
KOL	KFPY	KVI	KGB
KVOR	KRLD	KLZ	KTRH
KFJF	KOH	KSCJ	KTSA
KDYL	WIBW	WACO	KFH
WNAX			

FRIENDSHIP TOWN—
9:00 p.m.

WJZ	WBAL	WHAM	KDKA
WGAR	WJR	KYW	KWK
WREN	KOIL	WLW	WIBA
CKGW	WTMJ	KSTP	WEBC
WDAY	KFYR	WRVA	WJAX
WIOD	WFLA	WHAS	WSM
WMC	WAPI	WSMB	WJDX
KPRC	WOAI	WKY	KOA
KSL	KGO	KFI	KGW
KOMO	KHQ	KFSD	KTAR
WWNC	WIS	WSB	

PILLSBURY PAGEANT—
9:00 p.m.

WABC	WOKO	WFBL	WKBW
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WORC
WCAU	W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WBBJ	WADC
WHK	WKRC	WBT	WGST
WXYZ	WSPD	WREC	WOWO
WBBM	WCCO	KMOX	KMBC
KFJF	KRLD		

ARMOUR PROGRAM—
9:30 p.m.

WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	KDKA	WGAR	WJR
WLW	KYW	WREN	WTMJ
KSTP	WEBC	WRVA	WJAX
WIOD	WHAS	WSM	WMC
WSB	WAPI	WJDX	WSMB
KPRC	WOAI	WKY	KOA
KSL	KGO	KGW	KOMO
KHQ			

POND'S PROGRAM—
9:30 p.m.

WEAF	WJAR	WTAG	WBEN
WCSH	WLIT	WFBR	WRC
WGY	WCAE	WTAM	WSAI
WENR	KSD	WOC	WHO
WOW	WDAF		

TO THE LADIES—Featuring Leon Belasco and His Orchestra. Tito Guizar
9:30 p.m.

WABC	WOKO	WFBL	WKBW
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WCAU
W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL	WCAO
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WGST
WXYZ	WSPD	WOWO	WGN
WCCO	KMOX	KMBC	KRLD
KOL	KFPY	KOIN	KFRC
KHJ	KDYL	KLZ	

FRIENDLY FIVE FOOTNOTES—
9:45 p.m.

WABC	WFBL	WKBW	WEAN
WNAC	WCAU	W3XAU	WJAS
WMAL	WCAO	WHK	WKRC
WXYZ	WLAC	WNOX	WDSU
WGN	WMT	KMOX	KMBC
KFJF			

NBC ARTISTS SERVICE PROGRAM
10:00 p.m.

WEAF	WTAG	WEEI	WJAR
WCSH	WLIT	WFBR	WRC
WGY	WBEN	WCAE	WTAM
WWJ	WSAI	WMAQ	WOW
CFCF			

PAUL WHITEMAN'S PAINT MEN—
10:00 p.m.

WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	KDKA	WGAR	WJR
WENR	KWK	WREN	WTMJ
KSTP	WEBC	WDAY	KFYR
WRVA	WJAX	WIOD	WFLA
WHAS	WSM	WMC	WSB
WSMB	WJDX	KVOO	WBAP
KPRC	WOAI	WKY	KOA
KSL	KGO	KFI	KGW
KOMO	KFSD	KTAR	

RKO THEATRE OF THE AIR—
10:30 p.m.

WEAF	WTIC	WJAR	WTAG
WLIT	WGY	WJDX	KGO
WOAI	WKY	WRC	WCSH
WTMJ	KOA	KGO	KHQ
KOMO	KTAR	KFSD	WHO
WOW	WTAM	KSL	WBEN
WDAY	WEEI	WENR	WHAS
WFBY	WIBA	WCAE	WWJ
WSAI	KSD	WRVA	WJAX
WIOD	WSB	WSMB	KGW
WMC			

ART KRUEGER AND HIS ORCHESTRA from Milwaukee
12:30 a.m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WKBW
WEAN	WNAC	WPG	WCAU
W3XAU	WLBW	WKBN	WSPD
WGL	WMT	WIBW	KTSA
KOH	KVOR	KGB	KFPY
KHJ	KDYL	KLZ	

Saturday

THE COMMUTERS—Vincent Sorey, Conductor
9:00 a.m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WHEC
WGR	WAAB	WPG	CFRB
WIP-WFAN		WHP	WJAS
WLBW	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WWVA	WADC	WCAH	WDBO
WXYZ	WREC	WLAC	WBRC
WDSU	WTAQ	KSCJ	WMT
KMOX	KFH	KDYL	

SONGS OF THE OUT OF DOORS—Artells Dickson
9:45 a.m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WHEC
WKBW	WAAB	WPG	WCAU
W3XAU	WHP	WJAS	WLBW
WMAL	WCAO	WWVA	WADC
WCAH	WDBO	WXYZ	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WDSU	WTAQ
WGL	KSCJ	KMBC	KRLD
KVOR	KLZ	CFRB	

U. S. ARMY BAND CONCERT—
10:00 a.m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WHEC
WKBW	WLBZ	WDRC	WAAB
WORC	WCAU	W3XAU	WHP
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WWVA
WADC	WHK	WCAH	WDBO
WXYZ	WREC	WLAC	WDSU
WTAQ	WGL	WBBM	KSCJ
KMOX	KMBC	KFH	KRLD
KVOR	KDYL	CFRB	

NEW WORLD SALON ORCHESTRA—Vincent Sorey, Conductor.
10:30 a.m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WHEC
WKBW	WLBZ	WAAB	CFRB
WIP-WFAN		WHP	WJAS
WMAL	WADC	WHK	WDBO
WXYZ	WREC	WLAC	WBRC
WDSU	WTAQ	KSCJ	WMT
KMBC	KTSA	KVOR	

TWO SEATS IN THE BALCONY—
11:00 a.m.

WEAF	WJAR	WRC	WGY
WBEN	KSD	WCSH	WCAE
WTAM	KYW	WDAF	CKGW
KTHS	KOA		

ADVENTURES OF HELEN AND MARY—Children's Program.
11:00 a.m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WHEC
WKBW	WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC
WNAC	WORC	WPG	WCAU
W3XAU	WHP	WJAS	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WCAH	WKBN
WDBO	WWVA	WSPD	WREC
WLAC	WTAQ	KSCJ	KMBC
WIBW	KTSA	WACO	KOH
KVOR	KOL	KFPY	CFRB

NEW YORK—PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY CHILDREN'S CONCERT—Ernest Schelling, Conductor.
(March 12)
11:00 a.m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WKBW	WLBZ	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WORC	WPG
WCAU	W3XAU	WHP	WJAS
WLBW	WMAL	WCAO	WDBJ
WWVA	WADC	WCAH	WKBN
WBT	WGST	WTOC	WDBO
WDAE	WXYZ	WBCM	WSPD
WLAP	WFIW	WREC	WLAC
WNOX	WBRC	WDSU	WISN
WTAQ	WFBM	WCCO	KSCJ
WMT	KMOX	KMBC	WNAX
WIBW	KFH	KFJF	KTSA
WACO	KOH	KVOR	KGB
KFBK	KDYL	KLZ	CFRB

COLUMBIA REVUE—Vincent Sorey's Orchestra with Barbara Maurel, Contralto.
11:30 a.m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WHEC
WKBW	WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC
WNAC	WORC	WPG	WCAU
W3XAU	WHP	WJAS	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WCAH	WKBN
WDBO	WXYZ	WSPD	WREC
WLAC	WDSU	WTAQ	WFBM
KSCJ	WMT	KMOX	KMBC
WIBW	KFH	KTSA	WACO
KOH	KVOR	KOL	KFPY
CFRB			

KEYS TO HAPPINESS—
11:30 a.m.

WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WTAG
WFLA	WCSH	WLIT	WRC
WBEN	WWJ	WOAI	KSTP
CKGW	WRVA	WHAS	WSM
WSMB	WJDX	KVOO	CFCF
WEBC	WPTF	WDAF	KOA
WDAY	KSD	KFYR	WFAA
WTIC	WGY	WIOD	KTHS
KYW	WIBA	WWNC	WIS
KPRC			

RITZ CARLTON HOTEL ORCHESTRA—
1:30 p.m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WHEC
WGR	WLBZ	WDRC	WNAC
WAAB	WORC	WPG	WCAU
W3XAU	WHP	WJAS	WLBW
WMAL	WCAO	WTAR	WADC
WDBO	WXYZ	WSPD	WLAC
WBRC	WDSU	KFPY	CFRB

GOODYEAR PROGRAM — Arthur Pryor and His Orchestra
9:00 p.m.

WEAF	WTIC	WTAG	WEEI
WJAR	WCSH	WFI	WFBR
WRC	WGY	WBEN	WCAE
WTAM	WWJ	WSAI	KYW
KSD	WOC	WHO	WOW
WDAF	WTMJ	WIBA	KSTP
WEBC	WDAY	KFYR	WRVA
WWNC	WIS	WJAX	WIOD
WFLA	WHAS	WMC	WSB
WAPI	WSMB	WJDX	WBAP
KPRC	WOAI	WKY	KOA
KSL	KGO	KGW	KOMO
KHQ	KFSD	KTAR	

CLUB VALSPAR—
9:30 p.m.

WEAF	WTIC	WJAR	WTAG
WCSH	WFI	WRC	WBEN
WCAE	WTAM	WWJ	WSAI
WEEI	WOC	KSD	WHO
WDAF	WOW	CKGW	CFCF
WFBR	WLS		

SMITH BROTHERS PROGRAM—Trade and Mark Featuring Scrappy Lambert, Billy Hillpot, and Novelty Orchestra
9:30 p.m.

WABC	WHEC	WKBW	WLBZ
WEAN	WDRC	WAAB	WCAU
W3XAU	WHP	WJAS	WCAO
WADC	WHK	WGST	WXYZ
WSPD	WLAP	WOWO	WGN
WCCO	WMT	KMOX	KMBC
KFH	KFJF	KLZ	

FOUR CLUBMEN WITH IRENE BEASLEY, Contralto—
9:45 p.m.

WOKO	WHEC	WKBW	WLBZ
WEAN	WDRC	WAAB	WORC
WIP-WFAN		WHP	WJAS
WLBW	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WADC	WCAH	WKBN	WQAM
WDBO	WXYZ	WSPD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WDSU	WTAQ
WFBM	KSCJ	WMT	KMOX
KMBC	WNAX	WIBW	KFH
KTSA	KOH	KVOR	KFPY
KFRC	KDYL	KLZ	

COLUMBIA'S PUBLIC AFFAIRS INSTITUTE—
10:00 p.m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WKBW	WLBZ	WEAN
WDRC	WAAB	WORC	WPG
WHP	WJAS	WLBW	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ	WWVA
WADC	WKRC	WCAH	WKBN
WBT	WGST	WTOC	WDBO
WDAE	WXYZ	WSPD	WLAP
WFIW	WREC	WLAC	WNOX
WBRC	WDSU	WISN	WTAQ
WGL	WFBM	WCCO	KSCJ
WMT	KMOX	KMBC	WNAX
WIBW	KFH	KFJF	KTSA
WACO	KOH	KVOR	KGB
KFBK	KDYL	KLZ	CFRB

ENRIC MADRIGUERA'S BILTMORE ORCHESTRA—
11:45 p.m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WKBW
WLBZ	WDRC	WAAB	WORC
WCAU	W3XAU	WHP	WLBW
WMAL	WCAO	WTAR	WWVA
WADC	WKBN	WDBO	WXYZ
WSPD	WREC	WLAC	WBRC
WDSU	WGL	WFBM	KSCJ
WMT	KMBC	KLRA	WNAX
WIBW	KOH	KVOR	KGB
KOL	KFPY	KDYL	KLZ

INDEX TO NETWORK KILOCYCLES

National Broadcasting Company

	Kc.		Kc.
CFCF	1030	WEEI	590
CKGW	840	WENR	870
KDKA	980	WFAA	800
KECA	1340	WFBR	1270
KEX	1180	WFI	560
KFI	640	WFLA	620
KFKX	1020	WGAR	1450
KFSD	600	WGY	790
KFYR	550	WHAM	1150
KGA	1470	WHAS	820
KGHL	1000	WHO	1000
KGIR	1360	WIBA	1280
KGO	790	WIOD	1300
KGU	940	WIS	1010
KGW	620	WJAR	890
KHQ	590	WJAX	900
KJR	970	WJDX	1270
KOA	830	WJR	750
KOIL	1260	WJZ	760
KOMO	920	WKY	900
KPO	680	WLIT	560
KPRC	920	WLS	870
KSD	550	WLW	700
KSL	1130	WMAQ	670
KSTP	1460	WMC	780
KTAR	620	WOAI	1190
KTHS	1040	WOC	1000
KVOO	1140	WOW	590
KWK	1350	WPTF	680
KYW	1020	WRC	950
WAPI	1140	WREN	1220
WBAL	1060	WRVA	1110
WBAP	800	WSAI	1330
WBEN	900	WSB	740
WBZ	990	WSM	650
WBZA	990	WSMB	1320
WCAE	1220	WSUN	620
WCFL	970	WTAG	580
WCKY	1480	WTAM	1070
WCSH	940	WTIC	1060
WDAF	610	WTMJ	620
WEAF	660	WWJ	920
WEBC	1290	WWNC	570

Columbia Broadcasting System

	Kc.		Kc.
CFRB	690	WFBL	1360
CKAC	730	WFBM	1230
KDYL	1290	WFIW	940
KFH	1300	WGL	1370
KFJF	1480	WGN	720
KFPY	1340	WGR	550
KFRC	610	WGST	890
KGB	1330	WHEC	1440
KHJ	900	WHK	1390
KLRA	1390	WHP	1430
KLZ	560	WIBW	580
KMBC	950	WIP	610
KMOX	1090	WISN	1120
KOH	1380	WJAS	1290
KOIN	940	WKBH	1380
KOL	1270	WKBN	570
KOY	1390	WKBW	1480
KRLD	1040	WKRC	550
KSCJ	1330	WLAC	1470
KTRH	1120	WLAP	1010
KTSA	1290	WLBW	1260
KVI	760	WLBZ	620
KVOR	1270	WMAL	630
WAAB	1410	WMT	600
WABC	860	WNAC	1230
WACO	1240	WNAX	570
WADC	1320	WNOX	560
WAIU	640	WODX	1410
WBBM	770	WOKO	1430
WBCM	1410	WORC	1200
WBIG	1440	WOWO	1160
WBRC	930	WPG	1100
WBT	1080	WQAM	560
WCAH	1430	WREC	600
WCAO	600	WRR	1280
WCAU	1170	WSBT	1230
WCCO	810	WSFA	1410
WDAE	1220	WSPD	1340
WDBJ	930	WTAQ	1330
WDBO	1120	WTAR	780
WDOD	1280	WTOC	1260
WDRC	1330	WWVA	1160
WDSU	1250	WXYZ	1240
WFAN	610	W2XE	6120
WEAN	780	W2XAB	2800

W3XAU..6060—9590

GUY LOMBARDO AND HIS ROYAL CANADIANS—
12:00 Mid.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WHEC
WKBW	WLBZ	WEAN	WNAC
WPG	WCAU	W3XAU	WHP
WLBW	WWVA	WKBN	WSPD
WGL	WMT	KMBC	WNAX
WIBW	KRLD	KOH	KVOR
KGB	KOL	KFPY	KDYL
KLZ			

HAROLD STERN AND HIS ST. MORITZ ORCHESTRA—
12:30 a.m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WKBW
WEAN	WNAC	WPG	WCAU
W3XAU	WLBW	WWVA	WKBN
WSPD	WGL	WMT	KMBC
WNAX	WIBW	KFH	KOH
KVOR	KGB	KOL	KFPY
KDYL	KLZ		

NATIONAL DEMOCRATIC CLUB FORUM—
2:30 p.m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WGR	WLBZ	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WORC	WPG
WCAU	W3XAU	WHP	WJAS
WLBW	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WDBJ	WWVA	WADC	WHK
WKRC	WCAH	WKBN	WBT
WGST	WTOC	WDBO	WDAE
WXYZ	WSPD	WLAP	WFIW
WREC	WLAC	WNOX	WBRC
WDSU	WISN	WTAQ	WGL
WCCO	KSCJ	WMT	KMOX
KMBC	WIBW	KFH	KFJF
KOH	KVOR	KGB	KFBK
KOL	KVI	KFPY	KOIN
KFRC	KHJ	KDYL	KLZ

EDDIE DUCHIN AND HIS CENTRAL PARK CASINO ORCHESTRA—
5:00 p.m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WHEC
WGR	WDRC	WAAB	WORC
WPG	WIP-WFAN		WHP
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WWVA	WCAH	WDBO
WXYZ	WSPD	WREC	WLAC
WBRC	WDSU	WTAQ	WGL
WMT	KMOX	KMBC	WIBW
KFH	KRLD	KTSA	KOH
KVOR	KGB	KOL	KVI
KFPY	KFRC	KHJ	KDYL
KLZ	CFRB		

THE WITCHING HOUR—(A Breath Taker)—
5:30 p.m.

WABC	W2XE	WCAO	WAAB
WGR	WBBM	WKRC	WHK
WOWO	WGL	KMBC	WCAU
W3XAU	WJAS	KMOX	WMAL
WGST	WBRC	KRLD	WCCO
WLAC	WDSU		

KUKU
5:30 p.m.

WEAF	WJAR	WFBR	WRC
WTIC	WRUN	WCAE	WTAM
WTAG	WWJ	WENR	WOC
WEEI	WHO	KSTP	WDAY
KFYR	WWNC	WJAX	WSM
WJDX	KVOO		

MR. BONES AND COMPANY—
6:30 p.m.

WEAF	WTIC	WTAG	WENR
WJAR	WFI	WFBR	WRC
WGY	WCAE	WSAI	WIBO
CKGW	WOC	WHO	WOW
WWNC	WIS	WIOD	WSM
WJDX	KPO	KECA	

CONNIE BOSWELL—
6:45 p.m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WKBW
WLBZ	WDRC	WAAB	WORC
WCAU	W3XAU	WHP	WJAS
WLBW	WWVA	WCAH	WKBN
WDBO	WREC	WLAC	WBRC
WDSU	WGL	WFBM	WMT
KMBC	KFH	WACO	KOH
KVOR	KGB	KOL	KFPY
KFRC	KHJ		

THE POLITICAL SITUATION IN WASHINGTON TONIGHT—
7:00 p.m.

WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WHEC
WGR	WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC
WNAC	WCAU	W3XAU	WHP
WLBW	WMAL	WTAR	WWVA
WCAH	WKBN	WDBO	WXYZ
WSPD	WREC	WLAC	WDSU
WGL	WFBM	WMT	KMOX
KMBC	WNAX	WIBW	KFH
KTSA	WACO	KOH	KVOR
KGB	KVI	KFPY	KFRC
KHJ	KLZ		

LAWS THAT SAFEGUARD SOCIETY—Gleason L. Archer
7:15 p.m.

WEAF	WJAR	WTAG	WFI
WGY	WBEN	WOC	WHO
WEBC	KOA	WEBA	KTAR
WTIC	WJDX	WDAY	WENR
WOW	WCAE	WTAM	WSAI
KFYR	WAPI	KTHS	KPRC
KFSD	WPTF	WJAX	WIOD
KGA	WFLA	KPO	KECA
KJR			

THE BRIGHT SPOT—Guy Lombardo and His Music—
7:30 p.m.

WABC	W2XE	WADC	WCAO
WNAC	WGR	WGN	WKRC
WXYZ	WDRC	KMBC	WCAU
W3XAU	WJAS	WEAN	KMOX
WFBL	WSPD	WMAL	WOKO

DANGER FIGHTERS—
8:00 p.m.

WJZ	WHAM	KDKA	WLS
KWK	WREN	KFAB	WIBA
WTMJ	KSTP	WEBC	WDAY
KFYR	WHAS	WSM	WMC
WSB	WAPI	WSMB	WJDX
KPRC	WOAI	KOA	KSL
KGO	KGW	KOMO	KHQ
KFSD	KTAR	KFI	

CIVIC CONCERTS SERVICE PROGRAM—
8:00 p.m.

WEAF	WTIC	WJAR	WCSH
WFI	WFBR	WRC	WBEN
WCAE	WWJ	WMAQ	KSD
WOC	WHO	WOW	WDAF
CKGW	WWNC	WIS	WJAX
WIOD			

DANCE WITH COUNTESS D'ORSAY
8:30 p.m.

WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	WGAR	KDKA	WJR
WLW	WLS	KWK	WREN
CKGW	CFCF		

NATIONAL ADVISORY COUNCIL ON RADIO IN EDUCATION—
8:30 p.m.

WEAF	WTIC	WGY	KSD
WDAF	WJAR	WWJ	WHO
WTAG	WCSH	WFI	WEEI
WFBR	WRC	WBEN	WCAE
WTAM	WOC	WTMJ	WIBA
WEBC	WKAY	KFYR	WRVA
WWNC	WIS	WJAX	WIOD
WFLA	WHAS	WSM	WSMB
WJDX	KPRC	WOAI	KSL
KGO	KGW	KOMO	KHQ
KTAR	KFSD	WJDX	WDAY
KFYR	WIOD	WFFI	WFBR
KYW	WOW	WKY	KOA

HOOSIER EDITOR Frederick Landis
8:30 p.m.

WABC	WOKO	WFBL	WHEC
WGR	WLBZ	WDRC	WORC
WPG	WCAU	W3XAU	WHP
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WDBJ	WADC	WCAH
WKBN	WBT	WGST	WTOC
WDBO	WDAE	WXYZ	WLAP
WREC	WLAC	WNOX	WBRC
WDSU	WISN	WTAQ	WGL
WFBM	WCCO	KSCJ	WMT
KMBC	WNAX	WIBW	KFH
KFJF	KRLD	KOH	KVOR
KGB	KFPY	KFRC	KHJ
KDYL	KLZ	CFRB	

Meters	Kilocycles	Watts	Call Signal	Location
199.9	1,500	100	KDB	Santa Barbara, Calif.
		250	KGFI	Corpus Christi, Texas (day)
		100	KGFI	Corpus Christi, Texas (night)
		50	KGFK	Moorhead, Minn.
		100	KGIZ	Grant City, Mo.
		100	KGKB	Brownwood, Texas
		100	KGKY	Scottsbluff, Neb.
		100	KPJM	Prescott, Ariz.
		50	KPO	Wenatchee, Wash.
		100	KREG	Santa Ana, Calif.
		500	KUT	Austin, Texas
		100	KXO	El Centro, Calif.
		100	WCLB	Long Beach, N. Y.
		100	WKBV	Connersville, Ind.
		50	WKBZ	Ludington, Mich.
		1,000	WLBX	Long Island City, N. Y.
		250	WLOE	Boston, Mass. (day)
		100	WLOE	Boston, Mass. (night)
		100	WMBA	Newport, R. I.
		100	WMBQ	Brooklyn, N. Y.
		100	WMIL	Brooklyn, N. Y.
		100	WMPC	Lapeer, Mich.
		100	WNBF	Binghamton, N. Y.
		100	WOPI	Bristol, Tenn.
		250	WPEN	Philadelphia, Pa. (day)
		100	WPEN	Philadelphia, Pa. (night)
		100	WRDW	Augusta, Ga.
		100	WSYB	Rutland, Vt.
		100	WWRL	Woodside, N. Y.
		100	WWSW	Pittsburgh, Pa.
		100	XETZ	Coyoacon
		50	CMBQ	Havana, Cuba
		15	CMBL	Havana
		15	CMBR	Havana
201.2	1,490	5,000	WCHI	Chicago, Ill.
		5,000	WCKY	Covington, Ky.
202.6	1,480	5,000	KFJF	Oklahoma City, Okla.
		5,000	WKBW	Buffalo, N. Y.
204	1,470	5,000	KGA	Spokane, Wash.
		5,000	WLAC	Nashville, Tenn.
205.4	1,460	10,000	KSTP	St. Paul, Minn.
		10,000	WJSV	Mt. Vernon Hills, Va.
206.8	1,450	1,000	KTBS	Shreveport, La.
		250	WBMS	Hackensack, N. J.
		500	WGAR	Cleveland, Ohio
		250	WHOM	Jersey City, N. J.
		250	WKBO	Jersey City, N. J.
		250	WNJ	Newark, N. J.
		250	WSAR	Fall River, Mass.
		500	WTFI	Toccoa, Ga.
208.2	1,440	250	KLS	Oakland, Calif.
		500	WBIG	Greensboro, N. C.
		250	WCBA	Allentown, Pa.
		1,000	WMBD	Peoria Hgts., Ill. (day)
		500	WMBD	Peoria Hgts., Ill. (night)
		250	WSAN	Allentown, Pa.
		500	WTAD	Quincy, Ill.
209.7	1,430	1,000	KECA	Los Angeles, Calif.
		500	KGNF	No. Platte, Nebr.
		1,000	WBAK	Harrisburg, Pa. (day)
		500	WBAK	Harrisburg, Pa. (night)
		500	WCAH	Columbus, Ohio
		500	WFEA	Manchester, N. H.
		500	WGBC	Memphis, Tenn.
		100	WHEC	Rochester, N. Y.
		1,000	WHP	Harrisburg, Pa. (day)
		500	WHP	Harrisburg, Pa. (night)
		500	WNBR	Memphis, Tenn.
		500	WOKO	Albany, N. Y.
211.1	1,420	100	KABC	San Antonio, Tex.
		100	KBPS	Portland, Ore.
		100	KFIZ	Fond du Lac, Wis.
		100	KFQU	Holy City, Calif.
		100	KFXD	Nampa, Idaho
		100	KFQW	Seattle, Wash.
		250	KFYO	Abilene, Texas (day)
		100	KFYO	Abilene, Texas (night)
		100	KFXY	Flagstaff, Ariz.
		100	KGFF	Shawnee, Okla.
		100	KGGC	San Francisco, Calif.
		100	KGIW	Trinidad, Colo.
		100	KGKX	Sandpoint, Idaho
		100	KGIX	Las Vegas, Nev.
		100	KGVO	Missoula, Mont.
		100	KICK	Red Oak, Iowa
		100	KORE	Eugene, Ore.
		100	KXL	Portland, Ore.
		100	KXYZ	Houston, Texas
		100	WAGM	Presque Isle, Me.
		50	WDEV	Waterbury, Vt.
		100	WEDH	Erie, Pa.
		100	WEHS	Evanston, Ill.
		100	WELL	Battle Creek, Mich.
		100	WFDW	Anniston, Ala.
		100	WHDL	Tupper Lake, N. Y.
		100	WHFC	Cicero, Ill.
		100	WIAS	Ottumwa, Iowa
		100	WILM	Wilmington, Del.
		100	WJBO	New Orleans, La.
		100	WJMS	Ironwood, Mich.
		100	WKBI	Cicero, Ill.
		100	WLBF	Kansas City, Kans.
		250	WMBC	Detroit, Mich. (day)
		100	WMBC	Detroit, Mich. (night)
		250	WMBH	Joplin, Mo. (day)
		100	WMBH	Joplin, Mo. (night)
		100	WPAD	Paducah, Ky.
		250	WSPA	Spartanburg, S. C. (day)
		100	WSPA	Spartanburg, S.C. (night)
		250	WTBO	Cumberland, Md. (day)
		100	WTBO	Cumberland, Md. (night)
		100	WDIX	Texarkana, Ark.
212.6	1,410	500	KFLV	Rockford, Ill.
		1,000	KGRS	Amarillo, Texas
		500	WAAB	Boston, Mass.
		500	WBCM	Bay City, Mich.
		1,000	WDAG	Amarillo, Texas
		500	WHBL	Sheboygan, Wis.
		250	WHIS	Bluefield, W. Va.
		500	WMAF	South Dartmouth, Mass.
		500	WODX	Mobile, Ala.
		250	WRBX	Roanoke, Va.
		500	WSFA	Montgomery, Ala.
		500	WSSH	Boston, Mass.
213	1,405	30	CMBN	Havana, Cuba
		30	CMBI	Havana
		15	CMCH	Havana
		15	CMSM	Havana
214.2	1,400	500	KLO	Ogden, Utah
		500	KOCW	Chickasha, Okla. (day)
		250	KOCW	Chickasha, Okla. (night)
		1,000	WBAA	W. Lafayette, Ind. (day)
		500	WBAA	W. Lafayette, Ind. (night)
		500	WBBC	Brooklyn, N. Y.
		500	WCGU	Brooklyn, N. Y.
		500	WCMA	Culver, Ind.
		500	WFOX	Brooklyn, N. Y.
		500	WKBF	Indianapolis, Ind.
		500	WLTH	Brooklyn, N. Y.
		200	XEP	Laredo, Mex.
215.7	1,390	1,000	KLRA	Little Rock, Ark.
		500	KOY	Phoenix, Ariz.
		1,000	KUOA	Fayetteville, Ark.
		1,000	WHK	Cleveland, Ohio
	1,382	150	CMJC	Camaguey, Cuba
		125	XETB	Torreon, Coah.
217.3	1,380	500	KOH	Reno, Nevada
		500	KQV	Pittsburgh, Pa.
		500	KSO	Clarinda, Iowa
		1,000	WKBH	La Crosse, Wis.
		200	WSMK	Dayton, Ohio
218	1,375	30	CMGE	Cardenas
218.7	1,370	30	CMAC	Pinas del Rio
		150	CMGH	Matanzas, Cuba
		250	KCRC	Enid, Okla. (day)
		100	KCRC	Enid, Okla. (night)
		50	KFBL	Everett, Wash.
		100	KFJI	Astoria, Ore.
		100	KFJM	Grand Forks, N. D.
		100	KFJZ	Fort Worth, Texas
		100	KFLX	Galveston, Texas
		250	KGAR	Tucson, Ariz. (day)
		100	KGAR	Tucson, Ariz. (night)
		100	KGDA	Mitchell, S. D.
		100	KGFG	Oklahoma City, Okla.
		50	KGFL	Raton, N. M.
		100	KGKL	San Angelo, Texas
		100	KMAC	San Antonio, Texas
		100	KONO	San Antonio, Texas
		100	KOOS	Marshfield, Ore.
		100	KRE	Berkeley, Calif.
		100	KUJ	Walla Walla, Wash.

Official Wave Lengths

Log your dial reading according to wave and frequency indicated here and you will know any DX station by quick reference

Meters	Kilocycles	Watts	Call Signal	Location
218.7	1,370	100	KVL	Seattle, Wash.
		100	KWKC	Kansas City, Mo.
		50	WBCF	Glen Falls, N. Y.
		100	WBTM	Dansville, Va.
		250	WCBM	Baltimore, Md. (day)
		100	WCBM	Baltimore, Md. (night)
		100	WELK	Philadelphia (day)
		250	WELK	Philadelphia (night)
		100	WGL	Ft. Wayne, Ind.
		100	WHBD	Mt. Orab, Ohio
		100	WHBQ	Memphis, Tenn.
		250	WHDF	Calumet, Mich. (day)
		100	WHDF	Calumet, Mich. (night)
		100	WIBM	Jackson, Mich.
		50	WJBK	Highland Park, Mich.
		100	WJTL	Atlanta, Ga.
		250	WLEY	Lexington, Mass. (day)
		100	WLEY	Lexington, Mass. (night)
		100	WLVA	Lynchburg, Va.
		100	WMBR	Tampa, Fla.
		100	WPOE	Patchogue, N. Y.
		100	WQDM	St. Albans, Vt.
		100	WRAK	Williamsport, Pa.
		100	WRAM	Wilmington, N. C.
		10	WRBJ	Hattiesburg, Miss.
		100	WRDO	Augusta, Maine
		100	WRJN	Racine, Wis.
		50	WSVS	Buffalo, N. Y.
220	1,363	30	CMKF	Holguin
220.4	1,360	1,000	KGER	Long Beach, Calif.
		500	KGIR	Butte, Mont.
		500	WCSC	Charleston, S. C.
		2,500	WFBL	Syracuse, N. Y. (day)
		1,000	WFBL	Syracuse, N. Y. (night)
		1,000	WGES	Chicago, Ill. (day)
		500	WGES	Chicago, Ill. (night)
		1,250	WJKS	Gary, Ind. (day)
		1,000	WJKS	Gary, Ind. (night)
		500	WQBC	Vicksburg, Miss.
		100	XEG	Mexico City
222.1	1,350	1,000	KWK	St. Louis, Mo.
		1,000	KIDO	Boise, Idaho
		250	WAWZ	Zarephath, N. J.
		250	WCDA	New York, N. Y.
		500	WEHC	Emory, Va.
		250	WMSG–WBNX	
222.1	1,345	50	CMBA	Havana, Cuba
		30	CMCG	Havana
		150	CMCR	Havana
		100	CMCY	Havana
223.7	1,340	50	KFPW	Fort Smith, Ark.
		1,000	KFPY	Spokane, Wash.
		500	WCOA	Pensacola, Fla.
		1,000	WSPD	Toledo, Ohio
225.4	1,330	500	KGB	San Diego, Calif.
		2,500	KSCJ	Sioux City, Iowa (day)
		1,000	KSCJ	Sioux City, Iowa (night)
		500	WDRC	Hartford, Conn.
		500	WSAI	Cincinnati, Ohio (day)
		1,000	WSAI	Cincinnati, Ohio (night)
		1,000	WTAQ	Eau Claire, Wis.
227.1	1,320	500	KGHF	Pueblo, Colo. (day)
		250	KGHF	Pueblo, Colo. (night)
		500	KGMB	Honolulu, Hawaii
		500	KID	Idaho Falls, Idaho (day)
		250	KID	Idaho Falls, Idaho (night)
		250	KTFI	Twin Falls, Idaho (day)
		500	KTFI	Twin Falls, Idaho (night)
		1,000	WADC	Tallmadge, Ohio
		500	WSMB	New Orleans, La.
228.9	1,310	100	KCRJ	Jerome, Ariz.
		100	KFBK	Sacramento, Calif.
		100	KFGQ	Boone, Iowa
		10	KFIU	Juneau, Alaska
		100	KFJY	Fort Dodge, Iowa
		100	KFPL	Dublin, Texas
		15	KFPM	Greenville, Texas
		100	KFUP	Denver, Colo.
		100	KFXJ	Grand Junction, Colo.
		250	KFXR	Okla. City, Okla. (day)
		100	KFXR	Okla. City, Okla. (night)
		100	KGBX	St. Joseph, Mo.
		250	KGCX	Wolf Point, Mont. (day)
		100	KGCX	Wolf Point, Mont. (night)
		100	KGEZ	Kalispell, Mont.
		100	KGFW	Kearney, Neb.
		100	KIT	Yakima, Wash.
		100	KMED	Medford, Ore.
		50	KRMD	Shreveport, La.
		100	KTLC	Houston, Texas
		100	KTSM	El Paso, Tex.
		100	KWCR	Cedar Rapids, Iowa
		100	KXRO	Aberdeen, Wash.
		100	WBEO	Marquette, Mich.
		100	WBOW	Terre Haute, Ind.
		100	WBRE	Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
		100	WCLS	Joliet, Ill.
		100	WDAH	El Paso, Texas
		200	WEBR	Buffalo, N. Y. (day)
		100	WEBR	Buffalo, N. Y. (night)
		50	WEXL	Royal Oak, Mich.
		100	WFBG	Altoona, Pa.
		100	WFDF	Flint, Mich.
		100	WFDV	Rome, Ga.
		100	WGAL	Lancaster, Pa.
		100	WGH	Newport News, Va.
		100	WHAT	Philadelphia, Pa.
		100	WJAC	Johnstown, Pa.
		50	WJAK	Elkhart, Ind.
		100	WKAV	Laconia, N. H.
		100	WKBB	Joliet, Ill.
		100	WKBC	Birmingham, Ala.
		100	WKBS	Galesburg, Ill.
		50	WLBC	Muncie, Ind.
		100	WMBO	Auburn, N. Y.
		100	WNBH	New Bedford, Mass.
		100	WOL	Washington, D. C.
		100	WRAW	Reading, Pa.
		100	WROL	Knoxville, Tenn.
		100	WSAJ	Grove City, Pa.
		100	WSJS	Winston-Salem, N. C.
		100	WTEL	Phila, Pa.
		250	WTJS	Jackson, Tenn. (day)
		100	WTJS	Jackson, Tenn. (night)
		100	WTSL	Laurel, Miss.
230.6	1,300	1,000	KFAC	Los Angeles, Cal.
		1,000	KFH	Wichita, Kan.
		500	KFJR	Portland, Ore.
		500	KTBR	Portland, Ore.
		1,000	WBBR	Brooklyn, N. Y.
		500	WEVD	Brooklyn, N. Y.
		1,000	WHAP	New York City
		500	WHAZ	Troy, N. Y.
		1,000	WIOD–WMBF	Miami, Fla.
		1,000	WOQ	Kansas City, Mo.
		250	XEM	Tampico, Tampo
232.4	1,290	1,000	KDYL	Salt Lake City, Utah
		500	KFUL	Galveston, Texas
		50	KLCN	Blytheville, Ark.
		2,000	KTSA	San Antonio, Texas (day)
		1,000	KTSA	San Antonio, Tex. (night)
		2,500	WEBC	Superior, Wisc. (day)
		1,000	WEBC	Superior, Wisc. (night)
		2,500	WJAS	Pittsburgh, Pa. (day)
		1,000	WJAS	Pittsburgh, Pa. (night)
		50	WNBZ	Saranac Lake, N. Y.
233	1,285	15	CMBM	Havana, Cuba
		150	CMCU	Havana
		150	CMCW	Havana
234.2	1,280	500	WCAM	Camden, N. J.
		500	WCAP	Asbury Park, N. J.
		2,500	WDOD	Chattanooga, Tenn. (day)
		1,000	WDOD	Chattanooga, Tenn. (nt)
		500	WIBA	Madison, Wisc. (day)
		1,000	WIBA	Madison, Wisc. (night)
		500	WOAX	Trenton, N. J.
		500	WRR	Dallas, Texas
	1,300	2,500	KFBB	Great Falls, Mont. (day)
		1,000	KFBB	Great Falls, Mont. (night)
235	1,276	20	CMJB	Ciego

Meters	Kilocycles	Watts	Call Signal	Location
236.1	1,270	50	KGCA	Decorah, Iowa
		1,000	KOL	Seattle, Wash.
		1,000	KVOR	Colorado Springs, Colo.
		100	KWLC	Decorah, Iowa
		500	WASH	Grand Rapids, Mich.
		1,000	WEAI	Ithaca, N. Y.
		500	WFBR	Baltimore, Md.
		1,000	WJDX	Jackson, Miss.
		500	WOOD	Grand Rapids, Mich.
		50	XEBF	Monterey
238	1,260	1,000	KOIL	Council Bluffs, Iowa
		500	KRGV	Harlingen, Texas
		500	KVOA	Tucson, Ariz.
		500	KWWG	Brownsville, Tex.
		1,000	WLBW	Oil City, Pa. (day)
		500	WLBW	Oil City, Pa. (night)
		500	WTOC	Savannah, Ga.
239.9	1,250	1,000	KFMX	Northfield, Minn.
		1,000	KFOX	Long Beach, Calif.
		2,500	WAAM	Newark, N. J. (day)
		1,000	WAAM	Newark, N. J. (night)
		1,000	WCAL	Northfield, Minn.
		1,000	WDSU	New Orleans, La.
		250	WGCP	Newark, N. J.
		1,000	WLB-WGMS	Minneapolis, Minn.
		1,000	WODA	Paterson, N. J.
		1,000	WRHM	Minneapolis, Minn.
		250	XEFA	Mexico City
241.8	1,240	100	KGCU	Mandan, N. D.
		250	KLPM	Minot, N. D.
		1,000	KTAT	Ft. Worth, Texas
		1,000	WACO	Waco, Texas
		1,000	WXYZ	Detroit, Mich.
243.8	1,230	100	KFQD	Anchorage, Alaska
		1,000	KYA	San Francisco, Calif.
		500	KGGM	Albuquerque,N.M.(day)
		250	KGGM	Albuquerque, N. M. (night)
		1,000	WFBM	Indianapolis, Ind.
		1,000	WBIS-WNAC	Boston, Mass.
		1,000	WNAC	Boston
		500	WPSC	State College, Pa.
		500	WSBT	South Bend, Ind.
245.8	1,220	100	CMBY	Havana
		50	CMCA	Havana
		500	KFKU	Lawrence, Kans.
		1,000	KTW	Seattle, Wash.
		2,000	KWSC	Pullman, Wash. (day)
		1,000	KWSC	Pullman, Wash.(night)
		500	WCAD	Canton, N. Y.
		1,000	WCAE	Pittsburgh, Pa.
		1,000	WDAE	Tampa, Fla.
		1,000	WREN	Lawrence, Kans.
247	1,210	100	CFCO	Chatham, Ontario
		15	CJOR	Vancouver, B. C.
		15	CKMC	Cobalt, Ont.
		500	CFNB	Fredricton
		500	XEX	Mexico City, Mex.
		100	KDFN	Casper, Wyo.
		100	KDLR	Devils Lake, N. D.
		100	KFJI	Klamath Falls, Oregon
		250	KFOR	Lincoln, Neb. (day)
		100	KFOR	Lincoln, Neb. (night)
		100	KFVS	Cape Girardeau, Mo.
		100	KFXM	San Bernardino, Calif.
		100	KGCR	Watertown, S. D.
		100	KGMP	Elk City, Okla.
		100	KMJ	Fresno, Calif.
		100	KGNO	Dodge City, Kans.
		50	KPPC	Pasadena, Calif.
		100	KWEA	Shreveport, La.
		100	WALR	Zanesville, Ohio
		100	WBAX	Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
		100	WBBL	Richmond, Va.
		100	WCBS	Springfield, Ill.
		100	WCOH	Yonkers, N. Y.
		100	WCRW	Chicago, Ill.
		100	WEBQ	Harrisburg, Pa.
		100	WEDC	Chicago, Ill.
		100	WGBB	Freeport, N. Y.
		100	WGCM	Gulfport, Miss.
		100	WHBF	Rock Island, N. Y.
		100	WHBU	Anderson, Ind.
		100	WIBU	Poynette, Wisc.
		100	WJBI	Red Bank, N. J.
		100	WJBU	Lewisburg, Pa.
		100	WJBY	Gadsden, Ala.
		100	WJW	Mansfield, Ohio
		50	WLCI	Ithaca, N. Y.
		100	WMBG	Richmond, Va.
		100	WMRJ	Jamaica, N. Y.
		50	WOCL	Jamestown, N. Y.
		100	WOMT	Manitowoc, Wis.
		100	WPAW	Pawtucket, R. I.
		100	WPRO	Providence, R. I.
		100	WQDX	Thomasville, Ga.
		250	WRBQ	Greenville, Miss. (day)
		100	WRBQ	Greenville, Miss. (night)
		100	WSBC	Chicago, Ill.
		100	WSEN	Columbus, Ohio
		100	WSIX	Springfield, Tenn.
		100	WSOC	Gastonia, N. C.
		100	WTAX	Springfield, Ill.
		500	XEX	Mexico City
249.9	1,200	100	KBTM	Paragould, Ark.
		250	KFJB	Marshalltown, Iowa(day)
		100	KFJB	Marshalltown, Iowa (night)
		100	KFWF	St. Louis, Mo. (night)
		250	KGDE	Fergus Falls, Minn.(day)
		100	KGDE	Fergus Falls, Minn. (night)
		100	KGDY	Huron, S. D.
		100	KGEK	Yuma, Colo.
		100	KGEW	Fort Morgan, Colo.
		100	KGFJ	Los Angeles, Calif.
		100	KGHI	Little Rock, Ark.
		10	KGY	Lacey, Wash.
		100	KMLB	Monroe, La.
		100	KSMR	Bakersfield, Cal.
		100	KVOS	Bellingham, Wash.
		100	KWG	Stockton, Calif.
		100	WABI	Bangor, Maine
249.9	1,200	100	WABZ	New Orleans, La.
		100	WBBZ	Ponca City, Okla.
		50	WBHS	Huntsville, Ala.
		100	WCAT	Rapid City, S. D.
		100	WCAX	Burlington, Vt.
		100	WCLO	Janesville, Wis.
		100	WCOD	Harrisburg, Pa.
		100	WEPS	Worcester, Mass.
		100	WFAM	South Bend, Ind.

Meters	Kilocycles	Watts	Call Signal	Location
249.9	1,200	250	WFBE	Cincinnati, Ohio (day)
		100	WFBE	Cincinnati, Ohio (night)
		50	WFBC	Knoxville, Tenn.
		10	WHBC	Canton, Ohio
		100	WHBY	Green Bay, Wis.
		300	WIBX	Utica, N. Y. (day)
		100	WIBX	Utica, N. Y. (night)
		250	WIL	St. Louis, Mo. (day)
		100	WIL	St. Louis, Mo. (night)
		100	WJBC	LaSalle, Ill.
		100	WJBL	Decatur, Ill.
		100	WJBW	New Orleans, La.
		100	WKJC	Lancaster, Pa.
		250	WLBG	Petersburg, Va. (day)
		100	WLBG	Petersburg, Va. (night)
		100	WNBO	Silver Haven, Pa.
		10	WNBW	Carbondale, Pa.
		10	WNBX	Springfield, Vt.
		100	WORC-WEPS	Worcester, Mass.
		50	WRBL	Columbus, Ga.
		100	WWAE	Hammond, Ind.
		75	CMGB	Matanzas
252	1,190	50,000	WOAI	San Antonio, Texas
254.1	1,180	20,000	KOB	State College, N. M.
		5,000	KEX	Portland, Oregon
		1,000	WDGY	Minneapolis, Minn.
		500	WINS	New York, N. Y.
		500	WMAZ	Macon, Ga.
255	1,176	30	CMKG	Santiago de Cuba
		50	CMBA	Havana, Cuba
256.3	1,170	50,000	WCAU	Newton Sq., Pa.
		5,000	KTNT	Muscatine, Iowa
258.5	1,160	10,000	WOWO	Ft. Wayne, Ind.
		5,000	WWVA	Wheeling, W. Va.
260.7	1,150	25,000	WHAM	Rochester, N. Y.
		250	CMQ	Havana, Cuba
		600	CMCQ	Havana, Cuba
263	1,140	25,000	WAPI	Birmingham, Ala.
		25,000	KVOO	Tulsa, Okla.
		500	XETA	Mexico City
245	1,136	150	CMCA	Havana, Cuba
265	1,135	1,000	XEH	Monterrey, Mexico
265.3	1,130	1,000	WOV	New York, N. Y.
		20,000	WJJD	Mooseheart, Ill.
		5,000	KSL	Salt Lake City, Utah
267.7	1,120	500	CFCA-CNRT	Toronto, Canada
		15	CFJC	Camloops, B. C.
		100	CHGS	Summerside, P. E. I.
		50	CJOC	Lethbridge, Alta.
		100	KFIO	Spokane, Washington
		500	KFSG	Los Angeles, Calif
		500	KMCS	Los Angeles, Calif.
		50	KRSC	Seattle, Wash.
		500	KTRH	Houston, Texas
		1,000	WDBO	Orlando, Fla. (day)
		500	WDBO	Orlando, Fla. (night)
		500	WDEL	Wilmington, Del. (day)
		250	WDEL	Wilmington, Del.(night)
		250	WHAD	Milwaukee, Wisc.
		250	WISN	Milwaukee, Wisc.
		500	WTAW	College Station, Texas
270.1	1,110	5,000	WRVA	Richmond, Va.
		2,500	KSOO	Sioux Falls, S. D.
272.6	1,100	250	KGDM	Stockton, Calif.
		5,000	WLWL	New York, N. Y.
		5,000	WPG	Atlantic City, N. J
272	1,100	40	CMKD	Santiago de Cuba
275	1,090	10	XEL	Saltillo, Coah., Mex.
275.1	1,090	50,000	KMOX	St. Louis, Mo.
277.6	1,080	25,000	WBT	Charlotte, N. C.
		5,000	WCBD	Zion, Ill.
		5,000	WMBI	Chicago, Ill.
		150	CMBG	Havana
280.2	1,070	100	KJBS	San Francisco, Calif.
		50	WCAZ	Carthage, Ill.
		100	WDZ	Tuscola, Ill.
		50,000	WTAM	Cleveland, Ohio
282.8	1,060	500	KWJJ	Portland, Ore.
		1,000	WJAG	Norfolk, Neb.
		5,000	WTIC	Hartford, Conn.
285.5	1,050	5,000	KFBI	Milford, Kan.
		50,000	KNX	Hollywood, Calif.
288.3	1,040	1,000	WKAR	E. Lansing, Mich.
		10,000	KTHS	Hot Springs, Ark.
		10,000	KRLD	Dallas, Tex.
		1,000	WMAK	Buffalo, N. Y.
290	1,034	150	CMKC	Santiago de Cuba
290	1,000	100	XEV	Puebla, Pue.
291.1	1,030	500	CNRV	Vancouver, B. C.
		500	CFCF	Montreal, P. Q.
293.9	1,020	250	WRAX	Philadelphia, Pa.
		10,000	KYW-KFKX	Chicago, Ill.
296.8	1,010	500	KGGF	South Coffeyville, Okla
		500	KQW	San Jose, Calif.
		250	WHN	New York, N. Y
		1,000	WIS	Columbia S. C. (day)
		500	WIS	Columbia, S. C. (night)
		500	WNAD	Norman, Okla.
		250	WPAP	Palisade, N. J.
		250	WQAO	New York, N. Y.
		250	WRNY	New York, N. Y.
		250	WLAP	Louisville, Ky. (day)
		100	WLAP	Louisville, Ky. (night)

Meters	Kilocycles	Watts	Call Signal	Location
297	1,010	50	CFLC	Prescott, Ont.
		50	CKIC	Wolfville, N. S.
		250	CMCX	Marianao, Cuba
		150	CMBW	Marianao
299.8	1,000	250	KFVD	Culver City, Calif.
		50,000	WHO	Des Moines, Iowa
		100	XEV	Puebla, Pue.
300	1,000	100	XEA	Guadalajura, Jal.
		1,000	XEB	Mexico
		50	XEC	Toluca
		10	XEE	Linares, N. L., Mexico
		100	XEI	Morelia, Mexico
		100	XEK	Mexico, D. F.
		5,000	XEQ	El Paso, Tex.
		100	XEU	Vera Cruz, Ver.
		105	XEY	Merida, Yuc.
		1,000	WGEO	York, Pa.
302.8	990	25,000	WBZ	Boston, Mass.
		1,000	WBZA	Springfield, Mass.
305.9	980	50,000	KDKA	Pittsburgh, Pa.
309.1	970	5,000	KJR	Seattle, Wash.
		1,500	WCFL	Chicago, Ill.
		150	CMBC	Havana
312.3	965	150	CMBD	Havana, Cuba
	960	500	CKCL	Toronto
		500	CKNC	Toronto
		100	CHCK	Charlottestown, P.E.I.
		500	CHWC-CFRC	Regina, Sask.
314	955	150	CMBC	Havana, Cuba
315.6	950	1,000	KFWB	Hollywood, Calif.
		1,000	KGHL	Billings, Mont.
		1,000	KMBC	Kansas City, Mo
		500	WRC	Washington, D. C.
319	940	1,000	KGU	Honolulu, T. H.
		1,000	KOIN	Portland, Ore.
		300	WAAT	Jersey City, N. J.
		1,000	WCSH	Portland, Maine
		1,000	WDAY	Fargo, N. D.
		1,000	WFIW	Hopkinsville, Ky.
		750	WHA	Madison, Wis.
		5,000	XEO	Mexico
322.4	930	500	KFWI	San Francisco, Calif.
		500	KGBZ	York, Neb. (night)
		1,000	KMA	Shenandoah, Iowa (day)
		500	KMA	Shenandoah, Iowa (night)
		1,000	KROW	Oakland, Calif. (day)
		500	KROW	Oakland, Calif. (night)
		1,000	WBRC	Birmingham, Ala. (day)
		500	WBRC	Birmingham, Ala. (night)
		500	WDBJ	Roanoke, Va. (day)
		250	WDBJ	Roanoke, Va. (night)
		25	WIBG	Elkins Park, Pa.
		50	CFCH	North Bay, Ont.
323	930	500	CKPR	Midland, Ont.
		500	CFRC	Kingston, Ont.
325.9	920	500	KFEL	Denver, Colo.
		500	KFXF	Denver, Colo.
		1,000	KOMO	Seattle, Wash.
		2,500	KPRC	Houston, Texas (day)
		1,000	KPRC	Houston, Texas (night)
		500	WAAF	Chicago, Ill.
		500	WBSO	Needham, Mass.
		1,000	WWJ	Detroit, Mich.
326	920	250	CMHD	Caibarien, Cuba
329.6	910	500	CFQC-CNRS	Saskatoon
		500	CHNS-CNRH	Halifax, N. S.
		5,000	CJGC-CNRL	London, Ont.
333.1	900	500	KGBU	Ketchikan, Alaska
		1,000	KHJ	Los Angeles, Calif.
		250	KSEI	Pocatello, Idaho
		1,000	WBEN	Buffalo, N. Y.
		1,000	WJAX	Jacksonville, Fla.
		1,000	WKY	Okla. City, Okla
		2,000	WLBL	Ellis, Wis.
336.9	890	1,000	KFNF	Shenandoah, Iowa (day)
		500	KFNF	Shenandoah,Iowa (night)
		250	KARK	Little Rock, Ark.
		750	KUSD	Vermilion, S. D. (day)
		500	KUSD	Vermilion, S. D. (night)
		500	WILL	Urbana, Ill. (day)
		250	WILL	Urbana, Ill. (night)
		400	WJAR	Providence, R. I. (day)
		250	WJAR	Providence, R. I. (night)
		500	WKAQ	San Juan, P. R.
		500	WMMN	Fairmont, W. Va. (day)
		250	WMMN	Fairmont, W. Va. (night)
		500	WGST	Atlanta, Ga. (day)
		250	WGST	Atlanta, Ga. (night)
337	890	500	CFBO	St. John, N. B., Canada
		100	CKCO	Ottawa, Ont.
		500	XES	Tampico, Tampa., Mexico
		250	CMCF	Havana, Cuba
340.7	880	50	CHML	Hamilton, Ont.
		50	CJCB	Sydney, N. S.
		50	CKCV-CNRQ	Quebec, P. Q.
		50	CKPC	Preston, Ont.
		1,000	KFKA	Greeley, Colo. (day
		500	KFKA	Greeley, Colo. (night
		500	KLX	Oakland, Calif.
		500	KPOF	Denver, Colo.
		1,000	WCOC	Meridian, Miss. (day
		500	WCOC	Meridian, Miss. (nigh
		250	WGBI	Scranton, Pa.
		250	WQAN	Scranton, Pa.
		500	WSUI	Iowa City, Iowa
344.6	870	50,000	WENR	Chicago, Ill.
		50,000	WLS	Chicago, Ill.
		500	XFF	Chihuahua, Chih.
348.6	860	500	KMO	Tacoma, Wash.
		50,000	WABC-WBOQ	New York, N. Y.
		500	WHB	Kansas City, Mo.
		500	XFX	Mexico City
348.6	856	20	CMJE	Camaguey, Cuba
352.7	850	10,000	KWKH	Shreveport, La.
		10,000	WWL	New Orleans, La.
356.9	840	5,000	CKGW	Toronto
		5,000	CFRY	Toronto
		1,000	CKLC-CHCT-CWRD	Red Deer, Alb.

Meters	Kilocycles	Watts	Call Signal	Location
352.7	842	500	CMC	Havana, Cuba
361.2	830	100	CMGA	Colon, Cuba
		50,000	KOA	Denver, Colo.
		1,000	WEEU	Reading, Pa.
		1,000	WHDH	Boston, Mass.
		5,000	WRUF	Gainesville, Fla.
365.6	820	25,000	WHAS	Louisville, Ky.
367	818	1,000	XFI	Mexico City
370.2	810	50,000	WCCO	Minneapolis, Minn.
		500	WPCH	New York, N. Y.
374.8	800	10,000	WBAP	Ft. Worth, Texas
		50,000	WFAA	Dallas, Texas
	805	350	XFC	Aguascalientes, Mex.
379.5	790	7,500	KGO	San Francisco, Cal.
		50,000	WGY	Schenectady, N. Y.
		100	CMHC	Tuinucu, Cuba
384.4	780	5,000	CKY-CNRW	Winnipeg, Man.
		500	XEZ	Mexico, D. F.
		500	KELW	Burbank, Cal.
		1,000	KTM	Los Angeles, Cal. (day)
		500	KTM	Los Angeles, Cal. (night)
		500	WEAN	Providence, R. I. (day)
		250	WEAN	Providence, R. I. (night)
		1,000	WMC	Memphis, Tenn. (day)
		500	WMC	Memphis, Tenn. (night)
		500	WPOR	Norfolk, Va.
		500	WTAR	Norfolk, Va.
389.4	770	25,000	KFAB	Lincoln, Neb.
		25,000	WBBM-WJBT	Chicago, Ill.
394.5	760	1,000	KVI	Tacoma, Wash.
		10,000	WBAL	Baltimore, Md.
		1,000	WEW	St. Louis, Mo.
		30,000	WJZ	New York, N. Y.
399.8	750	10,000	WJR	Detroit, Michigan
405	745	500	CNRE-CJCA	Edmonton, Alta.
405.2	740	1,000	KMMJ	Clay Center, Neb.
		50,000	WSB	Atlanta, Ga.
410.7	730	3,000	CMK	Havana, Cuba
	735	75,000	XER	Villa Acuna, Mexico
	730	5,000	CHYC	Montreal, P. Q.
		5,000	CKAC-CHYC-CNRM	Montreal
		50	CKCD-CHLS	Vancouver, B. C.
		3,150	CMCK	Havana
		50	CKFC	Vancouver, B. C.
		500	XEM	Tampico, Tamps, Mexico
		50	CKMO	Vancouver, B. C.
		100	CKWX	Vancouver
416.4	720	25,000	WGN	Chicago, Ill.
422.3	710	500	KMPC	Beverly Hills, Calif.
		50,000	WOR	Newark, N. J.
428.3	700	50,000	WLW	Cincinnati, Ohio
435	690	500	CFAC-CNRC	Calgary, Alt., Can.
		500	CJCJ-CHCA	Calgary, Alt., Can.
		4,000	CFRB-CNRX	Toronto, Ont.
440.9	680	2,500	KFEQ	St. Joseph, Mo.
		5,000	KPO	San Francisco, Calif.
		1,000	WPTF	Raleigh, N. C.
	683.3	2,000	XFG	Mexico City, Mex.
447.5	670	5,000	WMAQ	Chicago, Ill.
454.3	665	10	CHWK	Chilliwac, B. C.
454.3	660	500	WAAW	Omaha, Neb.
		50,000	WEAF	New York, N. Y.
454	660	225	CMCO	Marianao
461	650	100	XER	Mexico City, Mexico
461.3	650	100	KPCB	Seattle, Wash.
		50,000	WSM	Nashville, Tenn.
465	645	100	CHRC	Quebec
		50	CKCR	Waterloo
		40	CHMJ	Cienfuegos
468.5	640	50,000	KFI	Los Angeles, Calif.
		500	WAIU	Columbus, Ohio
		5,000	WOI	Ames, Iowa
475.9	630	500	KFRU	Columbia, Mo.
		500	WGBF	Evansville, Ind.
		500	WMAL	Washington, D. C. (day)
		250	WMAL	Washington, D. C. (night)
		500	WOS	Jefferson City, Mo.
		1,000	CKOC	Hamilton, Ont.
		500	CHCS	Hamilton, Ont.
476	630	1,500	XET	Monterrey, N. L., Mexico
		50	CFCT	Victoria, B. C.
		500	CJGX	Yorktown, Sask.
		500	CNRA	Moncton, N. B.
483.6	620	250	CMCJ	Havana, Cuba
		1,000	KGW	Portland, Ore.
		1,000	KTAR	Phoenix, Ariz. (day)
		500	KTAR	Phoenix, Ariz. (night)
		250	WFLA-WSUN	Clearwater, Fla. (day)
		250	WFLA-WSUN	Clearwater, Fla. (night)
		500	WLBZ	Bangor, Maine
		2,500	WTMJ	Milwaukee, Wisc. (day)
		1,000	WTMJ	Milwaukee, Wisc. (night)
491.5	610	1,000	KFRC	San Francisco, Cal.
		1,000	WDAF	Kansas City, Mo.
		500	WFAN	Philadelphia, Pa.
		500	WIP	Philadelphia, Pa.
		500	WJAY	Cleveland, Ohio
499.7	600	1,000	KFSD	San Diego, Calif. (day)
		500	KFSD	San Diego, Calif. (night)
		250	WCAO	Baltimore, Md.
		500	WICC	Bridgeport-New Haven, Conn. (day)
		250	WICC	Bridgeport-New Haven, Conn. (night)
		500	WMT	Waterloo, Iowa
		1,000	WREC	Memphis, Tenn. (day)
		500	WREC	Memphis, Tenn. (night)
		250	WCAC	Storrs, Conn.
		500	CJRM	Moose Jaw, Sask.
		500	CJRW	Fleming, Sask.
		500	CNRO	Ottawa, Can.
508.2	588	1,400	CMW	Havana
	590	2,000	KHQ	Spokane, Wash. (day)
		1,000	KHQ	Spokane, Wash. (night)
		500	WCAJ	Lincoln, Nebr.
		1,000	WEEI	Boston, Mass.
		1,000	WKZO	Kalamazoo, Mich.
		1,000	WOW	Omaha, Nebraska
516.9	580	500	CFCY	Charlottetown, P. E. I.
		250	CHCA-CHMA	Edmonton, Alta
		500	CKUA	Edmonton, Alta.
		200	KGFX	Pierre, S. D.
		1,000	KSAC	Manhattan, Kans. (day)
		500	KSAC	Manhattan, Kans. (night)
		1,000	WIBW	Topeka, Kans.
		500	WOBU	Charleston, W. Va. (day)
		250	WOBU	Charleston, W. Va. (night)
		50	WSAZ	Huntington, W. Va.
		250	WTAG	Worcester, Mass.
526	570	500	KGKO	Wichita Falls, Tex. (day)
		250	KGKO	Wichita Falls, Tex. (night)
		500	KMTR	Los Angeles, Calif.
		500	KXA	Seattle, Wash.
		750	WEAO	Columbus, Ohio
		500	WKBN	Youngstown, Ohio
		1,000	WNAX	Yankton, S. D.
		250	WMAC	Syracuse, N. Y.
		500	WMCA	New York, N. Y.
		500	WNYC	New York, N. Y.
		250	WSYR	Syracuse, N. Y.
		1,000	WWNC	Asheville, N. C.
535.4	560	1,000	KFDM	Beaumont, Texas (day)
		500	KFDM	Beaumont, Texas (night)
		1,000	KLZ	Denver, Colo.
		1,000	KTAB	San Francisco, Cal.
		500	WFI	Philadelphia, Pa.
		1,500	WIBO	Chicago, Ill. (day)
		1,000	WIBO	Chicago, Ill. (night)
		500	WLIT	Philadelphia, Pa.
		2,000	WNOX	Knoxville, Tenn. (day)
		1,000	WNOX	Knoxville, Tenn. (night)
		500	WPCC	Chicago, Ill.
		1,000	WQAM	Miami, Fla.
545.1	550	1,000	KFDY	Brookings, S. D. (day)
		500	KFDY	Brookings, S. D. (night)
		1,000	KFUO	Clayton, Mo. (day)
		500	KFUO	Clayton, Mo. (night)
		2,500	KFYR	Bismarck, N. D. (day)
		1,000	KFYR	Bismarck, N. D. (night)
		1,000	KOAC	Corvallis, Ore.
		500	KSD	St. Louis, Mo.
		1,000	WGR	Buffalo, N. Y.
		1,000	WKRC	Cincinnati, Ohio
555.6	540	500	CKX	Brandon, Manitoba, Can.

Television Stations
Channel 2000 to 2100 kc.

Lines per Picture	Power (Watts)	Call Signal	Location
		1600-1700 kc	
48	1,000	*W1XAV	Boston, Mass. Shortwave & Television Lab., Inc.
48	500	W2XR	Long Island City, N. Y. Radio Pictures, Inc.
		2000-2100 kc band	
48	5,000	*W2XCR	New York, N. Y. Jenkins Television Corp.
48	5,000	*W3XK	Wheaton, Md. Jenkins Laboratories
48	5,000	*W2XCD	Passaic, N. J. DeForest Radio Corp.
45	500	*W9XAO	Chicago, Ill. Western Television Corp.
48	250	W2XAP	Portable Jenkins Television Corp.
	1,000	W6XAH	Bakersfield, Cal. Pioneer Mercantile Co.
		2100-2200 kc band	
60	500	W3XAD	Camden, N. J. RCA Victor Co.
60	5,000	W2XBS	New York, N. Y. National Broadcasting Co.
—	20,000	W2XCW	Schenectady, N. Y. General Electric Co.
60	20,000	W8XAV	Pittsburgh, Pa. Westinghouse Electric & Mfg Co.
45	2,500	*W9XAP	Chicago, Ill. Chicago Daily News
60	5,000	W3XAK	Bound Brook, N. J. National Broadcasting Co.
—	500	W6XS	Gardena, Cal. Dan Lee
		2750-2850 kc band	
48	500	W9XAA	Chicago, Ill. Chicago Federation of Labor
60	500	W2XAB	New York, N. Y. Columbia Broadcasting System
—	1,500	W9XG	West Lafayette, Ind. Purdue University
—	1,500	W3XE	Philadelphia, Pa. Philadelphia Storage Battery Co.
		43,000-46,000; 48,500-50,300; 60,000-80,000 kc.	
—	500	W9XD (CP-5)	Milwaukee, Wis. The Milwaukee Journal
—	50	W3XAD	Camden, N. J. RCA Victor Co.
—	750	W2XBT	New York, N. Y. National Broadcasting Co.
48	500	W2XR	Long Island City, N. Y. Radio Pictures, Inc.
—	30	W1XAV (CP)	Boston, Mass. Shortwave & Television Lab.
—	500	W1OXG	Portable DeForest Radio Co.
—	30	W1XG	Portable Shortwave & Television Co.
—	5,000	W2XF	N. Y. C. National Broadcasting Co.
—	2,000	W2XDS	Portable Jenkins Television Co.
—	150	W6XAO	Los Angeles, Calif. Don Lee Broadcasting System
—	1,000	W3XK	Wheaton, Md. Jenkins Laboratories
—	1,500	W3XE	Philadelphia, Pa Philadelphia Storage Battery Co.

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NEW YORK

An Humble Opinion

(Continued from page 16)

these decisions under pressure are things that break down commonplace reactions of the strongest of minds; the wear and tear on the mental processes, the balancing of the advantages against the disadvantages, all require much concentration, and my concentration has to be done as I walk along the street, in the subway, or in a taxi-cab. In fact, my first waking moment usually confronts me with a problem that requires solving. In the course of a day, sometimes, I am confronted by at least 20 serious decisions, some of major importance, and others of much less gravity. But all of them require time, investigation and thought. There are hundreds of letters that reach me each week, some asking for financial aid, others for appearances at all sorts of functions. These letters cannot be dismissed with a careless "No," or a careless "Yes;" each one of them requires much thought, so that those possessing real merit may receive my aid and my help.

All this takes a great deal of time, and I have noticed that I sleep much more soundly and exhaustedly after a day given to these mental problems. Absent-mindedness comes inevitably with great success, and only those who have no ability to appreciate, and put themselves in the other person's place, are annoyed when they seem to be slighted in the case of recognition. It is even possible for the person to look directly into the eyes of another person, and yet be wrestling with a problem that so absorbs the attention that recognition is impossible.

But as we come to the last paragraph in this particular article, I am even more amused. The paragraph pleads for the sake of those who work with her, and for the sake of the growing audience that nightly tunes in to her songs, and most important, for her own sake, the hope that this young lady is not spoiled by her success.

To that I can only reply that the radio audience is mainly interested in the artistic efforts put forth by the artist to please them. It matters very little to those listening at the other end whether the person is a rogue, a knave, a cheat, or extremely conceited. Of course, if these things have a definite effect upon the artistic performance of the artist, then there is damage being done, but if the artist, while performing, gives his or her best, right from the heart, the short-comings in other directions, off-stage, should mean little or nothing to the audience who is pleased during the performance itself.

Competition is so keen these days in everything that I believe it is impossible for any artist to become very self-assured for any length of time, because it is impossible to prevent one's self from being confronted with evidences of the fact that there are so many others eager to secure that place in the sunlight, and perhaps too many others who can do that same thing just as well. I am sure that this alone will keep almost any artist today from knowing not only the highly undesirable but also the most elusive and hard-to-find quality of conceit.

Tuneful Topics

(Continued from page 50)

Jack was driving me home from the Pennsylvania in his beautiful limousine and I casually asked him if he had anything new. He mentioned this song, and sang it to me in the car. Even without accompaniment I thought that the song was a good one. Frank Kelton, who was with us, grabbed the song for Shapiro-Bernstein, who have already published it. For the sake of all concerned I hope the song does nicely.

CORRECTION

IN THE January issue of "Tuneful Topics" I made a statement that the middle part of WHO'S YOUR LITTLE WHOZIS was like IF I HAD A GIRL LIKE YOU. At the time I was dictating under pressure, and I was not able to concentrate in the way that I should. Since then it has been borne home upon me that it is really similar to the middle part of COME TO ME, though I am afraid the damage has been done, and I have left myself open for a touch from those eager eyes that scan everything they read for mistakes.

Canadian Mounted

(Continued from page 27)

ting dizzy with this everlasting snow, snow, snow! You grub and a grabble through it over and over again without seeming to get anywhere."

Maguire was down on his knees again pawing through some frozen moss while thick downy crystals sifted down on his cap and black furry coat. For half an hour neither spoke a word. Suddenly Pennycuick ejaculated a muffled "huh!" and jumped to his feet.

"I say, Maguire, didn't this fellow O'Brien, as he called himself, but Miller, as we know him, have a pair of field glasses when he was searched at headquarters?

"He did that."

"Look here. Imagine an old sourdough carrying field glasses. Now take this bit of clearing, say fifty feet wide and a hundred feet deep right through the brush, follow my finger, see the river there, a mile, maybe mile and a half away? Note that spot."

"Sure, it's right where the Pork trail leaves the river trail; but I don't get what you're driving at, Pennycuick."

"Just this, old fellow, with field glasses a man could watch whether a party intended to turn up the Pork trail where ambush would be easy, and also, if they kept on, make it possible to head across and rob them at some point down the river trail."

"Good, man, good! You've hit it!"

As they grubbed through the snow and grassy hummocks they continued to speculate and elaborate on the theory and how it might affect their further search. Then Pennycuick pried loose a piece of broken root and discovered freshly turned earth. Soon he had uncovered a rusty and badly nicked axe. On the end of the handle was carved a monogram obviously intended for "G. O."

"Going by the name of O'Brien this was his axe," said the finder passing the implement over to Maguire.

"It's time to be making a report to the inspector," said the latter.

With a small collection of items of evidence including a broken tooth with part of a bullet sticking to it Pennycuick returned to headquarters. There he found that several other details of the Mounted had been at work on the case. The bodies of the three wayfarers had been found murdered. Witnesses were discovered who had seen O'Brien with nuggets taken from the dead men.

Eighty witnesses were called to the stand. The chain was perfect and O'Brien was sentenced to death.

And that is just one of the true stories told vividly with actual characters speaking the lines, so far as they are on record, of actual witnesses in these dramas of the Canadian frontier. The leading character in the most of these dramas as you hear them over the air is Allyn Joslyn.

Mr. Joslyn knows the type and character of men he must portray. He has been over the ground, from the lonely trail to the great pow-wows with red men who sometimes come to complain of injustice or to ask protection for themselves and their people deep in the forests of the Northland.

IT LOOKED like the end of everything. The man was at the very lowest ebb of despondency and was meditating on the manner by which he should end his life. Then he tuned in Bud and Colonel Stoopnagle. It changed the whole picture for him. Why take life so seriously? He wrote the boys a letter about it. They saved his life. Read their contribution to "Letters to the Artist" in the May Radio Digest. This feature appears every month in Radio Digest.

Laws That Safeguard

(Continued from page 22)

Betrothals

A BETROTHAL is an engagement of marriage entered into in a ceremonious manner, with or without the pledging of dowry by the bride's father or a marriage settlement by the groom. A betrothal, or betrothment, as it is sometimes called, is literally an exchanging of pledges or troth.

The word troth is of Anglo-Saxon origin and means truth. "Troth-plight" therefore meant to our forefathers the pledging of truth; swearing upon their honor to perform, which after all is clothing in poetic language the contract idea embodied in the engagement to marry.

As before indicated, engagement customs differ greatly. There is one picturesque South African tribe that every lecturer on marriage seems to trot out sooner or later —the Hottentots.

Now these unique colored people had a most interesting custom of betrothal. No young man of the Hottentot tribe could lawfully propose to a dusky damsel unless he did so in the presence of his father.

If he felt the stirrings of romance he must first secure his father's consent. Then the two of them, father and son, adorned in their best beads and decorations, each with a ceremonial pipe in his mouth, walked arm in arm to the home of the chosen maiden, there to pop the question in the presence of the girl's father, mother, sisters and brothers and all her relations.

The Hottentots were a brave people—lucky for them, or none of them would ever have married. It is hard enough for a young lover to pop the question under the most favorable circumstances—but fancy having to do it in the presence of snickering young brothers!

Betrothals in Europe

IN EUROPEAN countries, betrothals were formerly conducted very largely on a business basis. The parents arranged the marriages for their children and caused formal contracts to be entered into, by which considerable sums were pledged.

Among the Jewish people of the continent, at least among the wealthy classes, marriage brokers were quite generally employed. These important functionaries are said to have kept lists of prospective brides, with dowries ranging from small sums to very great indeed, from which dowries the broker received a percentage upon the satisfactory arrangement of the terms of a betrothal.

It is interesting to note that among the inhabitants of Holland, when the Pilgrim Fathers were in exile among them, betrothals were apparently considered even more ceremonial than marriage itself. The contracting parties were obliged to furnish sureties, or bondsmen, and to come before a public official to execute a bond of betrothal.

My radio listeners may have suspected ere this that law is not my only literary field. I am fully as interested in history as in legal research. It so happens that I have recently completed, for a New York publishing house, a book entitled "Mayflower Heroes." In my historical researches incident to the writing of that book I came upon the betrothal of William Bradford, the future Governor of Plymouth Colony, and his first wife, Dorothy May, executed in the City of Amsterdam in November, 1613. It affords a typical example.

Because of its great human interest, as well as the quaintness of the document, I will read it to you as a sample of contracts of betrothal of early times.

"Amsterdam, Nov. 9, 1613.

"Then appeared also William Bradford, from Austerfield, fustian weaver, 23 years old, living at Leyden where the banns have been published, declaring that he has no parents, on the one part, and Dorothy May, 16 years old, from Wisbeach in England, at present living on the New Dyke, assisted by Henry May, on the other part, and declared that they were betrothed to one another with true covenants, requesting their three Sunday proclamations in order after the same to solemnize the aforesaid covenant and in all respects to execute it, so there shall be no lawful hindrance otherwise. And to this end they declared it as truth that they were free persons, and not akin to each other by blood—that nothing existed whereby a Christian marriage might be hindered; and their banns were admitted."

Perhaps it should be added that the young couple came again to Amsterdam on the 10th day of December, 1613, and were married, thus fulfilling the laws of Holland.

Dowry of the Bride

THE term dowry should not be confused with the word dower. Dowry, or dot, signifies the property which a bride brings to her husband upon marriage, it generally being a gift from her father or near relatives. Dower, on the other hand, is a one-third interest in the lands or estate of her deceased husband granted to a widow under the provisions of the common law.

We shall discuss dowry later on, for in a future broadcast I will point out that at common law a husband had a right to absolute control of his wife's dowry after marriage. Dowry, its value and identity, especially if it consisted of land, was quite naturally a very important reason for the formal betrothal in earlier times, and for the present survival of the custom in European countries, as well as in Louisiana and in some other sections of the South.

Marriage Promise Unlike Other Contracts

While an engagement to marry is a true contract, it is nevertheless essentially different from every other contract known to the law. The objects to be attained are so totally unlike the objects of other legal undertakings that a contract to marry is in a class by itself. The state has a special interest in the mating of its citizens. In early times in England contracts to marry could literally be enforced in ecclesiastical courts. The same was true in Spain. A reluctant bridegroom would be punished by the ecclesiastical courts until he consented to fulfill his obligation.

In Holland, a bridegroom who refused to fulfill the terms of a betrothal could be punished by a seizure of goods. He could be clapped into jail and, if he still continued obstinate, the judge, as a last resort, could declare by way of sentence that the marriage was legally binding, the consent in the espousals being construed as continuing promises that were already made.

Engagement to Marry; Offer and Acceptance

Eighty-second Broadcast

WE TAKE up now the legal aspects of the proposal of marriage and of the acceptance of such proposal. I told you that an engagement to marry is a legal contract and that it is governed by the laws that regulate other forms of contract. There must be an offer on the one side and an acceptance on the other. Let us therefore consider for a moment the essential legal characteristics of a valid offer.

In the law of contracts, an offer may take the form of a writing under seal; a simple written statement of the terms of the offer; a letter setting forth the same; or it may take any form in which one person may communicate to another a definite proposal for acceptance.

The Proposal of Marriage

A proposal of marriage may assume any form that the circumstances of the case may justify, or the ingenuity of the suitor may devise. It is subject only to the qualification that the offer must be made with actual or implied intent to enter into an engagement of marriage. The lady must understand the offer to be bona fide and must accept in the same spirit of marriage-intent.

I suppose it will never be known how many engagements of marriage have been made in prayer meetings without either of the contracting parties uttering a single word. Protestant hymn books, as many of us know, have a remarkable collection of titles of hymns that may be turned to sentimental account by bashful lovers.

A happy bride and groom once pointed out to me the very hymn-titles that were used by them in a prayer meeting in which they arrived at an engagement of marriage. The young man, it seems, opened the hymnal to the appropriate page for his own avowal and the young lady, in the same silent pantomime, indicated by another hymn that she accepted the offer of marriage.

Thus, whether the offer of marriage be made in direct language; or in subtle or guarded language that leaves a cautious lover a chance to save his pride if the girl rejects the proposal; or by the silent adoption of printed sentiments appropriate to the occasion, the proposal, if accepted, results in a contract that is valid and binding.

This principle was well expressed in the New York case of Homan v. Earle, 53 N. Y. 267, in which the court said: "No formal language is necessary to constitute the contract of marriage. If the conduct and declarations of the parties clearly indicate that they regard themselves as engaged, it is not material by what means they have arrived at that state."

Letters and Conduct

One of the most common methods of proving in court an engagement of marriage, is by the production of letters written by the person who has refused to fulfill

the alleged agreement of marriage. But it is never required that the letters themselves show a definite agreement to marry. It is sufficient, as corroborative evidence, if the general tenor of the letters indicate that such an engagement exists. For Example:

MARIA WIGHTMAN, in 1818, brought an action for breach of promise to marry against her former lover Joshua Coates. The latter employed eminent counsel, one of whom was the great Daniel Webster.

Coates sought to escape liability because the letters introduced by the plaintiff did not contain a specific promise to marry. No definite evidence of time and place of such promise could be established by the lady.

The judge instructed the jury that if the letters of the defendant that had appeared in evidence and the general course of his conduct toward the female plaintiff had been such as to indicate a mutual engagement to marry, then they would be justified in returning a verdict in her favor.

The jury awarded substantial damages. The case was appealed to the Supreme Court where the action of the trial court was sustained.

Said the court: "When two parties of suitable age to contract, agree to pledge their faith to each other, and thus withdraw themselves from that intercourse with society which might probably lead to a similar connection with another—the affections being so far interested as to render a subsequent engagement not probable or desirable—and one of the parties wantonly and capriciously refuses to execute the contract which is thus commenced, the injury may be serious, and circumstances may often justify a claim of pecuniary indemnification * * * A mutual engagement must be proved to support this action; but it may be proved by those circumstances which usually accompany such a connection. * * *

"Where one has promised and the behavior of the other is such as to countenance the belief that an engagement has taken place, this is evidence enough of a promise by the person so conducting; and the same principle will apply to both parties. In the present case, however, the evidence on which the jury relied was of a decisive nature; for the letters of the defendant which were submitted to them, were couched in terms which admit only of the alternative, that he was bound in honor and conscience to marry the plaintiff, or that he was prosecuting a deeply-laid scheme of fraud and deception, with a view to seduction. The jury believed the former; and in so doing have vindicated his character from the greater stain; and he ought to be content with the damages which they thought it reasonable to assess for the lighter injury." The case was Wightman v. Coates, 15 Mass. 1.

Declarations of the Defendant

Statements made by the defendant to third parties, admitting the existence of an engagement to marry, are always admissible in evidence to prove the alleged promise to marry. The court is concerned with the real facts in dispute. An admission by the defendant, prior to the breach, that there was an engagement of marriage then existing is of prime importance. It is unnecessary that the language used should specify with exactness the fact of the engagement. It is sufficient if the language may be interpreted by the jury as sustaining the allegations. For Example:

Award $50,000 to "Land Her"

HELEN GOODEVE was living in Portland, Oregon, after having been absent for a time in Vancouver. She had for years been acquainted with Robert Thompson. There was no question but what they became lovers in 1911. There was an alleged engagement to marry which the woman claimed Thompson repudiated on September 30, 1911.

She brought suit against him for $50,000 damages. At the trial the chief witness in her behalf in addition to herself was a man who claimed that in the autumn of 1911 the defendant Thompson had said to him that he had been "after a girl for ten years and had finally succeeded in landing her." While Thompson did not identify the plaintiff by name he did speak of the girl as having come from Tacoma or Vancouver.

This statement being reported to the girl, she took Thompson to task for having referred to their alleged engagement in this manner. A quarrel between the parties thereupon ensued in the presence of witnesses. The man refused to marry the woman and denied ever having agreed to do so. The witness, over the defendant's objection, was permitted to testify to these facts.

The jury returned a verdict for $50,000. Upon appeal the Supreme Court declared that the testimony was properly admitted. The verdict was set aside, however, and a new trial granted because evidence was offered that one of the jurors privately met and conversed with the female plaintiff during the pendency of the trial. Whether this meeting influenced the verdict was uncertain but at any rate it was highly prejudicial to justice to have such a meeting occur. The case was Goodeve v. Thompson, 68 Ore. 411; 136 Pac. 670.

Mere Courtship Not Enough

Mere courtship, or even an intention to marry a girl, is not sufficient to constitute an engagement of marriage, even though the girl herself takes things for granted. The test is whether the defendant has wilfully or knowingly led the girl to believe that he is proposing to her and that she has accepted that proposal. Language that the ordinarily prudent woman would not construe as an offer of marriage, especially if the defendant's actions belie his words, will not constitute an engagement of marriage however willing the aforesaid lady may be. For Example:

Honorable Intentions

NELLIE YALE was in her late twenties when she met the defendant who was nearly twenty years her senior. He had recently returned to the village after an absence of many years in New York City. Miss Yale was a teacher of music and a member of the choir of the Congregational Church. The defendant had recently joined the choir.

The first occasion when the defendant accompanied the young woman home from prayer meeting was in January, 1886. For about two and a half years he frequently walked home with her from church and on such occasions often entered the house at her invitation and sat with her in the parlor until 10 or 11 o'clock.

But these visits were apparently of the most formal nature for he invariably addressed the lady as "Miss Yale." On two occasions he took her riding but was as unromantic, according to her own testimony, as though he were on parade down Fifth Avenue.

The chief occasions upon which the disappointed girl could fix as establishing a declaration of love were three: Once he had shown her two house lots in the city which he had under consideration for a site for a house and asked her opinion of the same.

On another occasion he had spoken of going to Europe sometime on a honeymoon but the girl had already declared her fear of the ocean. The third occasion resulted from some neighborhood gossip to the effect that the defendant had said that he had been going around with Miss Yale merely to amuse himself.

She had taken him to task for this alleged statement which he denied. He then stated that he admired her very much and respected her highly, that he would do anything to protect her from trouble or annoyance and that he longed to make her happy. From this time on he paid her no further attentions.

At about this time he met another girl who evidently stirred him from his apathy for within two months they were married.

Miss Yale thereupon brought suit for breach of promise of marriage. In the trial court she secured a verdict for damages but this verdict was set aside in the Court of Appeals.

Said the Court: "There must be a meeting of the minds of the contracting parties, and the evidence must be of such a character as to justify a finding that such was the case. * * * A formal offer and acceptance is not necessary, but there must be an offer and an acceptance sufficiently disclosed or expressed to fix the fact that they were to marry, as clearly as if put into formal words.

"The language used must be such as to show that the minds of the parties met. Contracts of marriage concern the highest interests of life and should be sacredly guarded. * * * Our conclusion is that the plaintiff failed to show facts from which a contract lawfully could be inferred." The case was Yale v. Curtiss, 151 N. Y. 598; 45 N. E. 1125.

Effect of Fixing Date of Wedding Beyond One Year

Eighty-third Broadcast

I HAVE called your attention several times to the fact that an engagement of marriage is an executory contract, subject to the ordinary rules of law that govern such contracts. Attention has also been called to the fact that there are two classes of engagements to marry that must be in writing, in order to be legally binding. Let us now consider in detail the reasons for the requirement of a writing.

In early days in England the common law made no distinction between oral and written contracts. It soon developed, however, that unscrupulous persons were taking undue advantage of this legal provision and, by fraud and perjury, accomplishing great injustice upon innocent people.

In matters of houses and lands, for instance, the owner might be unwilling to sell at any price. If, therefore, some scheming rascal could bring an action against him in court, falsely alleging that

the latter had orally agreed to sell the aforesaid property at a ridiculously low price and, by the aid of perjured witnesses, accomplish the other's undoing this would result in intolerable evil. The people of England therefore cried out for a change in the law.

In the reign of Charles II there was enacted the well-known "Statute of Frauds." By virtue of this statute, no person could thereafter be held liable on an agreement for the sale of lands unless the party bringing suit could produce in court a written memorandum of the agreement, signed by such person, or by his duly authorized agent.

But a contract concerning land was only one of several types of contracts in which frauds and perjuries might occur. The statute accordingly made a clean sweep of the lot.

Two of its provisions referred to marriage agreements, thus placing an effective curb upon unscrupulous females who had hitherto been more terrible than the proverbial army with banners in their operations against eligible men of wealth in England.

One of their favorite schemes was to hale a man into court for breach of promise of marriage and charge him with having made the aforesaid promise on an occasion so remote in time that he might have great difficulty in proving an alibi.

This evil the statute struck down in a general provision that no contract of any kind that, by its terms, was not to be performed within one year would be valid unless evidenced by a memorandum signed by the defendant or his agent.

Then, too, there was another evil arising solely from marriage itself. Betrothals, as we have seen in a previous broadcast, often involved the settlement upon a prospective bride of lands or goods.

If either man or woman could fraudulently claim that the other not only had agreed to marry the plaintiff but had also agreed to give to him or her lands or goods as an inducement to enter into the marriage, no unmarried person's property could be safe from such claims.

It transpired also that widows or widowers, by this means, might secure a large share of an estate after the death of the owner, thus defrauding children of their birthrights or defeating the rights of heirs in general if no children were left. The Statute of Frauds contained a provision that no contract founded upon the consideration of marriage could be enforced except upon production of a written memorandum of the agreement, signed by the party to be charged or by his lawfully authorized agent. Let us therefore examine the first of these two classes of marriage contracts that require a writing for their validity.

Marriage Not to be Performed Within One Year

In these days of high standards of living and greatly extended periods of school and college training of young people, marriage is not the simple matter that it once was. In more primitive days, if two young people fell in love and neither of them had a dollar with which to set up housekeeping there was no special reason why they might not at once marry and take up the struggle of life together.

But custom has changed all this. Lengthy engagements are nowadays quite common. If a young man meets the right girl in his Freshman year in college, for instance, a lengthy engagement must necessarily follow, especially if he is struggling to support himself while in school.

Now of course among young people of marriageable age there is much changing of viewpoint. The callow youth may be fascinated by a girl of light mentality and less substantial morals but eventually learn that his engagement is a grave mistake. Or the man himself may prove thoroughly unworthy. He may, by his attentions, ruin the matrimonial chances of his fiance and then cruelly desert her.

An action for breach of promise of marriage is therefore not an uncommon spectacle in the courts. Some such cases fail because the bride-to-be unconsciously defeated her own rights by fixing the marriage date more than one year from the day of the engagement itself. The Statute of Frauds applies to all such engagements of marriage.

Indefinite Date of Marriage

If the parties to an engagement to marry fail to fix the date of the ceremony the law has a very convenient manner of solving the problem of definiteness of terms of the executory contract—for we must remember that the terms of a contract must be definite. Well, the law comes to the rescue of romance by declaring that there is a legal presumption that the marriage will take place within a reasonable time. A reasonable time is construed to be governed by circumstances. A marriage within one month or within three years might be reasonable.

Now it might be supposed that the Statute of Frauds would apply to every engagement of marriage where there is no reasonable hope that it can be accomplished within a year. But this is not so. The statute applies only to cases where a definite date has been set more than twelve months away, or the marriage has been conditioned upon an event that cannot by possibility occur within a calendar year. That is to say, it applies only to contracts that by their express terms cannot be performed within a year. Engagements where no marriage date is set do not offend the statute, even though the engagement may extend over a period of years. For example:

Out of Sight Out of Heart

LILLIAN WOLFSBERGER became engaged to George A. MacElree, a medical student, on August 11, 1891, in the State of Pennsylvania. The engagement was oral and no definite time was set for the marriage. It was understood that the young man must first establish himself as a physician before he could make a home for the girl.

For a year they enjoyed much happy companionship together and together they solved the problem of where the young man should settle and endeavor to build up a practice. They decided that Kansas offered special opportunities for a young doctor. In June, 1892, MacElree left Pennsylvania and went to Newton, Kansas, where he opened an office for the practice of medicine.

Before leaving his fiance it was fondly agreed that at the earliest possible date consistent with his financial prospects MacElree would return and claim his bride, the marriage to occur at her home. For a time ardent love letters were exchanged between them, but soon that ardor cooled on the part of the man.

It was another unfortunate instance of the fickle lover who soon forgets the hometown sweetheart and yields to the lure of a fresh conquest. For more than a year he had been engaged to Lillian Wolfsberger but now the engagement grew irksome.

In January, 1893, the young physician wrote to the girl that he did not intend to marry her but had found another girl much more to his fancy. Shortly after this cruel letter had been sent forth Dr. MacElree married the other girl.

The deserted Lillian took legal advice and later journeyed to Kansas to testify against her false lover in a breach of promise suit.

Among other defenses set up by the man he invoked the Statute of Frauds, alleging that this was a contract not to be performed within one year. A substantial verdict was awarded to the injured girl. Upon appeal by the defendant this verdict was affirmed.

Said the court: "Although no definite time was specified within which the contract was to be performed, it is clear that when the contract was made there was no stipulation or understanding that it was not to be performed within a year. * * * If when the contract was made, it was in reality capable of full performance in good faith within a year, without violating the terms of the contract, or without the intervention of extraordinary circumstances, then it is to be considered as not within the Statute of Frauds, and a valid and binding contract."

The case was MacElree v. Wolfsberger, 59 Kan. 105; 52 Pac. 69.

Renewal of Promise

There is one feature of a marriage agreement that in the nature of things renders it different from other types of contracts. The engaged couple quite naturally regard marriage as a shining goal to be attained.

It is human nature to discuss it longingly, perhaps to count the months or days that must intervene. They require frequent assurances that William still loves his Matilda and intends to marry her even if the heavens fall. Seizing upon this characteristic of lovers, the courts, who are after all quite human and look indulgently upon romance, have a way of construing each fresh assurance of this nature as a new contract of engagement, thus defeating the operation of the Statute of Frauds. For example:

MARY PARRISH was a widow who had a young daughter who proved to be a very valuable witness for her in a breach of promise suit. It appeared that a brother of the late Mr. Parrish called frequently at the widow's home. In fact it was soon noised about the neighborhood that when the widow married again there would be no change of surname.

These rumors began as early as 1899 but the couple did not become engaged until February, 1901. For some reason the marriage date was set for March, 1902. Quite evidently the ardor of the lover cooled somewhat and on June 14, 1901, while Mr. Parrish was sitting in his buggy with the widow and her young daughter, a very important conversation took place.

In the breach of promise suit brought by the woman the daughter was the star witness.

Her version of the conversation was as follows:

"Mamma says, 'Do you intend to marry me as you promised, or are you making a fool of me?' He says, 'I intend to marry you as I promised. In March we will go

on the farm and live right. I will either buy or build.'"

The case turned upon this evidence, for the defendant set up the Statute of Frauds which would have been a complete defense to the original engagement of February, 1901, since by its terms the marriage was not to occur within one year.

But the court declared that the conversation of June 14, 1901, constituted a new agreement that was to be performed within one year. "It is true," said the court, "that a mere rehearsal of the terms of a previous contract will not constitute a new promise. * * * But in view of the situation of the parties and all the circumstances surrounding them, as disclosed by the evidence, including the attitude of the defendant toward another woman whom he married in September, 1901, the jury was warranted in finding that the statement of the defendant, 'in March we will go on the farm and live right,' constituted a distinct, express, independent and present promise, without relation to any previous contract."

The case was Parrish v. Parrish, 67 Kans. 323; 72 Pac. 844.

Matt Thompkins

(Continued from page 39)

Brown did not enter theatrical work until after the war, and then through a repertory company in Seattle. From that beginning he worked into traveling stock, and finally into New York where he starved most of the time. While struggling in New York in the early days he did all types of menial work to keep going between engagements. He scrubbed floors, washed dishes, and did all sorts of janitorial work. One day he was offered a part in a show at $100 a week, a very nice sum. The next day as he started to the rehearsal he suffered a hemorrhage of the lungs. Just a pleasant reminder of the fact that he had been gassed during the war. His total wealth consisting of two nickels, he used one of them to call the theatre manager. He wanted to avoid any sympathetic demonstrations, so he explained that he had reconsidered, that he could not possibly take the part for so small a sum as $100. He then used the other coin to furnish transportation to a government hospital.

Happier days were coming, though, and after leaving the hospital Brown worked his way into a fairly comfortable position in the theatre. He started writing plays, designing sets and otherwise busying himself with the stage. He had one play published, an artistic success but a financial failure. He probably would have stopped writing then, but praise from Eugene O'Neill, Frank Shay, Harry Kemp and others kept him at it.

Later came the radio experiences and now Brown is in the position that to him is the ultimate. He can live in New York and enjoy the more sophisticated pleasures offered by theatres, museums and art galleries. And he can own a farm in upper New York state where he can milk the cow, clear out brush and wander about the countryside. This to George Frame Brown is perfection.

One of the very interesting things about Real Folks is the strict adherence to the time element. When it is five o'clock in the Eastern time zone, it is also five o'clock in Thompkins Corners. If Judge Whipple, for instance, is accustomed to taking a nap at that hour only an unusual event will bring him before the microphone. If it's winter in the rest of the country, it is also winter in Thompkins Corners. That is just an example of how true to life is the sketch.

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Marcella

(Continued from page 53)

ALTHOUGH George Hurley, I had neither a pair of scales with me nor a measuring tape when I went up to the Ritz Towers to see Mme. Tetrazini, I should say the famous singer is about five feet high. She just beams with child-like simplicity and good nature which just goes to prove that not everyone allows fame to go up to the head.

* * *

HAL STEIN who's in the fascinating business of snapping your favorite radio stars' pictures has "went" and done it—meet the charming Mrs. Stein, formerly Marjorie Moffett.

* * *

SINGING SAM, the Barbasol Man, is Lee Frankel. He is tall and lanky but has a full, round face. There'll be a picture in R. D. of Singing Sam in one of the future issues, Bert and Harriett.

Writes Art Hantschel who still remains faithful to Marcella and Toddles although we have been too busy to answer letters asking for personal replies: "Not my turn to write yet, as I've no toothache since my last gospel to you, so why not, and what else? Do them doves lay aigs? Pigeons! Oh, well, it's the same thing! Do these pigeons you and Toddy Marcel' about in Radio Digest really lay aigs? I'm hankerin' to start a Homin' Pigeon club here, and no pedigree could be better than 'founded by Radio Digest' could be!" Well, dear Art, there ain't no tellin'. Maybe they do and maybe they don't. But every time I look up from my snowed-under desk all I see them do is eat and eat and eat. But even with their prodigious appetites, and even if they don't lay golden aigs, Art, me darlin', they're worth havin' around, when your heart is low, and your haid is bent down.

* * *

YES ma'm, Bing Crosby *is* married, Peg Russell—and to Dixie Lee, movie actress.

* * *

MARCELLA hears all, tells all. Write her a letter, ask her any of the burning questions that are bothering your mind.

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Old Man Sunshine

(Continued from page 28)

"The Pal of the Air."

WLW was looking for someone to handle a children's program. "How about Ford Rush?" said someone, and within the week, once more, (and this time we hope for good) Ford Rush alias Old Man Sunshine, is back in front of the WLW microphones, bigger, better and happier than ever!

FORD is married. His wife is very charming, and (speaking from experience) a perfect hostess. Perhaps one of the reasons Ford is such a hit with the children, is little Ford, Jr., who idolizes his father, and is one of his most ardent radio fans. Ford, Jr., is being taught the ukulele, banjo and Spanish Guitar, but his present preference is a bicycle, his first.

Ford, Sr., is six feet tall, weights 190 pounds and is thirty-eight years old. Were we writing for a movie magazine, we'd say he was handsome, and quite capable of making girl's hearts do "nip-ups" with an occasional "off-to-Buffalo" thrown in for good measure. His eyes are greyish-blue, and his hair is black, with here and there a slight tinge of grey.

He has two passions. The Spanish Guitar, and Golf. Plays a splendid game of golf too! In the upper 70's, and is always accepting invitations from the mothers and fathers of his children admirers, to play a round or two. He never refuses.

Song-writing is another of his many accomplishments. He has such hits to his credit as "Arizona Moon" "Try and Remember Me" and a very current number, which is rapidly becoming a "hit"—"Lost!"

Children who listen to Old Man Sunshine for the first time, are instilled with a great desire to hear him again and again. Perhaps one of the greatest reasons for this is that he never regales his audience with an over-abundance of commercial talk for his sponsors. True enough, his sponsors are more than satisfied with the results they are obtaining. When Ford Rush has a "Wheatena" Breakfast Food night, he tells the children facts. He explains to them, in their own language, why a breakfast food of the type of Wheatena is good for them, and will make them healthier and happier.

When the Waterman Fountain Pen Co., started sponsoring Old Man Sunshine, Ford Rush created a character named "Red." Red likes to write letters, and Ford reads them quite often to the children. The result is that thousands of children, who want to be a boy like "Red" and write letters to Old Man Sunshine with a Fountain Pen, are asking their parents to buy them a Waterman.

Now let us look at the older side of Old Man Sunshine's listeners. Let's see what effect he has on Mother and Dad, or a romantic young girl.

"Dear Old Man Sunshine," writes one of his fans. "I feel I must write you to tell how much your program has done for me. I am a widow, two children age eleven and three, a boy and baby girl, who are everything to me. They always had about everything children could have while their daddy was living, but it is so hard for me to give them what they really need, I was so despondent last Wednesday, that I was about ready to end everything. No work for so long and wondering where our next meal was coming from. I was sitting in our dining room crying, and my boy "Dick" said "Mother don't cry, I'll soon be big so I can help." Then he said, "Let's turn the radio on because 'Old Man Sunshine' is on." So he did. I don't know whether you will understand this letter, but you certainly turned the world around for me. You have such a lovely, sweet, soothing voice, and when you sang the "Prayer" I really thanked God that I listened in on your program. Old Man Sunshine, I hope it is alright for me to write to you like this, for they say confession is good for the soul. Anyway I felt better. May you keep on spreading Sunshine to everybody, Sincerely yours, 'Mother Sue.'"

This letter is one of Old Man Sunshine's most prized possessions, and it was with much difficulty that I was allowed to take it for copying. That's just one side of the older folks.

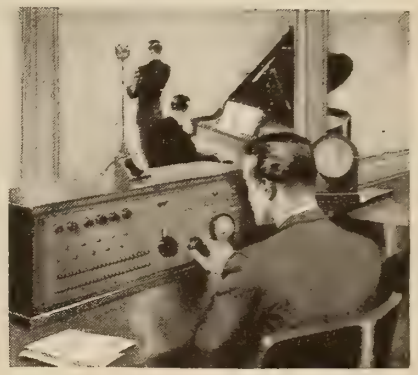
Down in West Virginia, a group of young girls were asked to decide as to their choice of Male Radio Singers. Of course everyone thought Morton Downey, Bing Crosby, Russ Columbo or some such would carry off all honors. When the decision was handed to the Radio Editor conducting the contest, he was non-plussed, as only Radio Editors can be non-plussed.

Their decision for the best male Radio Singer was FORD RUSH! Not the Ford Rush who sings romantic songs, and croons so softly that even the microphone starts to swoon, but the Ford Rush who sings songs to children in such a fashion that even young ladies whose paramount thought is romance, acclaim him their first choice!

Ford also has five letters, written over a period of several years, in which the writers explain they were childless, but after listening to his program for some time . . . well . . . they went out and did a bit of adopting . . . or sumpin'.

It is wrong to call Ford Rush a Radio Entertainer, for Radio Entertainers can most always be duplicated. There is no substitute for Ford Rush . . . He is a real OLD MAN SUNSHINE!

WHAT YOU NEED TO SUCCEED IN RADIO



RADIO is a highly specialized business. As it develops it is becoming more exacting in its demands. But radio is the modern field of opportunity for those who keep step with its progress and pioneer in its opportunities!

There is a great demand for *trained* men in the radio industry. There is no place for *untrained* men. Experience must be accompanied by technical knowledge.

A pioneer in radio instruction, the International Correspondence Schools have kept pace with the times and offer courses prepared by authorities, which give practical instruction in fundamentals and latest developments alike. The courses were prepared and are constantly revised by the Who's Who of Radio!

Composed of 24 basic divisions, the Complete Radio Course is designed to give thorough instruction in the whole field of radio. The I. C. S. Radio Servicing Course was prepared specially for men who wish to become service experts. Study of it makes possible leadership over competition. The I. C. S. Radio Operating Course is vital to mastery of operating and transmitting.

We will be pleased to send you details of any or all of these subjects. Just mark and mail the coupon—the information will be forwarded without delay. Why not do it today—*now!*

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
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Without cost or obligation, please tell me all about the NEW RADIO COURSE

Name _____ *Age* _____

Street Address _____

City _____ *State* _____

If you reside in Canada, send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Ltd., Montreal, Canada

Microphobia

(Continued from page 35)

self all alone. He waited there all the afternoon to see John Royal and he never knew that the man he wanted to see was the man he had spoken to at the secretary's desk.

It is not to be inferred from all this that the broadcasting stations are not interested in new talent. They are. That is why they maintain a department for auditions. In fact audition trials are almost imperative, no matter how great the reputation of the artist may be. In some instances it may happen that the real artist may have to take as many as three or more auditions before giving a satisfactory demonstration.

Eddie Cantor, now regarded as one of the most popular radio stars on the air, proved a disappointment to himself and his friends with his first broadcasts. But he applied himself to a study of microphone technique and now all of his charming personality "gets over" to all classes of listeners.

Ralph Kirbery auditioned three times before gaining a place on the networks where he is now famous as the Dream Singer.

Betty Council, radio mistress of ceremonies, won her opportunity by her embellished stories of an extensive radio experience. She gained a dramatic audition and made good.

James Melton, one of radio's most distinguished tenors, went to extreme measures to win his first hearing. He sought an audition before S. L. Rothafel at the Roxy Theatre. "But Roxy is out of town and no one else can help you," he was told. Melton refused to go or to be dismayed. He opened up all stops with his marvelous voice. His song poured through the halls and corridors in amazing volume. People came out of their offices. They formed an admiring circle around him. And soon Roxy himself was there. Of course he was signed up and thereupon began his radio career.

Peter Dixon, author of Raising Junior, a daily sketch, found his way to the air through the press relations department of the NBC. His wife, Aline Berry, had formerly been an actress and was ambitious to continue with her career. Peter had an idea. Now the whole Dixon family is on the air, at least so far as the skit is concerned.

H. Warden "Hack" Wilson, radio's premier mimic, found his way to the air through the NBC engineering department.

But side door entrances are not always successful even though they may prove useful for special advantage.

One aspirant paid a hotel elevator operator fifty cents for a lesson in elevator manipulation. Then he applied for and got a job in that capacity with NBC. He watched for his chance and several months later gained a place before the microphone.

Tricks rarely work, but nevertheless there are many stock schemes which are so obvious that they seem incredible. One favorite stunt is to appeal to the executive's sentimental side.

"My old mother in Denver is dying," the hopeful will plead. "She so wanted to hear my voice on the air before she passed away. Can't you let me sing on a program that is carried over the network to Denver?" It would be a great stunt if it were not pulled so often. Incidentally, such special broadcasts have been performed in some legitimate cases.

Another trick is even more naive. The singer will have his friends write letters to the studio praising his voice. When he thinks the iron is hot he strikes by applying in person for work. This device is a sure-fire miss and only prejudices the very human officials.

The would-be radio stars who "know somebody higher up" bring more sorrow to the studio managers than any others. These usually are persons of the blustering type who demand special privileges and are unwilling to proceed through the audition channels which have been set up after years of study and experimentation. First these persons demand, then threaten. This method naturally reacts to the detriment of the applicant, it is as old as the human race and it is one of the most ineffective of all tricks, but it is more frequently tried than any other. Most of its advocates belong to that great class of persons who believe the stories of overnight fame and are either too lazy or too dishonest to work up the ladder.

Mountain Boy Banker

(Continued from page 19)

Chamber of Commerce in Washington, D. C. Here, boldly and bravely, he told the great industrial and financial leaders of the world that the present depression was due almost solely to lack of business leadership; that back in 1927, it was clear that unless expansion and *speculation* were stopped, there could be but one end—disaster. But so great, he argued, was the greed for profits that the men who could have called a halt to this orgy of speculation, this crap game in stock gambling that they let their own greed destroy their leadership. In these days it takes courage to tilt your lone lance in the interests of common man and common decency against greed and stupidity.

And I'm wondering if the character and integrity and common sense that this man drew from those backwood Kentucky hills of his, and from that humble but fine and deep-rooted home, hasn't been more valuable than all the garnishments of formal education and formal knowledge could possibly have been. You can't teach courage and character in schools and colleges; they are born in homes and fields and streams and woods. Without these two virtues, Melvin Traylor might have become somewhat of a figure in the banking world, but he would never have been the leader of a new conception of the duties and obligations of our great business and financial men.

His is an American story—of American opportunity—and of American character and courage.

Vincent Lopez

(Continued from page 9)

sorry when fire destroyed the place in 1927.

The happiest of all my memories is the signing of the contract with the St. Regis. The hotel is very much like home to me. I find my work a thrill every night. I love crowds, if they are gay, and happy, and if there are real people in them. It is like a beautiful dream to stand on the rostrum in the Seaglade and see beautiful women and stalwart men drifting by, while colored shadows play on them during a dreamy waltz.

I love to watch them—to see them smile. To see lovers whispering as they glide along in the endless circle. It is good to know that the music I am affording is inspiring them to romance.

I often wonder what stories there are back of these embraces; what could be written of the history of each couple drawn together by the magic of melody. Some of the faces impress me deeply. I remember one face in particular which reappeared in the happy throng night after night, not so many months ago. I'd have known her even if she hadn't played the madcap; if she hadn't, in a moment of exuberance, flung off a white satin slipper, to demand that I autograph it.

In her face was written an intelligence far beyond her years. She could not have been more than 20. There was sorrow in the eyes, and her smile I could see was fixed. She fascinated me. I sensed a tragedy.

I was right.

I saw her photograph reproduced in the newspapers a few weeks after I had missed her from the dance floor.

She was Starr Faithfull.

They had found her body at Long Beach.

That is one of my unhappy memories.

Most of them, however, are pleasant. What will future memories be like?

If we make them today, they'll repay us tomorrow!

WHAT PRICE SUCCESS IN RADIO?

. . . the answer lies in correct training . . . the type you get at RCA Institutes. It is America's oldest radio school. Special new course on broadcasting and microphone technique just announced.

NO other career offers you the interesting life that radio does. Think of it! Each branch is different . . . broadcast station or studio operation, aviation radio, the new possibilities in television, servicing of home entertainment equipment, disc and film recording, talking pictures . . .

Wouldn't *you* like to enter radio? Today it is difficult unless you have the correct training. This advertisement offers you the chance to get this training. All you need to do is clip and mail the coupon below . . . and in a few days you will have full details about RCA Institutes courses.

RCA Institutes is America's oldest radio school . . . founded 22 years ago . . . and thousands of graduates can testify to the worthwhile training they received. It is associated with the largest, most complete research laboratory in the radio industry. What more need you know?

You have your choice of two ways to learn. There are four big *resident* schools—New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Boston—with new classes starting about every six weeks. Both day and evening classes. Or—you may study at home in your spare time through RCA Institutes *Extension* Courses. Special home laboratory equipment is available for many courses.



A portion of our broadcast studio control equipment



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All the resident schools have modern equipment, experienced teachers for capable instruction in every branch of practical radio—both elementary and advanced. There are free scholarships available for outstanding graduates of both resident and extension courses. Tuition rates are modest.

Write for general catalog and full details on any particular phase of radio in which you are interested. Use the coupon.

NEWS! A NEW BROADCASTING COURSE!

AT last you can learn broadcasting from the men who have been associated with it from the first . . . modern broadcasting as it has never been taught before!

RCA Institutes announces a new course on the technique of the microphone . . . the servicing of equipment . . . all phases of broadcast operation. And the entire course was prepared in cooperation with engineers of NBC and CBS! There is also a special coach for positioning, and the use of vocal chords before the microphone.

Check the box in the coupon below marked *"Microphone Technique"* for complete details on this new course. The classes are filling rapidly—so do not delay! Send in your coupon at once.

NOTE:—*At present this course is offered only at the New York school.*

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RCA INSTITUTES, INC.
Dept. RS-3, 75 Varick Street, New York

Please send me your General Catalog. I am checking below the phase of radio in which I am interested.

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- ☐ Broadcast Station or Studio
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*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*Occupation*_____ *Age*_____

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The Friendly Station of Cleveland

WGAR, a new Station for Cleveland, less than a year old, has won the immediate favor of listeners throughout the greater Cleveland area. Mainly because it brought to them for the first time, regular reliable reception of Amos 'n Andy, and other popular blue network features.

Two of the three large department stores of Cleveland use WGAR regularly to reach Cleveland's buying public. Inside their 35 mile primary area are 1,028,250 radio listeners.

WGAR reaches this lucrative market at less cost per person than any other medium

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STATLER HOTEL

TRANSMITTER
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WGAR BROADCASTING COMPANY

CLEVELAND

G. A. RICHARDS
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Vice-Pres. and Gen. Mgr.

THE CUNEO PRESS, INC., CHICAGO

Radio Digest

April 25 *Cents*



Gladys Brittain CBS

Romantic Rise of a New Star

George Olsen • Letters to the Colonel and Budd • Irvin Cobb

Heroes in Overalls!

WLS

CHICAGO

It's seven o'clock and all is well
By the clock upon the wall
Good morning folks—how do you do;
We're the Boys in Overalls!



The Lee Overall Boys



William Vickland, Reader

That's the way the Lee Overall Boys greet listeners every Saturday morning at 7 o'clock from WLS, Chicago, for the H. D. Lee Company, makers of Lee Overalls. They are assisted by Ralph Waldo Emerson, organist; and John Brown, pianist; who add sparkle to the programs with their brilliant organ-piano duets.

The feature of the program is a tribute to the unknown thousands of heroes in overalls—men who carry the job through. Each week, William Vickland, reader, dramatizes a true story of a man in overalls who has stepped from his role among the workers who carry on while dreamers dream and plan, to the pinnacle of honor in some heroic act toward his fellowmen.

This program is sponsored by the H. D. Lee Company, the world's largest manufacturers of work clothing. For years Lee Overalls, Lee Jackets, Lee Work Shirts, and other Lee work and play clothing, have lead the world in overall value. Lee invites you to listen to this program and hear these interesting tributes to men in overalls, incidents which are sent in by their interested listeners.



John Brown and Ralph Waldo Emerson

WLS

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ALL ACTUAL, PRACTICAL WORK. You build radio sets, install and service them. You actually **operate** great Broadcasting equipment. You construct Television Receiving Sets and **actually transmit your own Television programs over our modern Television equipment.** You work on **real** Talking Picture machines and Sound equipment. You learn Wireless Operating on actual Code Practice apparatus. We don't waste time on useless theory. We give you the **practical training** you'll need—**in 10 short, pleasant weeks.**

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Dear Mr. Lewis:—Send me your Big Free Radio Book, and all details of your Special Offer.

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APR -8 1932

THE NATIONAL BROADCAST AUTHORITY

Harold P. Brown, Managing Editor

Henry J. Wright, Advisory Editor

Radio Digest

Printed in U. S. A.

Charles R. Tighe, Associate Editor

Nellie Revell, Associate Editor

Including RADIO REVUE and RADIO BROADCAST

Raymond Bill, Editor



THEY call her little Organ Annie—she's only four feet eleven and is one of the best organists on the air—member of the House of CBS. Ann Leaf, of course. Heard her yet on Wednesdays at 3:15?



MEET Miss Ruth Matteson, drafted not long ago from the legitimate stage to join the members of the NBC National Players on the Pacific Coast. Can't tell from this picture whether she is twelve or twenty. Just guess. Maybe she's even twenty-one!

April, 1932

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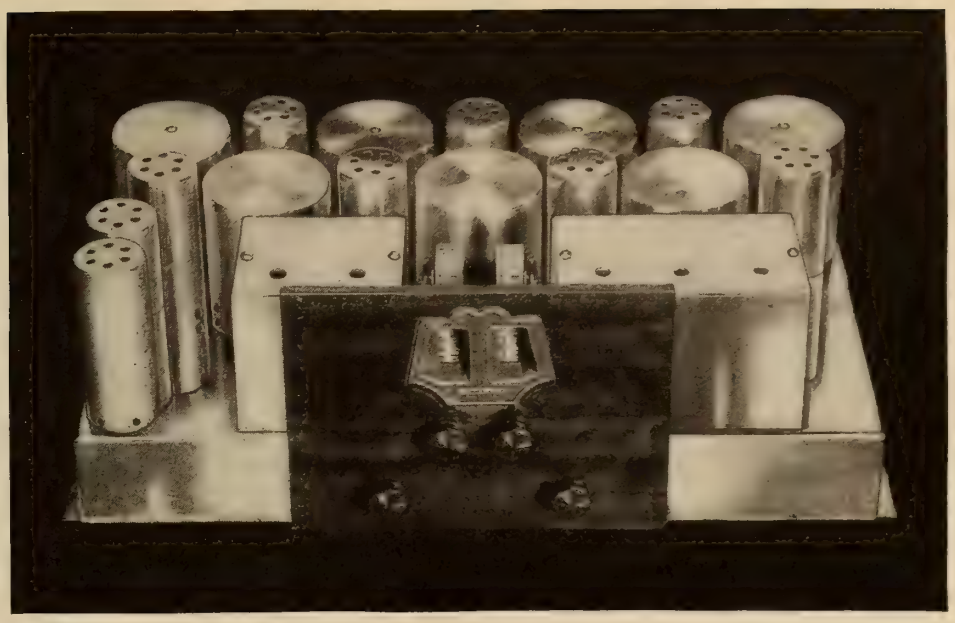
BARBARA MAUREL shuns sensational publicity and of course is always sure to get it—made of whole cloth to be sure. One of Columbia's contraltos—alive with personality but apt to be retiring. Also televises via W2XAB



SHE is only 20—is Mary Ellen Daniels—but she has achieved state-wide popularity as a "blues" singer. And the "blueing" comes to you almost every afternoon over WCFL Chicago. Mary, by the way, hails from Kansas City, Mo.

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The ONLY RECEIVER *that dares to promise daily* 'round the world Performance



From all over the world come letters like these

Excellent Program From Germany

"I have received with ample volume Rome, Italy; FYA, France, its three wave lengths; G5SW, England; ZEESEN, Germany; and half a dozen HK's from South America, not forgetting VK2ME, Australia. I was particularly pleased with the excellent reception from Zeesen, Germany."
F. S., New York City, N. Y.

Wished He Knew a Dozen Languages

"If I knew a dozen different languages I could have put them all to good use today. At 10:30 A. M. today I tuned in a French station and stuck with it until 11:00 A. M. when they quit after playing a phonograph record entitled 'Marseilles.' I received two Spanish stations I could not identify. Another station that sounded very much like Chinese, also went by the board. I was well repaid for my patience when I tuned in 12RO, Rome. Here was real reception—volume great enough to fill an auditorium, clear as a bell, no fading and no static at all. I held this station from 1:30 to 3:50 and heard every word uttered although I did not understand much of the language. Their signal was coming in very strong until 5:30 P. M." S. M., McKeesport, Pa.

Indo-China Every Morning

"I get F31CD, Indo-China, every morning from six to eight our time and enjoy their program very much as it is very clear. Can also tune in stations in South America nightly."
F. L. F., Boise, Idaho

Italy and France All Week

"I have picked up these two stations all last week—12RO, Rome, Italy; FYA, Paris, France, from 2:30 P. M. until 5:00 P. M. with tremendous volume. I was able to listen to a program from England from 3:00 to 4:30 P. M. Sure was good reception. I can also get Spanish and South American stations." A. M., Louisville, Ky.

HEAR
Radio Transmission from

1. Foreign Broadcast Stations
2. Airplanes in flight
3. Amateur phones
4. Transatlantic phones
5. Ships at sea
6. Police departments
7. Code stations all over world
8. Domestic Stations

Out of the maze of radio claims and counter-claims—one FACT is outstanding. *The Scott All-Wave not only claims ability to tune in stations clear 'round the world,* but presents *undeniable proof of its world-wide prowess.* Then it crowns *proof of range* with proof of *regularity*—thereby establishing the Scott All-Wave as a 15-550 meter receiver you can *depend* upon to bring the whole world to your ears whenever you choose.

Here's the proof: During the last 8 months every bi-weekly broadcast (excepting three) put on the air by VK3ME, Melbourne, Australia—9,560 miles from Chicago—has been received here, recorded on disc and verified. You can hear these recordings at the Scott laboratories any time you wish. You can also hear records made of reception from Japan, France, Germany, England, and South America; reception picked up by a Scott All-Wave right here in Chicago. In other words, you can have ACTUAL PROOF of this receiver's ability *before* you buy it! And if you came here to the Scott laboratories you would see why the Scott All-Wave can promise *daily* 'round the world performance—and why all Scott All-Wave Receivers are identical in capability.

The reason, of course, is advanced design and precision work—every step of the job actually done in the laboratory and to strict laboratory standards. And every receiver actually tested on reception from London and Rome before shipping!

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The E. H. SCOTT RADIO LABORATORIES, INC.

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News, Views *and* Comment

By Robert L. Kent

CONTESTS! The air is full of them. It seems that every other evening broadcast blasts the ear with a "something for nothing" offer. The idea has been carried to an extreme that is proving detrimental to the best interests of the sponsors. Constant repetition has killed any originality that might have existed . . . although there is nothing new about a contest. Even straight advertising ballyhoo . . . no matter how insistent . . . is better than a long winded description of the rules of a contest. What is sadly needed are some new ideas in connection with radio programs designed to sell the public in a manner more agreeable. In the end the sponsor who spends his money for an expensive hook-up alienates the good will of listeners.

* * *

A FEW months ago television came in for more than its share of attention. At this writing the publicizing of the new art has died down somewhat. However, in broadcasting stations equipped for television, in laboratories spotted here and there, and in homes earnest men are at work experimenting . . . and making progress. About the latter part of May radio manufacturers from all parts of the country stage their annual showing of new models in Chicago. Dealers journey to this Radio Mecca to view the sets that will grace their stores shortly thereafter. There is a growing conviction among those "in the know" that television will come in for unusual attention this year. We hope so. It is about time some progressive and far-seeing manufacturers actually start producing combination television-allwave receivers. Until production and distribution are under way progress in television will be retarded. And while we are on the subject of radio sets . . . how old is the receiver in your home? Are you getting the full benefit from some of the remarkably fine programs now on the air? If your set is too old to give you perfect service you owe it to yourself to purchase one of the modern sets now. Prices have never been lower and the chances are that the future never will see them as low as they are right now.

* * *

THE effort on the part of certain interests to force by legislation the turning over of fifteen per cent of broadcasting time to educational interests continues strong. The question that persists in obtruding is: What will the educators do with the time if they get it? Do you want to listen to academic discussions on various dry-as-dust subjects that should be confined to classrooms? Do you? If you do not, keep your eyes on some of those misguided lambs in Washington who are being used as tools by unscrupulous individuals who are not so much concerned with the development of broadcasting as they are in filling some nice easy-work-big-pay job and cornering political power.

* * *

WHY is it that the Sunday programs on the chains are so uniformly excellent while during the week, especially in the evening hours, one jazz band follows another with monotonous regularity? Well, perhaps there is some encouragement in the obvious trend toward more and better dramatic skits and the use of outstanding artists. Broadcasters have been paying too much attention to so-called "names." The result has been a plethora of third-rate comedy and jokes that had long white whiskers when grandfather was a boy. These high priced stage comedians evidently save their best gags for the stage or else they have been much overrated.

* * *

I knew him when—

PHIL DEWEY, of the Revelers, on NBC, sold bibles for a living. Frank Ventree, leader of the Bath Club Orchestra, was supervisor of music for Paramount stage productions. . . Art Gentry, of the Four Eton Boys, was a young announcer at KMOX, St. Louis. . . . Charles Carlile, Columbia tenor, used to pound a typewriter and win medals for doing it faster than anybody else. . . Vaughn de Leath, original radio singer, sang on the radio without compensation in the pioneer days of broadcasting. . . Howard Claney, NBC announcer, was an actor.

* * *

Is that so?

JOHN WHITE, NBC's Lonesome Cowboy, first saw the light of day in Washington, D. C. He wears spats instead of spurs. He played around on an Arizona Dude ranch for a while. . . George Martin, Old Reporter on the Musical Showmen program, started his career driving a mule team in a mine; ran a general store in Colorado; graduated to side show barker; sang in a medicine show quartet; gravitated to hotel work as a night clerk, bus boy and waiter. Then he became a newspaper man . . . worked at it for a quarter century before he reformed. . . The actions of some artists while broadcasting are often amusing but usually there is a reason behind the apparently inexplicable. For example, Bing Crosby always wears a hat when he broadcasts; so does John Kelvin. They claim this produces an increased resonance that enables them to hear their own tones as they go into the microphone. . .

The Sisters of the Skillet and their announcer constitute the heaviest trio on the air at any one time. Their combined weight is just 700 pounds. . . Edwin Whitney, NBC artist, can imitate thirty voices on a single fifteen minute program. "Believe It or Not" Bob Ripley didn't so Whitney demonstrated and in addition imitated ten barn-yard animals for good measure. . . Victor Arden, who with Phil Oman, team on the piano and get more money than any other duo in their line, once was in the three dollar a week class playing in a roller skating rink in his home town of Wenona, Ill.

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To Ambitious Men and Young Men who are awake to the Opportunities in RADIO



This book tells you where the GOOD JOBS are what they PAY how to fill one

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I have started many in Radio at 2 and 3 times what they were making before

Ever so often a new business is started. Many of the men who hooked up with the automobile, motion picture, and other industries at the right time are now the $5,000, $10,000, $15,000 a year men — independent, satisfied. The same opportunities they had in those industries—the chances that made them rich, are being offered by continued new radio developments. Radio's growth has already made hundreds of men wealthy. Many more will become rich and independent in the future. Get ready for a good Radio job. I'll help you.

I Help You Specialize Through My Five New Advanced Courses

My training not only gives you a thorough knowledge of Radio—all you need to get and hold a good job—but, in addition, you may take any one of my new advanced courses, without extra charge. They are:

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"Rich Rewards in Radio" gives you an outline of these courses. Get a copy. See for yourself how valuable this new idea in Home Study Training can be to you.

Many Radio Experts Make $50 to $100 a Week

I have doubled and tripled the salaries of many men and young men by training them for Radio's good jobs. My training fits you for Radio factories, broadcasting stations, a spare time or full time business of your own, operating on board ship—which gives you world-wide travel without expense and a good salary, commercial land stations, research laboratories, and many other branches. Talking Movies, Public Address Systems, Radio in Aviation, Television, Advanced Servicing and Merchandising, and other valuable subjects are covered in my course.

Many Make Good Money in Spare Time While Learning

The day you enroll I send you instructions, which you should master quickly, for doing 28 Radio jobs common in almost every neighborhood. Throughout your course I'll show you how to do many other jobs that have made $200 to $1,000 for many N.R.I. men while learning. G. W. Page, 1606-B 5th Ave., N., Nashville, Tenn., made $935 in his spare time while taking his course. Joseph Skrivanek, 20 Telegram Ave., Elmont, L. I., N. Y., says: "My total earnings since my enrollment amount to $2,892 for spare time work in evenings."

I Will Train You at Home in Your Spare Time

Hold your present job. My 50-50 method of training, half from lesson books and half from the experimental outfits I send you without extra charge, makes learning at home easy, fascinating. It is unequalled. It gives you practical Radio experience while learning. You don't have to be a high school or college graduate. Many of my most successful graduates didn't finish the grades.

Your Money Back If Not Satisfied

That is the agreement I make with you. I am so sure that I can satisfy you that I will agree to return every penny of your money if, after completion, you are not satisfied with the Lessons and Instruction Service I give you.

ACT NOW— Find Out What Radio Offers You for Success and Bigger Pay

My book gives you the facts, what your prospects are for a job and quick promotions, how you can get started without delay, what you can make. It explains my practical method of training with my home experimental outfits, what my Lifetime Employment Service means to you, and many other features that have made N.R.I. training unequalled. There is no obligation. Simply fill out the coupon below and mail it. Do it today.



Seldom under $100 a Week

"My earnings seldom fall under $100 a week. My profits for three months were $577, $645, $465. If your course cost 4 or 5 times more I would still consider it a good investment."—E. E. Winborne, 1267 W. 48th Street, Norfolk, Va.



From $35 to $100 a Week

"I had the pleasure of earning $110 last week servicing and selling sets. I have made as high as $241 in two weeks. Before I entered Radio I was making $35 a week."—J. A. Vaughn, Grand Radio & Appliance Co., 3107 S. Grand Boulevard, St. Louis, Mo.



Broadcasting Stations use trained men continually for jobs paying up to $5,000 a year.



Aviation is using more and more trained Radio men. Operators employed through Civil Service Commission earn $1,620 to $2,800 a year.



Spare time set servicing is paying N.R.I. men $200 to $1,000 a year. Full time men make as much as $40, $50, to $100 a week.



Talking Movies—an invention made possible only by Radio—offers many fine jobs to well-trained Radio men, paying up to $200 a week.

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Dept. 2 D R 3
National Radio Institute
Washington, D. C.

Mail it NOW

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Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. Smith:—I want to take advantage of your special offer. Send me your two booklets, "The Principles of Television" and "Rich Rewards in Radio." This request does not obligate me and no salesman will call.

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Address.....

City.....*State*..... "T"

400% Increase



"My income is now about $400 per month, which is 400% increase over my income at the beginning of my enrollment with N. R. I."—J. W. Sessums, 5954 Lewis St., Dallas, Texas.

$800 in Spare Time



"Dear Mr. Smith: I did not know a single thing about Radio before I enrolled, but I have made $800 in my spare time."—Milton I. Leiby, Jr., Topton, Pa.

Special FREE Offer



For the first time this authoritative book on Television is made available to the general public. Until now only my students could have it. Act promptly, and I'll send you a copy FREE, in addition to my big free book, "Rich Rewards in Radio." This book on Television gives you the fundamental steps of Television. Get the facts about this coming field of great opportunity. Mail the coupon now.

Coming *and* Going

Observations on Events and Incidents in the World of Broadcasting

WHAT a pity that the March of Time was discontinued just at a time when it might have produced an epochal program—a dramatization of the kidnaping of and search for the Lindbergh baby! Those of us who have felt that this program represented the top notch of radio achievement were hoping almost against hope that the Dupont program, Today and Yesterday, would pick up the hour-glass and carry on. But this was a program that required the genius of the "nose for news" and the capacity to dramatize news. The new sponsors are not constituted that way. They have become great along other lines. When I asked a representative of the organization after that first program why they had not presented the dramatization of this supreme news event I was told, "We were afraid that by the time we went on the air the worst might have happened, and what we would do or say then might be considered bad taste."

* * *

NOBODY could blame the new sponsors for feeling that restraint. However, one of the most touching, most expressive dramatizations ever presented on the March of Time program to my notion was the story of the fatal trip of the motor coach that stalled in the snow in Colorado last year. You will remember the children's voices, and farewell of the heroic driver as he left his little charges in a practically hopeless effort to get help. No listener ever criticized this broadcast unfavorably. It touched every heart. It awakened a new faith in all humanity, that such courage and heroism should manifest itself even in a rural school bus full of freezing children. In the Lindbergh case the Columbia System had established its short wave station right at the scene of the kidnaping and could have connected directly with instant details of this great mystery drama of the hour. The story of how a nation responded to the distress of this outraged family could have been broadcast as a radio epic.

* * *

YOU will notice in this issue of Radio Digest that we are trying out a new way of presenting information about the programs. Chain station listings, which require a great deal of repetition, have been left out because it is assumed that practically every listener knows the most convenient station over which he may hear either of the continental chain programs. By simple mention of the network and time the listener will know from experience where to set his dial. Paragraph comment may prove more interesting.

* * *

IT IS hazardous for us to attempt to present news because we must close our forms a month before you see the magazine on the stands. But one of the interesting rumors of the moment as this is written is that Florenz Ziegfeld, the Great Follies fellow, is going to produce a series of programs for the Chrysler Motor Car company to be called the Chrysler Follies. It is to be on the Columbia System and will cost Mr. Chrysler $5,000 per broadcast for talent alone. Alas, and now we find there *are* some more corners for television! It is possible some of the beauties may be seen in the New York area over W2XAB of the CBS. The regular program waits a favorable evening spot, perhaps by the time you read this.

IT SEEMS as though half the members of Congress are sitting up nights to think up new bills to be introduced to regulate radio. Thirty bills are now pending in Senate and House. The Senators seem to be getting the most ideas as they have introduced 19 of the 30 bills.

* * *

WHAT is this thing that makes so many of us chronic fault finders? It is almost like a disease. A very respectable gentleman of my acquaintance recently took occasion to vent all his pent up rage about things he didn't like about radio on me. It seemed he abominated practically everything on the air with a possible exception of one of the morning programs. I tried to remind him of some of the great artists and really very fine things that we hear every day. But he was obdurate. Everything I mentioned was "simply terrible". It was hopeless. There is no use arguing with this kind of individual. Such persons seem rather to enjoy being miserable. In expressing their contempt and disapproval of some great enterprise that has taken a vast amount of brain power and intelligent construction they doubtless set up in their own minds some sort of compensation for something they lack. By affecting an air of carping criticism they try to convince first themselves, and then others, that they possess some superior perception quite beyond the understanding of the common herd. And in the end they defeat their own purpose by making themselves appear not only obtuse but ridiculous.

* * *

"WHAT do you suppose is back of the refusal of the Federal Radio Commission to allow the I. T. & T. a measely little five watt station for television experiments?" asked a caller the other day.

"Something new in a television set-up?" he was asked.

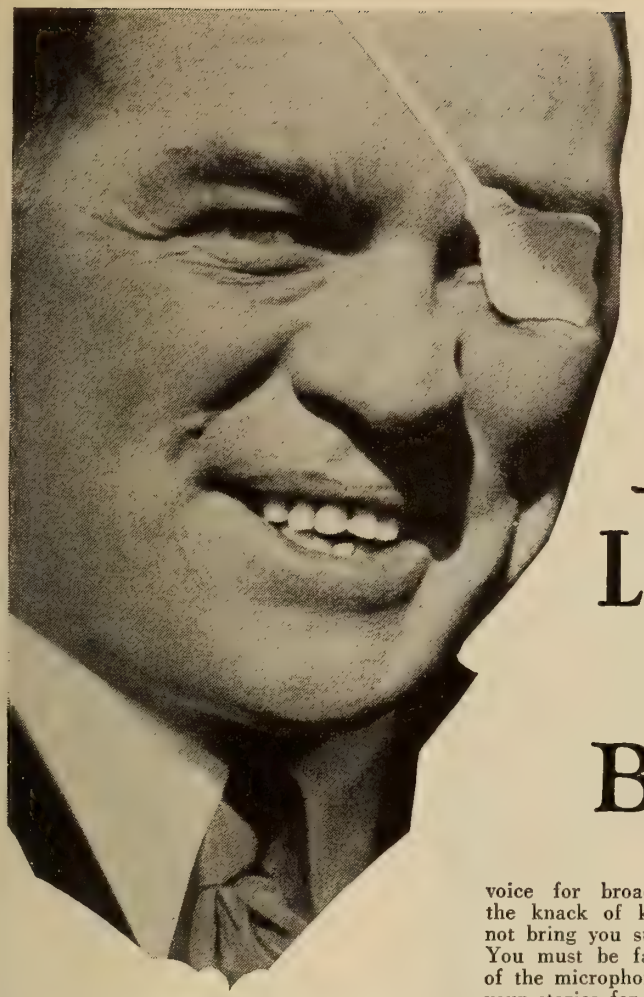
"A Frenchman by the name of Clavier has been doing some startling things in television working on a wave about one foot long. He is employed by the International Telephone and Telegraph Company, only rival here for international communications of the R.C.A. They brought M. Clavier over here and asked for this tiny bit of airway, and the Commission turned them down. There are a few shares of I. T. & T. stock owned in Spain and England. But 6,000,000 of the 6,642,508 shares are owned in the United States. The commission has now asked the Court of Appeals to rule on whether the I. T. & T. is entitled to have any wave channels at all, because some of its stock is owned abroad and four of the 23 directors live in foreign countries."

"What an alarming situation that presents! Is our war with Spain over yet?"

"No, but do you suppose the R. C. A. is back of it?"

"Heavens no! Why if the I. T. & T. had to give up its waves the poor old R.C.A. would have to carry on all the international work itself. And just consider what all that would mean with all this trans-oceanic broadcasting going on now. That, added to the worries of the new television plans, putting in extra wire lines to carry it, the new sets and all that. How can they ever take care of it all without help from their good friends the Postal Telegraph people!"

—H. P. B.



HELLO, EVERYBODY

If you possess natural talent, you can be trained to enter Broadcasting as an:

Announcer	**Program Manager**	**Musician**
Singer	**Sales Manager**	**Reader**
Actor	**Advertising**	**Writer**
Musical Director	**Publicity**	**Director**

or any other field of Broadcasting

Excellent positions in Broadcasting are open to talented men and women after they have mastered the technique of radio presentation. Read below how you can prepare yourself for a big paying job in Broadcasting.

Let FLOYD GIBBONS train *you* for a Broadcasting career

HAVE *you* an idea for a radio program? Can *you* describe things? Have *you* a Radio voice? Are *you* musically inclined? Have *you* the ability to write humor, dramatic sketches, playlets, advertising? Can *you* sell? If you can do any of these things—*Broadcasting needs you!*

Last year alone, more than $31,000,000 was expended for talent before the microphone to entertain and educate the American people. The estimated number of announcers, speakers, musicians, actors, etc., who perform yearly at the 600 or more American Broadcasting Stations is well over 300,000 persons.

The Fastest Growing Medium in the World

The biggest advertisers in the country recognize the business strength of Broadcasting. They rely on it more and more for publicity, promotion and sales work. They are seeking new ideas, new talent every day.

If you are good at thinking up ideas; if your voice shows promise for announcing or singing; if you can play an instrument; if you can sell or write; if you possess hidden talents that could be turned to profitable broadcasting purposes, you can qualify for a job inside or outside of the Studio. Let Floyd Gibbons show you how to capitalize your hidden talents!

No matter how much latent ability you possess—it is useless in Radio unless you know the technique of Broadcasting. Unless you know how to get a try-out. How to confront the microphone. How to lend color, personality, sincerity and clearness to your voice.

Merely the ability to sing is not sufficient. It must be coupled with the art of knowing how to get the most out of your voice for broadcasting purposes. Merely the knack of knowing how to write will not bring you success as a radio dramatist. You must be familiar with the limitations of the microphone, and know how to adapt your stories for effective radio presentation. It is not enough to have a good voice, to be able to describe things, to know how to sell. Broadcasting presents very definite problems, and any talent, no matter how great, must be adapted to fit the special requirements for successful broadcasting.

The Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting shows you how to solve every radio problem from the standpoint of the broadcaster. Floyd Gibbons, one of America's foremost broadcasters, has developed a unique method for training men and women at home for this fascinating work. This home-study course offers you a complete training in every phase of actual broadcasting. Now you can profit by Floyd Gibbons' years of experience in Radio. You can develop your talents right at home in your spare time under his guidance, and acquire the technique that makes Radio stars. Out of obscure places are coming the future Amos and Andys, Graham MacNamees, Rudy Vallees, Olive Palmers and Floyd Gibbonses whose yearly earnings will be enormous.

Unlimited Opportunities for Men and Women

Men are needed to do special broadcasting of all kinds: Descriptive broadcasting of political events, banquets, football games, boxing, wrestling, baseball and hundreds of other occasions of a similar nature.

Women, too, have found Broadcasting a profitable new field of endeavor. Broadcasting Stations are always interested in a woman who can present a well prepared program devoted to domestic science, interior decorating, etiquette, child welfare, styles, beauty and home making.

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A few of the subjects covered are: Microphone Technique, How to Control the Voice and Make It Expressive, How to Train a Singing Voice for Broadcasting, the Knack of Describing, How to Write Radio Plays, Radio Dialogue, Dramatic Broadcasts, Making the Audience Laugh, How to Arrange Daily Programs, Money Making Opportunities Inside and Outside the Studio, and dozens of other subjects.

Booklet Sent Free

An interesting booklet entitled "How to Find Your Place in Broadcasting," tells you the whole fascinating story of the Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting and describes fully the training offered in our Home Study Course. Here is your chance to enter a life-long profession—to fill an important role in one of the most glamorous, powerful industries in the world. Send for "How to Find Your Place in Broadcasting" today. See for yourself how complete and practical the Floyd Gibbons Course in Broadcasting is. Act now—send coupon below today. Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting, Dept. 2D61, U. S. Savings Bank Building, 2000 14th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

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Without obligation send me your free booklet, "How to Find Your Place in Broadcasting," and full particulars of your home study course.

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Leo Reisman

JAZZ and Highbrow compositions are both brothers under the din, according to Leo Reisman. The frivolous syncopated young scamp known as Jazz comes from the same family as the classics and there's no use trying to disown him. He's what he is and that's that, like him or not as suits your fancy. Mr. Reisman is better known for the more respectable compositions but he understands the blood relationship of the opposed styles of music and that may be the reason why his interpretations receive sympathetic appreciation from all types of music lovers.

"Classics" and "Jazz" are Brothers Says

LEO REISMAN

NBC Maestro is Amused at "Pretenders" Who Scorn in Ignorance of What Constitutes True Rhythmic Art

By Leo Reisman

as told to

Carl M. Baumhart

SO MANY people throw up their hands and deprecate with horror the very mention of jazz, as it is called! It makes me smile. They are narrow in their understanding for the truth of the matter is, the so-called jazz tunes and the finest classical compositions are so closely akin, musically, that they may be likened to brothers of the same family.

Jazz is the vigorous, active small brother, mischievous, irrepressible. He is running over with impish tricks—some people call it devilishness—and upsets the dignity and calm of the family reserve. Jazz is the devil-may-care young hot-blood, sometimes furious but always fairly bursting with vigor, vim and vitality.

Classical music, on the other hand, is the thoughtful older brother; alive to beauty, contemplative and often philosophical during his best moods. Perhaps he is possessed of a more inspiring quality because he touches the heights of emotion and really expresses the longing of the soul for better things.

Both brothers occupy important places in their musical family. The younger brother, Jazz, is not the family "black sheep" that some would consider him. Neither is the elder brother an angel supposedly not invited to the same places as his brother.

I never can sympathize with the jazz enthusiast who looks on classical music as something quite outside his ken and neither do I agree with the classicist that jazz is a low, common and vulgar type of music. Either opinion is the off-shoot of a closed mind. If either knew more about what they were saying, they would know that both are music and that one derives a great deal from the other. In other words, they truly had the same father and mother.

Often I have heard people say that they do not like classical music. I say "classical" advisedly. I've often heard people who do, or pretend to, like this so-called classical music, say "I don't like jazz." If it is this repetitious rhythmic dance form that they have persuaded themselves to dislike, then I wonder if they realize that our really, so-called good music is based on rhythmic dance forms, and in main instances where the dance form has been strictly adhered to, the music has been the better for it.

I have heard some very good jazz music and some very poor classical music. I have heard people coming out of symphony concerts rave about poorly written symphonic compositions that really had nothing to offer simply because these people thought it was the thing to do to like classical music. They took it for granted that since the medium through which this music was presented was a symphony orchestra, it must be good music. I have heard these same people say, "Oh, no, I never listen to jazz. It's a waste of time."

WELL, I think that if these people had no intellectual pretensions and were as broad as they should be musically, they could assume the point of view that some of our foremost composers have expressed to me—that they do not object to jazz because it is a rhythmic form and called jazz. They object to it only when it is poorly written.

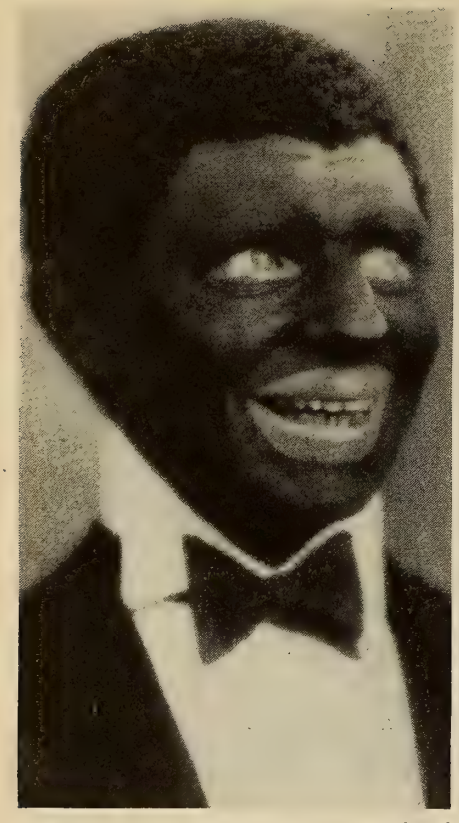
What, after all, decides whether a piece of music is really good or bad? According to the opinion of some of my friends, the general public does not appreciate art. My argument in return has been that they *always* are moved by artistic things. And the proof of any art object is in its ability to move, and the intensity and extent to which it moves the general public is the extent to which that art object is great. To me, that is the measure of its greatness.

Sometimes public reaction has been great to many things that are generally not conceded to be works of art. At the same time I feel that the reaction has been somewhat justified artistically, because in the works to which they usually respond there is some particular quality that has an artistic significance, and is probably so moving in itself that it obliterates—in the eyes of the layman—any crudities that may be associated with this particular quality. Things that are of us, closest to us, move us the most, because they are of nature and we are of nature, and as we approach this common denominator, so are sympathetic understanding, reactions and pleasure increased. And the degree to which any art object affects us is the degree of its greatness.

So, when you turn on your radio or your phonograph or listen to a concert or the orchestra in the pit of a movie house—or even myself over the air—please relax and like music for itself alone, and not because your music teacher or your musically trained friend tells you that you should not like this or that. Accept music only for what it is worth to you and its definite power to entertain you. If a simple, lovely tune of which there are many in our light music field as there are in our symphonic compositions, affects you, do not be ashamed to enjoy it and to have an opinion of your own. And if you really like the tune, say so, because after all, the melodic gift is the greatest gift. And in many instances melodic material that is in no way superior to some of our popular tunes, has been built up, through the ingenuity of a great composer, into a great symphony.

Intellectuality and technical understanding are needed only in creating. Only normal emotional capacities are needed for reaction and entertainment, since the creation of any art object is for the purpose of arousing reaction—

(Continued on page 78)



Yas suh, who am dat dere white-faced gen'leman ober dere. Seems to me like as ah knows him. Waal, if 'tain't Paul Dumont. Lawdy, how I does know him!

MISTUH

Paul Dumont, One of Radio's Topnotch Announcers Girl Reporter Says "He Sho'

By Anne

"HOWDY folks—now dat we is all assemblified heah, le's staht de minstrel show. Come on, now, we is gwine to recommence de minstrel—hey, what's dem dere eruptions back ob de rear, folks—oh, oh. Yas'm, yas'm. What kin ah do foh you all—dis cheerful, mohnin, Missy!"

Why, why, I'm a reporter, Mr. Bones. Yes for Radio Digest—the magazine—and I'd like to have an interview with you for our readers. Now, the first question I'd like to ask is, "How *do* you curl your hair. Oh, do let me run my fingers through it. Such adorable ringlets! Tell me, how do you get such delightful curls?

"Waal, da's easy. And ah is plenty surprised—yes plenty. Why, d'ye know Missy, de first interrogation what folkses axes me is "Why does a chicken cross de street? Dey should know by dis time it's so's de street car conductor kin hab chicken fricasee."

Well, now that I know how you curl your hair, may I have the honor of knowing your first name—yes, you know, your maiden name.

"Oh, sho, mam, sho. Paul—Paul Bones. Mistuh Paul Bones."

"Say, Paul—Paul-l-l. Nellie Revell wants you on the telephone. She asks when in the world you expect to see her about next Wednesday's program," calls a voice from outside the studio.

This, dear readers, is the way your interviewer was deceived. The negro dialect of Paul Bones "wuz so plenty puhfect, that it jes' 'bout bowled me over" when I discovered that beneath the smooth dark mask and kink wig was Paul Dumont, one of NBC's top-notch announcers. The wig—oh, yes—I'm making a careful study of each curl so that I can write an article for those poor souls whose hair remains unruffled even after the painful process of permanent waving.

Paul Dumont, unlike most announcers, is not tall, dark and handsome. His eyelashes are not long enough to get in the soup, and his smile doesn't sweep you off your feet and lift you up into the beautiful azure. He is married, has two grown-up children—both over twenty and his favorite pastime is automobile driving—with Mrs. Dumont.

SO THAT when Paul Dumont receives the admiration and fan mail applause from the radio listeners—it's not because he sweeps the feminine persuasion off its trim dactyls, but because he conveys his genuine ability and personality as an announcer and performer.

Broadcasting studios are flooded each day with letters asking the radio-old question, "How can I become an announcer?"

The way may be narrow but never straight. It leads into all kinds of by-ways as the lives of announcers will attest, and it would take a modern Plutarch to do justice to the biographies of these servants of the air.

But this is the way Paul Dumont became an announcer. We'll have to go back through many yesterdays—in fact over forty years of yesterdays, and we halt in the Borough of Brooklyn, where Paul was born and reared. It was in the days when steam cars chugged along elevated roads and bleary-eyed steeds pulled street cars along cobblestone pavements with rumble and noise.

The youngest of a round dozen children (six girls and six boys) he was brought up by a fond pair of parents who were both musically inclined and it was from them that he learned the rudiments of singing.

At a very tender age he made his debut before a group of the Ladies Aid Society. And when he appeared on the platform—the wee little lad, dressed in kilts and wearing a bright feather in his cap—exclamations of "Isn't he the *dear* little lamb" and "what a sweet thing" reached his ears and gave him added courage. The only disturbing feature about the performance was his outfit and especially the garish feather which ornamented his headgear. And as he sang the sentimental strains of "Take back the Heart Thou Gavest Me," he was burning up with resentment at the red feather. The little outfit was most carefully preserved in camphor balls and exhibited for many years after that occasion to special guests at the Dumont household.

It is almost impossible to believe that a gifted young musician like Paul should have pursued fist-fighting as an avocation during those early days. But there was nothing that he quite enjoyed so heartily as a good fight with the kids in the neighborhood, and the gleam and enthusiasm in Mr. Dumont's eyes as he spoke of this accomplishment, removed all doubt of his sincerity. There is still a certain swiftness and agility in his makeup now that speaks of many conquests which he must have had over Brooklyn's boy population.

IT MIGHT have been a desire to give the cat instructions in music at close range—it might have been that the piano needed a little tuning—or it even might have been just another boyish prank—but when the choirmaster opened up the piano—a feline sprang up at him. We're not of course saying that Paul Dumont was guilty of any such mischief—in case the

BONES

Caught Playing His One-Act Minstrel Show. is What Yo' Call Swell"

B. Lazar



Don't mind him, gentle readers. He's only Mr. Bones, just an old dark who thinks he's funny. Me, Mr. Bones? Well, so that cat's out of the bag, is it?

choirmaster should read this and ask any questions, but where were we—

Oh, yes, at the age of fifteen, Paul was graduated from Commercial High School where he had delved into the mysteries of stenographic hieroglyphics. As master of this realm—this was twenty-eight years ago—now there are many pretenders to the throne—he obtained a job with a firm dealing in stained glass windows—and for his pains in decoding the letters which the boss gave him, he got One Dollar a day.

His salary jumped to Twelve Dollars a week when he became identified with the DeForest Company. Mr. Dumont's recollections of the father of radio is that of a serious-minded man, preoccupied with his work day and night.

EVEN in those early years DeForest was involved in litigation and all of the testimony which was of a highly technical nature and which was given at the many suits at law, Paul succeeded in taking down at a typewriter.

Having been so near the inventor of radio, even though only in a stenographic capacity, no one had a better right than Paul to become one of the first announcers in a broadcasting studio. It was way back in 1924 when WMCA had its headquarters at the McAlpin Hotel from which it takes its name. He did everything but a soft-shoe dance to entertain the head-phone radio audience.

His duty was to take the station for a whole day's airing, talk, sing, entertain, croon (this last is not authentic) and then put it to bed. If he experimented with a radio drama, he was the whole cast: Mr. Sniffleborough, Mrs. Sniffleborough, Johnnie Sniffleborough, the iceman, and probably the janitor—having of course first penned the "drammer."

This is the versatility of Paul Dumont—actor, author, director, singer—which got a good start in the broadcasting studios.

When WABC, now the key station of the Columbia Broadcasting System arrived, Paul Dumont arranged music and wrote shows for its audience in addition to keeping the audience entertained every minute of the day. In those days studios did not have very large artist staffs. As a matter of fact the staff consisted of one versatile person who could repair any nervous breakdown of the radio equipment, answer the numerous telephone calls that would come in from fans, and do everything but polish up the handle of the studio door.

BUT there had to be variety in the entertainment. Paul Dumont early realized that even a head-phone listener could not be asked to listen to a program—such as it was—that did not have some variety. So as announcer, Paul Dumont introduced himself as the famous tenor, John Ferimeather. Executing arias from well-loved operas with exceptional skill, he concluded the program with the announcement that John Ferimeather would be heard again the following week. There were no prepared continuities—no schedule for a whole day's features—what could he offer the radio public next? Perhaps some old favorites. This time he would need a baritone. So as Charles Merriwalker he himself delivered a fifteen-minute song recital.

Is it at all surprising then that completing his fourth year at the National Broadcasting Company, he has won high honors—measured by the esteem in which he is held by the radio audience, and has to his credit some of the most noteworthy broadcasting events including the broadcasting of the Post-Gatti reception of 1931.

Of course, Mary and Dick, children of Paul Dumont, twenty and twenty-two respectively, are quite sold on their dad. Although Mr. Dumont has been married for over twenty-four years, his wedded life is just as happy as the day he led his young bride—just before she was graduated from Girls' High School—to the altar. And Mrs. Dumont is now repaying her husband's youthful attentions when he would carry her books home from school or give her the bigger apple, by delivering him to the studios or office every day and calling for him at night.

Mr. Bones puts the curly-headed wig on his head again. Which means dat de rehearsal ob de Minstrel Show is gwine to staht. "Hey, dere, boy," he calls out in his drawling dialect, "tell Nellie Revell I'll be seein' her tomorrow." For as Paul Dumont he has assisted Miss Revell, *Voice of* RADIO DIGEST, in her program every Wednesday night over NBC. Mrs. Dumont has made the extra trip with her husband every week ju t for this very late evening feature. "Yes, she's great—that Nellie Revell."

Since the above article was written for Radio Digest, word has come to us that Mr. Dumont is no longer connected with the National Broadcasting Company but is now in the Program Department of one of the large advertising agencies. In his capacity as Director, it is to be expected that he will continue to turn out the same interesting programs that he has arranged while directly affiliated with NBC.—Editor.



"Inside Stuff"—Ferde Grofe and Ferde, Jr.

FERDE GROFE, famous arranger of modern blue symphonies and his little disarranger, Ferde, Jr., getting the low down on a baby baby grand. Papa Grofe is known as the Ghost for Paul Whiteman and for twelve years sat in obscurity as the skilled manipulator of various harmonies into the jazz tempo. He began life in New York City but spent the most of his career in California. He comes from a musical family. His grandfather played cello in Victor Herbert's orchestra before the latter began composing. Young Ferde grew up with a real piano for a toy just as little Ferde Junior, here, has the baby baby grand. It's well to start 'em young. Who can tell what genius the next Grofe will reveal?



Doris Robbins

"THEY call me 'Angel of the Air,'" says Doris Robbins, her big brown eyes laughing right at you. "A group of prisoners in an Illinois jail once wrote me a fan letter starting off with this salutation, and it has stuck ever since. Where do I sing? Oh, I thought you knew. Right now I'm with Herbie Kay's orchestra, at the Cafe Blackhawk, Chicago, and we're heard every night over WGN, and occasionally over NBC. That's all right. You're welcome."

MISSOURI Maid with Ambitious Dreams Becomes Star of Today and Yesterday



Gladys Brittain

Romantic Rise of *A New Star*

By MARK QUEST

WHEN one is seven the world is very new and wonderful. There are so many thrilling experiences just ahead, so very many tremendous things to be done. But there is no use just sitting back, chin in hand, and thinking about it. No sir, especially when you were just born to be a great singer. The thing to do is to get out and get started right away.

And that is the way it was with Gladys Brittain, the young woman, who graces our cover this month. Just because she was little and cute and could sing like a grown-up she was the adored baby of the family. She had to sing for everybody that came to the house. It was rather a bore and many a time she would turn two pages of her music at once so as to get through with it and out to play. But one day a very smart lady who knew all about such things caught her at the trick and that was the end of such didoes.

One who is destined to sing must make her stage debut sooner or later and there is no good reason why it should not be at the age of seven. At least so her big brother argued. And very much against the principles of her devout Methodist mother Gladys scampered off to a picture show on a Sabbath afternoon with her older brother and sister.

THERE was a special amateur performance. Gladys suddenly discovered herself on a stage before a wondering audience. She sang School Days. And the audience clapped and clapped, until the manager declared she was entitled to the grand prize of $5. That was her stage debut and first money for singing. She was quite astounded at having so much money. She didn't know what to do with it because she knew mother would not in the least approve. So the affair—the whole story of her first theatrical performance—must for the time being be kept a profound secret. Brother took the $5 and doled it out mutually in daily visits to the drug store soda fountain on the corner.

One day a neighbor came in and casually mentioned "what a cute and lovely little thing" Gladys had been at the picture theatre. Quickly came the hour of retribution and repentance. The disciplinary measure consisted of a banishment to the closet of those nice new roller skates of which the little girl was so fond. One week of that and she decided that she was truly sorry and penitent.

But that was the start as Miss Brittain explained it to a representative of Radio Digest between times as she posed for the picture for Mr. Sheldon, the artist.

"For a short time I went to McKinley High School in St. Louis," she said, "but I did not get into really important things until we moved to Kansas City. I had become very much interested in an actress who lived neighbor to us. I learned about New York and how shows move from city to city. I made up my mind that eventually I would go to New York and become a singer. My father and mother encouraged me to study.

"THEY started me in with the piano. Then I took my first singing lessons from Allen Hinckley. Mr. Hinckley gave me a place in his Methodist church choir where I earned my first regular money at $12 a month, singing with a quartet. Then the minister of a Christian church offered me $35 to sing in their choir. A little later I was offered more money to sing in a Science church—I mention the money only as an indication of the progress I was making.

"From the Science church I went to the Second Presbyterian at a very considerable increase in compensation. The Second Presbyterian was just about the ultimate one could hope for in the way of choir singing. It was all wonderful. I enjoyed it for I liked to sing and I liked the church and people of the church were very wonderful to me."

Miss Brittain still maintains her ideals. She abhors affectation as much as she does over indulgence of any kind. Sometimes you catch in her face the look of sophistication familiar as the stage and studio type. But she is very sincere, very independent and very fascinating. The color of her eyes changes while you are looking at them. One moment you will declare they are azure blue, in a flash they seem to be as brown as butternuts and then as she twinkles a smile from her expressive lips you discover they are decidedly gray.

"It was Mr. Hinckley who led me into the corridors of the opera," said Miss Brittain. "He gave me operatic roles to learn so that I was later able to sing these parts in productions. Eduardo Sacerdote, formerly of the Chicago Musical College, began making weekly trips to Kansas City and I joined one of his classes. I played the title role of Lakme, Marguerite in Faust and finally Mimi in La Boheme.

"During one of those gloriously romantic days when a girl hovers between

sixteen and seventeen Harry Dunbar brought his light opera troupe to Kansas City. He let it be known that he would be glad to consider young new talent for the chorus. A girl who shared much of my confidences dared me to take the audition. We giggled and mimicked the grand opera notables and then in a burst of bravado I found my way to the back stage where many adult young women were waiting their chance to be heard.

"It was a bleak looking place, dusty and untidy. Mr. Dunbar came out to the piano and looked us all over and then turned to me.

" 'Guess I'll call on this little girl first,' he said. The others smiled indulgently. But I felt quite confident when he asked me to sing the Jewel Song from Faust.

" 'YOU didn't come to try out for the chorus, did you?' he asked later after I had gone with him to the office as he had requested.

" 'No,' I replied, 'to be frank with you, I came here on a dare. A friend of mine said I would not have the nerve. So I just wanted to show her that I did. And here I am.'

" 'Well, you are a surprise to me,' he said. 'And I'll be just as frank to tell you that I think you have about the sweetest lyric voice I have heard for a long, long time.'

"That was a thrill. He offered me the roles Maid Marion in Robin Hood and also Arline in Bohemian Girl. Later he offered me a contract to go on tour with them but I had to turn this down. When he got to Chicago he wrote and asked me to join their company there. Partly against my mother's wishes I went. But after everything was settled I just couldn't bring myself to taking the step so I returned to Kansas City and resumed my classes with Sacerdote."

Seventeen is quite young for one to start out on a career but Miss Brittain d'd tour for two seasons as soloist with the Kansas City Symphony orchestra. It came about quite suddenly, just as many of her opportunities have developed. At 9 o'clock one morning she was asked to take the place of the regular soloist who had been taken ill. She was asked if she could sing One Fine Day from Madam Butterfly. She replied that she could. Then she was instructed to be prepared to sing it at 1 o'clock that afternoon. As a matter of fact she had never tried the song. But she borrowed the music, memorized the words, and was on the dot for the audition. She was engaged immediately.

Sometime later she decided to apply for the Julliard Scholarship and sent for an application. She was asked to come to New York.

At last she was to realize the ambitions of her childhood dreams, the dreams she had woven between the lines of a book she read when she had lived in St. Louis. The book told her of the lives of famous women. And it seemed to her then that anyone who ever hoped to become famous would almost necessarily have to begin in New York.

Her trip to the Eastern Metropolis was a revival of those dreams, the romance of ambition and success. Perhaps to become a star!

Then came the day of trial, a period of tense waiting and the glad information that she had won the award—a fellowship which included voice, piano, languages and harmony. Not satisfied with purely an academic life she has reached out for significant achievements.

"I saw the musical world coming into the new day of radio," she said, "and I wanted to get into it. Some of my friends considered my opportunity to sing as a guest star over the great networks, a most happy goal. But I was not satisfied. I determined to get on a sponsored program by my own efforts.

"Learning that auditions were being held for the Evening in Paris program over Columbia by an advertising agency I asked for an audition and finally obtained one. They gave me repeated opportunities on this program. And then I was considered for the new Today and Yesterday programs for the Dupont company over a CBS network."

She was selected after four juries of experts had given her auditions along with many other candidates for the stellar soprano role. With this program Gladys Brittain becomes a radio star of the first order. She says that radio is one of the greatest fields in the world for artistic ambition. She is happy that she has won her niche without any letters of recommendation or intercession by influential friends. Now she is eager to further establish a name for herself in radio as an interesting interpreter of songs.

IN ORDER to obtain the right kind of instruction for radio voice Miss Brittain sought a teacher who had been successful in teaching other radio singers. Her choice fell on Miss Eleanor McLellan whose pupils of radio distinction include Miss Gladys Rice, Miss Evelyn Herbert and others prominent in the musical world.

The last day of Miss Brittain's appearance in the portrait artist's studio was one of intense sadness. She had just received word of her mother's death in Kansas City. It was on the eve of her debut in her new triumph and first experience as a new radio star. Only a month previous she had been with her mother during a crisis.

"It is impossible for me to go home now," she said as she sat in obvious dejection beneath a beam of winter sun that filtered down through the studio skylight. "I feel that mother would have me do just what I am doing. The fact that my brother and sister are with my dad is a comfort. My memory of her will be as I saw her in life. She has always meant so much to me."

Miss Brittain says that one of her ambitions of the future is to have a home that she can furnish with Eighteenth Century furniture to be selected piece by piece to suit the requirements. She loves to make cheese dishes and desserts. Also she has had a short course in portrait sketching, which she enjoys as a hobby.

WHEN summer days come again Miss Brittain hopes to enjoy some of her brief recreation opportunities with a rod and reel. She yearns for the flashing ripple of a trout stream, the whirr of a spinning reel, the fleck of a finny body against the purple rock—the jerk and haul until the fish gets right up close enough to unhook—and then, well she has never yet caught one big enough to go into a creel. Some day she hopes her many trout fishing expeditions will have their reward. Just now she is staking her hopes on the possibilities that exist in the water environs of New York. Her work won't permit her to wander too far away from CBS studios in Manhattan.

She spoofs at the suggestion of superstitions but is rarely seen without her bracelet of little pink and blue lucky elephants. The girls who know her best in the Tau Chapter of the Alpha Iota Sorority say there is some deep secret about the little elephants which even they have not been able to fathom.

THE Today and Yesterday program of news events have in it dramatization of news events of years ago in parallel with those of today and appropriate music. It extends over a CBS network from 8:30 to 9 o'clock EST. The musical setting is supplied by Don Voorhees and his 24 piece orchestra. The du Pont quartet is comprised of Randolph Weyant, first tenor; Willard Amison, second tenor; Leonard Stokes, baritone; and Robert Moody, bass, with Kenneth Christie as pianist and arranger. The Pacific Coast program will originate in Don Lee studios of the Columbia network.

"Another exquisite pastel by Charles Sheldon will adorn cover of your May Radio Digest. This time you will see June Pursell, California singing sunbeam, now become a national radio idol."

Jack *(left)*
Parker

Darryl
Woodyard



THIS is how the Three Bakers, and their arranger, make their dough. But the Staff of Life for them is found on a sheet of music, and the keyboard of a piano is their bread and butter board. Jack Parker is the benign looking gentleman looking down at Darryl Woodyard, above. Jack sings first tenor and tells funny stories. He invites the others to ride on his speed boat,



Will *(left)*
Donaldson

Frank
Luther

Anjean II. But when it comes to swimming he depends on a rope to keep from sinking. Darryl comes from Pond Creek, Oklahoma and prefers a horse. Luther goes in for odd musical contraptions. Besides his remarkable musical arrangements Will Donaldson does well at arranging a bridge hand. These gentlemen are on various programs other than The Three Bakers and are well known as The Men About Town. You hear them over NBC on Sunday nights.



Joseph Gallicchio (left) and the orchestra which plays The Perfect Song for Amos 'n' Andy three times daily except Sunday.

The PERFECT SONG

By James H. Cook

WHEN Joseph Carl Briel wrote "The Perfect Song," little did he dream that it would become the best known melody in the United States, and that it would have more than 4,000 presentations within the space of two and one half years.

It's the theme song of those two southern dialecticians, Amos 'n' Andy, who regulate the bedtime of the nation, and it's played by a group of musicians under the able direction of Joseph Gallicchio, and they never grow tired of it.



Bill Hay

For two and one half years they have been playing it, "perfecting" this perfect song, and despite this length of time, the song has not become monotonous, and they still seek to find the perfect instrumentation for it.

Gallicchio tells an interesting story of the selection of The Perfect Song as the Amos 'n' Andy theme number. In casting about for an appropriate tune Joe auditioned such numbers as Deep River, Old Man River, Mighty Like a Rose, and a number of negro spirituals. Old Man River seemed to be leading the field as a favorite, when one of the Pepsodent officials suggested that they try The Perfect Song from the great movie classic.

"That was right up my alley," Joe remarked, "for I had played the show —you remember—The Birth of a Nation, that the song comes from. In fact we had played it in a program that very day so you might say we swung into the number all rehearsed. From then on The Perfect Song went out in front and it wasn't long before they decided to adopt it."

A peculiar thing about reviving the number was that for a year the NBC studio was swamped with telephone calls each night after the program, asking the name of the number used on the broadcast.

Music stores were deluged with requests for the song and the publisher was forced to bring out a revised edition. While the song did not attain the popularity of a best seller it remains a constantly popular number which will sell forever, music lovers say.

Joe has not missed a broadcast in the two and a half years it has been on the air. "There is always plenty of cause to vary its interpretation," he says. "Tonight the boys may run a little short and we make a rubber tune of it—stretch it out. Tomorrow night it may be full and we will have to dash through the closing signature."

"Then we have changed the instrumentation from time to time and varied the key and changed the arrangement. We do know the song though."

Many changes have been made in The Perfect Song in the successive steps to its present perfection. First Gallicchio, with his violin, led a string trio. Later they added two violins and a tenor saxophone. The last change made was to replace the saxophone with a string bass. It is now actually a string quintet with piano.

With each of these changes of instrumentation, changes were made in the song itself. When the trio began its work with the number they played it in the key of C, exactly as the composer wrote it.

WHEN it became a sextet the key was changed to G Major, with some changes in the arrangement, and this was used the longest of any of the arrangements.

With the latest change of instrumentation the key was changed to G Flat, which, with the addition of the bass, gives the composition a darker color.

But to Amos 'n' Andy fans, here is a tip. Still other changes are contemplated for the signature number. Keep your ears open for arrangements with the harp, or the flute, or as a violin solo with orchestral background.

Perhaps some radio fan with a keen

Musicians Never Weary of Amos 'n' Andy's Theme Song
Hint New Variation Soon Will Be Introduced to Program

memory will remember one other variation. On just one broadcast an attempt was made to offer the number as a tenor solo. However when the song came from the loud speaker it did not have exactly the appeal that was intended and the tenor was given up.

Of course the theme song is intimately linked with the network history of Amos 'n' Andy. When the two blackface boys went on the air for Pepsodent Joe played his number twice each night, at the opening and close of the broadcast at 11 o'clock, eastern standard time

In a short time there came a murmur of protest from the East that 11 o'clock was too late to wait up for the boys. So a change was made—that the boys might be heard in New York at 7 o'clock.

Then came a roar of protest from the middle-west and an avalanche of letters and telegrams. The flood could not be denied and for the first time in the history of broadcasting a program began a "two-a-day" schedule.

Later Amos 'n' Andy did three a day, the third show for the benefit of the Pacific coast, and Gallicchio continued to wield the baton that put the musicians through their paces for the signature.

Gallicchio is well known in the world of music for reasons other than his association with Amos 'n' Andy.

He was, in turn, a violinist with the Minneapolis Symphony orchestra and Chicago Civic Opera orchestra, and before coming into broadcasting was director of the orchestra at the Edgewater Beach hotel in Chicago.



Andy

With Bill Hay he forms the champion ping pong doubles team of the studios and when Bill and Joe clash in singles—well—if you known ping pong you know that a lot of volleys cross the net when two champions meet.

But they always manage to close up the game in time to go on the air—and then the tempo of the two men changes—from the staccato of the ping pong table to the measured tones of "The Perfect Song," and Bill Hay's sonorous "Amos 'n' Andy, in person."

The theme song also is "In Person"—directed by Joseph Gallicchio. That in answer to the oft repeated query. Amos 'n' Andy have never been introduced by a transcription.

But for some of the fans who have sets that reach out and bring in the distant stations, they may some day pick up some station in Australia and hear The Perfect Song. That WILL be a recording by Gallicchio—used to introduce the program Pepsodent is sponsoring in the Antipodes—but never on Amos 'n' Andy.



Amos 'n' Andy when they are not Amos 'n' Andy but just plain Freeman F. Gosden (left) and Charles J. Correll.

Believe it or not during all the 4,000 times the Gallichio orchestra has introduced and closed the act of Amos 'n' Andy the two performers have never seen them do it. The music and the announcements take place in a studio separate from the room in which Amos 'n' Andy sit before a microphone and summon up the Kingfish, Mr. Crawford, Lightnin' and the score of other characters that have been identified with their act.

To be sure there is a window between the two studios but there are curtains on the window and only Bill Hay is permitted to go near them. Not even he peeks into the room unless it is absolutely necessary near the finish or at the start of a program.

This arrangement was all carefully planned when the studios were built atop the great new publishing plant of the Chicago Daily News which houses WMAQ, one of the first newspaper broadcasting stations in America—or the world. Charles J. Correll, who takes the part of Andy, and Freeman F. Gosden, otherwise known as Amos, had already distinguished themselves as Sam 'n' Henry at another Chicago station. They found they could do much better work in their impersonations if they were absolutely free from visual observation.



Amos

SO ONE small studio was created opening off from the control room. Adjoining this, with a door to the outer corridor, was the studio for the musicians and the announcer. As the moment approaches for one of the broadcasts Correll and Gosden disappear into their room and sit before a small flat top desk, Amos before the broad side of the desk and Andy at one end. The partition to the next studio is at Amos' back. The musicians are grouped around a piano near the partition and Bill Hay is at a desk on the opposite side of the room. All watch the second hands of their various time pieces as the instant arrives for the broadcast. Then comes the signal from the control room and The Perfect Song drifts out to the nation. Thus with curtains closed tight Amos 'n' Andy remain unseen and unseeing while the musicians perform on the other side of a wall, sending out The Perfect Song which has become so intimately a part of their amazingly successful act.

For anyone else to use The Perfect Song on a radio program would seem to the listener almost like an invasion of private property. This recognition of the association of a theme song to any single program seems to have developed a point of ethics not hitherto recognized. It is more than a sense of proprietorship—no sponsor cares to have attention diverted from his own product by the suggestion of another through an established theme song.

Michigan Town Produces That "Typical New Yorker"

GEORGE OLSEN

Featured in Ziegfeld Follies—
Host of Broadway Night Clubs

By Marshal Taylor

IT WAS just like Old Home Week when George Olsen and his musical aggregation came riding their syncopating Locomotive over the old ether trail last Thanksgiving. You may remember that they opened at the Club Richman. And didn't it remind you of the old days of Olsen and Brokenshire with the genial greeting, "Hello everybody, how DO YOU DEW!"

But the Club Richman with all its glamourous associations was in a bad way and flickered out some months ago. Even Olsen and his merry gang couldn't save it. So they moved away and you hear them from the Montmartre on Broadway now. They come late but they are worth waiting for if you find them on your local CBS station anywhere from 11:30 on, EST. And speaking of Norman Brokenshire you doubtless are aware that he has returned to the Columbia fold.

Like so many "typical New Yorkers" George Olsen originated in the Midwest. Portland, Michigan, is his old home town. But he was born collegiate, and as soon as the public school system had cleared the way he moved to Ann Arbor, and the campus of the University of Michigan. He took up the baton movement and hot rhythm with the result that he developed the most celebrated college orchestra in the country. His pep also carried him to the grid where he distinguished himself as a first string half-back on the university eleven.

GEORGE has a clear eye and a healthy complexion but he might be considered a trifle too plump to rush the pigskin through a mass of hard bone and sinew in a conference game today. He just doesn't quite look that part as you sit at your gay little table and watch him sauntering around the festive room chatting with the guests. He strikes you as a genial good clubfellow with plenty of money and an easy spender.

It is hard to sketch in this college man's return to his home town and settling down to routine of life in Portland, so distant from the bright lights of Broadway. But he used his talents there and his wits to organize a local band. They played at a Portland hotel. Traveling men talked about "that George Olsen band." The fame of it spread east and west. One day Olsen called his boys together and announced that they were going to Chicago. There



George Olsen whose music takes you to the gayest spot on Broadway thrice weekly.

were eight of them who took oath to stick with him through thick and thin, and off they dashed around the curve of Lake Michigan end, and into Old Dad Dearborn's domain.

Eddie Cantor was there. Eddie heard this Portland band and thought so well of it he passed his eulogies along to Flo Ziegfeld, the glorifier. And Ziegfeld listened. The next thing to happen George Olsen and his band were incorporated as part and parcel of the Ziegfeld show, Kid Boots. Now you have the picture—it wasn't so very long ago. Then they went into Ziegfeld's show, "Sunny" with pretty Marilyn Miller. And this was the show in which Olsen brought out that Jerome Kern hit, "Who." To this day that song is identified with the name of George Olsen.

There were many hits linked up with Olsen during the run of this show. Fran Fry, one of his gang, won a name for himself singing "Sam, the Old Accordion Man" and "She's Just a Cornfed Indiana Gal." From "Sunny" these Portland boys joined up with "Good News." Surely you remember Zelma O'Neill and that raging "Varsity Rag"? After that they were in a new "Follies" and became associated with Ruth Etting who previously had been discovered as a radio singer on old WLS in Chicago.

And to bring the story right up to date we will mention now that George grew weary of the theatre, decided to settle down, and be a staid old night clubber, sort of quiet-like. He broke in through a season at the Pennsylvania Hotel, in New York. Then he opened "The Chantee" which had a most curious origin so far as a name was concerned. The young bloods who quickly made the place a habit called it "The Shanty," but that didn't deprive it of class in the least. As a matter of fact, the story goes that the place was named for a lucky race horse in France. Other night clubs followed, "Club Olsen," "Club Richman" and now the "Montmartre."

OF course under these various auspices George and his boys, and sometimes girls, were heard over the networks at frequent intervals. They built up a strong radio audience which has gladly welcomed them back after a period of absence. The "Montmartre" is perhaps more ornate and pretentious than any of his previous settings. It is finished in good taste, rich in color but not gaudy. There are royal blues and gilded grills. A golden canopied ceiling

(Continued on page 80)



IN THE very center of the giddy whirl and flutter of a Ziegfeld Follies production George Olsen found Ethel Shutta, and Ethel Shutta found George Olsen. Their names flickered in the bright lights together over the theatre entrance. But in their hearts flamed a mutual respect and affection that grew into love and marriage. Now they are heard three nights weekly over a CBS network from the Montmartre night club, New York.

Ethel Shutta


WHO?
TRY
and Guess!
HERE is the grandest galaxy of radio orchestra leaders ever brought together on one page.
Can you guess who they are? Try it.
For correct answers turn to page 79.
This picture is furnished by courtesy of the Music Corporation of America.
Maurice Seymour

Lady Luck Smiles as She Beckons

FRANK PARKER

By TED. DEGLIN

BACKSTAGE of the George M. Cohan Theatre, where the Greenwich Village Follies were playing, chorus girls and boys, with one hour to show time, were straggling through the stage door and stage hands were moving "props" about. Suddenly the producer, hair disheveled, rushed down from his office, calling for the stage manager.

"Look," he cried excitedly, thrusting a telegram before the manager's eyes, "Bobby's broken a leg and the show goes on in an hour! No understudy—what are we going to do for a juvenile?"

The stage manager grabbed the telegram, then dashed to the telephone booth by the stage door. The producer paced back and forth through the dressing room corridor muttering to himself and running his fingers through his bushy hair. Suddenly he stopped, poised like a pointer.

The stage manager stumbled down the corridor, uttering imprecations, "It's no use, Jake," he said to the producer, "no agent can—ouch—leggo my arm!"

"Listen, you fool," the producer whispered, "Listen, then get that boy out here." The stage manager rubbed the arm the producer had clutched and listened—to a sweet, clear, bell-like tenor voice coming from the chorus boys' dressing room.

And that was Frank Parker's first big opportunity.

THE A&P Gypsies are on the air. Before the microphone stands a tall dark lad. His head is lifted and he is singing romantic words to a soft string obligato. Two girls, part of the Gypsies' studio audience, whisper to each other so loudly that Harry Horlick turns from his conductor's stand. "Isn't Frank Parker handsome?" one sighs, and the other sighs back, "He's wonderful!"



Frank Parker, "Gypsy" tenor.

Frank's voice, considered the highest tenor on the air, is heard twice weekly with the A&P Gypsies, and also with the Cavaliers' quartette as the Vermont Lumberjacks, Cities Service quartette, and part of the Chevrolet "Big Six." He has been in radio three years, having starred in musical comedy and operettas for some years previous.

Just as an accident was instrumental in making Frank Parker a stage headliner, so another accident (to somebody else, of course) brought him to Radio's ranks.

Frank was playing opposite Hope Hampton in the operetta "My Princess." One night, about three years ago, some officials of NBC attended a performance of that musical. One of them found it necessary to return to the studio before the show was over. There he found a certain sponsor in an uproar because the tenor scheduled to sing on his program had failed to make his appearance, and the broadcast was three-quarters of an hour off. No one else would do—no one else was good enough. The station officials were at their wits' end, when the executive who had attended "My Princess" had a brilliant idea.

"Have you seen Hope

(Continued on page 84)



Art Jarrett IDOL

HEROES come and go in this radio world. The idol of today may be forgotten for a new idol tomorrow. Sitting on the fickle pedestal at the moment is Mr. Arthur (Not-a-Crooner) Jarrett of Brooklyn, Manhattan, Reading, Chicago and points West to California.

The baritone boys who have been riding the crest for a brief season are going into a slough. The tenors are coming back on a bull market for popularity, and Mr. Jarrett is of that group. His name is comparatively new and that intrigues the feminine devotees who find thrills in discoveries. His voice is described by his biographers as "lyric tenor." But no matter how familiar you are with musical terms and classifications "lyric tenor" is inadequate.

Lonely maidens and restless housewives have other words for it. But the totally unbiased radio listener will surely tell you there is an electrical *something* in Arthur Jarrett's voice that is exclusively his own. If you have any musical strings in the sinews of your being it sets them going; you feel and thrill a response to a basic something that is fundamentally human.

Arthur Jarrett had to go West to win his laurels before he was accepted in Radio Village-on-the-Hudson. Never was truer word spoken than that of the prophet who was not without honor save in his own bailiwick.

JARRETT was born in the Ridgewood section of Brooklyn some 24 years ago . . . now a clean-cut, square shouldered young man, tipping the scales at the mike-side at 185 pounds . . . the good-looking answer in person to the maiden's prayer, and the latest bud on the CBS vine trellis. . . He won his spurs in Chicago where heroes are heroes and they have street parades for Paul Ash and Ben Bernie just because they love 'em so.

He was born with a public . . . his father and mother were both successful stage personalities. . . Dad played leads with Florence Reed, Chauncy Olcott and William Faversham. . . Mother was renowned as May Powers. . . Grandfather played "heavies" with Sothern, and his great grandfather was a theatre owner. . . Uncle Dan Jarrett was a well known playwright . . . and as a sideline diversion Dad played big-league baseball during the spring and summer.

Art made his stage debut at five . . . acted little Indian boy in the "Squaw Man." His mother still has the regalia. At six Arthur had learned to play the ukulele with the assistance of Jimmy Duffy. His first vocal lessons were under the direction of the late Joe Schenck, his godfather. Today he plays six musical instruments.

Toured vaudeville circuits throughout the country with mother and father, playing regular roles. . . When 11 years old, he visited Camp Dix and other military encampments to entertain soldiers. . . . The applause of the soldiers kept him singing all evening. . . Couldn't possibly memorize lyrics of all songs they requested. . . He began to fake the words, ad libbing his own sound obbligatos. . . This marked the beginning of "counter melody" which is a feature of his singing today.

Between vaudeville engagements he attended public school 9 in Brooklyn. . . . Clara Bow, Helen Twelvetrees and



"Oh, Mr. Jarrett, you are simply marvelous, just wonderful!" Ethelyn Holt (left) and Mildred Ann Greene say the girls are all just like that. And they know because they are in the same CBS studios with Art Jarrett.

of RADIO MATINEE

Dolores Costello were in his classes. . . Earned his football letter at Erasmus High. . . At Brooklyn Prep he starred in three major sports. . . He picked up "pin-money" by entertaining at various social functions.

AMBITIOUS to be a lawyer, he matriculated at Fordham, N. Y. One evening a friend of the orchestra leader at a neighborhood theatre heard him strumming and singing in his dormitory. . . The orchestra pilot dissuaded him from continuing his studies, and gave him a berth in the pit orchestra at the Coliseum Theatre.

Possessed with a longing to become a radio announcer, he applied for a job at a New York station. . . Was hired, but when the musical director learned he could play six instruments, the latter advised him to become a professional musician. . . He did.

Joined Ted Weems' Orchestra at Reading, Pa., in 1927. . . Played the banjo and vocalized. . . Became popular for his "counter-melodies," and became identified with the tune "I Can't Believe You Are in Love with Me.". . . While in California several movie offers came his way, but the band migrated to Chicago before the signing on the dotted line. . . Became first identified with radio in the Windy City as Ted Weems' talent find. . . Altogether, he remained with the orchestra three-and-a-half years.

Anxious to become a radio soloist, he gave up his $200-a-week job to sing over WBBM at $50 per. . One week later he received his first commercial date. . . Soon his sponsored broadcasts grew to six weekly.

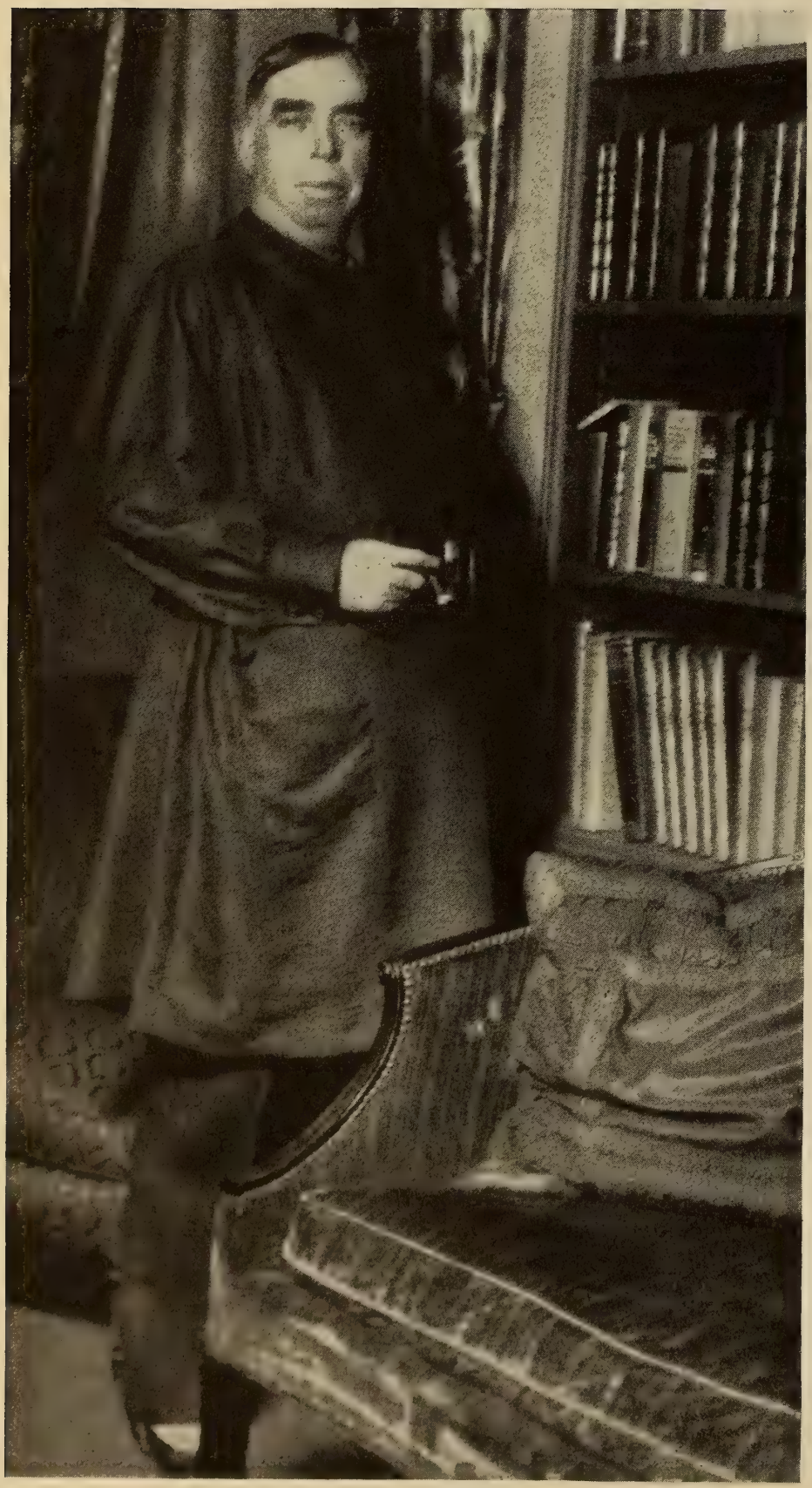
He began to attract a large following in Chicago. . . Was allotted three afternoon programs weekly over the Columbia chain. . . Also appeared nightly with Earl Burtnett's band at the Blackhawk restaurant. . . Received offer from Gus Van to take the place of latter's partner, Joe Schenck. . . Returned to New York. . . A new "Pennant Winning Battery of Songland" was formed. . . After a while, he tired of vaudeville and hurried back to Chicago and radio.

ONE afternoon several Columbia officials in New York happened to catch his program. . . Wires were immediately dispatched to arrange for him to come East. . . Commercial obligations confined him to Chicago until the latter part of November. . . Then he came to New York with the Notre Dame team for their Army game. . . But, despite his rooting, it was an old Army game.

His singing with Freddie Rich's band is now gaining him increasing audiences. . . Favorite tune is "Little White House at the End of Honeymoon Lane.". . . Possesses a voice with a sixteen note range, and sings two octaves—from middle to high C. . . Is a bachelor. . . Has penchant for dogs and soft felt hats—also Italian cooking. . . Actually seems to admire other outstanding soloists on the radio—"They're tremendous," he says.

While both of the great chain systems scorn the lowly record the chief executives seem to watch them for new discoveries. And it happens that one of the Columbia chiefs happened to hear Jarrett's voice on a record and thereupon sent for him. Bing Crosby was discovered in the same way by President William Paley.

The Original HAND-OUT



Author Tells of Time He Faked as Cripple for a Bite of Food

(Text of Armour & Co. broadcast over an NBC network.)

I'VE just made a thrilling discovery. I've discovered that I have a public. You know, some writers and a good many actors like to speak lovingly of "their public." But it never occurred to me that I might have one of these devoted followings, too. It seems I was wrong. Because I've had a telegram—not a collect telegram either—from mine, which made me very proud. Yes sir, a regular following with a hat and a mail address and everything. The other day, Will Rogers in an interview claimed that he also had a public. So there you are! The thing's growing. As an after-dinner speaker, getting ready to tell a story, might put it:

"It seems there were two publics named Pat and Mike. And Pat said to Mike: 'Faith an' begorra, I'm that fellow Cobb's public! Whose public are you?' And quick as a flash, Mike said right back at him: 'Be jabbers and wurra, wurra, I'm Will Rogers' public.'" And so on.

Well anyhow, Pat—that's my public sent this long wire in care of the National Broadcasting Company, and Armour & Company and the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to parties who try to be humorous over the radio, saying that he had enjoyed listening in on this program here a few weeks ago when I was telling how I, as a member of a group of war-correspondents away back in 1914, blundered into the full staff of the Fifth German Army and incidentally into the fourth son of the German Kaiser, finding him on the whole a very pleasant young person to be thrown amongst. And this devoted admirer of mine asked me in his message to give the next chapter of that experience on some convenient Friday.

Yes, this is Mr. Cobb at leisure in the library of his home. No, we do not know—perhaps it is a clerical robe, or some specially designed dressing gown. Otherwise you might be safe in calling it a smock, if you don't mind those dressy cuffs. Makes him look slender, what?

By Irvin S. Cobb

As I remember, on that previous occasion I described how, our little party, traveling largely on nerve and without any credentials to speak of—that is, we naturally didn't speak of them unless pressed, but tried to turn the talk into pleasanter and less embarrassing pathways—got snarled up with the main German column at a little Belgian town just over the French border north of Maubauge on the evening of the day when the battle of Maubauge began, and how the Germans, with that efficiency which marked their conduct in the fields, stowed us away on straw piles in an improvised calaboose in a cowbarn for the time-being, after warning us not to smoke. It was, I might add, a totally unnecessary warning, because all four sides of that cozy retreat were lined with piles of shells and bombs and other touchy forms of ammunition. I can't recall a time in my whole life when I felt less appetite for a cigar. I'm convinced that you could cure any man of the tobacco habit by locking him up with thirty or forty tons of T.N.T. bombs and dynamite and things, all just aching for somebody to throw a live spark amid their midst.

BE THAT as it may, they kept us snugly housed there with the high explosives for company until they had enough wounded men and prisoners collected to make a full load, and they put 'em aboard a train and started them off for German soil, and at the last moment somebody in command had a happy inspiration and added us to the cargo which took some scroughing, because every car was already overflowing.

I shall never forget the wet rainy night when we started. They lined up the prisoners—mostly Englishmen and Frenchmen in a double file and then the lieutenant in charge told us to fall in on the flanks and help watch the captives. Well, that was very gratifying to have the Germans reposing so much confidence and so much trust in us but we lost some of our enthusiasm when one of our crowd who understood the language heard the young officer say in German to the soldiers of the escort that if any of us tried to slip out of line, just to shoot him dead or insert a bayonet into him and ask questions afterwards. After that, I'd have just loved to see the particular guard who marched with me try to get an inch away from me. I'd have been tagging him so close that they'd have mistaken us for the Siamese Twins.

Well, along towards daylight, they got us all packed aboard, like so many lemons in so many tight crates, and off we started, but not hurriedly. Every few minutes, it seemed, the engineer would remember where he'd left his umbrella or something and go back to look for it. Measured by miles, it wasn't a long journey but measured by hours, it turned out to be one of the most extended trips in the records of military annals during the great World War. It lasted two days and three nights. And while almost every important officer with whom we came in contact while on our travels repeatedly assured us that we were not prisoners but guests of the German army, we finally reached the unanimous conclusion that from where we sat in an overlooked and neglected huddle, the only difference we could see between being prisoners of the German army and guests of the German army was that from time to time they did feed the prisoners.

For, during the entire time—two days and three nights—our party of eight—for by now our company of gathered-up civilian suspects had grown—lived rather frugally not to say sketchily, on one bottle of stale, warm mineral water, one loaf of green and mouldy soldiers' bread and a one pound pot of soured and rancid honey which must have been emanated in the first place from a lot of very morbid and low-minded bees.

ON THE morning of the third day, just at dawn, I awakened from fitful slumber during which I'd been dreaming a homesick dream of a land called America, where eating was still being carried on as a more or less regular habit. I think perhaps my rest was furthermore broken by reason of the fact that owing to overcrowding and whatnot, I slept in the aisle of the car where from time to time, persons who were perfect strangers to me came and walked on outlying portions of me.

At any rate, I arose and made my toilette, as was our custom in these days, by shaking myself, thereby shifting the centre of population, so to speak. You see, we'd just come out of what I may call the Cootie Belt of the Western Front, and far be it from me to brag, but without much fear of successful contradiction, I state that at that moment I was the most densely populated individual in all of Central Europe. So, having given the wild life a thrill by this shaking-up process—the little fellows probably thought a very violent earthquake was raging—I went out on the platform of our halted car for a breath of air.

And there, haloed about by the red rays of the upcoming sun, I saw approaching me, an angel from Heaven—an angel temporarily disguised as a fat German sergeant in his shirtsleeves, who carried under his arm, like a bunble of golf-sticks, a magnificent bundle of the largest and the longest and the strongest horsemeat—and—garlic sausages I ever beheld. Just for a moment I figured hunger had made me delirious, but while my eyes might be deceived, my nose wasn't—it could smell garlic and there's never any mistake about the smell of garlic. I've been in parts of the world since then where it seemed to me everybody I met either had been eating too much garlic or not enough.

WELL, when my mouth had ceased from watering sufficiently for me to be able to control my riparian rights, I hauled a silver five-mark piece out of my pocket—a great glittering cartwheel of a coin—and I offered it to the sergeant for just one of his delectable collection. I could see that he envied me my possession of such vast wealth but he told me regretfully yet firmly, that the sausages were for the wounded and that I could have none. And then I marked how he walked along the side of the train passing up his offerings to such of the injured men as were able to come to the car windows to get them.

And I had a glorious, a beautiful, a golden inspiration. They say starvation quickens the mind anyhow. Now, the night before, a Belgian gentleman actuated by patriotic motives, had shot the window out of our compartment in an effort to kill him some Germans, and of course the jagged hole his bullets had made was still there.

So I hurried back to our compartment and hastily I drew down the tattered shade and I rolled up a very dirty shirt-sleeve from a very dirty forearm, and through the shattered opening below the shade I let that arm dangle, with my hand open and the fingers all limp—and the angel, bless his dear old rugged heart, put a sausage in it.

On that sausage we fared sumptuously until we reached Aid-la-Chappelle, where when we had been liberated and bathed and fumigated and depopulated—we got in touch with our Consul there and with Ambassador Gerard at Berlin and succeeded in convincing the German authorities that we were not spies, neither were we just plain wandering idiots—although I believe doubt on that point exists even yet in certain quarters. At any rate, they let us go and we saw much more of the war under very different conditions and auspices.

LETTERS TO THE ARTIST

Stoopnagle and Budd

Columbia's Star Comedians Do Moral Good Without Trying—and Are Happy About It

DEAR Mr. Editor:

First of all we want to thank you for honoring us by permitting us to tell in the columns of your magazine something of the mail the radio listeners have so graciously sent us.

May we say just a few words about our program? Ours isn't the kind of a program that sets out to make listeners better people for having listened to it. It's just a matter of our having a good time being silly and trying to make others have a good time with us. We hold the world up to a mirror so it can see itself and laugh at itself, and at the same time we unconsciously, sometimes, put over a truth which may or may not have an effect on what people do and think. Subtleties creep in once in awhile, of course, but we try to have such a pot pourri in each program that at least once during the fifteen minutes, John or Henry or Mary will find something that causes him or her to smile or to actually laugh aloud. We feel that if we accomplish this we have done a good job.

There is really only one way by which we can tell whether or not we are accomplishing our purpose. Stage stars may gauge public appreciation of their efforts through applause, notices in newspapers and magazines and through box office receipts. The last-mentioned item is the most important.

Motion picture actors and actresses measure their popularity by newspaper and magazine notices, box office receipts and fan mail. Once again, box office receipts play the major role.

For radio performers there are no box office figures. While there are the comments of radio editors and columnists, there are no lengthy reviews like those given plays and motion pictures. Thus, fan mail is the principal, and almost the sole means by which a radio performer may gauge the degree of public appreciation of his efforts.

Naturally, our mail response is of tremendous interest to us. The letters we receive are not to us merely so much applause or comment. They are a real, genuine cross-section of life.



Colonel Stoopnagle (left) has just discovered a wild man-eating fly whetting his teeth on the gas jet in preparation for a bloody attack. If you hear a loud report after reading this you will know that either the fly or the Colonel and Budd have fallen in the fray.

Perhaps the most touching communication we ever received was a letter mailed to us and received at the WABC studios, in New York City, from Brooklyn, N. Y. It had been torn to pieces and then pasted together again with wax paper. It was dated five minutes after one of our programs went on the air. The letter read as follows:

"Thank God for your program. It saved me from doing the cowardly thing tonight. I wonder what the future will be?

Yours thankfully,
Carol."

Another letter from Brooklyn contained a clipping from the January issue of a business publication called "Service Echoes." The clipping read:

"Score One For the Radio"

"Good for entertainment, excellent for hearing and enjoying all sporting events, the good old home radio now blossoms forth as an arbiter or peacemaker in family differences. A certain couple (the lesser half spends his days in the proof-room on the Tenth Floor of The Service Building) were not even on speaking terms for a few days when along came the good old 'Gloom Chasers.' One of their jokes caused spontaneous laughter; while mirth prevailed the gallant male offered his superior a drink of the liquid of forgiveness; and now two hearts are back beating in three-quarter time, or whatever time it takes to make true harmony."

In the envelope was a short note from the sender. He was the man in question, and he asked permission to attend one of our broadcasts so that he and his wife might thank us personally "for reuniting them."

Every radio performer will tell you that it gives him or her an unforgettable feeling of gratification and satisfaction to read a letter such as the following, which we received recently:

"My Dear Radio Entertainers:

I am not much on the writing but I'm sure good on listening, especially to your program, and believe me, you surely go over big with all of the ex-soldiers lying in bed in various hospitals and the others living at home.

"I was a patient at the U. S. Naval Hospital in Brooklyn for about two weeks and if Budd and the Colonel were not tuned in so the boys with

headsets could listen, there sure was a big kick raised. I noticed the boys especially in the lung wards got a wonderful bunch of laughs from your program, and when I went home, I decided you should know, and if you can give the boys in E7 Ward a special kick from your program it would be more than the doctors can do for them.

"Thomas J. Gray,
Oakmont Ave.,
Buffalo, N. Y."

A great portion of our mail is invaluable to us. Radio listeners who have heard our interviews with such great men-of-industry as Mr. Unh, the man who makes the windows of trains hard to open; Mr. Haa, the fellow who first blew on glasses to clean them; Eustice Shush, the chap who makes the SILENCE signs for motion picture theatres, and the lady who makes the lace petticoats for lamb-chop bones, write in and suggest many persons for us to interview. Others, who have heard of some or our inventions, like the cellophane umbrella so you can tell whether or not its raining, contribute numerous suggestions for inventions. While we sometimes fill the requests for interviews with these fictitious characters, we never use scripts submitted, of which there are quite a few.

Other letters contain invaluable constructive criticism, which we certainly do not hesitate to follow. Radio listeners know much better than we how our programs sound.

SOME of the letters we receive are hilariously funny. We often wonder if the radio audience derives one-fifth of the pleasure from our programs that we do from the humorous letters. Not long ago we received a post card from Atlanta, Ga., on the back of which was a picture of the Federal Prison, at Atlanta. The card was addressed to "Colonel Stoopnagle and Budd, Columbia Broadcasting System, New York City." On the front was the message, "We are having a good time. Wish you were here." It was signed "The Gang."

Are you familiar with our "Mr. Bopp"? He is the chap who is a combination of all the annoying characteristics. He started out by running engines around railroad yards and bumping them into standing Pullman cars to disturb the sleeping passengers. Then he enlarged on his activities. He would wait for a nice, rainy day and then would drive his automobile close to the curb and splash the pedestrians. At Christmas time he had a dandy time bumping into people and knocking the packages from their arms.

We really believe that there is just a little of "Mr. Bopp" in all of us. There certainly have been a lot of suggestions for new activities for "Mr. Bopp" to carry on. Here is an amusing letter from two New York girls, Ruth Sternberg and Joan Sternberg, who organized the first "Bopp Club": "Dear Colonel Stoopnagle and Budd:

We are two devoted 'Boppists'. We have taken the liberty to organize 'The Bopp Club' (without the permission of the copyright owners) and would like your co-operation in securing other 'Bopps' interested in our great work.

"We have made great progress since we gave up our daily lives and 'Bopptized' ourselves anew. So far, we have killed three people with loaded cigarettes. Three broken spines, two fractured skulls and one death resulted from an oiled banana peel. Oh! We have gay times at our club!

"But alas, we have to break off here, because thither lies the iceman prostrate on the floor, as the bomb we intended to throw in the goldfish bowl (oh, a beautiful picture) accidently landed on him. (We will have our little jokes!)."

All of which may sound horribly gruesome, Mr. Editor, but it really is meant in the spirit of fun.

We expect that any day we may walk along the street and hear someone call "Here, Stoopnagle," "Here, Budd," because our mail has disclosed that six dogs, three cats and a rooster have been named "Colonel Stoopnagle"; four dogs and four cats have been inflicted with the name "Budd" and a Scotch terrier must struggle through the rest of his days, laboring to overcome the handicap of forever being called "Bopp."

WHEN we first made our debut over the WABC-Columbia network and for some time thereafter we used the phrase, "Schultz Is Dead," on most of our programs. For months, until we stopped using the phrase, which was a month or so before we started broadcasting for Procter & Gamble on the Ivory Soap Program, we received hundreds of mourning cards, and other forms of condolence over the departure of the fictional Schultz.

Letters in poetry are often well done as in the following example:

Near the heights of old Manhattan,
On the summit of a building,
Stands the studios of Columbia.
Here it is that every Wednesday
The air is shattered, also Monday;
From which emanates the squeaking
Of the famous Gas-Pipe organ.
Sitting at the mighty console,
Is that King of organ grinders,
Lemuel Q. Stoopnagle.
It was just eight-forty-five,
When Bud who blew the bellows,
Filled them full of gases.
All the bellows full of gases,
And the prince of organ grinders,
Lemuel Q. Stoopnagle
Sat him down before the Gas-Pipe
Put his fingers on the key-board,
Put his feet upon the pedals,
Both his feet upon the pedals.
Pulled out stops to make it louder,
Pushed in stops to make it softer,
Pushed and pulled to make it sweeter—
Gamba, Bourdon, Diapasm,
Oboe, Flute d'Amour, Viola,
Tremolo, to make it tremble,
Warbolo, to make it warble,
Rumbolo, to make it rumble,
And, to twang the people's heartstrings,
Pulled and pushed the Vox Humana.
With his right-hand played the treble,
But the Bass he played left-handed,
(No less well for that however),
And he used his nose, staccato,
And his elbows, (ma non trappo),
And his feet, appassionata.
So he played them some Stainsky,
And that priceless Spanish classic,
Tayovichi Iyenaga.
Just then Bud who blew the bellows,
Of a sudden let it perish—
Let the wind from out the bellows—
All the bellows Wauwautosa,
And the music, so sonorous
Died away and came to nothing
With a squeak, demure and plaintive,
Like a koodoo with the asthma,
Or a tree-toad with Lumbago,
Or an emu with the tetter,
Or an old man with the chilblains,
Querulous and sympathetic.
Then the prince of organ grinders,
Lemuel Q. Stoopnagle
Got quite mad and was offended,
Poured the vials of his anger,
Out on Bud who blew the bellows;
Called him Onderdonk the Bonehead,
HERMAN Onderdonk the booby,
Onderdonk Pasha Nobisco,
Little Twirp, the chronic Nit Wit.
At this interesting moment,
On the scene came Uncle Dean,
To talk of Ivory soap that floats,
Ivory, that pure and non sinkable soap.
Dedicated to
Colonel Lemuel Q. Stoopnagle and Bud.
"The Best Radio Team on the Air."

James D. Armstrong,
26 Brooke Ave.,
Toronto 12, Ontario, Canada.

Numerous well-executed drawings and paintings of the listeners' conception of us and our "mighty gas-pipe organ" are included in the mail. We have kept every one of them.

We're awfully afraid we've taken up a lot of time and space talking about ourselves. May we impose upon you for a few lines more to thank sincerely everyone who has written to us. The serious letters, telling us that we have cheered someone or given someone a laugh or a smile, are among our most prized possessions, for they make us feel that we *are* accomplishing something. The funny letters more than please us, for we feel on receiving them, that some of the radio audience have caught the spirit of our program and are "with us."

We hope that whoever likes our silly programs will please write and let us know about it. And we particularly want to hear from those who do not like them, because quite often we agree with them, and it's good to be among friends.

Thank you, Mr. Editor, for your patience and kindness. Simply yours,

Colonel Lemuel Q. Stoopnagle
and Budd.

LAWS *that* SAFEGUARD SOCIETY

MARRIAGE *and the* HOME

By Gleason L. Archer, LL.D.
Dean, Suffolk Law School, Boston

Breach of Promise

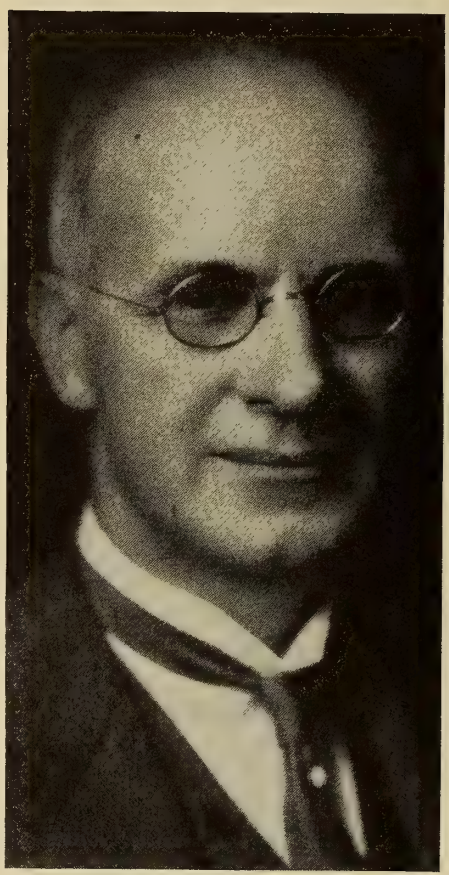
March 5, 1932

Good Evening Everybody:

I HAVE previously pointed out that marriage itself is a contract entered into according to forms and ceremonies sanctioned by the law of the jurisdiction. But the usual preliminary to marriage is the engagement or betrothal of the parties who are later to be married. In some countries, as we know, betrothals of marriage are entered into with much formality, especially where dowries are arranged or property is settled upon one of the parties. A betrothal is, of course, a formal contract to perform in the future a second contract—marriage itself.

Engagements of marriage, especially of the American variety, are usually entered into when the parties thereto are secluded from other eyes, with no witnesses to prove their mutual promises. Engagements are therefore sometimes difficult to establish in court. The lady may declare that she received and accepted a promise of marriage and the man in the case may deny that he ever made an offer of heart and hand. Her word is usually given more weight than the man's, but the circumstances of the case are always important considerations in determining the facts. The previous relations of the parties, whether the man was eagerly attentive prior to the alleged engagement, whether he continued to pay the lady attentions and especially whether the couple gave the appearance to others of being engaged lovers, are each elements of proof with a court or jury.

The important fact is that whether the understanding is evidenced by letters or otherwise an engagement once entered into is a binding obligation upon each. From the nature of things it is the man who is sued for breach of promise of marriage, but there is no inherent reason why the woman who breaks her promise of marriage should not be liable for damages. Let us consider the matter, however, from the woman's angle. The man breaks the engagement. Under the law this breach renders him liable in an action for damages.



Dean Gleason L. Archer

It is undoubtedly true that the right to sue for breach of promise of marriage is greatly abused by the type of woman ordinarily termed an adventuress, or by modern slang "a gold digger." The purpose of the law, however, is not to enable designing young women to collect damages for alleged promises, nor damages for promises actually made under the stress of a spell woven by a designing enchantress. It rather seeks to protect innocent and trusting women whose lives have been ruined, or whose prospects in life have been jeopardized by a faithless lover.

WE ALL know that when two young people begin to "keep company," as it is called, even before an engagement is arrived at, the acceptance of the young man's attentions as a regular caller upon the girl amounts to implied notice to all other young men to keep their distance. For a young man to monopolize a maiden's social activities for any extended period of time becomes a serious matter. If an engagement occurs, and the man later refuses to redeem his promise by lawful marriage, there is clearly an injury to the lady that not even monetary damages may repair.

An interesting question arises as to the duty of an engaged man when he discovers that his supposed love for the lady, under the influence of which he had proposed marriage, was after all a mere infatuation. His ardor has cooled. The thrill of romance has departed. Should he, or should he not, marry the girl? It might be argued that to marry her under the circumstances would be an injustice to her and result in misery for both. The law makes no allowances however for such fickle swains. An engagement once entered into is legally binding upon the man unless the lady releases him from the engagement. This does not mean that he must go through with the marriage but that he can be made to pay damages for breach.

For example: Samuel N. Neat paid court to a young lady named Hannah Coolidge. In May 1875 he proposed marriage and his proposal was accepted. For some reason that does not appear from the record of the case the wedding was postponed, a new date set and then a further postponement occurred until the engagement lengthened to three years. By this time the young man discovered that his affection for the girl was abating and that marriage, at first so joyously anticipated, was now growing less and less alluring.

Hannah Coolidge and Her Lukewarm Lover

THE GIRL was apparently very kindly and affectionate but, as months passed, her love became more or less of an old story to the man. So one day Neat had a plain talk with his fiancee on the subject, informing her that he had misgivings about the wisdom of going on with their marriage

plans. He suggested that they call the engagement off. Alarmed by this suggestion the girl sought by all her powers of persuasion to talk the man out of what she felt was a temporary mood. She even urged an immediate marriage to which he made half hearted assent. Miss Coolidge began the preparation of her trousseau. Her plans were halted, however, when the reluctant swain came to her and declared that it would be wrong for them to marry when all they could look forward to was a divorce. This occurred in the early part of September, 1878.

From that time forward his calls ceased. The unhappy young woman soon learned the true cause of the breach. Neat had met another girl who had captured his wayward fancy. He became engaged to her in the latter part of September and they were married in February, 1879. Miss Coolidge consulted a lawyer and presently brought suit for breach of promise of marriage. Neat admitted the facts of the engagement; that the plaintiff had always treated him kindly and affectionately, that their relations had been proper in all respects, and that he had no fault to find with her conduct. He testified that long before he left her he had made up his mind that he could not be happy with her, because he had ceased to regard her with that affection which a lover should feel for the woman who was to be his wife. He declared also that he had tried to reason with her on the subject but that she had refused to release him from the engagement. He also asserted that he left her only when convinced that it would be for the happiness of both that he do so. The girl, however, testified that Neat had never made it clear to her that he had ceased to love her. She declared that he had always treated her with an appearance of affection and had continued to do so up to the very last visit that he ever made, parting with her on that occasion in the affectionate manner appropriate to lovers.

The Judge Instructs the Jury

NEAT'S lawyer requested the judge to instruct the jury, among other instructions, that an engagement to marry is always upon the implied understanding and condition that if, at any time before marriage, either party finds that consummation of the promise will tend to the unhappiness of both, then such party has the power to abrogate the agreement, or promise. The judge gave this instruction to the jury but he added this important amendment that a person might break or cancel such engagement only upon condition that the other person might collect monetary damages for any loss or injury sustained by such breach of promise. The court also declared that the law would not compel a man to marry under the circumstances recited in this case. It was perhaps wise that a man break the engagement rather than enter into a loveless marriage that must result in unhappiness and perhaps divorce. The court declared that in all cases where an engagement of marriage is broken off not because of fault or misconduct of the other party, the right to collect damages accrues to the other party. On the question of damages the court instructed the jury that they might consider the length of the engagement, whether the girl's affections were deeply involved, her wounded spirit, the disgrace, the insult to her feelings and the probable solitude that might result by reason of the desertion after so extended a period of courtship. The man's financial standing is likewise of the loss sustained because of the breach of promise. The jury returned a verdict for the female plaintiff in the sum of $3,000. The case was thereupon appealed to the Supreme Court, where the decision was affirmed, as in accordance with law. The case was Coolidge v. Neat, 129 Mass. 146.

FOR two years Dean Archer has been broadcasting weekly over a constantly expanding network of stations his series of lectures on laws that protect the home and the family. Talks on the Legal Aspects of Marriage have aroused tremendous interest and stimulated a vast amount of correspondence on the part of those who find in Dean Archer's comments the answers to many problems. The talks appearing in this issue were broadcast during the month of March.

Lessons Taught By This Case

WE MIGHT indulge in a bit of moralizing on this case, since it so clearly sets forth the attitude of the law toward those distressing and unhappy occurrences incidental to the breaking of an engagement of marriage where the affections or the prospects in life of the other party are seriously impaired. Young men should realize that an engagement of marriage is a serious matter and while a girl may not care to face the notoriety of a court trial, yet she has a legal right to collect damages if she chooses to do so. The woman scorned, if she possess spirit and hardihood, is a dangerous adversary. Young women should realize from contemplation of this case that too extended an engagement has its dangers, lest they become an old story and the man in the case turn elsewhere for fresh romance.

Lovers' Quarrels and Their Effect

IT FREQUENTLY happens that two people engage to marry each other, have misunderstandings and clashes of temperament that in themselves signify very little as to future happiness or unhappiness of a prospective marriage. Since marriage itself is a sort of partnership in which each member must contribute somewhat in self sacrifice and must surrender some liberties formerly enjoyed if the marriage is to be a success, it is inevitable that the engagement period should be at times beset by storms and tempests. Two people from different homes quite naturally have differing backgrounds of life, different training, and a resulting dissimilarity of outlook upon problems of life. It is too much to expect that the mere fact of falling in love will accomplish a harmonious adjustment of all of these natural differences. They must inevitably, in the process of courtship, discover some of those differing points of view. Still others will be discovered after the engagement has been entered into. If they truly love each other, however, they will give serious attention to the problem of reaching a common ground upon which the structure of a home may be founded.

But as I have already pointed out the young couple who wish to make a success of married life must earnestly seek to adjust their differing viewpoints. If lovers' quarrels occur they should treat the cause as one of the points upon which matrimony itself may be wrecked, unless they earnestly seek and find harmonious readjustment during the engagement period.

Law Allows For Human Nature

THE LAW, as I have so frequently pointed out, is builded around the facts of life. It recognizes human nature and human problems, not only in business and industrial affairs but also in the home. It recognizes that lovers quarrel, part from each other and sometimes become again reconciled. For that reason it does not apply the ordinary rules of contracts as will be seen in the following case:

For Example: Sterrett became engaged to the female plaintiff and the couple were for a time as happy and congenial as lovers usually are in the early days of their engagement. A quarrel eventually occurred and the couple mutually agreed to consider the engagement terminated, or at least indefinitely suspended. After a year of separation Sterrett wrote a letter to the plaintiff and asked permission to call upon her. That permission granted and the man was received with all the love and tenderness of the former relation. He did not again propose marriage. Un-

fortunately for the girl, Starrett later broke off attendance upon her and refused to marry her. When suit was brought he defended on the ground that there was no proposal of marriage after the cancellation of the engagement. The court held that his act in resuming the relations of a lover revived the original engagement. Starrett was liable for damages for breach of promise of marriage. The case was Judy v. Sterrett, 52 Ill. App. 265.

Damage Element in Breach of Promise

March 12, 1932

OBVIOUSLY, there are various elements that enter into the question of damages for breach of promise of marriage. The first in order, if we are to follow the logical sequence, would be the mental shock to the aggrieved party from the breaking of the engagement. Then comes the grief and loneliness of disappointed affection. The length of time of the engagement is important. The loss of the marriage itself is a very material element of damages. Then, too, there are sad cases where the girl, as it is sometimes delicately expressed, has "loved not wisely but too well" and serious consequences follow in the wake of the desertion by her faithless lover. Let us therefore consider these elements in the order named.

Every worth-while woman has a sense of personal dignity and a natural pride in her own womanly qualities. For a man to pay court to her, to win her affections and then, when it suits his purpose, to cast her off like a worn out garment, is an insult that strikes to the very soul. The law takes cognizance of this fact in awarding damages for breach of promise. The higher the type of woman that a plaintiff may be, the greater will be the damages awarded to her by any court or jury. This is in accordance with simple principles of justice. Man is a spirit and not a mere beast of the field. The greatest injuries that any of us can receive are injuries that shock or numb the spirit within.

The Faithless Carriage Maker

JOHN M. BENNETT, who maintained a carriage shop, paid court to Mary E. Beam, a virtuous and estimable young lady. She had perhaps had no previous love affair. Bennett's ardent wooing took her heart by storm. When he proposed marriage she gladly accepted the offer. After a period of idyllic happiness the question of a marriage date arose. Bennett explained that his ready funds, as well as his time available for a honeymoon, would be greatly benefited by a delay until a certain order for carriages could be filled.

To this the girl consented; but her lover, in willful violation of the power that by this time he had acquired over her, so conducted himself as seriously to compromise the girl's reputation. Having accomplished his evil desires, like other men of his sort, he deserted the girl. He then consorted with evil female companions and thus aroused disgust and loathing in the heart of the wronged lady.

She brought suit for damages for breach of promise, whereupon he offered, through his lawyer, to settle the case by marrying the girl. This she scorned to accept.

Several interesting questions were involved in this case. Whether the promise to marry when the buggies were completed was a sufficiently definite promise to justify the suit, was answered in the affirmative. The court said that the law would infer that the buggies were to be completed within a reasonable time. Even if they were not actually completed the original promise could not be defeated by the defendant's own delay in performing that which he had asserted his intention of performing. The girl had a right to expect marriage after the lapse of time sufficient for the task to be completed.

Damage to Feelings

THE QUESTION of damage to the plaintiff's feelings was argued at some length. The girl had been permitted to testify concerning the shock to her feelings in discovering the falsity of the defendant. Her father likewise took the witness stand and described the days of anguish and suffering that had been occasioned to his daughter by the defendant's heartless desertion and subsequent conduct.

In commenting on the seduction as an element of damage the court declared that "Respectable society inflicts upon the unfortunate female a severe punishment for her too confiding indiscretion, and which marriage would largely, if not wholly, have relieved her from. The fact of seduction should therefore go a great ways in fixing the damages, since in no other way could amends be made for the injury she sustained."

The last question discussed by the case, viz., whether the refusal to marry the defendant after suit was brought, would affect the plaintiff's right to recover, brought out some very interesting comments by the court, as will be seen from the following:

"A supposedly virtuous man of wealth, refinement and respectability, gains the affections of a young lady, and under a promise of marriage, accomplishes her ruin, then abandons her, and enters upon a life of open and notorious profligacy and debauchery, and when sued he offers to carry out his agreement—offers himself in marriage, when any woman with even a spark of virtue and sensibility would shrink from his polluted touch. To hold that the offer of such a skeleton and refusal to accept could be considered, even in mitigation of damages, would shock the sense of justice and be simply a legal outrage. Such an offer could not in any way atone for the past, or have any tendency to show that the defendant had not acted in a most heartless and outrageous manner." The case was Bennett v. Beam, 42 Mich. 346; 4 N. W. 8.

Animosity After Breach

AS BEFORE indicated, the law makes due allowance for human nature, especially in cases where wounded pride and outraged dignity are concerned. It is the most natural reaction in the world for a rejected maiden to voice bitter thoughts concerning the man who has thus wronged her. An intensity of love, upon sufficient provocation, may turn into an intensity of hate, for the simple reason that the individual concerned has an intensity of nature. Evidence of hatred or remarks tending "to save one's face," as it is sometimes called, have no special bearing upon the liability of the defendant.

For Example: In January, 1891 Rosa Robertson became engaged to marry the defendant, the wedding to take place on December 25, 1891. There was evidence to the effect that Rosa began preparation for her marriage in the usual happy manner of betrothed maidens, piecing quilts and doing that type of fancy work that generally appeals to prospective brides. Her lover, however, was not of the dependable and steady type. He believed in seeking good times wherever he might be and his idea of a good time apparently included feminine companionship as its chief ingredient.

He soon found himself in the dilemma of being in love with two girls. The one of whom he had already made conquest quite naturally suffered in comparison with the romantic and unattained maiden. The unworthy lover apparently forgot his plighted word and gave himself up to the ardor of the chase. Quite unexpectedly in April 1891 he captured the girl but only at the cost of a wedding ring and immediate marriage. The second girl evidently realized the nature of the man with whom she was dealing. She took no chances. The defendant perhaps had some regrets at his hasty action, or possibly he feared the consequences and hoped to smooth matters over. At any rate, before the wronged Rosa Robertson had heard of her lover's marriage to another woman he came knocking at her door. Imagine if you can the shock that Rosa must have sustained when the miserable weakling confessed that his passion for the other girl had separated him from Rosa for life.

She turned him out of her home with proper indignation and bitter reproaches. In fact she afterward declared that she had never cared for him anyway, and that she had been interested only in his money. She later brought suit for breach of promise of marriage. Testimony was offered tending to show that the shock of the news of the defendant's marriage produced a marked effect upon Miss Robertson. Witnesses testified to the fact that she refused to discuss the matter and seemed very downhearted. One of the contentions of the defendant was based upon the girl's remark that she had never cared for him. The Supreme Court reversed the verdict of the lower court because of erroneous instructions given to the jury, but on the question of the remark it declared that angry retorts made by the girl after the marriage of the defendant had no bearing upon the question of what her feelings may have been prior to that event.

The case was Robertson v. Craver, 88 Iowa 254; 55 N. W. 492.

Health as an Element

THE MENTAL state of a person, as we all know, profoundly influences the bodily functions. Intense grief may result in illness, particularly if it is the sort of grief that a sensitive woman might feel in losing the love of one in whom she had confided her affections and to whom she had expected to be married. To die of a broken heart is not a common experience, but to suffer greatly from such a calamity is quite possible. In cases of breach of promise, when the woman is utterly devoted to the man, with no thoughts for anyone else, the results may be serious. This fact may be taken into consideration in assessing damages.

Santos Oritz on May 20, 1893 proposed marriage to Carolina Navarro and was accepted. The marriage was to occur around November 15, 1893. When the time came for the wedding Oritz found some excuses for delay. In fact it soon became apparent that he did not intend to marry the girl. During the early months of their engagement Oritz had written to Rosa eight very

ardent love letters. Letters and protestations of affection ceased. In May 1894 Oritz married another woman. Carolina Navarro was so overcome by grief that she cried for several days and became very ill, remaining in this condition for a long time. She brought suit for breach of promise of marriage. The court held that the illness of the plaintiff might properly be considered as an element of damages. The defendant adopted one curious line of defense in claiming that to recover it would be necessary for the plaintiff to prove, if no particular day for the wedding was fixed upon, that she had requested him to set the day of the wedding. In disposing of this contention the court said:

"In an action for breach of promise to marry, it is sufficient if the plaintiff shows that the defendant has violated his promise by refusing to marry her. * * * It can hardly be expected that a lady should say to a gentleman: 'Sir, I am ready to marry you. Pray fix the day and marry me.' It is not in the nature of a woman to talk that way, however anxious and willing she may be."

The case was Oritz v. Navarro, 30 S. W. 581.

Damages Presumed

WHILE the amount of damages in a case of breach of promise of marriage always depends upon the special circumstances of the case, yet in all cases where a breach is proven some damages will be presumed by law. However a woman may have cheapened herself by misconduct, yet if a man, knowing the facts, asks her to marry him and she promises to do so she would have a right to collect some damages, however small, if the man should later refuse to marry her. The breach of contract in itself entitles her to at least nominal damages.

This fact was strikingly set forth in a western case where a woman who was illegally and immorally living with another man at the time of bringing suit, sued a former lover for breach of promise of marriage. The facts were that she had formerly lived with the first man without being married to him so that when he proposed to her he knew of her past and present and might easily have foreseen her future conduct. The court declared that some damages would be presumed even though it might amount to almost nothing. Said the court:

"A woman bringing an action for breach of promise of marriage against one man, while at the same time unlawfully living and cohabiting with another, would not be entitled to the same damages as if she were a virtuous woman leading a pure and unspotted life. Damages for the blasted hopes and the ruined life of a pure, virtuous woman might be immeasurably large, and beyond any compensation, while to an habitual mistress, whose life and hopes were already ruined, the damages might be immeasurably small." The case was Dupont v. McAdow, 6 Mont. 226; 9 Pac. 925.

Personal Vengeance Before Suing

March 19, 1932

THE VEXED problem of how to match intangible injuries to the affections and the soul of a trusting woman to the cold standard of dollars and cents must ever continue to trouble mankind. From the nature of things we can never have a perfect solution of the problem.

The appalling and increasing divorce rate in modern society is in itself an indication that the fickleness of lovers before marriage is likely to become more rather than less common in the future. For a lover to break off an engagement before marriage occurs is comparable to a divorce after marriage. All thinking people will admit, I believe, that modern psychology, now doing so much to break down the moral safeguards that have been reared through the ages, must inevitably increase these unhappy spectacles of disillusioned and disenchanted lovers who part before marrying at all.

The maiden who loves not wisely but too well, is her own worst enemy. A man once disclosed this truth to me with brutal frankness when I was upbraiding him for not marrying a certain girl with whom he had been keeping company for years, a girl who was utterly devoted to him. I knew the pair so well that the girl had confided to me her unhappiness that her lover was forever postponing the marriage to a more convenient season.

I shall never forget his words, not because there was anything original about them, but because of the tragedy that later befell the girl. He said: "Hang it all, Archer, I never chase a street car after I have caught it." Within a year from that time I was shocked to learn of the man's death. The beautiful and attractive girl in the case has never married. She had no claim upon her lover's property. For more than twenty years since his death she has been supporting herself as a clerk and stenographer. The man did not break his engagement voluntarily. Death did it for him, but the girl lost in the game of life. If she had been wiser she might have married the man of her choice years before his death—or perhaps he might not have died when he did. Married men, you know, live longer than gay bachelors—despite the current witticism that it only seems longer.

No Independent Means of Livelihood

IN ANY action for breach of promise of marriage, the question of the female plaintiff's financial condition may properly enter into the scale, in determining the amount of damages to be awarded for such breach. If the woman is wealthy in her own right the loss of the expected support and comfort of a home as the wife of the defendant, is not nearly so great as would be the loss to a woman who had no means of support. Facts concerning her financial status are therefore a legitimate element of evidence in the case.

Suit for breach of promise of marriage was brought in the State of Michigan. At the trial it appeared that the plaintiff was residing in California when the alleged engagement took place. The defendant had been attentive to her for some time and finally mustered up sufficient courage to ask the fateful question, which the girl answered in the affirmative. California sunshine and flowers perhaps added to the bliss of the newly plighted pair but both of them felt that the consent of the girl's father was needful to their perfect happiness.

So the evening came when the bashful swain betook himself to the living room of the parental residence to interview the father on this all important matter. According to the evidence, he began by remarking that the father, no doubt, had noticed that he had been calling quite frequently of late. He then informed the father that he desired to marry the girl and that she was willing. The parental blessing was forthcoming. Joy reigned in that home—for a time. The defendant later announced that business would call him to Michigan for several months but that he would return to California for the summer.

The wedding was to occur at about Christmas time. The young couple corresponded after the manner of lovers until the defendant's letters suddenly changed in tone. He apparently sought to quarrel with the girl in order to have an excuse for breaking the engagement. The next thing she knew was that her lover had married another woman.

Under these distressing circumstances father and daughter journeyed to Michigan and settled down to the task of making the faithless lover pay for the injury, injustice and indignity visited by him upon the girl. When the case came to trial the plaintiff was awarded damages. One of the grounds of appeal was that the girl, while on the witness stand, had been asked by her lawyer whether she had any independent means of support, to which question she answered, "No." The Supreme Court in deciding for the girl declared:

"When the suit is for the loss of a marriage and of an expected home, the fact that the plaintiff is without the means to provide an independent home for herself is not entirely unimportant. It may be supposed to be one of the facts which both parties had in mind in making their arrangements; and it is not improper that the jury should know of it also and take it into account in making up their verdict." The judgment in the girl's favor was affirmed.

The case was Vanderpool v. Richardson, 52 Mich. 336; 17 N. W. 936.

Indemnity, Not Punishment

THE AIM of the law in granting relief to the injured party in an action for breach of promise is *to indemnify the party injured rather than to punish the wrongdoer.* Expressed in another way, the wrongdoer is required to pay to his victim a sufficient sum to make good to her, so far as money can do it, for the heartache, mental distress, frustrated hope, loss of the material advantages that might have been hers had he kept his agreement.

Noble Swift paid court to a young lady named Emily Harrison. In due course they became engaged to be married. Before the happy day arrived, however, Swift had a change of heart. He jilted the lady and she promptly haled him into court. At the trial while discussing the question of damages the court instructed the jury that "if the jury found that the defendant had broken his contract, and not acted in good faith towards the plaintiff, she was entitled to receive damages, to be computed on the principle of indemnity and reasonable compensation, and not in any event as vindictive damages."

The court went on to explain that the jury would have a right to consider the disappointment of her reasonable expectations, and to inquire what she had lost by such disappointment, and for that purpose to consider, among other things, what would be the money value or worldly advantages (separate from considerations of sentiment and affection) of a marriage which would have given her a permanent home and an advantageous establishment."

The court further declared that if the jury were satisfied that the girl's affections had truly been set upon the man and that

(Continued on page 72)

Three Zone Winners

Selected in Beauty Queen Contest

Finals This Month to Determine Winner—Preliminary Winners Are Harriet Lee, Zone One; Donna Damerel, Zone Two; Hazel Johnson, Zone Three

WHO will win the honor of being declared the Beauty Queen of American Radio? Radio Digest's campaign to discover the most beautiful girl in radio has reached the finals. Readers from all parts of the country have cast their ballots, with the result that this month we announce the winner in each of the three zones.

This ends the preliminaries and in order to make the final selection as fair as possible, the final vote will be made during the present month and the one of the three beauties receiving the greatest number of votes will be declared Beauty Queen of American Radio. Her picture will be painted by an outstanding portrait painter and she will be the Radio Digest cover girl in a future issue. Also she will be presented with the original painting.

In zone one, which comprises the eastern seaboard as far west as western Pennsylvania, Harriet Lee, formerly with WABC, New York, who was declared radio queen at the Radio World's Fair in New York last September, received the greatest number of votes and enters the finals from that zone. Miss Lee chalked up a total of 827 votes in the preliminaries.

IN ZONE two, which extends from a point approximately at the western end of Pennsylvania to the Mississippi River, Donna Damerel, broadcasting from WBBM, Chicago, is the winner in the preliminaries and will represent her zone in the finals. Miss Damerel scored with 1,715 votes.



Harriet Lee, winner of first place in Zone One, was declared Radio Queen at the Radio World's Fair in New York in September.

In zone three, which extends from the Mississippi River to the west coast, Hazel Johnson, who is on the air at KFYR, Bismark, N. D., won first place with a total vote of 1,654.

Remember, this is the final month of the contest. Be sure to vote for one of the three girls in the finals; also be sure to use the coupon provided for that purpose. Final votes must be in the office of Radio Digest not later than May 3rd. There are absolutely no restrictions on voting with the exception that the special coupon provided for the purpose on page 33 must be used. No matter where you live, you may cast your vote for any one of the three girls entered in the finals—but be sure to use the coupon. It is the only vote that counts.

INTEREST in the contest has been keen and votes have come into the Radio Digest offices from all over the United States and Canada. This is the first time that the radio listeners have had an opportunity of selecting the artist to represent the queen of beauty in broadcasting. Heretofore, the selection has been entirely in the hands of two or three portrait painters and theatrical people. The contest was started because Radio Digest felt that the public should be permitted to act as its own judge of beauty.

Runners up for the finals include Madeline Sivyer of Station KQW and KTAB, San Jose, California, (zone three) with a total vote of 470. Virginia Clarke in zone two (station WJJD, Chicago), won second place in



Donna Damerel, "Marge," of the team "Myrt and Marge," broadcasting out of Chicago, heads the list of contestants in the preliminaries in Zone Two.



Hazel Johnson hails from North Dakota—at least that's where she broadcasts . . . and her attractive features won first place for her in Zone Three.

that zone, with a vote of 435. Jane Froman also in zone two, WMAQ, Chicago, was right behind Miss Clarke with 433 votes. Catherine Fields, WEAF, New York was second choice in zone one with 282 votes.

When you cast your ballot for the final vote this month, be sure to mail it so that it is received in the office of Radio Digest not later than May 3rd. In the event that there is a tie for first place between any of the contestants in the finals, the pictures of all tying contestants will be used on the cover of Radio Digest and the originals will be presented to the artists. Remember, this is your last chance to vote. Use the ballot below and send it in early.

USE THIS COUPON IN FINAL CHOICE FOR BEAUTY QUEEN OF AMERICAN RADIO

Final Ballot—
RADIO DIGEST,
420 Lexington Ave.,
New York, N. Y.

My final choice for the Beauty Queen of American Radio is

Name of artist.....

Voters Name .....

Street .....City, State .....

MARCELLA

Little Bird Knows All—Tells All—Ask Her about the Stars You Admire

TODDLES, Presiding Pigeon of Graybar Court, bundled up some of our fan letters, equipped herself with a monacle, set her Empress Eugenie hat over her left ear and eye, and in this impressive dignity alighted on her bicycle. Pecking me on my right cheek, she bade farewell and said that to Riverside Drive was she bent to read over some of our fan missives—that ere nightfall she would return and help me with this colum. When the first shades of evening curtained off the speeding day, and no Toddles turned up, I hopped into my roller skates, and followed the tracks of my pardner's bicycle. When I reached that part of the Drive where Toddles always holds her rendez-vous with the setting sun, I found her bundled up in a heap and weeping copiously. She held out to me a letter written by Betty Jamieson who scolded both Toddles and myself for our delay in answering her requests and said she had more confidence in Walter Winchell than in us. Toddles broke out into a fresh series of sobs until I was able to quiet her with a hundred other letters indicative of the high esteem in which they held Toddles—Empress Eugenie chapeau and wilted plume not withstanding. And now let's get down to business, Toddles else Radio Digest will go to the printer and leave us out.

Well, now about Husk O'Hare, as we were saying. You know he recently closed a fifty-nine week engagement at the Hotel La-Salle where he played in the Blue Fountain Room. At this writing he's on tour. Husk is not his official Christian name, but he has answered to it for so long that his own family cannot recall the appellation which they bestowed upon him at birth. Only the records at Maysville, Ky. where he was born can yield that information. When he was fourteen, his family moved to Chicago, and he has lived there ever since. His two brothers and sister never cease wondering at his trunks and trunks of clothes—his one failing.



Husk O'Hare

* * *

FROM seventeen to seventy—that is the range of ages when listeners are most interested in Landt Trio and White. Pick out Dan, Karl and Jack Landt from this picture. Yes, that's right—the three boys on the right. The one at the left is Howard White. They hail from the good old city of Scranton, Pa.—home of coal strikes, where Dan was a house painter, Karl taught chemistry, Jack was a high school student and Howard White turned out rolls and loaves of bread in a bakery shop. Howard is blissfully ignorant of music and probably thinks that "do" in the scales mean weighing bread. He met the Landt brothers at the local Scranton stations WGBI and WQAN where they soon became a very popular group. The day they arrived in New York was a lucky one all around. They received an audition—a sponsor happened to be present and fate brought sponsor and quartet together over a substantial Contract. Howard White makes his home with the three brothers, their parents and sister in Jackson Heights, Brooklyn and a cheerful little group they make.



Landt Trio and White

* * *

LOWELL PATTON's *Song for Today* over WJZ furnishes twenty-four hours of inspiration to radio listeners. Most of the music is from his own pen. Mr. Patton set out on the "troubled waters" of music when he was but eight, as a singer in the choir of Trinity Church, in Portland, Oregon, his birthplace, where he was to become organist ten years later. In the meantime he had traveled to every important city in Europe where he studied the organ. Like most musicians he has seen "lean years" but these passed over very quickly for him. Mr. Patton brings to the radio a background of rich experiences and study—experiences gained through his world travels and during his service with the United States Navy during the World War—and the thorough training received in some of the best institutions in Europe including the Royal Academy in London.



Lowell Patton

* * *

THREE cheers for Thelma Shahan, who sends us "several bits" about Mannie Lowy, first violinist of the original Connecticut Yankees. We also owe this picture to her. Toddles suggests we quote her letter verbatim—so here goes: "Mannie Lowy has been at Pine Crest Manor, Southern Pines, North Carolina since May, 1930. Has been very very ill, but is now steadily convalescing. Was in bed 13 months. Hopes to be back with the other boys in the spring. Has been playing the violin for 15 years. Started orchestra work as first violinist in the Morris High School Orchestra in New York under the very capable leadership of Mr. E. Tracy, then the leader of the well-known Keith's Boys Band. Previous to the formation of the Connecticut Yankees, he played in the following orchestras: Moss Hallet Orchestra, Bert Lown's Orchestra, Bill Wilsen's Orchestra. New York is his birthplace. One of his outstanding characteristics is loyalty—with a capital "L." Happily



Mannie Lowy

married—and his wife is charming. Favorite sport prior to his illness was tennis and football. Considerably interested in New York University's team. Gets an immense kick out of listening to his four year old daughter, Lorraine, try to imitate Rudy singing *Vagabond Lover.* His tribute to Vallee: "That Rudy is one of the finest and squarest men in the music game, especially in the generous way he has treated us boys. All he asks in return is fair play and in this way we boys try to show our appreciation by always giving him our best efforts and loyalty." Of the boys he says: "They are the most regular bunch of fellows I've ever known or worked with. There isn't one in the band who can be called 'high hat.'" Suppose we make it a hundred cheers for Thelma—how about it, Toddles, old deah?


Dave Bernie

* * *

DAVE BERNIE, one of Ben Bernie's many brothers is catering to an audience at the Coral Grill which opened its doors on Broadway the middle of February. There's a family resemblance, isn't there? Broadcasts over WHAP, New York, Wednesdays and Fridays at 11 p. m.

* * *

GENERAL Items: Julia Jacques will find feature story of Col. Stoopnagle and Budd in the Summer Issue of Radio Digest. A paragraph or two about Eddie and Jimmie in October issue, Mrs. Adams. Those interested in Anthony Wons will find something in this column soon. We had his picture and a short sketch about him over a year ago. No, not one of the Landt Trio and White group is married. Dan is 30, Karl 22, Jack 19 and Howard twenty-nine. We'll have something about Gene Hamilton, Janet for the benefit of your fan club.

* * *

WE HAD a paragraph about Paul Small in the January issue—but so many requests came in for his picture that I sent out Toddles to Paul's home to get a photograph and a short interview. Here are both. Started radio in 1924 over WGN in Chicago. Joined Little Jack Little in 1925. Toured country in radio programs under name of "Little and Small." Joined Paul Ash at McVicker's Theatre, Chicago. Remained three years in one place with him. Came to Paramount, with him and did first N. Y. broadcast on Paramount-Publix program over WABC. Did vocal choruses with Guy Lombardo's band when he first went on with his cigar program. With Jesse Crawford for two seasons on Royal Typewriter hour. Listeners heard him also on the following programs: Luden's, Life Saver, Davega, and Woman's Radio Review. Has been with Vincent Lopez for the past year. Paul made his debut in the theatre at the tender age of six with his mother as accompanist.


Paul Small

* * *

PAUL CARSON, NBC organist on the Pacific Coast, has appreciative audiences everywhere. Paul was born in Bridgeport, Ill., and at the early age of five and a half his mother taught him to play the organ. His repertoire consisted of two hymns, *Nearer My God to Thee and Jesus Lover of My Soul.* This repertoire, limited as it was, saved the day for his father one Sunday when the regular organist had not arrived in time for the service. Paul (only six at the time) obeyed the beckoning motion of his father to take his place at the organ. The father announced to the congregation, that they sing *Nearer My God To Thee.* When they were ready to sing the second hymn, the clergyman turned over the pages of the hymnal as if in search of another selection. He then paused and announced, "We shall now sing *Jesus Lover of My Soul.* This young Paul executed with the same skill as the first. But his suspense can just about be imagined when the time approached for the third hymn—and still the regular organist had not put in an appearance. The youngster had exhausted his complete repertoire of two songs—and there was another to come. The father, never at a loss to meet any emergency opened the hymnal and declared that the last hymn was so beautiful that it was worthy to be repeated. Before the World War Paul attended Northwestern University. His part in the War was driving an ambulance and carrying stretchers. After the Armistice, he was transferred to the overseas entertainment committee and put on shows for the Americans who were still stationed in France and Germany. Paul's father and grandfather were both clergymen. His grandfather was associated with the Wesleys in Ireland. His is an intensely artistic nature—loving beauty wherever he finds it. He possesses one of the largest libraries in San Francisco and one of the finest collection of Persian rugs and rare works of art.


Paul Carson

* * *

PROBABLY the only education in music Harry Frankel, (Singin' Sam) ever got was in a piano factory where he learned the trade of action finisher—and he never worked at it after he got his PhD. And by the way, he's the same Singin' Sam, the Lawn Mower Man whom you heard on WLW, and the same Singin' Sam, the Coffee Man who broadcast over WTAM. Two weeks after assuming the role of Singin' Sam the Barbasol Man over CBS, he received something like 25,000 letters. We hope, for the benefit of his sponsor, that some of these were from bearded ladies. Harry was born in Danville, Ky., January 27th, A. D. His father was a clothier and discouraged his young son's tendencies toward the stage. But these theatrical inclinations proved irresistible and Harry soon became affiliated with J. Coburn's Minstrel Show. Then came an engagement at the Bijou Theatre which billed artists now well-known on the radio including Frank Crumit. After two years at this theatre, Harry became a member of a quartet that stayed together for nine years—and during that time of steady traveling all over the United States—there was never a cross word or an argument among them. But although they were a very popular group and got a big hand—there was very little in it. So Harry thithered back to Richmond where he opened a camera store in partnership with a schoolboy who knew the photography business. But the popular germ, *wanderlust,* attacked him and again he joined a minstrel show. He stayed with it for three years—and just as it was about to close down—it was during the time when all road shows were on the decline, he was asked by Joe Dunlevy to join him in vaudeville. They toured the RKO circuit as Frankel and Dunlevy, the Two Blackbirds. But after a time it was discovered that vaudeville also was slipping, so Harry decided to try radio. And that's when he became Singin' Sam the Lawn Mower Man for the Great States Lawn Mower Company. He had a three-year contract with this concern, but the officials of a coffee concern in some way came to terms with the G. S. L. M. Co. and Frankel became Singin' Sam, the Coffee Man. The Barbasol Company is now the lucky concern for it holds the contract with Frankel, and he in turn holds the attention to the program. Harry is six feet one, weighs a hundred ninety-eight and is unmarried. He has provided a very beautiful home for his parents whom he calls up regularly over long distance at least once a week.


Singin' Sam

* * *

MORE Miscellaneous Items: Lew Conrad can be heard, Mrs. Gunther, Thursday evenings at 11:15 over

(Continued on page 78)



For four years the Radio Guild of the National Broadcasting Company has been developing the best possible technique in the presentation of radio drama. In that time it has presented over 200 of the classics. Here is a typical cast from one of the Guild plays: From left—Charles Warburton, Sheila Hayes, Jeanne Owen, Florence Malone, Charles Webster, Leo Stark, Harry Neville and Vernon Radcliffe, director.

Brush Up on Your "Lit" by Tuning in the

RADIO GUILD

By JOHN A. NEAGLE

DON'T let this spoil your pleasure but you have been hearing a great deal about the problems of presenting education by radio. If you'll let professional radio showmen do the job you'll certainly like it. And that's why we say follow the dramas of the Radio Guild and you'll get a fine show by the best talent in the world, and you'll be refreshed by hearing something you ought to know for the cultural improvement of your mind.

RADIO drama has won a complete divorce from the stage. It stands on its own legs, erect, unique and an artistic achievement in its own right.

This is the declaration of Vernon Radcliffe, director and producer of the Radio Guild, at the peak of the 1931-32 season over the NBC network. And out of the months of study, trial and endeavor the radio drama has evolved a certain dramatic technique more akin to music than any dramatic form the world has ever known.

In making this analogy Mr. Radcliffe compares the effect on the basis of subtlety, emotional range and intimacy. Greater scope in all three, he claims, is possible by radio because the listener is freed from the limitations of the physical stage and is carried through the full range of his own imagination to interpret every suggestion according to his own natural conception.

Just as the director of the symphony stands in view before the members of his orchestra, leading them through the emotional phases of their music so does the director of the radio drama find it possible to step from a mere rehearsal to the actual conducting of the performance—that single vivid, spontaneous enactment before the million. The unification and power that this makes possible is regarded by many as one of the most interesting factors of radio broadcasting.

John W. Elwood, vice president of the NBC in charge of the educational programs, considers the work of the Radio Guild more than just another entertainment feature. The character of the selected dramas and the method of their presentation contribute immeasurably to the cultural welfare of the nation.

The refined radio drama's influence may eventually have such an effect on the popular mind that a more wholesome character of play will be demanded of the visible stage. Such an eventuality, however, would be only incidental to the general plan of the broadcasters. The work of the Guild is offered as an extra-curricular course in appreciation of the drama. Mr. Elwood is quoted as saying:

"It aims to do for the drama what the Music Appreciation Series of Walter Damrosch has done for music. The series represents the best that we have in the drama and presents actors and actresses well known in the roles.

"THE plays have been selected from the required or suggested reading lists of the standard schools and universities. Although there will be no direct educational approach—the plays simply being offered for their obvious and intrinsic worth—Radio Guild provides a worthy tie-in with the extra-curricular activity of literary classes."

Thereafter at the same period, 4:15 to 5:15 p. m., E. S. T., the NBC guild cast has presented fine drama chosen from the reading lists of American colleges and secondary schools. The plays range from Greek to modern dramatic

literature, including the works of Shakespeare, Moliere, Goldsmith, Ibsen, Sheridan and Barrie.

Such stars of the legitimate stage as Margaret Anglin, Tom Powers, Eva Le Gallienne, Dudley Digges, Constance Collier, Margaret Kennedy and Basil Rathbone, to mention only a few, have been identified with the guild series.

Constance Collier, dramatic star of the English and American theater, headed the cast of the Radio Guild 1931-32 premiere, "Agamemnon," which was broadcast on October 9. She portrayed the role of Clytaemnestra, treacherous wife of Agamemnon, in the Greek tragedy by Aeschylus.

The second vehicle presented by the Guild was "Faustus," the interesting work of Christopher Marlowe.

IN THE following five weeks, four works of Shakespeare were offered. They were "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "Julius Caesar," "Hamlet," presented in two parts, and "Merchant of Venice."

There then followed many pieces familiar to most every listener and student in the country such as Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer," "School for Scandal" by Sheridan, Ibsen's "Peer Gynt" and Barrie's "Dear Brutus."

The cast which usually presents the Radio Guild dramas comprise William S. Rainey, production manager of NBC; Florence Malone, William Shelley, Charles Warburton, Jeanne Owen, Leo Stark, Peggy Allenby, Harry Neville and Wright Kramer.

"A word of appreciation is due the American audience," according to Vernon Radcliffe, director of the series, the real creator of radio drama. "It requires a high degree of concentration, intelligence, and imagination on the part of the listener to receive the illusion projected from the studio," he says. "Thousands upon thousands of letters from all states and all walks of life have convinced me in a breath-taking way that radio marks the dawning of a new spirit, the craving of an imaginative, idealistic people for the finest in drama as in everything else."

The series will run through to April 29, coincident with the balance of the school year. The booking dates have been made rigid for the benefit of classes desiring to follow the series.



Eva LeGallienne

The final nine plays scheduled for each Friday afternoon on the guild program follows:

MARCH

Mar. 4, Rostand, "Cyrano de Bergerac;" Mar. 11, "The Dover Road," Milne; Mar. 18, "The Great Divide," Moody; Mar. 25, (Good Friday) "The Terrible Meek," Kennedy.

APRIL

April 1, "The Truth," Fitch; April 8, "The Doll's House," Ibsen; April 15, "The Melting Pot," Zangwill; April 22, "The Jest," Benelli (especially translated); April 29, "Beggar on Horseback," Kaufman & Connolly.

MORE than any other factor perhaps in vividly presenting dramas over the radio has been the development of sound effects—and in this important work of adding to the elusive word something of the reality of events, Vernon Radcliffe has taken a very major part. The slam of a door, the patter of the rain on a roof, and as much color to a radio play as the voices of the actors and actresses. And these sounds have to be interpreted in a tongue of studio mechanism—unpoetic it may be to hear the rustle of leaves over the radio and to know that these soft murmurs issue from an ugly contraption made of wood and steel—but the tenseness of the play and the interest with which it grips you should outweigh any of these considerations.



Vernon Radcliffe, Director of Radio Guild.

During one of the rehearsals which Mr. Radcliffe was directing, there was a scene of fugitives making their way through a deep swamp. The *plrt*, did not come through with the realism of the suction of marshy ground. "Here," cried Mr. Radcliffe as he strode from the control room where he closely listened to every shade and inflection of sound, "I'll sacrifice a handkerchief—let's see how this works." He dipped it slowly into a basin of water and the ear immediately caught the realism of men stalking through the spongy land.

Mr. Radcliffe is a tall, angular person—impatient with imperfections, and that is why listeners get such excellent performances at the mere cost of a dial twist.

Even the most inveterate theatre-goer can listen to dramatic presentations over the air without missing the costumes and settings which his own imagination can conjure up to complete the picture. And that is why the Radio Guild enjoys such a tremendous following not only in rural sections where people depend upon radio to a great extent for their entertainment, but also in urban sections where just a few squares lead to Broadway, the home of the theatre.

While the Thespians, in sackcloth and ashes, mourn over the gradual decline of the theatre, we hear sounds of rejoicing here, there and everywhere, "Long live the Radio Guild." It's just a four year old infant but it has in that time exhibited its strength, character and prodigality.

The most obvious disadvantage that drama suffers by radio is that it is invisible. A radio audience is to all purposes a blind audience. Gone is all the showy scenery, the elaborate lighting effects, and the pantomime of the actors. In its place radio must rely on a greater appeal to the imagination. The listener has an opportunity to paint his own scenery in his mind's eye—an opportunity indulged in by the audiences of Shakespeare's day, but a forgotten art to the moderns.

The very nature of radio drama, appealing as it does to the ear alone, literally impels the listener to use his own imagination. However much he may crave realism, radio can supply it but partially. The complementary elements of realism—a visualization of scene and action—must come from within the listener. Any person who listens through a radio play has necessarily participated in the production. He must have imagined what he has not been able to see. He has become an active part in the cycle of dramatic creation.

This element of radio drama, which may seem from some points of view to be a handicap, may also be interpreted as a positive virtue. By forcing the listener to become active in the play.

Broadcasting from The Editor's Chair

Just a Baby Boy, the Radio and the Press

IT TOOK one little two year old child to set the nation on fire. It took one little curly haired boy snatched away from his mother in the dead of night to make men and women forget their sordid quarrels and turn anxious eyes to the latest editions of the newspapers, to keep their radio receivers alive and tuned to the latest reports from the stricken home near Hopewell, New Jersey.

What a leveler this dreadful incident turned out to be! Only a few hours before there had existed a world of petty strife, keen edged rivalry for supremacy, and plots for concerted offensives. Then came a young mother's call for her vanished babe, a father's urgent appeal for help and all of rancor and bitterness disappeared as if by magic.

Arm in arm the "foes," as it seemed, rushed forward to cooperate in the most intensive man hunt the world has ever known. Radio and the press worked side by side, helped each other, told of the other's exploits. Day and night the receivers were kept alive tuned to the frequent bulletins from the front. Emergency short wave stations were established at the line of action. Reports were flashed to the broadcasting stations and then relayed to millions of eagerly hopeful listeners. The radio flashes were followed by suggestions that "full details could be found in the local newspapers in every community."

Who said the newspapers were out to fight radio? Where were those boisterous shouts of yesterday? What had happened to those maps of strategy? Why, a sleepy little fellow who had been tucked away in his crib for the night had been caught up by alien hands and carried away into the dark unfathomable night. He had to be found. It had become necessary to spread the alarm throughout the land, and then an aroused nation waited almost breathlessly for every scrap of news hoping at any moment to hear that this helpless little boy had been restored once more to his mother's arms—just a sunny haired little fellow who couldn't possibly know that he had become the most talked about baby in the world.

Three Cheers for Cheerio!

ONE of the most extraordinary characters in radio is the gentle voiced speaker over the WEAF network known to listeners from coast-to-coast only as Cheerio. His name has been published—but not by Radio Digest. We have his full name before us at the moment but it has been his wish that his radio audience should know him only as Cheerio. There is no valid reason to violate that request. We know the author of an article published in a national story magazine wherein Cheerio's private name was revealed for the first time. That writer heard from the Cheerio fans very shortly and has not been quite the same since.

If ever a man of the air deserved to have his anonymity respected it is Cheerio. His mission is one of love toward humanity. He seeks no profit in any way other than the good that comes to his soul from spreading good cheer. He is well to do, the owner of a successful business. Money does not interest him when he dons the golden cloak of Cheerio.

It is his personal creed to maintain the personality of Cheerio as a friendly Voice almost mythical in character. He prefers to leave to the listener's imagination the picture created by the character. Newspaper radio columnists have searched in vain for a photograph of the man who speaks with the voice of Cheerio. He has been very careful about avoiding photographs. It is said that he happened to be in a gathering of alumni recently when it was proposed that a group picture be taken of the old grads. When the lineup was complete and the photographer was ready to snap the picture the face of the man who stands before the mike as Cheerio had disappeared.

INSPIRATION, hope, good fellowship radiate on this program. Children who have been careless listening to Cheerio are reminded to write to their mothers or fathers. Parents feel a kindlier philosophy toward life. The story of how it all started is told somewhat in this manner:

Years ago Mr. X was a classmate of President Hoover at Leland Stanford University. More recently, about the time the NBC was catching its first breath, these two men were driving together along a California highway. Mr. X, who has since become Cheerio, said to the President who was then Secretary of Commerce, that he would like very much to do something to spread sunshine into the hearts of all who felt troubled and downcast. He particularly wanted to bring cheer to those who had passed over the summit of life and were going down the far slope.

And so he did. He began broadcasting in California under the name of Cheerio. He wanted his listeners to think of him only as Cheerio—and not as of any other kind of individual whatever. His eagerness and sincerity radiated through his voice. His idea of spreading sunshine worked. Withered hearts expanded and bloomed under his warm and friendly glow.

People who had lost faith in human kindness watched in vain for some catch. They waited for "The Pay-Off." But the "Pay-off" was only more sunshine and good cheer. His broadcasts were discussed in all parts of the country. He was invited to spread his sunshine over the NBC network, thus reaching an audience of countless thousands. He transferred his activities to New York.

For five years he has been carrying on this mission, doubtless the most purely altruistic program yet conceived. Cheerio fans during the past few weeks have been hanging the letter C in their windows or over the fireplace to celebrate the occasion.

Here's to Cheerio, good Mr. Cheerio! Would to God there were more of you!

RADIOGRAPHS

Intimate Personality Notes Gleaned from the Radio Family of New York's Great Key Stations

Phil Fisher

By James David Brice

THE story of Phil Fisher, who broadcast from the Ten Eyck Hotel via CBS, unlike that of some who have presented their orchestras over the air, is in no way similar to a fairy tale. There was no genii at hand to work miracles for him. It was hard labor.

But an interesting story, none the less.

Born in the little village of Elizabethtown, Pa., on April 27, 1906, Phil grew up amid the farm lands of the Pennsylvania Dutch.

Another case of the "Dutch" doing it.

Showing an early aptitude for music, the first real step toward his present success was made during his high school days when he acted as conductor and concertmaster for the high school orchestra.

At that time Paul Specht, born but a few miles from the Fisher home, was at the peak of his fame and the one ambition in young Fisher's life was some day to emulate his neighbor's success.

To the present day, Phil maintains it was this boyhood worship for a noted orchestra leader which decided his course in life.

"Immediately upon finishing my high school course," declares Phil, "I organized my own band and for two years played throughout the state."

In this venture he met with more than usual success attained by a youngster of less than twenty, but was not satisfied.

ONE character of his Dutch ancestors, that of patience and study, was deeply embedded in the young musician. He believed that greater experience might come from being a part of a more nationally known orchestra and, when offered a place in Tommy Christian's band, he promptly turned his back on leadership and joined.

For five years he played with Christian, traveling all over the country and appearing on the air from WLW in Cincinnati and KMOX in St. Louis, as well as from the Paramount Grill in New York.

And he not only secured the experience he desired, but also the nucleus for his present orchestra.



Phil Fisher

"It was during the last few weeks with Tommy Christian that I again had the idea of forming my own band," Phil says. "Previously we had been joined by two or three members of one of the most famous orchestras in the south at that time—the Watson Bellhops, including Ezelle Watson, their leader.

"What finally decided me can be attributed to two things. One, the decision of Christian to retire from the game; the other, my meeting with Marty Britt."

The present conductor and featured singer with Phil's band, previous to that meeting, had embarked upon a career in many ways similar to that of Fisher.

Born in Meridian, Miss., on May 17, 1900, he had later been concertmaster for the Meridian High School Glee club. Leaving school for thirteen months in the army, he returned to form his own band, just as Phil had, and not long after.

For three years Marty Britt's orchestra enjoyed the same success throughout Texas and the southwest that Watson's Bellhops were securing further east. Then Marty broke up his band and gave his time to recording for the Victor Company, where his reputation was soon made as a singer of Southern "Blues."

Until finally he, too, joined Tommy Christian's band, just prior to Christian leaving the field of music.

"Both of us had already been over the air," declares Phil, "and from the experience we had secured in our other connections we felt assured that a Phil Fisher orchestra could be made a success.

"At any rate, upon Tommy's retirement, we selected an orchestra, the same one now playing, composed of members from Christian's, Watson's and Marty's own bands."

Truly representative of the country which now hears them were the selections.

FROM Pennsylvania comes Phil Fisher and his brother, Ted, also Chet Shaeffer, the latter from the city of York. Ohio contributes two members; Herbert Lessner from Youngstown, and Fred Tupper from Cleveland. New York State presents Andrian Tei, a native of Binghamton. The south is present with three members: Ezelle Watson from Dothan, Alabama; Webster Gillen from Orlando, Florida, and Marty Britt. The two remaining players are "Buck" Kelly from Benton, Illinois and Bill Robertson, who hails from Minneapolis, Minn.

The new band a reality, Phil secured several short engagements in New York city, shortly after taking the step which was destined to bring him national prominence.

Again it was the "Dutch" which sent him to the Ten Eyck hotel in Albany, N. Y., where he succeeded Huston Ray, instead of continuing in New York city where some many well established orchestras offered competition.

The transfer occurred but a short time after Station WOKO, under the direction of Harold E. Smith had moved up the Hudson from Rip Van-Winkle land into the capitol city of the state.

But in the same way that Fate had brought Phil and Marty Britt together down in Texas, it now brought Phil Fisher and his orchestra to WOKO. Both new in their fields and both destined to help the other.

From his first local broadcast Phil's orchestra clicked with the radio audience, despite the fact that Albany had two other leading bands at the time, both "Sleepy" Hall and "Doc" Peyton being on hand.

But click it did, and Harold Smith realized that WOKO, still an infant so far as national radio prominence was concerned, had a real asset.

That is the story of Phil Fisher, a Pennsylvania Dutch boy, who will tell you with a smile that he put in some pretty good efforts to make the big time in radio.

All those efforts can be summed up in four little words, however.

"The 'Dutch' did it."

(Phil Fisher, at the time Radio Digest is going to press, is touring the states, and by the time our magazine reaches the readers he will be broadcasting from some hotel in the west. —Editor.)

Fanny May Baldridge

By Marie K. Neff

FANNY MAY BALDRIDGE, the author, producer and actresses of "Miracles of Magnolia," that sketch of wholesome philosophy—in other words the whole show—hails from down New Martin, Tennessee way, but while still a child her parents made a stop-over in Louisville, Kentucky, and liked it. From that time on she has been a Louisville girl.



Fanny May Baldridge

When asked the question, "What is responsible for your sketch?" Miss Baldridge just shook her head and a bewildered expression shone on her face. "Why, why," she stammered, "I don't know, it's just a part of me, I spec." After thinking over the question for a minute or so she told me that it was the days back in New Martin and days even beyond that together with childhood visits to plantations in Athens and Mooresville, Alabama, that furnished her material. Miss Baldridge has taken her characters from childhood's happy memories and has brought them up-to-date. Aunt Ellen and Aunt Patsy, her own mammies are made to live again in Mammy Magnolia and even though brought out of the past and made to face present-day problems their philosophy remains unchanged and is just as applicable today as it was in those days



Mary and Bob of True Story Hour
(A Radiograph about this pair is scheduled for May issue)

UNCLE ESSEC, a bodyguard during the Civil War and who died at the Richardson homestead in Athens, Alabama, just three years ago, is responsible for many of Mammy Magnolia's biblical quotations while Janie Jones, a farm negro who followed the Baldridge family from New Martin to Louisville, is the originator of a great number of Josie's crazy word concoctions.

Just as many other mothers are hidden in the background of their daughters' careers, so is Mrs. Sally Ryan Baldridge at the wheel of her daughter's ambitions. To her, Miss Baldridge gladly admits, belongs fifty per cent of the credit for if it were not for her mother's memory Mammy Magnolia would sometimes be wanting for interpretations as well as many quaint expressions. Mrs. Baldridge is her daughter's severest critic. "She is a daughter of the old south and to her friends and those servants of her day who are still living she is the 'one and only Miss Sally.'"

Miss Baldridge started her negro impersonations when only eleven years of age. At this time she studied with Miss Betty Lewis, considered the finest negro impersonator in the south, who called her the "perfect little nigger." During this time she made frequent stage appearances in Louisville and towns about.

Immediately following her graduation from the Louisville Girls High School the author of this skit went to southern Tennessee where she taught dramatics, expression and voice for two years. While teaching she decided on a professional career and when her contract expired she came to Chicago where she became a student of Elias Day, teacher of dramatic art for the Lyceum Arts Conservatory.

At the end of the summer course Mr. Day persuaded her to remain for the winter one. Her stay lengthened into five seasons with the Affiliated Lyceum and Chautauqua Bureaus, managing her own company. As the "Dixie Girl" she gave to the platform the first group of mountain and negro camp meeting songs ever given. During the World War she was an official Y. M. C. A. entertainer, her duties taking her to six of the largest training camps in the country. Later she taught public speaking in Louisville being in charge of that department at Kentucky Military Institute. She also attained note as the coach of Anne Hardin, national oratorical finalist.

Miss Baldridge bases her perfect impersonations on a real understanding of the people to whom music and laughter are life. She has delved into their superstitions and signs. Superstitions are their heritage having come down from the dark ages; and their signs—to quote an old negro, "De's just the Lawd talkin' to us." Just as the white folks are directed by what they read so the negroes are directed by their signs. Even if their signs fail to materialize they conclude that the Lord knows what's good for them and doesn't want them to have whatever their sign promised which is very much equivalent to the unanswered prayers of the white folk.

MISS FANNY MAY'S continuities never contain a word that might reflect on the negro and this is borne out by the fact that an old negro man greeted her one day as she was leaving station WHAS, Louisville, after having had completed her day's broadcast of "Janie Jones," and said, "Miss Fanny May, I jus' waited case I wunts to tell you you sho proved you know us colored folks from the hide in and we wunts you to know we was listening to you and the nice part of it is you never

(Continued on page 78)



"It's a sax!" and Don Voorhees handed Andy Sannella the instrument specified in the slip drawn from the hat which Nellie held. From left: Andy, Hugo Mariani, Harry Reser, Don, Nellie Revell and Cesare Sodero.

GABALOGUE

By Nellie Revell

The Voice of Radio Digest

"WAIT till the sun shines, Nellie."

That's what a chorus some very high priced voices sang spontaneously when Nellie Revell commenced putting on her Arctics as evidence that it was time to go home. Since it was about three o'clock in the morning she could not be blamed even if the party had been in her honor, and the guests were mostly friends who had come from the National Broadcasting Company studios to help celebrate her first year on the air as THE VOICE OF RADIO DIGEST.

Hugo Mariani was the host. With four other famous orchestra directors he had taken part in Miss Revell's program over a WEAF network. The merriment had begun in the studios. Listeners in all parts of the country were invited to enjoy the fun as Nellie put slips of paper in a hat and had the maestros draw them out one by one. On each slip was the name of some musical instrument. The holder was warned he would have to play a solo on the instrument and then all five would have to join in the use of them for a concert.

Andy Sannella, as shown in the picture above, drew the saxophone. Harry Reser drew the xylophone, but after a few bars Nellie advised him to change over to his famous banjo (not that Harry couldn't make the xylophone perform to the queen's taste); Hugo Mariani drew the violin; Don Voorhees drew the piano and Cesare Sodero, operatic conductor and composer, drew the 'cello.

They were introduced individually to the other guests in the radio audience and finally were directed by Nellie herself in a jazz number. Mr. Sodero claimed it was his first experience at playing jazz. After the program, that had sounded so merry over the air, adjourned to Mariani's apartment. The climax was a huge birthday cake with one candle. Following is part of the program as broadcast by Miss Revell:—Editor.

HOWDY, friends. In the year I've been on the radio, I've had barrels of requests for information about orchestra leaders. They are the unsung heroes of the air. They spend years acquiring the technique of their profession and vast sums of money in training under great music masters. With their skill and knowledge, they come to the studios and build up programs which otherwise would be drab and dull, and they decoy you to the dials. You're lured to listening to them, and the first thing you know, you find you're buying a pack of cigarettes, a bottle of salad dressing or a pound of coffee, which you would have had to buy anyhow. And just think of getting a fine concert with it!

I have assembled here the five orchestra leaders about whom I have received the most inquiries during the last year. Knowing, as we do, what fine musicians they must be to conduct the orchestras they have under their supervision, the thought occurred to me—can they also play the various instruments as well as instruct others to. And they, too, are wondering if they can.

To preclude the possibility of anyone practising up on any particular instrument, no one here knows what instrument he is going to play tonight. We have here in front of us almost every instrument used in an orchestra, and the names of the different instruments are written on separate slips of paper, placed in sealed envelopes, and put in a hat. The baton weilders are to each pick one out and then play, or attempt to play the instrument designated."

Daly. . . "Sort of win, lose or draw."

Nellie. . . "Yes, they draw and the audience either wins or loses. It's all in the spirit of fun, and is in no way to be regarded as a sample of their musical art. * * * Maybe they'll be like the story my beloved Irvin Cobb tells about the newly rich man who built a fine home with all the latest whoosits and gadgets in it. He was taking great delight in showing a friend through the house, and asked the friend what he thought about it. His friend said: 'Well, there's only one thing it lacks. There should be a chandelier in the music room.' 'All right,' said the owner, 'I'll order one tonight by telegraph, but I don't think there's a soul in the house who can play one.' * * * I don't know whether these baton brandishers can play a chandelier or not, but if they draw a chandelier, they'll play it. George, please pass the hat. The first victim is to be Harry Reser."

Hicks. . . "You mean the first victim is the audience."

NELLIE. . . "Harry Reser, leader of the Cliquot Club Eskimo orchestra. Mr. Reser has conducted that popular polar club band for the past six years. Harry is *one* of the world's greatest, if not the greatest, banjo player. Time was when the banjo was played only by the levee negro, but the fine artistry of Harry Reser landed it in the salons of the socially elite. Transported, as it were, from the levee to the Lido. * * * All right, Harry, let's go. Hang on to your arm chairs, everybody. Harry is going to play . . . what did you draw, Harry?"

Hicks. . . "He drew a xylophone!"

(Everybody laughs).

Harry. . . "This is a frameup. I'm a banjoist . . . and here they hand me a xylophone."

Nellie. . . "Can you play a xylophone?"

Harry. . . "I don't know: I never tried."

Nellie. . . "Well, try it."

(Harry plays the xylophone).

Nellie. . . "Aw, Harry, let someone play the xylophone who knows how. You go back to the banjo." (Hands Harry his banjo).

(Harry plays the banjo).

Nellie. . . "Thanks. * * * Harry Reser is a native of Pickwee, Ohio, and is a direct descendant of David Crocker, the famous pioneer. He is of medium height, slim build, wears a small mustache, has sandy hair, and twinkling

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HITS—QUIPS—SLIPS

By INDI-GEST

Catch That Slip!

THERE'S many a slip twixt the lip and the mike. Next time you hear a good one jot it down and send it to Indi-Gest, care of Radio Digest. We pay contributors from $1 to $5 for material accepted for this department. Indi likes short verses on the same terms. Suggestions welcomed.

WELL sir, did you ever see such a rush for new radio publications! Here we are ten years old and from these new upstarts you'd think radio was just discovered as a field for journalism. But heaven bless 'em! We love company, and we hope they all prosper. We don't care if they even pick up some of our old established features such as this department. We note that one of them is even offering the same huge rewards we do for the slips—and maybe if you miss fire with Indi you can palm it off on the other fellow. The very latest has paid us the compliment of taking the line we originated, "Slips That Pass in the Mike." Of course really that's hardly sporting, but what to heck, thinking up lines like that is one of the easiest things we do and we're always glad to help a less fortunate neighbor. Besides we got rather tired of that line and put it away on the shelf for a rest several months ago.

* * *

Thanks to Helen Lissner, 1327 Union St., Brunswick, Ga., we find how Lowell Thomas explains the system by which Fung Chow takes his ether. Says she: "According to Mr. Thomas Fung Chow, was suffering from a broken hip, 'two nurses and a doctor held him so that the ether could be *administrated* under pressure.'" Tim, see that Helen gets one buck for spearing that one out of the air at the expense of Mr. Thomas' pride and our pocketbook.



Abner and Lum who discuss cracker barrel politics daily over WJZ net from Chicago.



Suburban Holmes and Silk Hat Sammy at WAAT in "Shadow the Shadow."

Defective Detwectives

SUBURBAN HOLMES: "Aha! My very Shadow! None other than P. Q. Clews, my assistant who turns out to be Silk Hat Sammy, alias Sammy the Swatter. But I must not let him know that I suspect. 'Twas he who spilt the claret in Somnia's soup! What do I see? The fur de chapeau rubbed the wrong way, the very fur found caught in Somnia's finger nails. 'Tis plain to see exactly where it was torn out from the crown by the roots. That glass—the fry glass—the instrument by which he used the sun to burn his fatal sign of the Sure Shot Swatter on the Fly leaf in Somnia's Diary! By my Grandfather's Calabash pipe I swear I'll have him shackled to a mike at WAAT, Jersey City, ere dawn, or I'll know waat."

* * *

AIN'T IT AWFUL!

There was a young lady announcer,
Who, slipping, said 'Ain't' so they bounced her—
"Why I ain't never heard
Such a illiterate word,"
Said the boss as he seized her and trounced her.

—Violet Hayes Peterson,
634 Insley Ave., Portland, Ore.

* * *

Lum 'n' Abner

"HAIN'T no patience whats'ever," says Lum to Abner, "with this effort on th' part of the gov'munt to turn the navy into a skeeter fleet to annoy the rum runners. If I was in Washington I'd spy around to see who's

who an' what's what behind all the gab to scrap the battleships without battles. Like as not you'll find some forrin power is back of it all, jest pallaverin' to undermine our strength so's if somethin' should happen we'd need our fightin' ships to keep 'em from shellin' our seaports like the Japs have been doin' at Shanghai we wouldn't have nothin' to back up our side the argyment."

"Mebbe so, Lum," says Abner who had been whittlin' his initials in the top o' the cracker barrel, "but you know Tildy Perkins says we ain't goin' to have no more wars 'cause the last war was to end wars—and she says it did."

"What's Tildy Perkins know 'bout sech things, Abner?" asks Lum. "She probably don't know China had the same idee until Japan took a notion she wouldn't stand for China boycottin' her goods. Jest imagine that for an excuse to start blowin' Seattle, Boston or New York out of existence because we git together an' say we ain't goin' to buy no more Japanee tea, rice an' stuff! Imagine the Japs rushin' over a string of battleships, pointin' her guns on Frisco or Los Angeles an' sayin' "You Yankees git out an' buy some of our kimonos an' fans or we'll bomb you into kingdom come. So pony up your wallets, an' dig down while we count ten.' That's what they did to the Shanghai folks when they didn't have no fightin' ships to argy the matter out to sea."



Eddie Cantor, on his cantering "Chimmie," as they arrive in Hollywood.

Cantor Still Running

DEAR INDAJEST: Whoop-la! Steady, there Chimmie, whoa! Well here we are in Hollywood, Chimmie and me. Chimmie, you know, is not the fickle announcer who is now making a mikey out of George Jessel. Chimmie is my faithful steed (see the postcard enclosed) and he brought me here all the way from Chicago without stopping. Ah but it is lovely here in California! How I wish all my dear radio listeners were here with me now—all six of them—tomatoes are cheaper here. But that would be silly, what do they care about Cantor now that they have Jessel. Even Chimmie Wallington, my pal, he has gone Jessel too.

But wait, look, look! The dark horse! As we canter through town after town the great masses are chanting at every middlesex, village and farm:

"We want Cantor, we want Cantor!"

Oh when I'm the pres-i-dent, when I'm the pres-i-dent—what? Oh, is that so? Who said I was out of the race? Too much coffee, huh! Who said I was a dead candidate. Say, let me tell you something, you never saw a liver one. Remember this:

It wasn't the coffee that carried him off,
It was the coffin they carried him off in.

Whoa, Chimmie! What's biting your wooden leg? A sap-sucking fly, is it! That absent minded horse carpenter never blessed you with a tail did he. But never mind, Chimmie, I'll get him. What? Why, look Chimmie! It's not a fly—it's a wood pecker! When, when—giddy-ap, Chimmie—when I'm the pres-i-dent we'll end the war in China and have chop suey for breakfast every day. Eddie Cantor.

* * *

Lu's Idea

DEAR MR. GEST: Em says as how something should be done about all the cities and towns and counties being so hard up they can't pay the school teachers or the police and what's going to become of us. So I says to Clara why don't you write to Indi-Gest and suggest for all the people to write in and say what they think should be done. Then out of the millions of letters that would come probably there would be hundreds of letters that would have just the right answer.

But Clara says, why Lu, that's a splendid idea and I wouldn't think of doing it when the credit all belongs to you. Well, anyway somebody should do it. Now you see they are talking about putting a tax on everything except just things that you eat so I thought that ought to stir up a lot of thinking especially on the part of people who are living on borrowed money or on help they are getting from money



Clara, Lu and Em. famous gossipers who discuss world affairs.

that is being given for the unemployed.

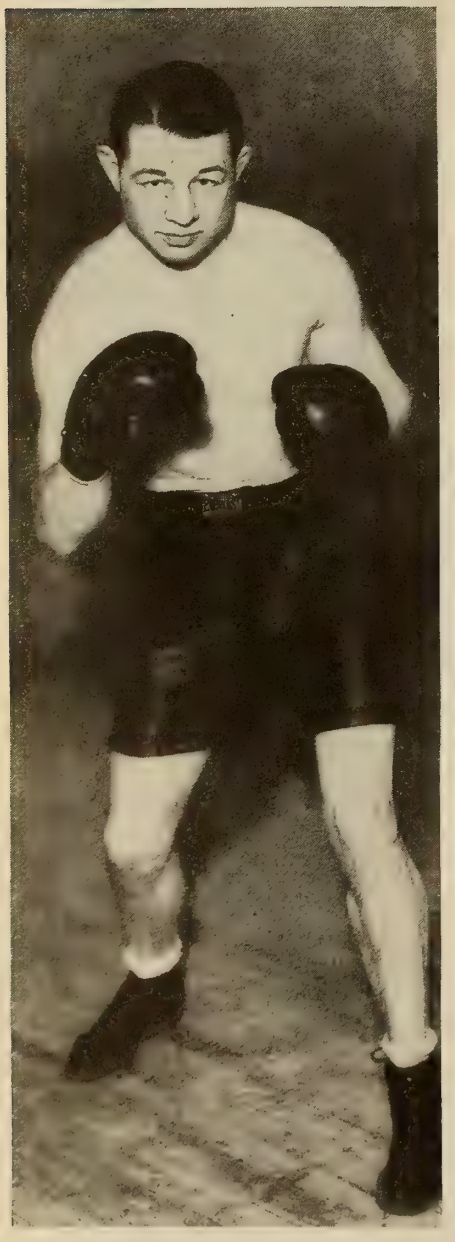
Is it right that people who have just barely enough to exist should have to use part of their borrowed money or money that has been contributed for those who have no jobs to give in taxes on shoes to the government?

Just think of the Elisha Bixwells over on the other side of the tracks. Elisha ain't had a job since he helped shuck corn for farmers last fall, an' they got five young ones in school and three more not old enough to go. An' the treasurer of the Unemployment Relief Committee has just been keepin' 'em body and soul together since long before Christmas.

Suppose they have to pay a tax out of the pennies that go to buy socks for them Bixwells? Is that right? But what can be done? Why the school teachers in Chicago haven't had but one month's pay since almost a year. And if that's the case in the big rich cities what must it be in towns where they may not have any very rich people? Still and all money must be raised.



No blondes here. Miss Ruth Westgate, chief hostess at San Francisco NBC studios likes her official receivers tall and brunette.



Believe it or not this professional lightweight pugilist has won a singing contest and sang over a coast-to-coast network with Paul Whiteman's orchestra. His name is Billy Wallace and he lives in Cleveland.

Isn't it just terrible! I see Henry Ford is going right ahead an' making a lot of cars just as though there ain't hard times at all. An' then those idiot Reds who hate work riot because others get jobs. Maybe Ford has the right idea. If everybody would just shut one eye and go right ahead as though there wasn't any depression why everybody would miss seein' it and forget all about it and there would be plenty of everything for everybody. Goodness knows I hope somebody will have the right idea. And that's what Clara and Em say too. Yours truly, Lu.

* * *

Oh, Doctor

KISSTAKES will happen in the best of families, as the maiden with downcast eyes remarked when she found herself entirely surrounded by the Three Doctors of WMAQ on a dark and stormy night. It was a ticklish situation under any circumstance, to say nothing of the threatening possibilities of the mysterious sachem suspended over her head by one of the tall and indomitable medicine men who barred her only retreat.

Lips to the right of her, lips to left of her puckered and twisted.

To kiss or not to kiss, that was the question.

What could a poor girl do?

What would you do, dear reader, supposing you were a girl chin to chin with such a problem? Closer and closer came those twitching e-lip-tickle devourers. Her heart was in a flutter. Quickly she turned from one to the other with questioning glances. Suddenly—!! ***

(to be continued).

You have been reading, ladies and gentlemen, an episode in the kiss clinic of the Three Doctors as a presentation of the National Broadcasting Company from Chicago.

* * *

Dear Indi: Our local announcer (KGBX, St. Joseph, Mo.), telling in glowing terms of the Fiftieth wedding anniversary of a prominent couple said "Fifty years of *martial* life and happiness." Maybe he wasn't so far wrong at that. E. C. Baird, Box 223, St. Joseph, Mo.

* * *

Sir (or is it Madam): Some years ago before advertising held broadcasting in its grip Peter McArthur was announcing a classic program at WOC, Davenport, Ia. He had lost the slip of paper with announcement but remembered the title and said, "The next selection will be The Flower Song from—er—er—Washburn, Crosby—I mean—." Anyway WOC would get dough for that announcement today.

Gilson Willets, 890 Geary St., San Francisco, Cal.—Okay, Tim, give him one simoleon; but let me tell you, Mr. Willets, you made a slip about that "Sir or Madam" because one of them is wrong. Indi.

* * *

Village Talk

INDI regrets two things very much this month, one is that we lost the letter written by a lady in Cleveland who wrote in blue vitrol her protest that London, Ontario, is not a village; and the other is that we ever let it appear in our errorless pages that London was described as a village like we did in the Lombardo story. That letter was a gem for caustic comment.



The Two Professors, Don McNeil (left) and Van Fleming.

So if London, Ontario, feels that an apology is needed it is herewith tendered, and all we can say is that it was just one of those slips that went into type instead of the mike.

We shall take Hilda Cole who wrote the story, out in the woodshed and give her a good talking to.

Tea Tattle

SPEAKING of tea leaves, my dear, there is absolutely nothing you can do about it. Your fate is settled just as the grounds are settled in the bottom of the cup. The question arises, should one drink tea and thus put one's fate in the fragile shell of china that holds the grounds which fix your fate. Ah, there is a problem of life which everyone must settle for himself.

For so many of us the wilted mess in the bottom of the cup appears totally impotent, whereas beneath the eye of an expert like Eugenie Leontovich it becomes charged with dynamite. Jill at left in the picture shown here, looks calmly at her life in the hands of this famous actress. She seems little concerned that the slightest mishap might cause the dainty cup to fall and smash her future to disaster.

But Eugenie knows, her face is serious. She may see in the cryptic arrangement of the leaves in the bottom of the cup a message to the effect that Jill may or may not slip on a banana peel as she leaves the door, be taken to a hospital with a broken elbow and while convalescing make the acquaintance of a rich but semi-crippled racketeer with six motherless children. Later the leaves may decree she will marry the racketeer and inherit his fortune as he is disposed of by a rival gang. There are so many things to be discovered in a slither of tea leaves after you have sipped off the brew.



"Aha, so you think I am joking! But jus' you wait, my dear young Miss Jeel. The tea leaves do not lie," said Eugenie Leontovich to her radio interviewers, Jill and Judy.

The occasion for the picture was when Jill and Judy interviewed Miss Leontovich for listeners on the Blue Network.

* * *

SHOO! gal, get away from my door. Short fuzzy blondes take warning. As a hostess in a ritzy broadcasting station you simply won't do. Now don't stand there and gape. Go on away. How do we know? Only try and get by Miss Ruth Westgate, chief hostess, and her measuring stick if you think you would like to try hostessing in the San Francisco studios of the NBC.

Please now, you little Miss Honeyenvioletts, don't bring that up again. Suppose they do, who said anything about what gentlemen prefer. Besides, "them ain't gentlemen, them's tenors." Miss Westgate says tall dark brunettes always do the best hostessing. They have to be tall, so no peewee blondes can put anything over by dyeing their hair. What's the matter with the blondes? Isn't it funny, people are always asking questions like that. Probably it's brunette wives.

* * *

THERE have been numerous hollers from various VOLlers for a picture of The Two Professors who co-llecture over the NBC Pacific Coast Network. As each one is just a little bit more shy and reticent than the other it was difficult to drive them into a corner so they could not escape the photographer. At last, however, with aid of a trench mortar and a sub-machine gun they were cowed into a niche and a flashlight fired. The one with the rubber clarinet is Prof. Van Fleming, the other greybeard with the detachable automatic swing-back double-action guitar is Don McNeil.



"Lips to right of her, lips to the left of her puckered and twisted." The Three Doctors of WMAQ, and the maid.

Tuneful Topics

By RUDY VALLÉE

By the Fireside

MOST publishers of popular songs consider themselves fortunate indeed if their number one song reaches the 200,000 mark; GOODNIGHT SWEETHEART has already passed the 700,000 figure, and is well on its way to the 800,000 mark, which indicates that it was just "one of those things." However, few of the publishers dare to hope for tunes like GOODNIGHT SWEETHEART; I feel that they should; in fact, my theory has always been that one should hitch one's wagon to a star, and not be contented with small sales when outstanding sales, even in popular songs, may be had, and it was with a note of optimism that I introduced on the Thursday's Fleischmann Hour another song by the writers of GOODNIGHT SWEETHEART, called BY THE FIRESIDE.

Most writers would have followed their first hit with a song of a similar nature, either similar in title or similar in melody, enough so to feel that the second song could repeat some of the advantages of the first. But Jimmy Campbell, Reg Connolly, and Ray Noble have elected to select as their theme a fireside, and the song is indeed worthy of the first place on any dance or popular music program.

While I am doubtful as to whether the song will reach the great heights of GOODNIGHT SWEETHEART, yet I feel that it will do exceedingly well for Jack Robbins, its publisher. We play it, taking almost a minute and ten seconds for the chorus, which gives it, in the words of its composers, who gave it to me the night after they arrived from London, "the right treatment."

Wooden Soldier and the China Doll

THE Welch coal-miner to the front again. Isham Jones, the composer of so many big hits of the past, "I'll See You In My Dreams," "It Had to Be You," "Spain," and lately, "I Wouldn't Change You For the World," has written with Charles Neuman a novelty song that has captured the public's fancy. Novelty songs have always been difficult of prediction, and the person who could foretell the hit qualities of a song of this type would be a clever person indeed; they either catch on, or they die a quick death. This is one of the few that has survived.



It's almost straw hat time again and Rudy looks at Maurice Chevalier's famous chapeau.

Not since the "Broadway Melody" and its "Wedding of the Painted Doll" has there been a song of this type quite so much requested and played. The chorus is half the usual length, and played in a brisk, snappy fashion it provides extremely good dance music.

There is also a lilt about the opening measure of each phrase which, if properly played, cannot help but exhilarate the listener. If I do say so, I believe our Durium record of it is one of our best recordings.

Rocco Vocco, of Leo Feist, may take the bow for this song, which takes about 40 seconds in the playing of the chorus as we do it.

When a Pal Bids a Pal Goodbye

SAMMY STEPT, writer of "I'll Always Be In Love With You," "That's My Weakness Now," "I Offer You Congratulations," and "Please Don't Talk About Me When I'm Gone," and who has written most of his past hit songs with Buddy Green has elected to break up the team and become the chief writer, as well as investor, in the firm of what was once Freed & Powers, but which now becomes Stept & Powers.

Sammy has been fortunate enough to be able to spend some glorious weeks in Miami, where, lying on the beach in the sunshine, the muse evidently has come to him in good measure, because he came back with a flock of ideas, and this is one of the first.

While it is quite reminiscent in the first and third parts of the chorus of "Some Day I'll Find You," and the middle part hauntingly reminiscent of several other songs, it is a fine waltz, and the thought is a good one. We are introducing it this Thursday on the Fleischmann Hour, and I sincerely hope it steps out for the new firm.

There's Something in Your Eyes

GERMANY, using England as a round-about route, offers to America THERE'S SOMETHING IN YOUR EYES. Jack Robbins, on his tour through the continent and England became convinced the song had merit. Campbell-Connelly had it in London, as they have had so many past hits, and the American version fell to the good fortune of my esteemed colleague Carmen Lombardo, and he has done a very fine job.

The melody is quite continental in flavor, and has the different twist that popular songs must have in order to attract attention. The German flavor is certainly there, and it is a most delightful song to play and sing, though just what its sales will be is another matter.

You will have heard it many times, ere this reaches your eyes, played by the best bands all over the country, as the Robbins organization will see to that. We take about one minute in the playing of a chorus.

Paradise

POLA NEGRI, to my way of thinking, one of the loveliest women who ever graced the screen, made an appearance in New York at the Mayfair Theatre with the debut of her picture, "A Woman Commands." Although I was unable to attend the premiere or even to see the picture, word of mouth advertising brought my attention to the song which is featured in the picture, called PARADISE.

When informed it was written by Nacio Herb Brown, writer of "You Were Meant For Me," "Broadway Melody," "Doll Dance," "Pagan Love Song," and "Wedding of the Painted Doll," I knew that musically the song would have something. Gordon Clifford, who wrote "Who Am I," did a very fine lyrical job. The song has created no end of gossip and talk among the boys of Tin Pan Alley and the orchestra leaders. Feist again may take the bow for PARADISE.

"Face the Music" Tunes

THE long heralded event of events has contributed an important chapter in musical comedy history, for its opening in Philadelphia was an unprecedented hit; I refer to Irving Berlin's newest musical comedy FACE THE MUSIC, which name was decided upon four or five days prior to the opening.

The name originally decided on was LOUDER AND FUNNIER, and after the producers had gone to great expense for printing of advance material under the title of LOUDER AND FUNNIER, and the publishers had printed their copies also showing the same title, Mr. Berlin finally decided on FACE THE MUSIC—and—FACE THE MUSIC it is, and like the saying "A rose by any other name smells just as sweet," it really made no difference what name it would have had, because the show had natural hit qualities.

Your writer had the honor to be the first one to introduce Irving Berlin's incomparable new score over the international network, sponsored by the Fleischmann people, Thursday night, February 11th, and judging by the deluge of complimentary remarks about this music, it is a foregone conclusion that the songs I introduced are going to be outstanding hits. The titles are SOFT LIGHTS AND SWEET MUSIC, LET'S HAVE ANOTHER CUP OF COFFEE and ON A ROOF IN MANHATTAN.

Irving Berlin told me that he wrote more than fifty songs for this new revue, but by process of elimination, decided to use 12 in the production, and published the five outstanding hits. The production was in rehearsal six weeks, and probably half the lines originally written for the show were rewritten, and if you were one who attended the rehearsals the first few weeks, then waited for the opening, we assure you, you would not have recognized the show, for it was rewritten several times during the rehearsal periods, with the result that each time the best stuff was picked and again by process of elimination, the final week's rehearsal found it shaping into a stellar production.

MARY BOLAND and J. Harold Murray share the starring honors—book is by Moss Hart—music by Irving Berlin—production staged by Hassard Short—the dances arranged and created by Albertina Rash, and book directed by George S. Kaufman, and judging by the write-ups received, it is one of the most unusual and finest musical comedies ever produced.

Berlin's last production was the "Music Box Revue," written about five years ago, and the scores which he contributed to the various revues will never be forgotten. I will just mention a few: "Say It With Music," "Lady of the Evening," "Crinoline Days," "Pack Up Your Sings," "Everybody Step," "Orange Grove in California," "Tell Her In the Springtime," etc.

How Long Will It Last

JACK ROBBINS and M-G-M again on the job, almost an unbeatable pair. With a wonderful picture such as "Possessed," featuring Joan Crawford, and Clark Gable, and the song featured in the picture, it is not hard to understand that in spite of its unusual and "tricky" composition the song is rapidly becoming extremely popular.

Although I have not seen the picture myself, I have been told it is an excellent one, and I believe Miss Crawford sings part of the song in the picture in several languages, finally singing it entirely in English. It is in an extremely haunting minor vein, and begins on the second beat of the measure, which makes it extremely difficult for an orchestra in starting unless well-directed. There is something fascinating about the tune, although its thought is extremely disillusioning and unhappy.

We receive many requests, both at the stand at the Pennsylvania, and through the mail, for its inclusion. Unquestionably the picture has much to do with bringing the song to the attention of the public at large. Just as the "Pagan Love Song" was extremely popular in the picture "The Pagan," likewise does M-G-M continue to demonstrate the efficiency of a picture as a disseminator of good melody and lyrics. I believe the song was published more or less as an obligation; Robbins Music Corp. have now good cause to be extremely glad that it is in their catalogue. We take about a minute in the playing of the chorus.

Keep a Little Song Handy

AS I DICTATE this I am just feeling the reaction of making a Paramount short, which shorts are made in Astoria, L. I., where the Paramount Studios in the East are located. Although the studios close shortly, in March, they are rushing with all speed possible to complete their schedule of shorts before the closing down. I was scheduled to do three shorts before "Scandals" went on tour, but owing to the fact that I felt I must have a vacation before I embarked, I have been forced to forego making the three shorts.

The one which I completed yesterday was called "The Musical Doctor," and was written, as was "Musical Justice," and "Know More College," by two of the cleverest writers in the business, Sammy Lerner and Sammy Timberg. Not only do the boys write the songs in the shorts, but every bit of the short is written by them. True, Dave Fleischer, who is responsible for so many of the wonderful Fleischer Animated Cartoons, and Lou Diamond, who has charge of the Short Production, both of these gentlemen are responsible for many of the cute touches in the pictures themselves, but Lerner and Timberg may take the bow for the original idea, and for some of the unusually good songs I have had to sing in the pictures, such songs as "The Rhyming Song," and "When I Look in the Book of My Memory," in "Know More College," and "Don't Take My Boop Boop A Doop Away," in "Musical Justice."

In this last short they provided me with a most unusually cheery type of song, a song which I sing for a group of internes at the end of a short lecture to them; the idea of the entire short is that pills and drugs have outlived their use and songs alone can cure ailments. I believe it is the best of the three shorts we have made, and I think you will agree with me after seeing it, if you do. We are introducing the song on our Fleischmann Hour this Thursday, and will probably reiterate it many times throughout the course of Spring; more comment on it will be quite unnecessary.

It puts me in mind of "Happy Days Are Here Again," inasmuch as it lilts along in an extremely optimistic and happy vein, which is something we all are looking for these days. If published,

(Continued on page 79)

Billy JONES & *Ernie* HARE

These funsmiths are almost twins except by relation. Same birthday, same height, same weight. Both are equally happy manufacturing gags.

By

E. T. Ingle

WHEN two comedians addressed each other with "Hello Billy!" and "Hello Ernie!" in a New York phonograph recording studio some fifteen years ago, there was born that inimitable team of Jones & Hare, now heard over National Broadcasting Company networks in a new coast-to-coast offering from New York.

Fate or destiny seemed to bring them together because, both were born on the same day—March 15, both are the same height and the same weight and their mothers have the same maiden names.

Ernie began life in Norfolk, Virginia. He was educated at the Xavierian Brothers School and after graduating began selling baking powder. Ernie sang in a church choir. Then, the romantic role of traveling salesman called, but the youth finally gave it up for a vocal career. Ernie tells that when he was on the road and found himself stranded in some small town on Sunday, he hurried to the nearest church to offer his services as a soloist.

THE youthful singer even considered an operatic career and for a time sang as a member of the Peabody Oratorio Society of Baltimore. But soon Ernie discovered that the theater was his forte. In 1905 he sang in small theaters in the East and made Broadway in four years. His record there includes fourteen musical shows, among them "Sinbad" in which he understudied Al Jolson. He also appeared in *Havana* with John T. Powers and Up and Down Broadway with Emma Carus. Four *Passing Shows* also remember the quips and songs of Ernie Hare.

Then something happened, something important. He met Billy Jones. It was a case of friendship at first sight. The phonograph company was looking for a tenor to sing duets with Hare. Some one suggested Victor Roberts, the name Jones had adopted as a professional cognomen. In the years the two have been singing for the stage and radio they have made more than 4,500 records.

Jones is a native New Yorker. He also started life as a choir boy, but quickly abandoned the thought of a musical career and went to work in the U. S. Custom House. Then he went into banking, which in turn he gave up for manual labor.



Away with care. We're the happiness pair.

Billy came of Welsh parentage. This led him to make a trip to Wales to see what the little country really looked like. He visited his uncle in North Wales and there he was put to work as a sheepherder. Then he also tried mining, but gave up the idea of staying permanently abroad and sailed for home a few months later. He soon landed a job in an iron mine in upper New York state.

Then Billy decided to quit for a telephone job. He became a "pole hiker" and then again shifted to making cable for the Western Union Telegraph Company. In succession he became a carpenter with the New York Central Railroad, fired boilers at the Croton Dam and finally became a blacksmith's helper.

All the while Billy was singing. He kept at it even when he was doing rough labor and later when he discovered he had more than a passable voice. His friends urged him to try professional singing. Billy wondered. Finally, he decided he would make a try in the small towns. They would be less critical, he said, these small town audiences. They wouldn't care if he wasn't exactly a Caruso.

But his voice really impressed his listeners. The purity of tone and the clarity of his Welsh tenor, brought enthusiastic applause.

THEN, something important happened. Lew Fields heard the young tenor and it was only a matter of a few weeks until he had signed a contract to sing in *Midnight Sun* which ran for thirty-nine weeks in New York. Billy also toured the country in the show. This afforded him the experience he needed.

At this juncture some one told Billy that he ought to try a serious musical career. He did and made several tours as a concert tenor. Thereby he met Bert Grant, then famous song-writer, who induced him to go into vaudeville with him. Then, came his historic meeting with Ernie Hare, the basso of early recording days.

The two singers "clicked" in every venture into which they threw themselves and when radio came along they were ready for popularity.

They have been radio partners for eleven years and were successful from the start.

They attribute their success to "a good break" and "darned hard work." Radio associates corroborate the latter assertion. The Jones-Hare day begins at 9:00 or 9:30 in the morning, and continues usually until 2:00 o'clock or later the next morning. Ernie, who is married, gets dinner at home two nights a

(Continued on page 71)

Mary Wood



DENVER has given the world many brilliant radio notables, not the least of whom is Miss Mary Wood, who now is a member of the Pacific Coast network of the NBC. She is a graduate of the University of California and winner of the annual state competition of the National Federation of Music Clubs. She is known best to listeners as soloist in Footlight Fantasies from San Francisco.

Voice of the

TELL WHY WHEN YOU BUY

MAY I join the great American group of VOL as I have been reading Radio Digest for two years and as yet have not had my say in this department. Instead of arguing I am going to talk about something really important. Lately the newspapers have been complaining of lack of advertising because the radio is stealing all their business. Is that true? I am asking to get the info for I really want to know and readers what are we going to do about it? Here is what I suggest. One thing is to buy the commodities advertised on the air and the other is to buy the ones advertised in the newspapers. I think that in as much as the radio advertiser favors us with entertainment we should in return favor his products. Let me see what other VOLers think about this. It is really a problem and should be solved by the radio fans.—Miss Katherine DeVacey, 1192 Stout Street, Denver, Colo.

JUST ANOTHER BOOB

GOSH I'm a boob. Just like that other boob who wrote the article in your book called "Georgie Barnyard S," and all his open air babble about the rest of us boobs. That talk was all wet before it got across the big pond. Maybe I should not say this about Georgie, but even if it does put me on his own level I feel that someone should make a kick about his calling the American public "boobs," so George I am sore about it and what are you going to do to make amends. Better act fast.—Claude Oliver, 2 Terrace Street, Carbondale, Pa.

THANKS, JACK

I AM a regular reader of your magazine and wish the months would come more often so that we could get more of the Radio Digest. No particular reason for this letter other than to say that I like you and keep up the good work.—Jack Hilton, Milford, Iowa.

STRONG FOR R. D. AND D. R.

THE most popular magazine at our house is R. D. The back issues are never thrown away but we save each and every one of them in a drawer and they are mighty handy in checking up on back programs that we argue about. VOL is such a fine feature but it could be better if more of the fans would be a bit more conservative in their comment and not get so rabid in their written raves to you about their favorites on the air. Let us have more on that master of the violin, David Rubinoff.—Grace Stanton, 420 Jefferson Ave., Des Moines, Ia.

GUILD COMES SOON

I'VE been a reader of Radio Digest for over a year and want to say this for you that you certainly have got the following and you do produce the goods. I am a big follower of the Radio Guild and think that dramatic sketches are the best thing on the air. I know that you had one story on the Guild but I think that you could assign them more space than you do and tell us something about them each month. Would like to see a story on Pat Barnes.—C. K. H., Rochester, N. Y.

TAKE YOUR BOW, R. B.

"LETTERS to the Artist" is worth more than the price of your dandy magazine. Strange as it seems I would gladly pay a dollar to read the fan mail of the artists you have given in this swell feature and for the intimate view it presents. Whoever is responsible for this new feature certainly deserves an orchid and I herewith present one. I am honored to be allowed to know what other fans think of the artists I enjoy and am waiting to see an account of the fan mail received by the good old Gloomchasers.—Valentine Sadowski, 188 Miller Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

THEY'RE BACK ON NBC

WE ENJOY your news of entertainers so much. Would like to have a story on James Melton, telling where he received his early training and all about him. I would also like to see a page or two of questions and answers in each issue. Here is my first question, see what you can do with it. "What has become of Jones and Hare?"—M. B. Winnie, R. F. D. 4, Milford, Mich.

SHE SLEEPS ON THEM

THIS year will mark the third year that I have been reading Radio Digest. I think it has improved so much since the first issue I bought way back in 1930. I have just finished reading your February issue and the VOL amused me very much. I was always taught that a letter written in anger should be slept on over night before mailing it and then you will never be sorry after it has been posted. Some of your writers should practice that old custom and I think they would be more proud then to see their letter in print.—Sarah Roberts, Box 587, Wilmington, Del.

LET'S HEAR FROM HIM

I READ your magazine and enjoy it and while I do not like to criticize I do wish you would give us a story on Jack Turner. Give him and his many fans a break. We all would enjoy a picture and a story or article or something about him from time to time. Be assured that he stands ace high with his fan army.—R. G. Rollins, 2515 Brookside Parkway, Indianapolis, Ind.

WE AGREE, HE'S GREAT!

I HAVE been an ardent reader of Radio Digest for many years and to date have seen very little on one of the best tenors on the air, in fact the best to my way of thinking, and that man is Mister Frank Parker. He is so different from the crooner and has a voice that can't be beat. I am sure you have heard some of his programs and you must agree with me when I say that he is a marvel. I am dying for news of this troubadour of song so get busy and give us the goods as you always have in the past with requests from the readers.—Frank Berge, 3936 Marshall Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

OKAY CHICAGO!

HERE is some praise for Ben Bernie, Rudy Vallee and Walter Winchell. Why doesn't NBC give us Ray Perkins a few mornings each week. I miss the cheery voice Thursday and Friday mornings. Would also like a write-up about Cab Calloway. Please arrange it some way so there is less advertising on the Lucky Strike program and give us more of Walter Winchell the only one who has given the radio listeners something new in the past year.—G. C. S., Chicago, Ill.

COL. AND BUD NEXT

I ENJOYED your "Letters to the Artist" feature in the January issue very much, and please continue this feature. It is great. We all think it is one of the most interesting of your interesting features and one that should provoke loads of favorable comment. Please give us one of these stories on Ben Bernie.—Lucille Hershey 350 Harmon, Warren, Ohio.

WE'D LOVE TO, BUT—

HERE are a few requests and suggestions that I should like to present for your approval. Give us a story on Bernie Cummins and that incomparable orchestra of his. I have never seen them discussed in Radio Digest and the Lord knows they are deserving of it. Give us more news of good old Will Osborne, and for the last request please try to print two issues each month as the magazine is too good to have to wait for one whole month before getting another issue.—T. A. M., 1324 Margurita Ave., Dallas, Texas.

HOORAY FOR MORE STARS!

JUST because I am a Vallee fan does not mean that I am going to start to knock all other artists. On the other hand I want to say a few good words for Russ Columbo and Morton Downey. I feel that there is always room for one more at the top of the pile too. So here is a cheer for Morton, and Russ and also for dear old Bing Crosby, too. Let's go radio fans, make some more stars for yourselves.—M. Holstein, 548 High Street, Lexington, Ky.

THINKS DONNA A PEACH!

I'M a new reader of Radio Digest, having purchased my first copy today and already I am waiting for the next issue to come out. Enjoyed your story on Myrt and Marge so much that it has provoked this letter, my first of this nature to any magazine or newspaper. Also want to say that I was overjoyed to see the picture of Donna Damerel who plays Marge on the air. She is a peach. Good luck to Radio Digest.—Olga Lutz, Waterville, Minn.

WE'RE "PICKING UP," VOLlers

JUST got that new copy of the magazine and want to tell you that the story on the Vallee orchestra was, as Walter Winchell would say, swelegant. Rudy paid a sincere and loyal tribute to his boys and that made me all the more a fan of his to know that he was grateful to them for the way they have stuck to him and helped him through when things were not so bright. Like your new feature called "Letters to the Artist," and the VOL seems to be picking up again. —Therese Meyer, Union City, N. J.

ONE GOOD PROGRAM

I HAVE recently moved to the West after many years in the East and would like you to know the condition I find in radio circles here. Back East I used to kick about the poor local programs we heard, but gosh, out here all we get are phonograph records and no real music at all. I heard the best program of my life here, however, and that was through station KHJ and it

Listener

was called the "Isle of Golden Dreams." Here is a honey and something that should be spread out.—R. A. Johnson, 400 Olive Street, Alhambra, Calif.

HE'LL BE BACK SOON

I QUITE agree with your correspondent who states in her letter that there is only one Rudy Vallee. Here are my best wishes for Rudy and all his loyal men, and I hope that Manny Lowy will soon be well again as we all miss him so much.—Mrs. Brown, 2205 Floriam Street, Montreal, Can.

SOMETHING'S MISSING

I AGREE with Mildred Curnow in the January issue about Russ Columbo and for that matter even about Bing Crosby. I can't see what there is to rave about in either of their programs. I have nothing against the men personally, in fact two months ago I had never heard of either one of them. I simply can't find that certain something in their work and that is all. —Marie Fuloux, Washington, D. C.

ADMIRES SMITH BALLEW

THIS is my first letter to you and I want to thank you for the recent article on Smith Ballew. Why not print more pictures and news about him. Where is there a voice clearer and sweeter than Smith's? His orchestra too is grand and one of the best I have ever heard on the air. I have been a reader of Radio Digest for a year and never fail to find something of interest in it. Keep it up, R. D.—Margaret Ames, 114 South 45th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

LIKES AUTOGRAPH PHOTO

I HAVE received my first issue of Radio Digest on my new subscription and also the lovely autographed picture of Rudy Vallee, for which I thank you. I really did not expect so good a picture as most things of that kind are pretty cheap, but I was surprised, pleasantly, you may be sure, to see that Radio Digest keeps up its usual high standard and sends a really nice and also I imagine an expensive photo for its subscription.—Mae Ward, 2650 16th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

FLOYD'S HEADLINING AGAIN

JUST finished reading my copy of the January issue and as usual it is very interesting. I enjoyed the article written about Sousa and also the one on Stokowski and of course what Rudy had to say about his band and about the latest songs. Oh yes, and before I forget it, please give us more news about Floyd Gibbons. I see that a lot of folks think Mr. Vallee is a radio hog because Radio Digest and VOL print so much about him. That is because they are too stupid to see that the public demands such news and that is why you print it. Some people are certainly dumb when it comes to judging the why and wherefor of certain things.—Henry McNuley, Pittsburgh, Pa.

SALERNADERS

OUT here in the Windy City there is a young singer whose baritone voice has been pleasing thousands of listeners for the last few years. His enviable reputation has been rightly earned for his voice possesses a rich vibrant quality that his fans have been quick to appreciate. I am referring of course to WGN's Italian Troubadour, Lawrence Salerno. If any of the Digest readers are Salerno fans let them come to the front and say so.—Salerno Serenader, 7321 South Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill.

WE'RE FIGHTING DELAY, NANCY

JUST finished reading the January issue's VOL but I didn't like it so well. No matter how outstanding an artist may be you get tired of hearing about him. Why is it that Radio Digest always gets to the news stands so late? Up until last summer it came out at the right time but of late it has been dropping back and now we have to wait quite a while for it. Hope you plan to speed it up a little, but don't sacrifice any of your good features in so doing.—Nancy Sapton, 317 North Sargent St., Joplin, Mo.

TOO LONG TO WAIT

RECENTLY I saw in the papers that the call letters on radio stations would be announced every thirty minutes instead of every fifteen minutes as has been the custom in the past. Being a shut-in and a cripple suffering from muscular paralysis I find it hard in trying to DX on Saturday nights because of some of the local stations. With the thirty minute announcements I find that I will get less DX stations and that is not so good. I wish they would go back to the old system.—Irving Gross, 189 East 2nd Street, New York City.

CALL FOR COLUMBO COHORTS

I HAVE noticed the lovely way you accept the mail from your readers and am in hopes that my letter will be received in the same way. I have a favor to ask. Will you please publish as soon as possible the fact that I am trying to organize a club for Russ Columbo and those who are interested can get in touch with me for further details. I have secured Mr. Columbo's consent.—Colette Magiota, 1426 Gipsen Street, Far Rockaway, N. Y.

S. S. FEATURED IN DECEMBER

I HAVE just purchased the January issue of Radio Digest and have searched entirely through it for news of the Street Singer and narry a word about him can I find. I'm disappointed. Won't you give us a large picture of him and a story taking in his musical back ground with all the trimmings. I enjoy his program so much and would like to see how he looks and read something of his early life especially his professional career. I think you have a wonderful magazine for radio fans and I wish you loads of luck. But that is my request and I am sticking to my guns. We want the Street Singer!—Mary Jackson, Birmingham, Ala.

ALL STAR RADIO FEATURES

I WAS greatly interested in the list of best attractions picked by various radio editors and printed in Radio Digest last month. However, there is a vast difference I find between the best as selected by the experts and the best selected by the so called common herd. There are a lot of programs and individual artists whom I know are big favorites with the fans and yet there is a possibility that their offerings are not exactly what the critics will flock to. I think that a selection of real stars should be left to the fans.—Bert Jacobs, 330 Huron Street, London, Ontario.

POSTSCRIPT TO THE FOSTER POLL

MR. JACOBS submits to VOL the following nominees for first place in their respective fields from the listener's choice as compared to the choice registered by newspaper radio editors. Nominations are still open.

Announcer, General.....Milton J. Cross
Announcer, News.....Lowell Thomas
Announcer, Sports.....Ted Husing
Announcer, Ice Hockey.....
.....Herb. Rutherford (CJGC)
Orchestra, Light..CBS (Deutsch or Sorey)
Orchestra, Light, Symphony (Radio)...
.....Roxy's (Original)
String Ensemble.....NBC Slumber Hour
Band.....U. S. Marines
Dance Orchestra.....Guy Lombardo
Conductor, Symphony (Radio).....
.....Walter Damrosch
Conductor, Band.....Frankel Goldman
Conductor, Light Orchestra.....
.....Emory Deutsch
Conductor, String Ensemble.....
.....Ludwig Laurier
Violinist.....Rubinoff
Operatic Star.....Lily Pons
Radio Soprano.....{ Jessica Dragonette / Lois Bennett
Contralto.....Mary Hopple
Tenor.....James Melton
Baritone.....Elliott Shaw
Mixed Quartette.....Enna Jettick
Male Quartette.....The Revelers
Crooner, Male.....Rudy Vallee
Crooner, Female.....Alice Joy
Comedy Team.....Sanderson-Crumit
Dialogue Sketch.....The Goldbergs
Variety Hour.....Colliers
Quarter Hour.....Paris Night Life
Religious Program.....Seth Parker
Radio Personality....."Roxy"
Radio Station, Staff Talent.....
.....WLW, Cincinnati
Organist.....Dr. Harvey Robb (CPRY)

Other nominations will be considered.

FROM "A SPORTING MOTHER"

I SHOULD like to comment on the article in the January issue by Mrs. John S. Reilly, called "Sporting Mothers." I have been told that I am such a mother and my experience has been that it had plenty of disadvantages. What Mrs. Reilly says about the attitude towards tree climbing is excellent and something that is overneeded with our reckless children. But when a mother puts her own opinions, wishes and so forth into the back ground, then to say that she is a good sport is the same as saying she is a boob or an easy mark. A sporting mother is a good excuse for any laxness of conduct on the part of our sons and daughters in their teens. So after twenty years experience as a sporting mother my advice to mothers is for them to be a little less sporting and hold the reins a little tighter. Your children will respect you the more for it.—A Sporting Mother.

Station Parade

Pageant of Personalities and Programs as they Appear Across the Continent for the Biggest Show on Earth

WOKO-Albany Daily Police Broadcast

IN THE true spirit of cooperation, Harold E. Smith, General Manager of WOKO in Albany has evolved a plan for conducting radio broadcasts as an adjunct to the police teletype system. The police officers who have assisted in working out this plan on a practical basis are Major John A. Warner, Superintendent of State Police and Captain Albert B. Moore, superintendent of the teletype system.

Equipment and time on the air are supplied by WOKO and announcers have been drafted from the ranks of the state troopers.

General police alarms, culled from teletype messages from all parts of the state, comprise the bulk of each broadcast. Special features include instructions to citizens on how to report accidents and crimes and how to get in quick communication with troopers.

Changes in laws of general interest are also discussed.

This is probably the first time a commercial broadcasting station has turned its facilities over to police for a stated daily broadcast. State police and peace officers in the Capital District have used the facilities of WOKO for general alarms and in search for missing persons, but never have had a complete broadcast period assigned to them.

WNAC-Boston— Bowe, Popular Tenor

MORTON BOWE, exclusive Yankee Network tenor, stepped from the keyboard of a linotype machine on a Boston newspaper to the front rank among New England radio artists.

Launching his musical career as a choir boy, Mr. Bowe began his studies as a tenor about 18 years ago. After two years of voice study, dramatics, stage deportment as well as harmony and piano, during which time he worked in a newspaper composing room on the night shift, he joined a quartet singing at a New York theatre. He remained with this group six months during which time he "learned the ropes of the business" and appeared in theatres and clubs, made recordings and made his debut in radio on the national chains, which were then in process of organization.

Later the quartet appeared in the musical comedy "Kittie's Kisses" and Bowe was chosen to understudy John Boles, playing the lead. His next rung in the ladder of music was his choice as leading tenor on the Publix unit which took him to all parts of the country. He next toured the RKO circuit playing the character of "The Student Prince" after which he signed with the National Broadcasting Company. His next contract was with the Shuberts in "White Lilacs."

He went through the ground school of aviation but abandoned that field to return to the linotype. Tiring of the printing trade he resumed the study of music at the Chicago Conservatory of Music, and in his travels studied with some of the country's leading vocal teachers. He returned to Boston and the Yankee Network about three years ago.



Not often do Eastern listeners get a chance to hear a real Indian love flute tell its sweet story over the air waves. But that is what happened when Max Big Man, Crow Indian chief, played this one, which he made himself, over WGY in Schenectady.

WIP-WFAN— Philadelphia Features Culbertson

ELY CULBERTSON, recent victor over Sidney Lenz in the bridge battle of the century, made his first radio address since the contest when he explained his "Approach-Forcing" System over WIP-WFAN in Philadelphia recently. Culbertson explained in detail some of the possible methods of handling the difficult card game. The program had an unusual mail response due to the fact that Culbertson was heralded far and wide in Philadelphia.

A special program dedicated to the Philadelphia Naval Hospital and featuring requests from the inmates of that institution was recently presented over this station under the able hand of Henriette K. Harrison, assistant program director. The program was well received by the disabled men in the hospital for the most part ex-navy men and another of the programs is being planned.

WCAU-Philadelphia Fan Letters

LETTERS from three different cities, Dunedin, Manaia and Palmerston North, all in New Zealand, were received last week by the Universal Broadcast Company, all of the letters reporting reception of station WCAU during the morning of January 1st.

Two of the letters gave detailed accounts of the broadcast and commented upon the excellent reception. The other letter expressed the best wishes of the writer and his family to the station and wished them all a very happy and prosperous New Year.



Here is WTAM'S lovely leading lady in its highly efficient and extremely popular dramatic presentations. Her name? Rae Wright —a case of genuine syllabic alliteration!

KQV-Pittsburgh, Personalities

FLOYD DONBAR, KQV transmitter operator, who incidentally is champion fat man of Pittsburgh radio, with a net weight of 230, reminds us of the mailman who takes a walk on his day off—when Floyd finishes up at KQV he goes home—and operates his own amateur stations. He has three, W8BTA, W8PA, and W8WU. His station W8PA is recognized as one of the finest 20 meter amateurs in the country.

* * *

Ted Kaye, KQV announcer, has a novel manner of protecting himself from the jokes of the KQV staff—everytime someone makes him the butt of a joke, he threatens to bring his saxophone to the studio. Ted says he plays it for his own "amazement."

* * *

The height of something or other is achieved by David S. Patterson, who mingles philosophy and humor in a fifteen minute broadcast under the title of "The Park Bench Philosopher" on KQV every Saturday evening at 7:45. Just before he opens up with his own patter, Patterson describes what each of the other Pittsburgh stations is broadcasting at that time—advising them to tune him out if they prefer the others. Then he says "now I have my own audience."

* * *

Many and varied have been the reasons advanced by followers of the stage for their withdrawal from trouping and their entry into radio, but this is a new one. Jack Ostfeld, KQV popular tenor, once played the part of Huckleberry Finn on the stage, but after several months of embarrassment and discomfort for himself, and hilarity for his fellow actors he withdrew. Jack says his mates preceding him on the stage dropped beans on the floor, which were anything but pleasant to walk upon, especially in one's bare feet, as he had to do while playing the character of "Huck" Finn.

Washington, D. C. Television

BILL NOONAN is young. Everybody knows that, but nobody knows just how young. He won't tell.

However, what he lacks in years, he makes up in ability.

For he is an announcer at W3XK in Silver Springs, Maryland—

He owns and directs the Capitol Collegians, a fine dance orchestra, in Washington, D. C.—

He is a television operator at W2XAP in Washington—

He is an expert make-up artist, and did all the make-up work on Kate Smith during her recent local appearances in a Washington theatre.

If we learn any more facts about his unusual accomplishments before the May issue goes to press, we'll tell you about them.

WSIX-Springfield, Tenn. Has a Birthday

RADIO station WSIX in Springfield, Tenn., home of the world's finest dark fired tobacco, celebrated its fifth anniversary with thirty hours of continuous broadcasting, twenty-five hours of which was from their own studios. The programs offered ran the entire gamut of radio entertainment and provided listeners in with some exceptional entertainment. The station is owned and operated by Jack and Louis Draughon. Congratulations, boys, and more power to you.

WTJS-Jackson, Tenn. Progressive Station

THE eyes of West Tennessee and the ears, too, have turned to Radio Station WTJS, owned and operated by The Jackson Sun. WTJS has just secured the services of Mr. Parker Smith as manager, who came to the station after serving Radio Station WSM for the past two years.

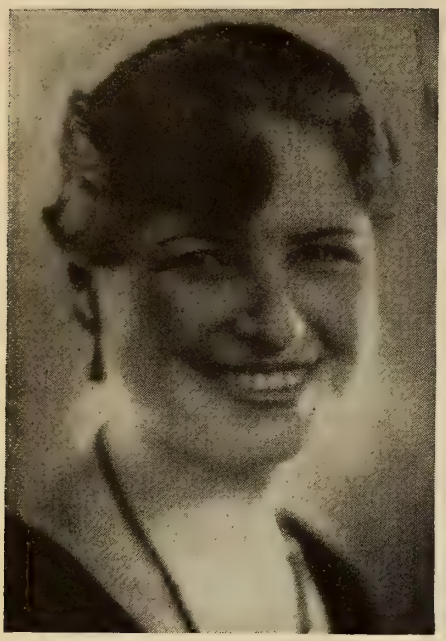
Immediately upon Mr. Smith's arrival the station took on new life and quickly lost its name as the community victrola. In the short space of approximately one month, it has become the civic, religious, educational and entertainment center of Jackson and West Tennessee. One of the new features inaugurated is a Saturday night hay loft frolic, comparable to any barn dance programs presented by some of the largest stations.

WTJS, operating on a schedule of twelve hours per day, devotes less than two hours daily to the playing of phonograph records, and if you don't believe that WTJS is popular, just ask any radio fan in West Tennessee.

They operate on a frequency of 1310 kilocycles, and quite frequently present mid-night dance programs for the approval of DX listeners.



Every radio station needs improvement. At least, so thinks WISN, the News, at Milwaukee. They ran a contest offering a free trip to New York for the best suggestions on "How to Improve WISN." Here's Alice Rynders with a portion of the mail response—every letter containing valuable hints.



"Psychology is a valuable help in handling programs," says Edythe Fern Southard, Program Director at WJAY in Cleveland. The results she's getting prove there's truth in her statements.

WLW-Cincinnati, "Ironmasters"

ONE of the most outstanding programs broadcast over WLW, station of the Crosley Radio Corporation, Cincinnati, is the half-hour Armco Ironmaster program featuring a Concert Band with Frank Simon conducting.

Simon was born in Cincinnati in 1889, and received practically all of his musical education in that city. At the age of eleven he first blew into a cornet and his indulgent parents sent him to the noted instrumentalist, William Kopp, for instruction. He made rapid strides under his first professional teacher, and then the genius, Herman Bellstedt, was given a glimpse of the boy's talents and he immediately took young Simon under his wing. Phenomenal progress followed under the tutorship of Bellstedt, and at the age of nineteen, Simon was offered the solo cornet chair in Kopp's Cincinnati Band.

After several highly successful tours with Kopp's Band, the youth joined Weber's Prize Band of America, where he played solo cornet in company with the finest type of musicians, becoming known from coast to coast for the ease and grace with which he performed his difficult solos.

It was apparent that such musical talent would attract the attention of the greatest bandmaster of all time. With Sousa's Band he was heard in virtually every city and town in the United States and Canada. His brilliant performances won for him the title of "America's Foremost Cornet Soloist," and he was for years identified as the premier attraction and assistant conductor of John Philip Sousa's great organization.

But this nomadic life, even with all its glamour and satisfaction, finally lost its appeal. The ambition to create an organization of his own was strong. So when called to organize a band, Simon gladly responded. It is now ten years since the first little group of band musicians gathered for a rehearsal. It was an inauspicious occasion in an artistic way. But the Armco Concert Band under the musicianly guidance and enthusiasm of its conductor, and with the support of the American Rolling Mill Company, its sponsor, successfully passed through the exacting and often discouraging preliminary stages, to take its place as the "world's greatest industrial band." Musicians came from all parts of the United States, Canada and Europe to become associated with the noted conductor in creating this great wind ensemble.



Ethel Hawes, the Girl Who is Everybody's Friend at WHK, makes a very special companion of her pet baby lion, whose name is "Trader Horn."

WHK-Cleveland, and Ethel Hawes

ADVISER—counsellor—everybody's friend—that is what they call petite Ethel Hawes at her radio home, WHK in Cleveland.

Miss Hawes has had an interesting and varied career. She is a firm believer in the science of Astrology. She was born under the versatile sign Gemini and has many of the good things forecast for people of this sign. She has been a newspaper woman, a kindergarten teacher, and a writer of children's books.

In 1923 she made her first radio "appearance" as the Story Lady. Children wrote her letters from all over the country and for each birthday child she wrote a short verse. Sometimes the stories were very short because of the number of letters and verses. Ethel's eyes grow moist and faraway when she recalls those early beginnings in her radio career, "I loved those days with the children," she says.

From children's bed time tales she went to general announcing, such as the men do today, weather, time, anything and everything. Today she runs an hour and a quarter program of her own. A few years ago she had many letters from housewives asking her if she could please tell them where to buy certain things. Feeling that for every person who took the time to write there were dozens who also wanted the information but who didn't write, she took these letters and began her work. Arranging with the station for fifteen minutes every morning Ethel started her own radio program. Armed with the letters she had received she visited merchants handling the products requested and sold them a small announcement on her program. The program was a unique success from the beginning. Using the name of the announcer who first worked with her, she called the program "Ethel and Harry." And "Ethel and Harry" it has remained though it has long since



This is the owner of that charming soprano voice that is delighting WBT listeners these days. Her name is Grace Kohn Johnston, and Those Who Know predict for her a radiant spot in the radio sun.

outgrown its first fifteen minutes. More and more housewives—and others—realized they could find what they wanted by writing Ethel, and as they poured in their requests for different merchandise, advice and help Ethel responded. She sold each individual client herself, wrote all the continuity for her program, even the announcements, (for often times "Harry" had to read some of the sales talks to please clients), and did the majority of her own broadcasts, even to the selection of music and entertainment to liven up the hour.

She makes many personal appearances and gives speeches at banquets, luncheons and various meetings. Her programs are recognized all over the country and many national advertisers place announcements with her. Often a client insists on her writing continuity for his programs on another station where her broadcasts do not reach. She also writes a short daily thought that finds a prominent place on her programs and is a popular item with many listeners.

Here is one of them; "Always look for genuine facts in thinking, stress those which bear on your problem, learn to take life easy, appreciate the little things. Far up in the sunshine there is the highest glory. Look up to it and believe in it. You may not find this glory first but just the same it is there for you."

KSTP-St. Paul Uses Pigeons

CARRIER pigeons were used by KSTP—St. Paul and Minneapolis—as an aid in checking reception in various parts of the Northwest.

Engineers of KSTP in making a new check of reception following the opening of the new 50,000 watt transmitter, toured the entire state of Minnesota and various parts of the Northwest. Carrier pigeons made up part of the equipment used to check volume and other technical branches of reception.

Reports were made at various places along the tour and these were carried back to the main studios of KSTP by these trusty-winged messengers.

The birds made the respective trips to the Twin Cities without a mishap and at the rate of a mile a minute, carrying messages from rural communities where communication facilities were limited.



Roger Bromley is the chap who takes the part of the Bailiff in WCFL's "The Night Court." And sometimes he doubles as the defendant in some of the humorous cases tried.

KOIL-Omaha's "Daily Dozen"

VERSATILITY has always been praised as a most admirable possession, but here's one that has even versatility's wildest exponents buffaloed.

During one of the early morning presentations of the "Sunshine" program, a daily feature at KOIL in Omaha, Nebraska, Eddie Butler, the organist, got the bright idea that the piano and organ would make a swell combination played together.

It was too early for the pianists of the station to be on the job, so Eddie piloted the piano close to the console of the organ and played them both at the same time.

Leaning backward and downward from his perch at the organ console, he played the piano with his right hand, and with his left hand and feet, manipulated the organ.

The stunt was a hit from the start—and now Eddie has to do 'em both together, whether he feels like it or not!

KFYR-Bismarck, Tells Character History

ONE of the most popular morning programs over KFYR, in Bismarck, North Dakota, is that of Gene and Glenn, the inimitable radio funsters.

It is Gene who plays the triple role of Jake, Lena and himself, while Glenn takes the "straight man" part, plays the piano and sings.

Here's the inside story on how the characters of Jake and Lena were created. It so happened that one day a radio program called for a feminine voice to speak a few lines. Gene was invited to fill the role and he did so with a high falsetto which amused the listening public.

Later he was called on for another impersonation, this time that of a male character, and he affected an indefinable catching dialect. So the studio people began calling Gene, Jake, because the name seemed to identify the dialect.

"Say Jake, how's your girl?" someone demanded one day.

"Who? Oh, you mean my girl Lena?" Thus the voice got its name and Jake and Lena were accepted as real characters. Almost without any preliminary plan a radio plot developed around Jake and Lena.

Gene and Glenn signed an exclusive contract with the NBC Artists Service in December, 1930, and three days after Christmas inaugurated their current network series.

The radio comedians do not prepare their own continuities, but polish up a sketch prepared by an associate and add lines spontaneously during the acts.

Gene is thin and wistful in appearance. He is five feet,



Here are the Three Dairy Maids of WOC, Davenport, all dressed up in their party clothes. Left to right: Eleanor McKinney, who plays the piano; Anna Baudino, who croons the melodies and Gladys Benner, who strums the "uke."

seven inches; parts his light brown hair on the side, has dreamy looking blue eyes, wears spats and is nearly thirty-four. Glenn weighs more than two hundred pounds.

Their chief diversions are golf and automobiling. Each summer the boys take a vacation at Glenn Lake, Mich., where they fish, swim, loaf and grow mustaches.

As incongruous as their act would seem in terms of the theater, Gene and Glenn have been a great success in vaudeville.

KFWB-Hollywood "Kids" Successful

TWO engaging youngsters—and two dyed-in-the-wool professionals! Yes, they're one and the same thing—Emerson Tracy and Gay Seabrook, who have made "Growin' Up" one of the most delightful and heart-tugging skits on the air. Heard over KFWB in Hollywood every evening except Sunday, at six-forty-five, "Growin' Up" weaves the story of two small town kids who take life as they find it, and who find it very full of excitement!

But the two kids themselves? Well, that's another story! Blonde, blue-eyed Emerson Tracy, who crinkles his nose when he laughs, first saw the light of day in Philadelphia, and in fact went so far as to attend St. Joseph's College there. Then the stage lured him away from the academic path, and he played as juvenile in the same show with Ann Harding and Eva Le Gallienne, and then toured the New England states with a stock company. John Golden, eminent producer, saw him, and took him to New York to play the lead in that hilarious comedy, "Pigs."

It was in "Pigs" that he first began working with Gay Seabrook, the little dark eyed girl who has such an appealing voice and such an infectious laugh.

Seattle was her birth-place, and her first stage engagement was in Salt Lake City. Then the big chance—the part of the little cripple girl in Channing Pollock's play, "The Fool"! Even now, her eyes widen and grow black when she remembers that triumph!

Then came their big break—Mr. Opportunity knocked at their door in no uncertain manner when they made their debut over KFWB in "Growin' Up." The heart aches and happiness and sorrows and pleasures of two youngsters going through the process of becoming adults make their story one so human that every listener can think—"Why, that's just the way I felt!"



Pa and Ma Smithers are one of the leading features at KFBI, in sketches which portray an old couple living on the outskirts of Tinkerville. Pa (Dan Hosmer) writes the skits, while Ma (Christine Crans) helps with suggestions.

KTM-Los Angeles Welcomes Rader

PAUL RADER, internationally famous evangelist, has returned to Los Angeles after a six year absence during which time he preached around the world twice.

Paul Rader and his Couriers do a KTM program at 4:30 p. m. each week day and on Sunday nights a two hour broadcast with his musical organization from 10 p. m. to midnight.

Rader was one of the first to broadcast in Chicago more than ten years ago, when Westinghouse engineers broadcast from a ten by twelve penthouse room wherein all the studio and technical apparatus was housed in the one space.

Rader's missionaries, 100 strong, are likewise radio minded. One group operates a radio station on the Russian-Poland border for daily programs to the Soviet Union.

Another group, at Quito, Ecuador, has established a radio station under a 25-year agreement with the government.

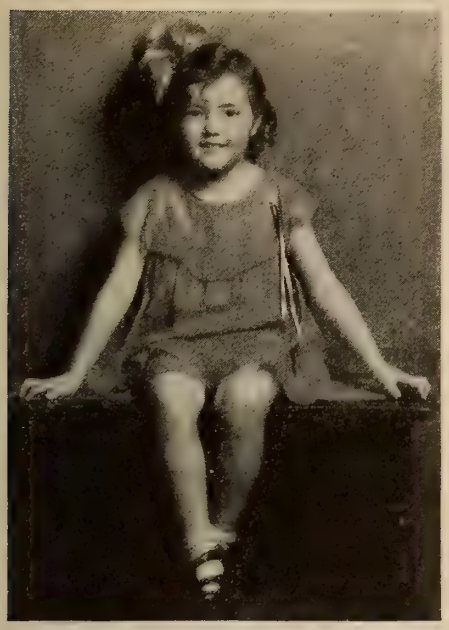
In Chicago, where Rader preached for 17 years, including seven years as pastor of the famous Moody Church, the pastor appeared regularly with his "breakfast brigade" from WLW for two years. Then he was heard over WHT and via WBBM and the Columbia System.

The new KTM series, it is announced, will continue for an indefinite period. The Sunday night time, known as the "Back Home Hour" is expected to make a particular appeal to the home folks.

Grace Tabernacle, where Rader preaches, will furnish choir, ensemble, soloists and distinguished visiting clergymen from time to time for the radio periods on the air.

KOIN-Portland, Fans Helpful

JOHNNIE WALKER, "Host" on the "Isle of Golden Dreams," released from KOIN studios in Portland, Oregon, Wednesday nights 9:30 to 10 o'clock, is in a quandary as to his choice of procedure in playing all the requests



If listeners could see Marilyn Hansen's bright red curls and laughing eyes, they'd fall twice as much in love with her as they do now. She's four years old, and KMO's baby "blues" singer.

received from ardent Pacific Coast radio fans.

Although unsolicited, over one thousand requests have been forwarded to Walker. At the rate of one program each week with an average of six selections on each program, Walker figures a continuous run of four years to cover all the requests.

Walker's "Golden Sign-Off" occasions increasing comment from the listeners. The radio invocation formulated was originally intended as a station sign-off but its inspiring message is especially apropos to the atmosphere on the Isle of Golden Dreams, consequently each broadcast brings the choice bit of Golden Philosophy.

KELW-Burbank, Gives Gang Details

WHO'S hooey over at KELW? Bob Kaufman, studio manager, uses an old-fashioned type of razor; Dave Ward, chief announcer, trains police dogs as a hobby; Bill Brown, graveyard shift announcer, has a fur coat; Iris Parker, office manager, delights in tales of the far north; Billy Evans, "big man from the South," wears two vests in cold weather; Stuart Wainwright, chief technician, uses radio both as a hobby and as a career; Dot Meyberg, film editor, never says "It's an old Spanish custom;" Frank Gago, Blues Chaser, has a favorite recipe for mince pie; Billy Haynes, ballad singer, plays the piano and typewriter; Bob Millar, pianist, never stopped at an auto camp.

KFOX-Long Beach, California Signs Johnson

WHO recalls the famous "Thousand Pounds of Harmony" male quartette, one of the first vocal organizations to broadcast over radio on the Pacific Coast, later gaining fame on network programs? Almost everyone remembers their superb singing and the leader, who led about everything in the musical line in Southern California radio, J. Howard Johnson.

Fans missed Johnson for several years and now it has just come to light that he forsook the entertaining for the commercial line and was one of the pioneers of that branch of our industry. For several years he was associated with KHJ. Recently Johnson was named Los Angeles manager of the offices of KFOX, which organization has spread its tentacles to pull in some large contracts. J. Howard was found to be the man to set the bait, so he opened the KFOX offices at 1031 S. Broadway. He retains his connections with KHJ under the arrangement with KFOX and is planning and building programs as well as selling them.



The "Weaver of Dreams" is the Seventeenth Century name applied to this song romancer at station KTHS in Hot Springs, Ark. His name is George Erion and he is that station's latest song sensation. Erion is formerly of the Broadway stage.

KNX-Hollywood, Features Actor-Composer

WITH a rich background on both the legitimate stage and in pictures, Clarence Muse, picturesque colored actor, appears every morning in the role of "Jackson" with Bill Sharples' Breakfast Gang, a popular program over KNX in Hollywood.

This famous colored actor has completed nine talking pictures within the last year. Among these are such feature productions as "Dirigible," "X Marks the Spot," "Huckleberry Finn," "Secret Service," and many others.

In addition to his many laurels in the theatrical profession, Muse recently won nation-wide recognition for his song, "When It's Sleepy Time Down South," now the rage over the radio. This plaintive melody of the old south is heard nightly being played by orchestras in the smartest clubs all over the country. Muse himself sings it often in his appearances over KNX.

A college man, cultured and well-read, Muse nevertheless plays an illiterate Negro porter with finesse. His understanding of human nature runs deep and full. He wanders waist-deep in the stream of life. He is distinctly of the people—an integral part of them.

One of his chief distinctions is his gift as a composer of spirituals. His song, "When It's Sleepy Time Down South," has already been mentioned. He recently introduced another lovely ballad, entitled "Alley Way of My Dreams."

This progressive station has recently inaugurated a novel program of the junior type—a real Club for Boys. It is a regular Saturday morning feature, and under the capable direction of Bill Sharples as Master of Ceremonies, emphasizes all those elements which interest American youngsters and help to build their lives and characters along the most constructive lines. Each broadcast has its quota of visitors—lads from the Boy Scouts and various other organizations—and some who belong to no other club. Hikes, horse-back riding parties, and trips of an educational nature, including visits to factories, and airports are all a part of the club activities that add zest and enthusiasm.



"Mr. and Mrs."—but they're known on the air as "The Song Smiths." They are one of KMBC's most popular features.

WLW—Cincinnati . . .

BOB NEWHALL, *The Mail Pouch Sportsman*

By Don Becker

IN ORDER to appreciate Bob Newhall, The Mail Pouch Sportsman, you must know him *intimately*. Before writing this article, I asked Bob to put down, in black and white, the things I didn't know about him. His return letter filled the bill so thoroughly, so completely, I decided to let you read it yourself. It gives you an "inside" picture on an "outside" man, so to speak.

"Dear Don: Tickled to death to hear from you, as was the good wife, who is still one of your admirers. Now for the dope you desire. Full name: Roberts De Saussure Newhall. Married three years. Age: Forty-six. Height: Five feet eleven inches. Weight: One hundred seventy-six pounds. Blue eyes, brown hair (what there is left). Taste in clothes: Tweeds strongly favored, and would wear nothing in the way of trousers save plus-fours if it were only permissible. Crazy about pets, and am moving out of present neighborhood with one strong reason being neighbors poisoned family cat whose name was "Imogene." Present prideful possession, one Boston Bull of high degree. Given me by manager Dan Howley of the Reds, and hence his name 'Dapper Dan.' Had a well-loved young squirrel up to a month ago, but had to give her to the Zoo after she gnawed most of the Gold-Frame off autographed photo of General Pershing, showing she had no idea of rank or discipline.

"I LOVE the army and hate prune-whip, and go absolutely mad when they say I try to imitate Floyd Gibbons on the Radio, as I have never heard him. Favorite dish—grape-fruit salad, with four times usual allowance of French dressing, buckwheat cakes (the set-over-night sort) and green apple dumplings with hard sauce. Hoping you are the same, I am, yours in haste—BOB!"

Now you know all of Bob Newhall's innermost secrets, and I suppose I shall be hung on a gibbet to dry, when he reads this, but the radio audience must be served!

His professional career reads like a book and is not unlike the colorful story of Lowell Thomas.

Under the title of the Mail Pouch Sportsman, sponsored by the Mail Pouch Tobacco Company of Wheeling, W. Va., Bob Newhall has blazed a new trail in fifteen minute ether-chats over WLW, Cincinnati, each evening at 6:30 P. M., E. S. T.

He brings to his audience a real "Close-Up" of Sport Life. This is attributed to the fact that he is personally acquainted with almost every major and minor sportsman in the game. He tinges his yarns with *authenticity*—a precious trait in radio!

And he, himself, is a Sportsman! What more could you ask?

The story of his first punch at the writing racket has been told over and over again, but a schoolboy's tale is the wonder of the hour, so it must be told again!



Newhall in action

When Bob was in the third grade of the twenty-second district school in Cincinnati, the local pedagogue suddenly became enshrouded with a swell idea. It was just before Christmas, so all the dear little tots were instructed to write a composition about "A Christmas Snow Storm."

Scratch, scratch, scratch, the pencils went a-flying. Soon Miss Teacher was flooded with an avalanche of papers. Jack Frost, Snowballs, Evergreens and Snowmen, received their usual amount of uncalled-for publicity—that is, until Teacher ran across Bob Newhall's contribution.

The teacher ogled.

Now what?

Instead of choosing the usual, little Bob Newhall reached out and grabbed a handful of the unusual. His precocity had jibed him into making the locale of his snow storm, a tropical, Cannibal Isle! Assuming all the license of a true artist, Bobby completely ignored climatic conditions and pictured for his reader, a veritable Garden of Eden. No cold, bleak Frozen North scenes for Bobby. Instead, the palm trees were swaying in the gentle breeze, and the climate was up around 160 in the shade. Suddenly a great black cloud came upon the scene. North winds started blowing a warning, and then—AND THEN CAME THE SNOW! By this time Bob's aesthetic enthusiasm became an ungovernable frenzy of scribbling, and his stubby pencil soon had the naked natives yelling and whooping and running for shelter, while the world, for the first time, was given a graphic picture of the only South Sea Isle ever to be buried in ten feet of snow!

Could you blame the teacher for ogling?

LATER she told Bob's family, "At first I wanted to give him a big zero, but then I just couldn't ignore the amazing scope of his mind in that composition, so I closed my eyes and marked the paper 100."

Speaking of school, Bob Newhall, was once quoted as saying, "I used to tip my hat to every school in which I had once been enrolled. But this didn't work out. I was bareheaded most of the time!"

In fact, the only school from which he actually graduated, was the dear old Twenty-second District. The scene of the Tropical Snow Storm fracas.

Before Bob hopped over to England, however, he used up a calendar in Los Angeles, writing up golf, which was then taking hold in the land of sunshine and juicy grapefruit. Leaving England, he hopped over to Japan and then on to the Philippines, which at that time, were experiencing a few difficulties in governmental operation. Bob saw a little soldiering there, and did a little *soldiering,* but the wanderlust bug had bitten him, so he "offed" again. This

time landing in Mexico. Here he stayed for quite a while, doing much writing. (Probably under the influence of tamales and mescal.)

Returning to Cincinnati, The Post placed him on its staff along with Ray Long, Jess Conway, Roy Howard, and O. O. McIntyre, but the urge to be a creative artist and not a copyist was strong within him, and eventually he left the Cincinnati Post, for the uncertain position of "free lance" writer for magazines. At this he did quite well, eventually landing a story in Colliers.

Around that time, The Commercial Tribune was looking for an up-and-coming sports editor. He got the job.

His early sports training at high school and college, both in baseball and football, was a great aid in this new endeavor. But his experience was not limited to the diamond and gridiron. No sir! Not Bob Newhall.

HE WON the lightweight pugilistic championship of the Cincinnati Gym, and then the welterweight championship of Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky. No definite date was affixed to this feat, however we have faint suspicion it was done after working hours.

In the fall of 1929, he and Mrs. Newhall (he took time off to marry, incidentally) started on a seven months' trip around the world. His knowledge of the newspaper business, his military associations, and his flair for close observation, were invaluable in bringing him in touch with sights seldom beheld by the average traveler.

In England on the Eve of Armistice Day, he saw the Prince of Wales' famous Victoria Cross Dinner, in the House of Lords. Big game hunting was the program in the Soudan. In Sumatra, he steeled himself against the sight of young girls having their teeth filed down to the gums, and being driven temporarily mad by the pain.

He witnessed the beginning of the Ghandi campaign in India. On a tiger hunt with British Officers in India, he (according to Bob) put two shots into a striped cat. Six were needed to down the big kitty.

"Well, I killed him thirty-three and a third per cent, didn't I?" We agreed . . . and smiled.

Ceylon, China, Japan and the Philippines ended a glorious tour for the Newhalls, netting them skins of lions, tigers, crocodiles, deer and Heaven knows what.

In December 1930, the Commercial Tribune "folded up," as they say on Main Street.

There was Newhall.

Experience in Sports. Experience in travel. He knew how to write, but—what next to do?

The tentacles of radio are far reaching, and before many moons, Bob Newhall was making a new, but bigger and may we say better name for himself in front of the microphones of WLW in Cincinnati.

His delivery of speech is rapid. He sees "red" when someone accuses him of copying the "Gibbons'" style. (See Letter.) He has always spoken rapidly, insofar as he is constantly "on edge." His Sports Talks have a mythical magnetism, attracting your attention immediately. Once you've been drawn to them, your ear won't let you leave. When he calls Bobby Jones, "Bobby," he means just that, for he knows them all . . . large or small.

Every day his mail box is chock full of letters asking the whereabouts of this or that sportsman, long forgotten in the headlines of the newspaper sporting pages. Seldom, if ever, does Bob fail to give the correct reply. All his old sports cronies write him often. They give him the news of the sporting world in their own language, and that's the secret of Newhall's success on the air.

His sports news is told to you in the language of the sportsman—The Mail Pouch Sportsman!

WGAR-Cleveland, Children's Hour

SATURDAY morning in the WGAR Studios, would be an ideal spot for the League of Nations to get an idea how to establish perfect peace among all countries, for they would be afforded the opportunity of seeing Clyde Wood conduct his "Children's Hour," the members of which are descendants from virtually all nationalities. Chinese, and of course, Japanese, Scandinavians, Poles, Negroes, Caucasians . . . all races gathered together by one common cause . . . to do a little bit on the air, and to say "Hello" to mamma and daddy, who are on the other end, ears glued to the radio.

There are instrumental groups, vocal trios, quartets, violinists . . . in fact all types of performers, who together with a few parents, often pack up to three hundred people into the large studio, and leave many disappointed embryonic Kate Smiths and Russ Columbos outside.

Notwithstanding the senility implied by such titles as "The Old Optimist," "Grandpa Wood," and "Dr. Tinkle-Tinker," Clyde Wood is not an old man. He has that priceless knack of handling children, and very few of his little playmates suffer from "mike-fright."

Wood accompanies most of the children at the piano, although there are few who bring accompanists. Frequently, a group of ten to fifty children bunch themselves in a bus and visit the studios en masse.

It is not at all unusual to see a boy or girl struggling with a piano-accordion or a trombone twice his or her own size. The children range in age from one year and nine months to fifteen, the majority being from three to six. Wood permits the children to say "Hello" to their friends and relatives after they finish singing. A month or so ago, a young man of Polish ancestry started spieling off a list of names that would reach from here to there.

"Wait a minute," interrupted Wood, "who are all those people?" "My brothers and sisters," said the little boy, who belonged to a family of eighteen. An effort is now being made to bring the whole family up for a fifteen-minute spot. They have a ten piece family orchestra, and lack only one boy in having enough for a football team.

His little international friends like Clyde very much, and hardly a day passes but what he receives several highly sweetened cakes or a couple of gaudy neckties. Not infrequently, he is presented with a bottle of ripe grape-juice by the parent of a youthful performer.

One of the things Wood enjoys most is his transpositions of songs; he finds it necessary to play most of the popular songs in almost all possible keys. He's called upon to play from twenty to thirty songs on one program, for which there is no music. This accounts for his statement that he "files most of his music in his head."

.Again we say the League of Nations should watch WGAR's Children's Hour on Saturday morning. The members should see a little Japanese girl sing a song, to be followed by the Laundryman's favorite and celestial son, caring little about war—thinking little about disarmament, but thoroughly bothered about that important business of putting their song across in good style!

WJR-Detroit, Oklahoma Cowboys

THE appearance of Otto Gray and his Oklahoma Cowboys in the Fisher Building studios of WJR, creates a somewhat incongruous picture that never fails to draw delightful comments from studio visitors. The sight of the gaunt cow-punchers in the setting of a modernly decorated skyscraper studio is a strange one indeed. And the group always performs in the true costumes of the west—ten gallon hats, high-heeled boots, furry chaps, and all. Otto Gray and his boys are all honest-to-goodness cowboys, recruited from Mr. Gray's own ranch near Stillwater, Oklahoma.

"Whenever we entertain," says Otto in his pleasing drawl, "we jest try to act nacheral, givin' the folks the same

kind of fun we enjoy among ourselves on the ranch." That the true spirit of their entertainment efforts is carried to radio listeners is evident from the great response they have received from members of the WJR audience.

The personnel includes Otto himself; Mrs. Otto "Mommie" Gray; "Zeb" Gray, the Uke Buster; "Zeke" Allen, who plays the fiddle; "Hy" Allen, who plays the banjo; and Chief Sanders, half-breed Cherokee Indian, 'cellist. "Rex," a well-trained police dog also plays a prominent part in the radio programs with his barking.

The Oklahoma Cowboys are expected to spend a month or more in and around Detroit, making appearances in theatres in this vicinity. In the intervals between their theatre engagements, they will be heard on the air only through WJR, The Goodwill Station.

WXYZ-Detroit, Sunshine Express

FREDDIE (Whoops) Miller engineers a daily thirty minute trip of the Sunshine Express over this station. Nothing is sacred to him once he's been given the air—not even his sponsors' commercial announcements. Miller is backed up with a first class studio ensemble who aid and abet him in the half-hour steeplechase. Reports show his type of advertising talk is not only entertaining to the listeners, but is doing a good job for the people paying his salary. Incidentally the time is 5:00 P. M., E. S. T. every day until further notice.

WGR-Buffalo, Making History

"BUFFALO MAKES HISTORY" . . . The Chamber of Commerce broadcast, which has become one of the most popular local features, is on the air. Early settlers, dead long since, live again for the evening and their deeds in the winning of the Queen City of the lakes from the wilderness re-live with them.

Co-operating with the Chamber of Commerce the Buffalo Broadcasting Corporation has presented the Buffalo Makes History broadcasts over WGR each Wednesday evening for the past several months.

Interest in the program has been evinced by business and professional men by letter and telephone after each broadcast. The script, which is written by Herbert Rice, BBC dramatic head, is the result of many hours of research work in the archives of the local library and the incidents are historically correct.

One of the outstanding features of the broadcast is an original march written by Erwin Glucksman, BBC arranger, who directs the 18 piece orchestra during the broadcast. Listeners were asked to suggest a name for the march and hundreds of letters were received.

"The Buffalo Centennial March" was chosen by a Chamber of Commerce committee as the most fitting title.

Another interesting feature of this Wednesday evening WGR production is the invitation which is extended to leading Buffalo industrialists to visit the studios. Three minutes are reserved at the conclusion of each broadcast for one of Buffalo's important industries. The speaker of the evening is usually president or vice-president of the company represented, and invariably the broadcast brings forth comment from his business associates.

"Stamps Is Stamps"

UNCLE SAM'S Eagle Eye must have fallen asleep in the Detroit Post Office last week. WJR received a fan letter from one of its youthful listeners with a home made stamp on it! The child apparently took a piece of paper the size of a stamp, colored it with a red crayon, and then precociously drew a vague picture of the Father of Our Country on it. The letter was delivered—the improvised stamp cancelled and postmarked. "After all, Uncle Sam—two cents is two cents!"

PACIFIC COAST ECHOES

By W. L. Gleeson

The MJB Demi-Tasse revue, plugging MJB coffee over the coast NBC network twice weekly, features John P. Medbury, Hearst humorist and outstanding wisecracker on the western air. Medbury and Ray Perkins are the favorite radio humorists with western listeners, with Winchell trailing.

Al Pearce and his KFRC Happy-Go-Lucky crew played to $8,000 in two shows in Los Angeles and the KFRC Jamboree cast of 22 jammed the Oakland Fox Paramount, playing to a $5,000 midnight show. The Jamboree is playing one city in Northern California each week.

J. E. Doyle, radio editor of The Oakland Post-Enquirer and leading critic on the coast, inaugurated a new NBC series with a talk on "Newspapers and Newspaper Men," sent over the Pacific network. The series will bring San Francisco and Oakland newsmen before the mikes.

Phil Harris of the Lofner-Harris dance band, playing in the St. Francis hotel, San Francisco, is headlining at the Oakland Orpheum after doing two weeks at the San Francisco Warfield.

Nearly 3,000 people have signed a petition asking that Tom Coakley and his Athens Athletic club band (Oakland) ride on the magic carpet with Winchell in the Lucky Strike hour. The band is composed of California, Stanford and St. Mary's graduates.

NBC Artists Bureau is seeking a band to take the place of Mahlon Merrick and his Vagabonds at the Palace Hotel.

Tom Gerun left the Bal Tabarin, San Francisco, March 24 for New Orleans will later go to Chicago where he will follow Ben Bernie at the College Inn. Gerun then transfers to the William Penn in Pittsburgh. Gerun is featuring Jean Wakefield, blues singer, who has been on NBC and Columbia networks on the coast.

Cecil and Sally make one of the most successful coast serials and are heard on transcriptions in other parts of the country. The parts are taken by John Patrick Grogan and Helen Troy.

Donald Grey has replaced George Taylor as conductor of the KYA Sunshine program. The program is broadcast every morning and features studio talent. Grey is one of the popular coast ballad singers.

Henry Starr, "The Hot Spot of Radio" is pleasing KYA listeners with his unusual style of playing the piano and singing of popular tunes. Starr has a voice that doesn't need a megaphone to get over the second row.

Helen Parmelee, KLX staff artist, has been given a nightly spot for her classical piano playing.

The veteran Frank Wright has inaugurated a new feature over KTAB called the billboard. The program is put on the air twice a week and consists of reviews of the theatre, with no favorites shown.

Partners on the stage for 30 years, Clarence Kolb and Max Dill have teamed as the Dinglebenders, a serial, for the Gilmore Oil Company, broad-

(Continued on page 70)

Chain and Local Features

Watch May issue for expansion of this Department

(Unless otherwise indicated the time listed is Eastern Standard)

Throughout the Week

7:45 a.m.—WJZ—(Daily ex. Sat. & Sun.) JOLLY BILL AND JANE.

One of NBC's most popular children's programs. Has been on the air for three years. Jolly Bill is played by William Steinke. Jane is Muriel Harbater. Steinke, former newspaper cartoonist, created the program and chose Muriel Harbater, child radio actress, to co-star. The broadcasts are based largely on imaginary trips to legendary lands—and real ones.

8:15 a.m.—WJZ—(Daily ex. Sat. & Sun.) PHIL COOK, THE QUAKER MAN.

Phil Cook, NBC's one-man army of voices, long has delighted the radio audience with songs and characterizations. He plays his own ukelele accompaniment and portrays as many as thirteen characters. Cook has been a magazine illustrator and Broadway playwright.

9:00 a.m.—WABC—(Daily ex. Sun.) LITTLE JACK LITTLE.

Is at the Columbia microphone to welcome the new day with his sophisticated piano antics and piano chatter. Once a week Jack presents an original composition of his own, and Saturdays he offers a recapitulation of the outstanding tunes of the previous five mornings.

9:15 a.m.—WGN-NBC—(Daily ex. Sat. & Sun.) CLARA, LU N EM.

Much weeping and wailing on one side—much throwing of hats in the air and lusty cheering on the other. That was the way the dear public greeted the astounding announcement that these Super-Suds ladies were leaving their evening spot for morning sessions instead. It's really too bad that a big concern like their sponsors, can't be diplomatic enough to please everybody. But on the other hand, that's been tried too—and it's quite a strain. On the nerves and on the purse. It was very amusing the way certain big radio shots passed up these girls when they were willing to sell their act for a song. Now that it's worth a whole symphony, everybody wants it—but Super-Suds proved its points and "cleans up." Extra swell stuff.

9:30 a.m.—WABC—(Daily ex. Sun.) TONY'S SCRAP BOOK.

With unfailing regularity, Tony Wons, radio's philosopher, has his homey chats on topics from his scrap book. He keeps the scissors and paste working overtime to gather hits to discuss during his six programs a week.

10:15 a.m.—WINS—(Wed. & Fri.) YOUR HANDWRITING—JANE REDINGTON.

Did you know that your individuality is expressed through your handwriting. Each little curve, each angle is indicative of some trait which you have developed in the past. Jane Redington, handwriting expert, interprets your character through your penmanship.

10:30 a.m.—WINS—(Daily ex. Sun.) THE WIFESAVER.

A series of sketches acting as a panacea to the housewives in their kitchens. Real housekeeping hints given in a painless manner—not so painless, for you have to hold your sides to keep the stitches from falling. The continuity is by Allen Prescott.

2:30 p.m.—WABC—(Daily ex. Sat. & Sun.) AMERICAN SCHOOL OF THE AIR.

Every school day Columbia presents the "American School of the Air." These programs are designed to be heard in class rooms all over the country and supplement teachers' instruction. Historical and fictional topics are presented in dramatized form, along with lectures by well-known authorities on various phases of art and science.

3:00 p.m. Tues., 3:15 p.m. Wed., 2:15 p.m. Thurs. & Fri., 4:00 p.m. Sat.)—WABC—ANN LEAF at THE ORGAN.

Ann Leaf, diminutive organist of radio, is on the air every afternoon. She presents a wide range of musical selections and from time to time is assisted by a guest soloist. On Wednesdays she is co-featured with lyric tenor, Ben Alley, and their program is known as the Charis Musical Revue.

WLS—WILBUR AND EZRA.

The "Prairie Farmer" voice has always catered to the rural ears, but this time they've aired a quarter-hour, across-the-board skit worth anyone's while. Wilbur and Ezra are two beloved, old bachelors, living in a one-room walk up. The sketch is built around the adopting of a baby by these two yokels, and while the dialect is of the rural type, the situation and lines are too humanly interesting and genuinely entertaining to limit its scope to country listeners.

The boys sprinkle their quarter-hour with lots of laughs about babies, with here and there a dash of tear-jerking melodrama guaranteed to move the most jaded. WLS listeners are sent ing baby clothes to the boys, making a nice tie in for the Assistant City Prosecuting Attorney of Chi, who now has an abandoned babe on his hands. It was left on the doorstep. The act sends all the clothes they receive through the mails to the boys and everybody seems happy about the whole thing. Their idea of spotting the same skit twice a day, once in the morning and once in the afternoon, is a good one, and the act itself should prove real meat for some commercial sponsor trying to please the home folks.

5:15 p.m.—WENR-NBC—(Daily ex. Sun.) SKIPPY.

Nobody is entitled to write "Skippy" except the guy who draws him. Outside of that, everything is oke. Good direction, and some very fine children. Little "Sooky" walks off with the radio show just as he did with the movies. And his radio voice is an exact duplication of his talking picture voice, only better! The entire trouble is with the script itself. Outside of being quite scripty and not very much like you expect Skippy to conduct himself, the show is redeemed by direction and acting.

6:15 p.m.—WGN—(Daily ex. Sun.) HAROLD TEEN.

Somebody thought up a best-seller here—but it doesn't. Doesn't sell, I mean. Which proves my point that a good program has to be shoved right under the noses of advertisers before they discover it's there. For instance, "Amos 'n' Andy" and a few others who worked for the love of art for so long! In Harold Teen I've found the only authentic teen-age skit on the air. Mind you, I don't say it IS the only one—if there is another. I wish somebody'd call my attention to it. Tribune readers are well acquainted with Harold and his gang. They act just like YOU did when you were seventeen. And on the air they are even more so. Poor old Harold, who takes himself so seriously; Beezie, with more heft than pep, and more puns than all the columnists put together; Lillums and Giggles, circulating girl friends; and Lilacs, who longs to be a big strong "he-man" and win the ladies, but who does better at inhaling ice cream sodas, than at pole-vaulting. And here's a tip—watch that gal Gale. There's stellar material for you—and she didn't pay me to say that either. In fact, I don't even know the child! But give her a listen. A nice, deep, yet young voice, that makes you think she's grinning at you with her eyes. "Seventeen" toilet products sponsored this skit for a time—but evidently the makers are too old to remember how they acted when they were seventeen, for the contract wasn't renewed. But maybe the typical adventures and escapades of this bunch remind them too forcibly of trouncings they'd rather forget.

6:30 p.m.—WINS—(Daily ex. Sat.) GREGOIRE FRANZELL.

One of the finest ensembles this side of the Mississippi. And Gregoire is an act in himself as he rumbles over the piano keys those fingers of his are as nimble as squirrels tucking away nuts in their safe deposit vault.

6:30 p.m.—WABC—(Tues., Thurs. & Sat.) BING CROSBY.

His renditions of the latest song-hits in a new style of baritone singing, have brought him nation-wide acclaim. Bing is the father of the super-modulated technique which at present has great vogue among popular singers.

6:45 p.m. Mon., 6:30 p.m. Fri., 8:45 p.m. Sat.)—WABC.

Vaughn de Leath, known as the "original radio girl" because twelve years ago she was the first person to sing into a microphone, gives three early evening recitals weekly. Accompanied by the pianos of Shapiro and Shefter she sings popular numbers of all eras in a style that for more than a decade has endeared her to radio enthusiasts the country over.

6:45 p.m.—WJZ—(Daily ex. Sat. & Sun.) LITERARY DIGEST TOPICS IN BRIEF.

Lowell Thomas, author and adventurer, interprets the most significant current events, spiced with humorous incidents of the day. Thomas has been broadcasting the daily news for more than a year.

7:45 p.m.—WABC—(Daily ex. Sun.) THE CAMEL QUARTER-HOUR.

The Camel quarter-hour, featuring Morton Downey, silver-voiced high tenor and Jacques Renard's orchestra in special arrangements of concurrently popular tunes. More of Tony Wons' homey philosophy is heard in this six-time-a-week series.

7:45 p.m.—WEAF—(Daily ex. Sun.) THE GOLDBERGS.

Gertrude Berg, author of this comedy of Hebrew home life, continues to act the role of Mollie Goldberg. James Waters plays the role of Jake Goldberg, and Roslyn Silber and Alfred Corn, the children's roles. It is a tale of the rise of a Hebrew tailor and his family from a squalid tenement section to the munificence of Park Avenue.

7:45 p.m.—WJZ—(Daily ex. Sat. & Sun.) BILLY JONES AND ERNIE HARE.

Billy Jones and Ernie Hare, one of the oldest song and patter teams of radio, returned to the air after an absence of some months. They present programs of novelty tunes and characteristic chatter.

7:45 p.m.—WOR—(Thurs. & Sat.) THE JARR FAMILY.

If you are a member of the middle class then you will completely enjoy the radio version of this comic strip which for years has brightened the pages of the New York American. From the pen of Roy McCardell, one of the country's best known wits.

8:15 p.m.—WABC—(Mon., Wed. & Fri.) SINGIN' SAM, THE BARBASOL MAN.

Your old friend Singin' Sam, the Barbasol Man. The old-time minstrel sings five special request numbers on each program. Informality reigns supreme when Sam is in the studio, an atmosphere which is largely created by his genial, ad-lib announcing.

8:15 p.m.—WCFL—(Nightly) NIGHT COURT.

Still working on the theory that radio listeners have six-year-old minds, this conglomeration of wheezes, bad jokes, middle class music, and general hodge podge of nothing on earth will send you to bed tearing your hair and gnashing your teeth. There isn't any reason for it, except that maybe the talent (?) gets paid, and being a labor station, WCFL may be taking care of the depression. There must be SOME reason!

8:30 p.m.—WABC—(Mon., Tues., Wed. & Thurs.) LA PALINA PRESENTS KATE SMITH.

The portly singer is ably supported by Nat Brusiloff and his orchestra. Kate was the originator of the "memory" period, which brings to the radio audience popular favorites of days gone by.

8:45 p.m.—WABC—(Mon. & Wed.) COL. STOOPNAGLE AND BUDD.

Listeners are subjected to the clowning of Colonel Lemuel Quitz Stoopnagle and his partner Budd. Fifteen minutes of hilarious comedy, satire and general tomfoolery are squeezed in between the theme signatures rendered by the genial Colonel on the "mighty gas-pipe console."

9:00 p.m.—WGN—(Mon., Wed. & Fri.) EASY ACES.

The wise guy who asked "What's in a name" didn't know his onions. Very likely, if Mr. and Mrs. Ace hadn't really been NAMED that probably nobody would ever have thought of writing a burlesque on bridge! But Mr. Ace did think of it—the association of names and ideas was too much for him—and therefore, "Easy Aces!" His wife, being smart, allowed him to write her in as the dumb missus. And the result?—well dumb Jane Ace walks off with the show! It's the story of four people around a bridge table—at least, that's the general atmosphere. But what happens, isn't always according to Hoyle—nor Milton Work either. Triangles are developed; problems of the day are solved; fashions are discussed, and so on, far into the night. Until three in the morning, to be exact! After the orchestral interlude, Mr. Ace explodes the shopworn theory that it's the woman who pays, by settling up the score and Jane's losses. Meantime, Jane has gotten in a little "action" and "contact" bridge discussion, between hands. A few authentic bridge points are brought out for the more serious minded—but all I can say is this: If Lavoris leaves as good a taste in your mouth as does "Easy Aces," then it's SOME product.

9:30 p.m.—WOR—(Tues., Wed. & Thurs.) TEA TIMERS.

With Macy and Smalle in a harmony skit. They never rehearse during the hour that is set aside for them, and as an explanation give the fact that they have been together so long that each knows what the other is going to say next. That's harmony, eh, what?

9:15 p.m.—WBBM—(Wed. & Fri.) ADVENTURES IN HEALTH.

This is one of those programs with a moral—now wait a minute! Let go of that radio dial, and listen to an old veteran? I've suffered through lots of programs with morals. I've had the sins of hair dyeing jammed down my throat—and then counteracted by a soft voiced lady who warns me of the dire results of allowing myself to grow old. And I've had—but enough of that. We're talking about Dr. Bundesen. He's one of those nice "daddy" doctors that mothers between the ages of seventeen and seventy swear by. (And I love ending sentences with prepositions!) But in this instance, you take Doc's preaching like you take his pills—with some sugar coating and a smile. This program recently underwent a change of construction; and was thereby vastly improved. Instead of preaching to you the doctor gives the impression of answering some questions, aided by occasional "Oh, is that so" and "Yes, doctors" from either a perplexed mother with a youngster who needs a good old-fashioned "shingle cure" or the wife of some pig-headed gentleman with gout. But the fact remains that Dr. Bundesen gives out advice you can understand, and even follow! (And there's one for YOU, Mr. Ripley!) This discourse on health is preceded by a five minute drama which leads up to the point of the talk—and is usually good for at least one laugh. If we MUST have morals—let's have 'em like this.

10:00 p.m.—WABC—(Mon., 12:00 p.m. Wed., 7:30 & 12:00 p.m. Sat.) GUY LOMBARDO'S ORCHESTRA.

Broadcasting's ace orchestra the band of Guy Lombardo and his many brothers, has four spots on the Columbia air schedule. Mondays at 10:00 p.m. Guy and his boys come to the CBS studios where they put on the Robert Burns Panatela period with Burns and Allen. On Saturday evenings at 7:30 p.m. they assist little Miss Babs. The Lombardo aggregation is also heard at midnight on Thursdays and Saturdays.

10:15 p.m.—WOR—(Daily ex. Sun.) THE HAPPY VAGABOND.

Or Jack Arthur. His real name is Arthur Campbell and in his best baritone voice he gives the WOR audience programs of popular songs and ballads that are especially arranged for him.

10:30 p.m.—C.S.T.—KYW—(Daily ex. Sun.) PADDED FISTS.

We've had radio sketches with scenes laid everywhere from the parlor to the bottom of the ocean. But wait till you hear Dick MacCauley's new knock-out "Padded Fists." Guaranteed to pack a real wallop. It's as funny for radio as Mr. Wrower's "Leather Pushers" were for Colliers. (That's a free ad, Mr. Editor.) It's

the yarn of a well-bred college youth who suddenly finds himself being trained for the ring, with a woman manager and a "mug" trainer! And now YOU go on from there! If you think our hero isn't managed, and trained, you're just down for the count, that's all there is to that! And by the way, listeners to the Tall Corn State stations will recognize our adjective—and fist-slinging coming champ as Dick Wells, their old standby. This is his first real attempt at going Barrymore, and the kid's not bad. (Note: That squares me for the razzing I gave him some months back!)

12:00 p.m.—WABC—(Mon. & Thurs. 9:00 p.m. Tues.) BEN BERNIE AND HIS ORCHESTRA.
Ben Bernie, once the "young maestro" but now according to his own admission the "old maestro," gives out his special brand of humor over the melodies of his orchestra from Chicago three times weekly. On Tuesdays at 9:00 p. m. he tells of the advantages of Blue Ribbon Malt and listeners all over the country stay up until midnight on Mondays and Fridays to hear his offerings.

Sunday

12:30 p.m.—WABC—INTERNATIONAL BROADCAST.
"Hello America" is the cheery greeting in some foreign accent signifying that another broadcast from Europe is about to take place. Usually the programs originate at London, with Cesar Saerchinger presenting an outstanding British authority on a literary, artistic, political or scientific topic. On special occasions the broadcasts are made from different points on continent, such as Geneva, Berlin, Paris and Rome.

12:00 (noon)—WOR—LIZABETH ANN'S SUNDAY SCHOOL.
It started over WHAS, Louisville, Ky. At that time its main purpose was to provide Sunday School services for shut in children. When Lizabeth Ann moved the school over to WOR, the original plan expanded to its present growth. It now brings to the microphone children of every race and religious denomination around which a program is built and is thus developing a love and appreciation among them. It is practical because it has started a series of Lizabeth Ann Clubs in many states which collect and mend garments for the children of unemployed.

1:00 p.m.—WJZ—WALTER DAMROSCH SYMPHONIC HOUR.
Walter Damrosch, dean of American symphonic conductors, presents the world's greatest music and includes a series of Opera in English. He directs the orchestra and chorus. The one-hour program limits the series to presentations of only parts of operas. but the chosen portions rank among the favorite excerpts of classical operas. Many well-known radio voices are featured in the program, and the orchestra is practically man-for-man the old New York Symphony Orchestra of Carnegie Hall fame.

3:00 p.m.—WABC—NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.
From 3:00 to 5:00 p. m. the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra broadcasts a full length concert. Various guest conductors are on the rostrum and occasionally instrumental soloists are heard with the orchestra. During the intermission, Olin Downes, music critic of the New York Times, makes commentaries on the selections.

4:30 p.m.—WBBM—CBC—THE LOST LEGION.
When two other critics agree that this is a swell show, it means that I'm not prejudiced just because I happen to like it. It's quite an innovation in radio programs, dealing with tales of France's Foreign Legion. Scene, Algeria. Characters: various nationalities who've joined up for an enlistment. Type: Adventure with a spice of love and romance, with mild triangular aspects. Each broadcast is a complete story, although they are more or less joined together from week to week by character impersonation. A musical introduction to each character, who in turn says a few words, stamps each player in the listener's mind. Willis Cooper who writes the sketches, does "Mendoza" the Spanish comedy relief—and how he does him! Triangle involves Marigold Cassin as Amelie, the Colonel's daughter, and Don Ameche who is very dashing as Lieut. Vibrat, with the other angle held up by Vinton Haworth as Smith, the American Legionnaire. (No pun intended.) Sunda Love displays her French as Marie who serves the ever-thirsty. The cast is too long to enumerate in detail—listen in, and save me a lot of trouble. You won't be sorry.

4:00 p.m.—WJZ—TRAVELOGUE, MALCOLM LA PRADE.
Malcolm LaPrade, world traveler and student of culture, interprets significant points of interest in exotic lands, tells of customs of foreign peoples and changes in their social order. In each broadcast he confines his narrative to one foreign country.

5:30 p.m.—WEAF—GENERAL ELECTRIC CIRCLE.
Each week a Metropolitan Opera Company star is presented, as a general rule. This rule is violated only when some other noted visiting singer or ensemble of voices is available. The stars usually present operatic selections identified with their rise to fame.

5:30 p.m.—WABC—BLUE COAL RADIO REVUE.
The Blue Coal Radio Revue is the only full sponsored hour on the Columbia network. The first half hour is devoted to the music of George Earle's Orchestra, with tunes of today and yesteryear, interpreted in novelty arrangements and by guest artists. The second half hour is devoted to a mystery drama.

7:00 p.m.—WGN—CBS—PENNZOIL.
Harry Sosnick deserves much of the credit for the success of this Sunday evening musical treat. With an aggregation of some two dozen expert musicians, and the able assistance of the original "King's Jesters" from the ranks of Paul Whiteman, this is a grand dessert to top off a day of meat and potato programs—mostly quartettes and church services. Mr. Sosnick plays gobs of swell piano—swings a mean baton—and ends up by being quite a composer. Penn didn't miss when they hand-picked the talent for this program.

8:15 p.m.—WJZ—COLLIER'S RADIO HOUR.
John B. Kennedy, master of ceremonies, introduces a variety of entertainment, including Uncle Henry and the Editor, Inventions of Lucifer G. Butts, Ernest LaPrade's orchestra, and dramatizations. Kennedy also gives a rapidfire review of current events, known for their terseness and virility of expression.

9:00 p.m.—WABC—EVEREADY PROGRAM.
Belle Baker, musical comedy star, is the star soloist of the Eveready Safety program in which she is supported by Jack Denny and his Mount Royal Orchestra from Montreal. Denny was brought down from the Canadian city specially for this series. New and popular numbers are interpreted in special arrangements.

9:15 p.m.—WOR—ARTHUR MURRAY'S DANCING CLASS.
The most complicated and fancy ballroom dances are based on a series of simple steps with variations. This simple groundwork Arthur Murray well-known ball room dancer feels that he can teach by means of radio. Now careful, first this way—toes out—is that right, Mr. Murray—and don't forget to overlook your partner's toes.

9:30 p.m.—WABC—ROMANCES OF THE SEA.
At present the series is concerned with the personal narrative of the Felix Count Luckner, familiarly known as "The Sea Devil" for his daring escapades during the World War. The Roundtowners quartet furnishes sea ballads at the opening and conclusion of the broadcasts.

9:45 p.m.—WJZ—BUICK REVELERS.
One of the foremost male quartets of radio, The Revelers, are featured in popular and semi-classical programs. Countess Olga Albani, soprano, shares honors with them and Frank Black's orchestra. The Revelers Quartet: James Melton and Lewis James, tenors; Phil Dewey, baritone, and Wilfred Glenn, bass.

Monday

7:00 p.m.—WGES—JOEL LAY.
First time I ever heard Joel Lay, some months back, he was singing hymns. And he wasn't at all sanctimonious. He was lusty! And there IS a difference. He was singing with another chap—but nobody knew it—Joel, being the more determined of the two, got himself heard. Well, he sang hymns for quite some little time—then something happened. I guess the other fellow got tired of being drowned in waves of baritone melody, or something. Anyway, they split up. And now, lo and behold, Joel is WGESing with equal vim and vigor. And with equal charm and vocal quality. It doesn't matter whether he's accompanied by a piano or a brass band—you can still hear him. And to listen to that lad go from a soft tone to one of his super-elegant big ones, is a treat! Incidentally, he has one of those beaming "I-just-had-my-face-washed" complexions that is the envy of the girls, and the abomination of the baritones!

9:15 p.m.—WABC—FROSTILLA BROADCAST REHEARSALS.
Each Monday evening Columbia's radio audience is taken back of the scenes of the typical American broadcasting station when the Frostilla Broadcast Rehearsal is presented. An orchestra under the direction of Harry Salter is heard going through its paces preparatory to presenting a network program. Mildred Hunt, blues singer, is the vocalist.

8:30 p.m.—WEAF—VOICE OF FIRESTONE.
Lawrence Tibbett, baritone of the Metropolitan Opera Company, is the featured soloist. He offers a wide range of songs, for which he is known in operatic circles. William Merrigan Daly's orchestra also.

8:30 p.m.—WJZ—DEATH VALLEY DAYS.
Authentic dramatizations of man's perennial fight to conquer Death Valley, Cal. They are written by a student of the history of the arid region. Most of the stories dramatize man's conflict with the elements, but others are colorful human incidents.

9:30 p.m.—WABC—BOURJOIS—AN EVENING IN PARIS.
Pierre, Brugnon, genial Francophile acts as master of ceremonies and brings various female guest stars to the microphone. He also is heard in two tenor selections. An orchestra under the direction of Max Smolen renders popular numbers in symphonic arrangements.

9:30 p.m.—WEAF—PARADE OF THE STATES.
Each week a tribute to a state of the Union, written by Bruce Barton, is presented with appropriate music. Barton's tributes are of historical interest. Erno Rapee conducts the orchestra.

10:00 p.m.—WJZ—WITH CANADA'S MOUNTED.
The stories forming the backbone of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police legend—"they always get their man"—are dramatized by a star cast of radio actors. The facts are taken from the official records of the organ-

Blue Ribbon

WEAF—Key Station, NBC Red Network, New York.
WJZ—Key Station, NBC Blue Network, New York.
WABC—Key Station, Columbia Network, New York.

Throughout the Week

6:15 a.m.—WJZ—Phil Cook the Quaker Man (Quaker Oats Co.) (Daily ex. Sun.)
6:45 p.m.—WJZ—Lowell Thomas. (Daily ex. Sat., Sun.)
7:00 p.m.—WJZ—Amos 'n' Andy. (Daily ex. Sun.)
7:15 p.m.—WABC—The Sylvanians (Sun. and Tues. at 6:30 p.m.)
7:30 p.m.—WEAF—The Prince Albert Quarter Hour (Daily ex. Sun.)
7:45 p.m.—WEAF—The Goldbergs (Pepsodent Company) (Daily ex. Sun.)
8:30 p.m.—WABC—Kate Smith La Palina Program. (Mon., Wed. & Thurs.)
8:45 p.m.—WABC—Colonel Stoopnagle and Budd (Procter and Gamble) (Mon. & Wed.)
9:00 p.m.—WABC—Mills Brothers (E. Fougera & Co., Inc.) (Mon. and Thurs.)
10:00 p.m.—WEAF—Lucky Strike Program with Walter Winchell (American Tobacco Co.) (Tues., Thurs., Sat.)
10:15 p.m.—WJZ—Clara, Lu and Em (Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co.) (Daily ex. Sun. and Mon.)
10:30 p.m.—WABC—Music That Satisfies (Liggett & Myers) (Daily ex. Sun.; Wed. and Sat. at 10:00 p.m.)
11:00 p.m.—WJZ—Slumber Music, Ludwig Laurier (Daily ex. Sun.)
12:00 p.m.—WABC—Ben Bernie and His Orchestra (Mon. and Fri.)

Sunday

12:30 p.m.—WABC—International Transatlantic Broadcast
1:00 p.m.—WJZ—Walter Damrosch Symphonic Hour.
3:00 p.m.—WABC—New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra
4:30 p.m.—WEAF—Davey Hour (Davey Tree Experts Co.)
4:30 p.m.—WJZ—Sheaffer Lifetime Revue (W. A. Sheaffer Pen Co.)
5:30 p.m.—WEAF—General Electric Circle (General Electric Co.)
6:30 p.m.—WJZ—"K-7"; Secret Service Spy Stories
8:00 p.m.—WABC—Ziegfeld Follies of the Air (Chrysler)
8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Chase & Sanborn Hour (Standard Brands, Inc.)
8:15 p.m.—WJZ—Collier's Radio Hour
9:00 p.m.—WABC—Ever Ready Razor Program (American Safety Razor Co.)
9:45 p.m.—WJZ—Buick Revelers (Buick Motor Co.)
12:30 a.m.—WABC—California Melodies from Los Angeles

Monday

7:45 p.m.—WABC—Camel Quarter Hour
8:30 p.m.—WEAF—Voice of Firestone
8:30 p.m.—WJZ—Death Valley Days (Pacific Coast Borax Co.)
9:00 p.m.—WEAF—A & P Gypsies
9:30 p.m.—WEAF—Parade of the States
10:00 p.m.—WJZ—Canada's Mounted (Canada Dry)
10:00 p.m.—WABC—Robert Burns Panatela Program

Selections

Tuesday

7:30 p.m.—WABC—Richman Brothers' Program with Sylvia Froos
8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Blackstone Plantation Program
8:30 p.m.—WEAF—True Story Hour
8:45 p.m.—WJZ—Sisters of the Skillet
8:45 p.m.—WABC—Gerardine Program (La Gerardine, Inc.)
9:00 p.m.—WABC—Ben Bernie (Blue Ribbon Malt)
9:00 p.m.—WEAF—McKesson Musical Magazine
9:30 p.m.—WJZ—Great Personalities

Wednesday

7:15 p.m.—WABC—Maxwell House Program (General Foods Co.)
8:00 p.m.—WEAF—"Big Time" (Stanco, Inc.)
8:30 p.m.—WEAF—Goodyear Program
9:00 p.m.—WABC—Gold Medal Fast Freight (General Mills, Inc.)
9:00 p.m.—WJZ—Adventures of Sherlock Holmes
9:30 p.m.—WEAF—Mobiloil Concert (Vacuum Oil Co.)
10:00 p.m.—WEAF—Coca Cola Program (Coca Cola Co.)
11:15 p.m.—WABC—Howard Barlow—Symphony Orchestra.

Thursday

9:00 p.m.—WEAF—Big Six of the Air (Chevrolet Motors)
9:00 p.m.—WJZ—Blackstone Plantation Program.
9:30 p.m.—WEAF—Rudyard Kipling Stories; dramatic sketches.
9:30 p.m.—WJZ—Maxwell House Program.
11:00 p.m.—WABC—Toscha Seidel, violinist, with Concert Orchestra.
11:45 p.m.—WABC—Bing Crosby.

Friday

7:30 p.m.—WABC—Easy Aces; dramatic skit (Lavoris Corp.)
7:45 p.m.—WABC—Camel Quarter Hour.
8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Cities Service Concert Orchestra
8:30 p.m.—WABC—DuPont Program (E. I. Dupont de Nemours).
9:00 p.m.—WEAF—Clicquot Club Program (Clicquot Club Company).
9:30 p.m.—WJZ—Armour Program (Armour Company).
10:00 p.m.—WJZ—Whiteman's Pontiac Chieftains.
10:30 p.m.—WEAF—R.K.O. Theatre of the Air.

Saturday

5:30 p.m.—WEAF—Blue Moon Cuckoos.
8:00 p.m.—WJZ—Danger Fighters (Health Products Corp.)
8:15 p.m.—WABC—Abe Lyman and his Orchestra (Phillips Dental Magnesia).
9:00 p.m.—WEAF—Goodyear Program.
9:30 p.m.—WEAF—Club Valspar Program (Valspar Corp.)
10:00 p.m.—WABC—Columbia Institute of Public Affairs.
10:45 p.m.—WABC—Arthur Jarrett.
11:30 p.m.—WEAF—Buddy Rogers.
12:00 p.m.—WABC—Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians.

ization and adapted for radio presentation by the historian of the famous police system.

Tuesday

9:30 p.m.—WEAF—THE FULLER MAN.

Popular songs of today and yesteryears by Mabel Jackson, new radio soprano; Earle Spicer, baritone, and Don Voorhees' orchestra. A snappy program.

4:15 p.m.—WJZ—MORMON TABERNACLE CHOIR AND ORGAN.

The famous Mormon choir of 300 voices and the giant organ, offer a program of classics and religious hymns from the great Tabernacle in Salt Lake City. Anthony C. Lund directs the choir.

8:30 p.m.—WEAF—TRUE STORY HOUR.

A series of dramatic presentations designed to show that truth is stranger than fiction. Miss Nora Sterling plays the role of Mary, and Cecil Secrest that of Bob.

8:45 p.m.—WABC—GERARDINE—BROADWAY'S GREATEST THRILLS.

Ed Sullivan, New York columnist, presents "Broadway's Greatest Thrills." There is a dramatization in the life of some outstanding figure in the metropolitan theatrical world, as well as guest vocalists accompanied by an orchestra under the direction of Jack Berger.

9:30 p.m.—WJZ—GREAT PERSONALITIES.

Frazier Hunt, newspaper reporter and famous World War correspondent, presents a graphic word picture of American leaders. They compliment Emil Ludwig's saying: "The anecdote best defines the personality." Rosario Bourdon's orchestra furnishes a spirited musical program.

Wednesday

3:00 p.m.—WEAF—WITH A SENATOR'S WIFE IN WASHINGTON.

Intimate chats of social and political life in the national capital by wives of the United States senators. Leon Brusiloff's orchestra provides a lively musical program.

5:15 p.m.—WABC—BILL SCHUDT'S GOING TO PRESS.

Columbia's director of television programs presents weekly a well-known newspaper man who discusses a particular phase of the journalistic profession.

9:00 p.m.—WABC—GOLD MEDAL FAST FREIGHT.

The puffing of the locomotive and the clanging of the engine's bell announce the arrival of the Gold Medal Fast Freight from Minneapolis. Eddie Dunsteter, internationally known organist, is assisted by the Wheaties quartet in a half hour of popular songs.

10:00 p.m.—WEAF—COCA COLA.

Grantland Rice, noted sports writer, interviews celebrities in many fields of athletics and adventure, and Gustave Haenschen's all-string orchestra furnishes the music.

Thursday

4:00 p.m.—WJZ—HOME DECORATIONS.

Grace Viall Gray, economic expert, gives a brief and instructive talk and each week introduces some other authority in the field. A musical program is furnished by J. Oliver Riehl's orchestra.

8:30 p.m.—WOR—WINGS OF ROMANCE.

Everyone from the washerwoman up to the Vice President has dreams. Phil Thorne knows human nature and is therefore qualified to capture these dreams in radio scripts. The most important role in the play, "Fate," is interpreted by John A. Willarde, veteran of the legitimate stage, and it is because he sees the reality of men's visions and imaginations that he carries off his part with laurels.

9:00 p.m.—WEAF—BIG SIX OF THE AIR.

Six big attractions, combining a piano duo, two vocal soloists, a male quartet and Frank Black's orchestra. The personnel follows: Phil Ohman and Victor Arden, piano duo; Lewis James, tenor, and Welcome Lewis, contralto; Henry Shope and Frank Parker, tenors, John Seagle, baritone, and Elliott Shaw, bass, the quartet. James Wallington, the announcer, item six.

9:30 p.m. — WABC — LOVE STORY HOUR.

Each week a romance from the Love Story magazine is reenacted by a corps of actors under the direction of Bill Sweets and Dana Noyes. George Earle's orchestra supplies the musical interludes.

10:20 p.m.—WOR—BEGGAR'S BOWL.

The setting, India Theme. Experiences of a British Secret Service man disguised as a beggar. Oriental music as a background. Script by Ruysdael, selections by George Shackley. Is it any wonder that this sketch, which was crowded out last year by commercials, was recalled to the air by the protests of WOR fans?

Friday

11:00 a.m.—WEAF-WJZ—NBC MUSIC APPRECIATION HOUR.

Millions of school children and parents alike appreciate this program. Walter Damrosch, dean of American conductors, through the medium of the program, has come to be known as the foremost advocate in America of teaching classical music in schools and homes. He personally announces the programs and explains the significance of master works.

8:00 p.m.—WEAF—CITIES SERVICE CONCERT ORCHESTRA.

Jessica Dragonette, soprano, long recognized as one of the foremost soloists on the air, shares honors with the renowned Cavaliers quartet, Frank Banta and Milton Rettenberg piano duo, and Rosario Bourdon's orchestra, add to the talent. The quartet personnel: Henry Shope and Frank Parker, tenors; John Seagle, baritone, Elliott Shaw, bass.

8:30 p.m.—WABC—TODAY AND YESTERDAY.

The program is designed to show the difference between current happenings and the music of the present and days gone by. An orchestra under the direction of Don Voorhees, assisted by a quartet and Gladys Brittain, soprano, contrasts the different periods musically, while a ten minute dramatization portrays a news event of the past called to mind by a current happening.

9:00 p.m.—WOR—HOFFMAN HOUR.

A program of scintillating stars in popular selections: Hoffman Constellation made up of Nelson Eddy, baritone; Lois Bennett, soprano, and Miss Veronica Wiggins, contralto — with Josef Pasternack directing this Great Dipper.

9:00 p.m.—WJZ—FRIENDSHIP TOWN.

Rural sketches. One of the foremost characterizations of small-town citizenry on the air today. It features a cast of radio stars, including Virginia Gardiner, Edith Spencer, Don Carney, Ed Whitney, "Pic" Malone and "Pat" Padget. Harry Salter's orchestra emulates a small-town band, and Frank Luther, tenor, is the town's vocalist.

9:30 p.m.—WJZ—MAXWELL HOUSE ENSEMBLE.

A musical program featuring Don Voorhees' orchestra, Lanny Ross, tenor soloist, and a male quartet, The Songsmiths. Each broadcast features several popular numbers of the day. The male quartet: Scrappy Lambert and Randolph Weyant, tenors; Leonard Stokes, baritone, and Bob Moody, bass.

Saturday

5:30 p.m.—WEAF—THE BLUE MOON CUCKOOS.

Raymond Knight, radio humorist, introduces one of the most unique programs of the air, as author and station master of the mythical station KUKU. He satirizes broadcasting itself—proving there is a sense of humor in the studios. A star cast of radio actors helps him.

7:00 p.m.—WABC—THE POLITICAL SITUATION IN WASHINGTON TONIGHT.

Commentaries on public affairs are heard every Saturday night from different parts of the country. Frederic William Wile, political analyst of the Columbia Broadcasting System, discusses "The Political Situation at Washington Tonight." One hour and a half later, Frederick Landis, the "Hoosier Editor" and former United States Representative from Indiana, comments in an informal way upon current happenings.

8:00 p.m.—WJZ—DANGER FIGHTERS.

An eminent example of the adaptability of radio for presenting authentic scientific discoveries in a dramatized form. The weekly programs are adapted from Paul de Kruif's best seller, "Microbe Hunters." An excellent cast of radio actors participate.

8:30 p.m. — KYW - NBC — FIRST NIGHTER.

Once upon a time somebody got the idea that putting a regular theater performance on the air would be the height of something or other. Hence the "First Nighter." Each member of the listening audience is given an imaginary ticket to the show and becomes one of the elite first nighters who come, see, and pass judgment. The atmosphere is set perfectly. Even the curtain comes up with enough realism to make you actually see the scene. Orchestra plays the overture of course, and the play itself is divided into three acts. Between acts Lady Campana represents the sponsor with a little well diluted advertising. Her voice is nicely decisive and pleasing to listen to. Most of the honors in acting belong to the heavy and to the leading man. The rest carry their parts creditably however. There is only one hitch in the entire performance, and that's either the fault of the writer or the director. But after setting all this atmosphere as "stages" along come the horses hoofs galloping over miles of wide open spaces and bloey goes the illusion of the theatre and you're left in the air, half way between a talking picture and a stage. But we forgive this little oversight because it's really good entertainment after all.

8:30 p.m.—WEAF—NATIONAL ADVISORY COUNCIL ON RADIO IN EDUCATION.

Two foremost educators of the United States, one representing the field of economics and the other [illegible] go on the air each week as speakers. The program is recognized as one of the most advanced steps yet taken in education of adults by radio. "Listen and Learn."

10:00 p.m.—WABC—COLUMBIA INSTITUTE OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

Authoritative speakers of important social, economic, political and international questions voice their opinions through the radio forum conducted by the Columbia Institute of Public Affairs. There is no fixed program for the programs, which do not always originate from one place. Sometimes but one speaker is heard while on other occasions more than one authority discuss or debate an important matter before the public eye.



Nancy Flake

EVER hear Nancy sing "On Revival Day" from those good old Southern stations, WSJS at Winston-Salem, North Carolina, or WRVA at Richmond? Then you are going to enjoy seeing her picture here. Jacqueline Dorminy writes us that Nancy will probably be in Radio Village next June making singies and broadcasting.

Education by Radio

Noted Instructor Sums up Results of His Own Experience as Radio Speaker and Gives Advice

By GLEASON L. ARCHER, LL.D.

Dean, Suffolk Law School, Boston

FOR two years Dean Archer has made his weekly appearance before a National Broadcasting Co. microphone in New York and discoursed on Law—"Laws That Safeguard Society." His "classes" have expanded until they now circle the globe. This article is the sequel to a former article in which he shows how educational subjects may be made interesting. Teachers will find his suggestions on technique valuable.

IN CONSIDERING the qualities that constitute the necessary equipment of an educational broadcaster, the voice quite naturally comes first. The voice is the vehicle not only of thought but of the speaker's personality. Radio broadcasting is at present on a one dimensional plane, making appeal solely to the ears of the audience. People simply will not listen to a harsh voice, nor to an indistinct voice, nor to machine gun utterance unless the subject matter is very interesting.

There is nothing more amazing about the radio than the manner in which it plays favorites with human voices. It glorifies some ordinary voices and distorts others beyond recognition. I have heard men whose platform tones are melodious and compelling speak over the radio in such altered tones that I could not recognize the voice at all—their tones leaden and dead, a heavy voice devoid of personality. I have heard others whose tones rang as true as though they were present in the room.

Perhaps after all a person has a radio voice or he has not. It is a part of his personality. The only way of discovering this fact is by an audition or by actual broadcasting.

But there is much that a person may do for his voice, as I know from experience. He probably cannot change the essential quality of the voice itself but he can and should train himself in distinctness of enunciation. He should if possible employ some voice teacher whose ears as keen to detect imperfections of speech, listen in on his radio broadcasts and check the sounds that customarily fail of clarity.

During the early months of my broadcasting I employed an expert of this sort who cured me of a tendency to "fade out" on the last word or two of a sentence. Control of the vocal cords brought an evenness of tone that I lacked at the beginning. Then, too, I had a tendency to hiss on the "S" sounds, for the radio exaggerates any such defect. Words ending in "D" followed by an "M" sound bothered me also. They did not come over the air as distinctly as they should. These are samples of defects upon which we labored for months, with some degree of success.

A natural conversational tone is of course the ideal medium for radio broadcasting. But since it is necessary that every word spoken over the air be read from "script" it is difficult to avoid the "reading voice." Theatrical affectation would likely defeat its own purpose, for the radio relentlessly exposes artificialities of this sort.

A speaker may at times be obliged by sheer will power to create a state of nervous tension that will stand behind his utterance and send it out vibrant with life. A dead tone is fatal to best results. If the speaker throws himself heart and soul into his subject the voice cannot fail to transmit that fact to the radio audience.

Length of Period. Having tested the half-hour period, the twenty minute period and the quarter-hour broadcast I am emphatically of opinion that the latter period is best of all, especially for educational programs. To be sure, many radio fans write complaining that the period is too brief, but it is better to leave them eager for more than surfeited with too much.

Then there is the speaker himself. Having been accustomed to a lecture period of an hour and a half in Suffolk Law School I at first felt that fifteen minutes was altogether too brief. But I am convinced from experience that the nervous tension of the radio broadcast, when one is putting his whole soul into the effort, renders the quarter-hour period all that a speaker should be permitted to do at one time

Preparation of Script. The preparation of a broadcast is an art in itself—an art that can be mastered only by experience. Some radio speakers are mere actors who render into words what another has written for them. These professional writers of "script," or production men as they are called, need no suggestions from me. What I here declare is merely for the educator like myself who writes his own "script" and renders it at the microphone.

By the custom of the great broadcasting companies copies of proposed talks are required in advance of delivery. They are read by a special department—censored as it were—before they are given over the air. My own custom has been to write my broadcasts a month to six weeks in advance of delivery and file copies with NBC accordingly.

Even though radio broadcasts are in a consecutive series each talk should be complete enough in itself to give the listener who tunes in for the first time a fairly accurate idea of what it is all about.

It must entertain as well as instruct. This does not mean that the radio lecturer should turn clown, disguise his voice or resort to any sort of buffoonery on the air.

Men and women are keenly interested in the truly vital things of everyday experience. In my own work I rely almost wholly upon human interest stories to drive home the truths that I seek to impart to the radio audience. To be sure I state a principle of law and sketch the historical background, but this is merely to lead up to the gripping and dramatic story or stories that illustrate the application of the principle.

In selecting illustrations from the great mass of law cases that exist in the reported decisions, I favor western cases simply because in them we find great human dramas reported with a wealth of detail. With this as a basis I endeavor to visualize for the listener the tragedy or comedy as it occurred.

When my series "Laws that Safeguard Society" was in its early stages.

my talks were prepared somewhat as I would prepare a lecture for a law class. There was of course an avoidance of technical terms. Simplicity of language was my aim throughout. There were more illustrations than if designed for the classroom but I soon found that I was covering too much ground for best results over the air.

It was then that I adopted my present policy of taking a small segment of my topic and devoting the entire period to its elucidation. This affords sufficient scope for the use of the best illustrations I can find in the state reports—thus bringing to my audience a series of stories from life that entertain as well as instruct.

Timing the Address. A great deal of difficulty confronts the beginner at radio broadcasting in the matter of timing his speech in advance. If he is to cover a given topic it would be very awkward, to say the least, if he did not reach his conclusion before the close of his allotted time, or if he finished too soon. But in a chain broadcast when so many stations are dependent upon absolute and exact timing the problem is very serious

Another factor enters in. To deliver an address either to a visible audience, or over the microphone, requires more time than merely to read it to oneself. How much more time depends upon circumstances and the state of one's nerves at the moment of delivery.

The mental strain of working under this cloud may prove a genuine handicap to the speaker. But there is a simple way out, as I found after some months of experimenting.

I procured a stop watch and now use it both in preparing the original MSS —reading and timing the text before giving it to the stenographers—and also using it on the day of the broadcast while rehearsing for the same. It is possible to check each minute in the text itself and then in a second reading, at the usual broadcast tempo, so near as one can judge, to see how it compares as to time.

With such annotations in the text it is possible to observe the studio clock occasionally, to note whether more or less speed is needed to finish on time. By this method the nervous tension is minimized.

Nervous Tension While Broadcasting. Nervous tension seems to me an inescapable accompaniment of successful radio broadcasting. A person so unemotional and phlegmatic as to take the matter calmly can scarcely hope to stir the interest of listeners hundreds or thousands of miles away. The radio lecturer on a chain broadcast is in reality an actor on a mighty stage set by modern science. For the time being he occupies the centre of the stage. The whole show depends upon him. The words that he speaks and the manner in which he speaks them goes out let us say to a million homes. Whether they listen in or tune him out, in favor of a jazz or nonsense program, is a serious matter not only to the speaker himself but also to the broadcasting stations that carry his program. To throw his entire personality into the broadcast means the expenditure of a great deal of nervous energy

Fan Letters. Fan letters are of course highly prized by radio lecturers —that is, if the letters are laudatory. I am told that letter writing by radio listeners has now become much less common than when broadcasting was new. For every person who writes a letter nowadays there are probably hundreds and even thousands of listeners who never write at all. It never occurs to them to write.

There is a genuine thrill therefore to receive a letter from some listener thousands of miles away telling of the circumstances under which one's message came to him. The invalid hopelessly bedridden who finds in the program a new interest in life—something to look forward to from week to week; the blind man to whose eager soul the radio brings light and cheer, these are worthwhile messages for the radio lecturer who is uncertain of the effect of his words.

In my own experience the average of fan mail is small because there is nothing to call it forth. But when in March 1931 I mentioned the possibility of reprinting my lectures in book form for those who wished them at the mere cost of publication, I was at once the target for an avalanche of mail. For three weeks I could do little else but read letters. From judges, lawyers, doctors, probation officers, welfare workers, policemen and men and women from all walks of life, the letters came. Little children even were contributors to this grist of fan mail. And letters came from far countries—all in answer to my question.

Then it settled back to normal again. But the revelation that came to me in those three weeks, the glimpses into homes and hearts to whom, on the magic wings of the radio, my voice is borne each week will remain with me always.

It was a baptism of friendship, an outpouring from the great heart of the people that brought to me a new sense of responsibility to the public and a new conception of the tremendous possibilities of education by radio.

The Significance of Two Bulletins

Educators and Broadcasters Advise Their Members

JUST by way of comparison let us look at both sides of the question from the inside as the leaders of the National Association of Broadcasters and the leaders of the Association of College and University Broadcasting Stations advised their respective memberships concerning the Questionnaire inspired by the Couzens Resolution.

From the official bulletin of the N. A. B. to all of its members:

"The American system of broadcasting is on trial. . . Your Association has pledged its cooperation in making this investigation thorough and honest. Your Association believes that a fair and impartial investigation will convince the Senate and the American People that our system of competitive broadcasting, conducted by private enterprise, is the best the world can produce. Give the Questionnaire your personal attention. Spare no time or effort to report the questions completely and accurately."

From the "Rush Bulletin" signed by T. M. Beaird, Executive Secretary, "To Members of the Association of College and University Broadcasting Stations. . .

"I am in receipt at 1:00 P. M. today of a day letter from one of our program directors who evidently has inside information on this Questionnaire. He advises in his wire, SEND RUSH BULLETIN TO ALL EDUCATIONAL STATIONS TO INTERPRET AS EDUCATIONAL BROADCASTING EVERYTHING THEY DO EXCEPT ANY TIME SOLD COMMERCIALLY STOP AT LEAST THE PERCENTAGE SHOULD BE CLOSE TO ONE HUNDRED.

"This rush bulletin is being released and may I especially urge that you give particular attention to the Questionnaire you have received from the Commission and make an interpretation on your report as suggested in this wire. IT IS QUITE IMPORTANT THAT THIS BE DONE.

"Please advise this office if the questionnaire you are filing for your station has been sent to the Commission on the basis as outlined above."

Higher education must be expanding its radio curriculum. You now get a good practical course in Junior High Jinks by air. Or you may prefer some of the ultra technicalities of the more liberal interpretation of the Freshman Frolics. Instructions state that everything from a college broadcasting station, "which is not commercial" must be interpreted as "educational."



Dorothy Knapp, noted stage star, and former NBC artist, appears to be drawing interest at high rate in the beauty mart.

Beauty at Compound Interest

Systematic Investment of Minutes in care of the skin will yield huge profits in pulchritude

By Frances Ingram

Consultant on Care of the Skin heard on NBC every Tuesday morning.

THE boarding school daughter of a friend of mine successfully resisted all attempts to inculcate the habit of systematic saving into her scheme of living until an ingenious aunt made her a present of a bank. The top of this bank had six slots and each slot was marked for a specific purpose. For instance, one of them was tagged Birthday Presents, another Vacation, another Christmas, and so on. The novelty of the arrangement appealed to Betty and for the first time in her life she began to make regular bank deposits. Once a month the contents of this miniature bank went into a regular savings account. When the first month's savings were counted, Betty was amazed at the total of her daily penny and nickel deposits. Interest on her money in the regular savings bank surprised her still more. Interest on interest was something her father and mother had tried to impress upon her, but it took her own experience to prove the point.

Marion, my secretary, has a similar bank. Her six accounts are tagged as follows: Clothes, Birthday Presents, Doctor, Dentist, Vacation, and Miscellaneous. In her Miscellaneous compartment she saves for commutation, Christmas presents, and general savings. Twice a month she takes the accumulated small change to the savings bank where interest is compounded from the day of deposit.

My friend's daughter and my secretary have both acquired the habit of systematic saving. They have a very real pride in their ability to accumulate money with interest. Marion is extremely enthusiastic about the plan.

"If I didn't save every day, I'd never have any money for Christmas presents, or birthday presents, or vacations, or anything," she says. "I'd just spend the money and I wouldn't have any idea what I had done with it. But putting some pennies and some nickels in the bank every day—why, at the end of a year I can hardly believe I have saved that much. All that interest and everything—it's marvelous."

INTEREST compounded on nickels and pennies, dimes and dollars, is something most of us take for granted. "Interest from the day of deposit" on our money we expect, but "interest on beauty"—that's another angle, and a side to the saving question that many women have never even considered.

A woman novelist who is as well known for her beauty as for her books tells me that she has a Beauty Bank, very similar in its workings to the change banks of Betty and Marion. Her special compartments are tagged, too, but into them goes time for necessary beauty rituals. Instead of money, she saves time—time for giving her hair one hundred strokes every night, time for cleansing her skin, time for a manicure, time to relax—time broken down into small change for which she receives compound interest from the day of deposit.

"ABOUT ten years ago, when I wasn't nearly as busy as I am today," she told me, "I inadvertently got into a frame of mind where I thought I couldn't take time for any of those things. When I was going to a party, or for some reason had to look as well as I could, it was a terrible scramble to make myself presentable. One day I arrived at a luncheon in a pretty pitiable state. After that I decided upon the Beauty Bank and ever since I have managed to put aside a few minutes to keep looking well groomed and ready for any occasion that crops up. The peace of mind I have nowadays is all the interest I deserve on my small investment. But, of course, the interest is compounded and I know that my systematic saving for beauty has done more for me than any elaborate, but spas-

modic, treatments would ever have done. Some of my friends pretend to have a humorous slant on my Beauty Bank, but I notice quite a few of them have adopted the idea for themselves. My husband has paraphrased that quotation —you know the one I mean—'Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something, nothing; 'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands; But he that filches from me my Beauty Bank—But you know," she added more seriously, "there's more truth than poetry in that. If some one stole my money, I could earn more; but, if I ever got out of the habit of regular systematic saving for beauty, I'd lose a great deal more than money."

And she would, of course. She'd lose that well-groomed, soignee, Park Avenue look of hers and the confidence which it gives her—the peace of mind that allows her to work undisturbed by worry about her appearance. She saves for beauty in small change amounts, but her savings are systematic and her interest is compounded.

A woman who will take a few minutes to cleanse her skin at night instead of popping into bed with an accumulation of the day's dust and dirt upon her face, who will brush her hair, and push back her cuticle, will draw interest on beauty from the very day of deposit.

You have a small change bank perhaps—but what about a Beauty Bank? There's "interest from the day of deposit" you know, and no saving is too small to start.

Pacific Coast Echoes

(Continued from page 62)

casting thrice weekly over coast NBC.

ADDING new laurels to their crown of achievements, is becoming a regular occurrence with The Three Vagabonds, male trio of KFOX. For some time this station has boasted, and not without cause, of having one of the best male trios heard on radio. As further proof of the outstanding quality and varied talents of the three singers, they were invited by Hugh Barret Dobbs, (Capt. Dobbsie) of the famed Shell Happytime Program recently, to appear in one of the morning programs broadcast from KHJ over the Don Lee System during their stay in Los Angeles while appearing at one of the local theatres.

The musical program on this particular day was furnished entirely by The Three Vagabonds and Capt. Dobbsie was high in his praise of the ability of this trio and of the character of the programs heard from KFOX through whose courtesy the trio appeared. Foster Rucker, baritone, Harry Morton, tenor and Mart Daugherty, pianist and high baritone are each soloists of high rank and their program repetoir runs the gamut of jazz to the classics.

In eulogizing each member of the trio, Dobbsie disclosed hidden virtues of the boys and brought out the startling fact that Foster Rucker, aside from being an accomplished vocalist, is also a poet and read from Rucker's recently published volume of love poems, 'Sing To Me.'

January 1927 found KGDM going on the air with a little five watt station, a station which at that time was started as a new means of advertising for the Peffer Music Company. This station immediately grew into prominence and the demand immediately made it necessary to increase the power to fifty watts, then to one hundred and the fifth anniversary found it a two hundred and fifty watt station commanding the entire San Joaquin and Sacramento Valleys.

BOTH chains plan to broadcast the Olympic Games from Los Angeles and the Intercollegiate track meet from the new University of California track plant, to be completed in Berkeley for the July games.

The NBC Spotlight, with 15 people, gave two shows daily at the Seattle Automobile show. The Spotlight originates in San Francisco and has been a regular Saturday night NBC attraction.

Norman Field, veteran actor, has been signed for appearances over a Pacific Coast chain.

Irate western listeners have swamped radio editors with letters complaining that the program standard drops too markedly after the New York lines have been cut. The coast productions are far inferior to eastern and midwest air shows.

The famous Negro quartette that regales on KHJ Los Angeles made a wonderful hit at the Los Angeles RKO theatre recently. The most novel musical stunt this writer has witnessed in many years was the way these boys imitated Hawaiian guitars, even to the sounding of and fading out of the steel guitar. Mr. Lewis Weiss can be proud of this troupe. They are a fine representive organization and a great add for KHJ.

The Houghson sisters well known to western radio fans for their unusual close harmony, are now to be on a regular spot Tuesdays on KRE the Berkeley station. They are blondes.

The Little German Band, which is the only one of its kind on the coast and heard regularly on the Pioneer station of the world KQW, is to be featured on a sponsored network program.

KRKD will make its bow to the radio listeners of Southern Cal. shortly. It is an outgrowth from the old station KMCS. This new station is the Los Angeles link of a little chain of three stations the other stations linked up with KRKD is KMTR Hollywood and KMPC Beverly Hills.

A NEW station that promises to entertain Southern Cal. listeners with more of the fine Mexican music has just appeared on the air at the famous resort TiJuana Mexico under the call letters of XEFD. It comes in on 845 kc.

KMPC has stolen a jump on its western rivals by importing from Alabama the group of crooners that are making such a hit in the south with those ever lingering Negro melodies. KMPC can be counted on to find the programs that touch the right spot.

There is a persistent rumor that the well liked Ne'er-DO-Well is to be promoted to the network thru the assistance of a sponsor, Ne'er-DO-Well has a very large following throughout the west.

The famous Mexican orchestra Los Caballerous will fill three spots weekly on KYA San Francisco. Their soloist will be Berna Frachette, well known to western radio listeners. Here is a combination of talent that will please KYA followers and build new audiences for the ever popular San Francisco independent.

KYA has just become the outlet for the San Francisco Examiner. This association of two fine mediums of public information promises much for the future. Mr. Edward McCullum, Manager of KYA plans much in the way of new programs for his station.

The University of the air, a very popular program on the NBC northwest triangle is to be extended to the west over a network of stations. This program is sponsored by the Parker Dental organization.

The Rola mixed quartette on KLX Oakland has a tough spot to work on, bucking Amos 'n' Andy but the team is gaining in popularity.

Fred and Morris on KLX are original and have fine possibilities. Just rehearse those skits a little more, boys, and work hard, you'll get there all right.

Holly Sugar, a California product, offers a novel organ program daily over KWG at Stockton.

Curtis Benton, scenario writer and sports announcer of KNX at Los Angeles, is a Friday night attraction for every fight fan in the state. Benton gives Floyd Gibbons a run for his money in fast talking and presents a colorful blow-by-blow account of the

pugilistic combats from the Hollywood American Legion show each Friday at 9:45.

Celeste Rader Bates, KGDM of Stockton, has become one of the feature artists of the station during the past few months. Miss Bates was one of the Pacific Coasts' leading candidates for the honors of beauty queen in a contest staged by Radio Digest.

Velva Darling, KNX columnist, is in the unique position of having bids for her name. Young film aspirants approach her almost daily and offer sums of money, if she will relinquish her name, but as yet she has refused to sell her birthright for a pot of gold. Velva Darling is her real name. And the way she can chat about movie colonists can't be beat. Her time on KNX has been changed from 11:00 a. m. to 3:00 p. m.

Gertrude Ridenour brings to KNX a rich background of dramatic experience. As member of the Kansas City Junior League she walked off with a prize for the best dramatic work of the year. She is now making transcriptions which will be released in the east.

The First Community Synagogue of the Air (KNX) enjoys a membership extending from Alaska to San Diego, Cal. It opens the Jewish Sabbath with its popular program Friday evenings at 5:15 p. m. Typical of the many letters which he receives every week is one from a woman who writes, "Your sermon on 'Friendship' made me look myself over to see why I have so few friends . . . and I thank you for your advice. You are a help and a benefit and you give hope to man."

Jones and Hare

(Continued from page 50)

week, "when business is dull," while lunch is usually eaten at their desks in New York while they concoct new "gags" for their next show.

Jones & Hare require eighteen new "gags" each week. It is their boast that they have never repeated a "gag" in their long association. Possibly this is a clue to their never-ending popularity. To dig up eighteen fresh-looking jokes a week causes, in their own words, "a lot of digging."

Both have what they call "gag minds," and each can see humorous possibilities in almost every situation or bit of conversation that comes their way. During a business discussion each keeps a pencil poised over a pad. They both make copious notes on the other's discourses while any visitor who happens to be present acts as a foil.

The boys were heard together on one NBC program for five years without a break. Also they never had a vacation for their first four years in radio and until last summer they have been on National Broadcasting Company networks continuously since the company was formed. They appeared earlier over Stations WEAF and WJZ when these were independent stations.

Billy and Ernie might be termed Damon and Pythias, so inseparable are the comedians. When an acquaintance meets Jones he instinctively says "Hello, Billy, where's Ernie?" And the chances are Ernie has only paused to light a cigarette or make a telephone call and will be along in a minute.

In the days when Jones & Hare were trouping it, they roomed together. Neither was married then and they were partners in every sense of the word. If they were apart for three consecutive hours, each began to worry about the safety of the other.

Hare has since married and Mrs. Hare now demands some of her husband's time. But she is often heard to exclaim that the team of Jones & Hare is around a great deal more than the team of Hare & Mrs. Hare.

The first Jones & Hare broadcast accurred in October, 1921. The scene was the original WJZ studio atop the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company's plant in Newark. The boys went on the air at a moment's notice with the same type of program they are playing today. It was a song and chatter act, the chatter being written by the boys themselves and the songs especially arranged for them. The program ran for an hour and a half and would probably have lasted longer if the comedians, for once in their lives, ran out of material.

That was what program directors thought of Jones & Hare in 1921. Next day the station received so many letters that the team was asked to repeat the performance. Soon they were broadcasting on a regular schedule.

As radio went through its growing pains to the point where artists no longer went on the air and stayed there until they ran out of material or swooned from exhaustion, the boys kept pace. Today their offices are equipped like any modern business establishment and the comedians keep hours and go through a daily routine of fun manufacturing. They have stop watches, a piano and other paraphernalia. They also have a secretary, a manager, a musical arranger and an office boy who answers the telephone and has the ambition to be a great singer like Jones or Hare.

"By such methods," declare Jones & Hare, "we find that comedy can be made to pay. Remember there are only twelve original jokes, and we have been doing at least nine a week for radio over an eleven-year period. If you think it's easy to be a fun-maker, try it! But we both say it's lots of fun making people laugh."



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The Alabama-Georgia Syrup on WLW, six times a week, Monday, Wednesday and Friday at ten thirty P. M. and Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at eleven A. M. Eastern Standard Time. Fifty-two week contract. Show consists of harmony and patter duo, Jim and Walt.

WLW reports A. & P. doing big job over their transmitter with twenty-two programs a week.

A new food account for WLS. Monarch Foods, (Reid-Murdoch). Act is dramatic skit featuring Virginia Lee, former RKO, NBC and Columbia artist. Tentative title for act "The Lion Family" possibly to tie up with sponsors trade mark of a Lion.

WLS is doing a job for Alka-Seltzer. This is a headache tab—a tough product for a good tie-in. Act consists of "Songs of Home Sweet Home" featuring girls trio and a male quartet with string trio accompaniment. Bill Vickland does the narrating.

WGAR, Cleveland turns Saturday Morning's Children's Corner over to the Bailey Company, Cleveland department store. Program is to be produced from store's auditorium. Act consists of Uncle Clyde as master of ceremonies and juvenile guest artists.

WGN, Chicago has booked a fifty two week commercial for the Rich Products, Inc., featuring Tom Corwin. Corwin does imitations of animals and act consists of Circus patter and imaginary animals. Saturday at 6:00 P. M. C. S. T. is the scheduled spot.

Fred L. Jeske, the Reid Murdoch Melody Man and the Reid Murdoch orchestra, open a thirteen week schedule on March 14. The feature will be presented by WGN three times a week being scheduled for Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 9 p. m. Jeske is well known in Chicago radio circles as a singer. He has a particularly well suited voice for radio and a wonderful enunciation of his words.

WJAG, Norfolk, Nebraska, announces the appointment of Arthur C. Thomas as Manager and Frank Weidenbach as Chief Engineer. Mr. Thomas was formerly publicity director of the Omaha Chamber of Commerce and vice president of the community advertising section of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World. Mr. Weidenbach was formerly connected with KGDA, Mitchell, S. D.

Laws That Safeguard

(Continued from page 33)

heartbreak at losing him was an element in the case, then the wound and injury to her affections "were to be considered as another and additional element in the computation of her damages." Mortification, pain and distress of mind might also be considered.

It should be obvious that the length of time during which the plaintiff and the defendant were engaged to each other is a material consideration in determining the amount of damages. If a man monopolizes a girl's time for months, and perhaps years, it is very different from a mere seashore flirtation where love runs its course in a few weeks. In the former case, the long period of association has accustomed the girl to rely upon her lover in almost the same way that a wife looks to her husband to decide social engagements, church or theatre plans, or other mutual interests of a couple who are publicly regarded as belonging exclusively to each other. To break an engagement of this nature may have very serious consequences. The defendant must, therefore, pay damages commensurate with the injury.

Caroline Grant became engaged to marry Joseph Willey, but no immediate plans for a wedding were made. The engagement continued over several years. The man's affection cooled. He eventually broke the engagement, claiming that differences on worldly and religious matters made it unwise for the two to marry. At the trial, the length of the engagement was stressed by the plaintiff's lawyer. The defendant's lawyer requested the court to instruct the jury that in a suit for breach of promise to marry, the length of time the engagement or promise to marry existed is not an element of damages for a breach of such promise. The judge refused to give the ruling. After a verdict for the plaintiff, the case was taken to the Supreme Court on exceptions. The latter court declared that the length of time "was clearly a circumstance proper to be taken into consideration. It might be very material in its effect on the plaintiff's condition and prospects, and might under some circumstances be an aggravation of her injury."

The case was Grant v. Willey, 101 Mass. 356.

Personal Vengeance No Bar

THE primitive desire to avenge a great wrong has many times led to tragic consequences. Crimes of violent revenge are generally committed by men. Women do not ordinarily indulge in this sort of reprisal. Instances are on record, however, where outraged women have committed deeds of daring in order to even the score with one who has incurred their everlasting hate. In no field of human relations may greater passions be engendered than in matters of the heart. Some women love passionately and hate venomously as well. A man who trifles with such a woman places himself in well deserved peril. But now suppose a woman wreaks personal vengeance on one who has betrayed her, will this prevent a recovery in an action for breach of contract? Let us consider a typical case.

Morris Durnham paid court to Emma Schmidt and in due course of time became engaged to her. The girl grew very much attached to him. By degrees he won her trust and confidence. He eventually accomplished his evident purpose of overcoming her virtue. This event was immediately followed by illness on the part of the girl. The defendant, Durnham, then heartlessly forsook her. Somewhat later he married another woman.

Girl Shoots Faithless Lover

WHEN the news of this event reached Emma Schmidt, a great flame of anger was kindled in her heart. She resolved to kill the man who had thus ruined her life. The first objective was to secure a revolver and ammunition. This she soon accomplished. She then acquainted herself with the manner of using the weapon. With her deadly purpose still in mind, she watched for an opportunity to meet her former lover. It was nearly two weeks after his marriage before she came upon the unsuspecting bridegroom. When the blazing eyed Emma confronted him Durnham was too confused to flee until he saw the glint of the weapon, as she stealthily drew it from her handbag. It was then too late. The girl fired at him point blank. The god of vengeance was evidently with her for the bullet found its mark. Durnham recovered from his wound, and Emma Schmidt scored again, for she haled him into court for damages for breach of promise of marriage. Durnham endeavored to set up the facts of the shooting as mitigation of damages. The court declared that his liability was in no way diminished by Emma's exploit. The case was Schmidt v. Durnham, 46 Minn. 227; 49 N. W. 126.

Damages That Are Excessive

March 26, 1932

THERE is one aspect of breach of promise cases that has excited a great deal of comment in recent years—the matter of excessive damages. The fact that a law intended to safeguard innocent and trusting women is sometimes taken undue advantage of by designing and unworthy females and can not very well be avoided. The fault is not with the law but with those who abuse the law for their own selfish purposes.

We have a saying that the law is no respecter of persons, which means, of course, that laws must be universal in their application. We cannot, in a democracy, have one law for the rich and another law for the poor because that amounts to the old world evil of caste and privilege. We cannot have one law for the virtuous and another law for the unworthy, because these distinctions would of necessity depend upon the opinion of individuals and might lead to monstrous injustice.

The safer method is to formulate laws for the protection of the innocent and to adhere to those laws despite individual instances where unworthy individuals may abuse the same.

It may help us to understand the present topic if we consider for a moment the rights of a wife in her husband's estate. The mere fact of marriage to a wealthy man may give a woman a legal right to more property perhaps that her immediate ancestors have earned in their entire lives. No one could seriously contend that by acting as housewife or companion of a man for a month or so any woman could earn millions of dollars, yet under the sanction of marriage that becomes possible under a law intended to protect wives in general.

If we were to change the law whenever

(Continued on page 74)

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it worked out badly in individual cases we would soon enter into chaos. The sharing of a wife in her husband's wealth is pitched upon a higher plane than that of mere earnings of a housekeeper, or of a woman who barters her favors for gold. Unless there is a marriage settlement or a pre-nuptial agreement as to her future rights in her husband's estate, when a woman marries, the law immediately endows her with vested rights, without regard to the wealth or poverty of the husband.

It should therefore be apparent that when a woman promises to marry a man, the contract, which we call an engagement of marriage, at once entitles her to a prospective interest in the wealth of that man. No one could justly claim that she should acquire the same interest therein before she has surrendered herself in lawful marriage that would have been hers had the man kept his promise to make her his wife. The question of damages, however, is profoundly influenced by a consideration of what she might have acquired had the man kept faith. Thus it is that under the mantle of a law intended to safeguard innocence and virtue, the adventuress, or "gold digger," may find cover for depredations upon the property of wealthy but susceptible gentlemen. I would say wealthy simpletons, but for the fact that many men are more or less simple-minded when that most deadly of all hunters, the beautiful enchantress, marks them for her prey.

The First Gold Digger

THE MIGHTY Caesar, you will remember, who could conquer armies of men went down to ignominious and disgraceful defeat when the wily young Queen of Egypt climbed out of what we might perhaps term a parcel's post package and called him "wonderful." Here was this bald old eagle, before whom the whole civilized world then trembled in its shoes, confronted by a mere girl of twenty-one. She did not care about Caesar. All she was looking for was the throne of Egypt from which she had been driven by the armies of her guardian. Morals meant nothing to her and so poor old Caesar became her willing slave and paramour for the few remaining years of his life.

Then, after Mark Antony had made himself the virtual master of the Roman Empire, Cleopatra suddenly manifested a great fondness for him. Antony was then forty-two years of age. He knew Cleopatra's character. He had seen what a simpleton she had made of the great Caesar. Yet he could not resist her blandishments. All the world knows how the great soldier and orator threw away an Empire and sacrificed his own life under the spell of this evil and shameless young queen.

With such classic illustrations of the inability of mighty conquerors to cope with the elemental huntress, the designing woman of youth and charm, can we wonder that rich men are occasionally "shaken down," as modern slang expresses it, for large sums of money?

In determining the amount of an award of damages for breach of promise of marriage a court or jury must take into consideration all the facts and circumstances of the case. While it is the duty of a jury to decide the facts, yet it is always needful for the presiding judge to exercise vigilance, lest injustice be done through appeals to the passions of the men in the jury box.

A clever lawyer, intent upon winning his client's case, may possess enough magnetism or persuasive ability to sway a jury from a proper decision. Since a jury is composed of laymen who are necessarily unfamiliar with the legal aspects of the case it is a feature of our judicial system that the judge, after the lawyers for the opposing parties have made their arguments, charge the jury or, in other words, to explain the law and call the jury's attention to the important evidence in the case.

Excessive Verdict

BUT suppose, after a verdict is rendered, that the presiding judge, from his long experience in such matters, feels that an excessive verdict has been rendered. The judge would then have the right, usually upon the motion of the aggrieved party, to set the verdict aside or to give the plaintiff a choice of accepting a smaller verdict or a new trial.

For Example: Eliza Hanson worked as a chamber maid in a boarding house in which lived a saloon keeper named Johnson. She first became acquainted with the man by meeting him in the halls and corridors of the boarding house in April, 1895. He was apparently not at all bashful when this attractive young woman appeared in his vicinity. He soon formed the habit of speaking to the girl, of exchanging smiles and pleasantries whenever they met. He apparently so contrived that those meetings should be as frequent as possible. But since the girl had work to do and would have been dismissed had she lingered in the corridors conversing with guests, however attractive, these momentary greetings did not satisfy the saloon keeper. His interest had been aroused. So he laid siege to Eliza. He followed her around. He usually managed to be in his own room when she came to make the bed and set things to rights. Acquaintance soon ripened into love, at least on the girl's part. About three months after their first meeting they became engaged to be married. Johnson began to take Eliza to entertainments and to dances. He soon persuaded her to grant privileges that had she been wise she would have postponed until after the wedding. But those privileges once granted, Johnson postponed the wedding. The unfortunate girl, thus caught in the web of circumstance, placated now and then with presents, including a ring and a watch, was unable to extricate herself.

So the illegal relation continued for months and years. In fact it was not until fourteen years had passed in this manner that Johnson brutally cast Eliza off. She brought suit for breach of promise of marriage and a sympathetic jury awarded her $10,000 damages. The presiding judge felt that this was somewhat too large a share of Johnson's worldly goods and reduced the award, with the plaintiff's consent, to $8,000.

Johnson appealed from this verdict but he received scant sympathy from the Supreme Court of Wisconsin. "The affair between the plaintiff and defendant," said the court, "covered a period of about fourteen years, including all that part of her life when her chances for an advantageous marriage were best. The matter in aggravation was very serious, and the defendant appears to be of ability to respond in considerable damages.

Damages in such a case are difficult to estimate, and ordinarily the proper tribunal for that purpose is the jury. Besides it is the rule of this court to encourage the circuit judges to exercise their judgment in cutting down excessive verdicts. * * * We find no reversible error in the record and the judgment must be affirmed."

The case was Hanson v. Johnson, 141 Wis. 550; 124 N. W. 506.

Whether or not a verdict is excessive is, of course, a question for the Supreme Court to decide when considering an appeal of the defendant. Since the presiding judge at the original trial is the only person who has a right to cut down the verdict of the jury to a reasonable figure the appellate court, if convinced that the verdict is excessive, will grant a new trial.

Clara Carey had divorced her first husband. She was about twenty-six years old when she became acquainted with the defendant, Huggins who was a bachelor of fifty-six or seven. The defendant was a wealthy rancher and he occasionally came to the City of El Paso for relaxation of one kind or another. He met the more or less charming Clara in the Autumn of 1906. According to her story he proposed marriage on Christmas day of that year and she accepted him, no time being fixed for the marriage. The defendant denied ever having proposed marriage but a series of what we might term mushy love letters were introduced at the trial. In none of them was there any definite affirmation of an engagement but there were abundant declarations of his love and his desire to be with her.

Gifts of Jewelry and Money

THE woman alleged that the defendant was very assiduous in his attentions, showering her with gifts of jewelry and money. Such appeared to have been the fact. The defendant, however, explained that the gifts were payments for value received, and that she was contented with the arrangement. He declared that she had never raised the question of a marriage promise until after January 1, 1911, when he had notified her of his refusal to continue what was now an expensive affair. It had now cost him in the neighborhood of $7,000. Clara Carey brought suit for $65,000 damages for breach of promise of marriage. She claimed that a child had been born to her as the result of their relations, claiming that she went to Los Angeles, California, where the birth occurred. She gave the name of the nurse and doctor who had attended her. No child was produced at the trial and it did not appear that Huggins had ever seen the alleged offspring.

The woman expressly charged that her indiscretions with the defendant had begun only after the engagement of marriage and upon the express assurances from him that he would shortly marry her. The jury brought in a verdict of $45,000 but the judge cut down the figure to $35,000.

The defendant took the case to the court of civil appeals of Texas, alleging newly discovered evidence. The evidence offered was to the effect that there was no birth recorded, in the Los Angeles records, of any child born at the address given. There was no physician of the name alleged in that city nor had there been such at the date named. A search for the alleged nurse was likewise unavailing.

The court of civil appeals denied a new trial, however, declaring that the newly discovered evidence did not affect the main facts of the case. (This case was reported in 149 S. W. 390.) Huggins was not content with this decision. After much difficulty he secured on a writ of error, a hearing before the Supreme Court of Texas. The decision was thereupon reversed, but it had been five years since the decision in

question had been rendered. As the jury had originally decided, the damages were set at $35,000 for actual damages and $10,000 for special damages, which was understood to mean the alleged birth of the child.

Supreme Court Speaks

THE SUPREME COURT declared that the trial court erred in permitting the jury to assess damages twice on account of the seduction and injured feelings. It declared also that the court of civil appeals had erred in not granting a new trial because of the newly discovered evidence. While this might at first glance appear to be evidence, merely impeaching one phase of the witness' testimony, yet it also affected one of the main features of the case—whether or not any child had in fact been born to the woman.

The case was Huggins v. Carey, 108 Tex. 358; 194 S. W. 133.

Gabalogue

(Continued from page 43)

brown eyes. He is married and has two children. His home is in Freeport, L. I. * * * And here's Hugo Mariani. They say Hugo is a good picker. Let's see what he picks to play."

Hicks. . . "Hugo's drawn a violin."

Voorhees. . . "He would get a break like that."

Nellie. . . "Fine! That's a break for the audience as well as the violin. I must tell you something about our Hugo Mariani. Mr. Mariani, whom you hear on about every other program on the NBC network is a South American of Italian parentage. When only 16, he was the first violinist of the National Symphony Orchestra in Montevideo, and before he was 20, he was conductor. He came to the United States in 1921.

"After his arrival in New York he became concert master and solo violinist at the Rialto Theatre. Since his first association with NBC, Mr. Mariani has conducted every type and style of an orchestra. He is still a young man, slight of build, has olive skin and the quick, nervous gestures of the Latin American. He is the Beau Brummel of the New York studios. He likes colorful haberdashery. He is a very fine violinist. We submit the evidence —Mr. Mariani. The audience waits."

(Mr. Mariani plays).

Nellie. . . "Not bad, not half bad. * * * All right, Don Voorhees, let's see what you draw."

Hicks. . . "A piano!"

Voorhees. . . "Oh, Nellie, I haven't touched a key in ages."

Nellie. . . "Well, then, it's time you touched one. This piano may have keys you love to touch. Go and make a touchdown on it now. Anyhow, pianos don't care who plays them. * * * Don Voorhees is an Allentown, Pa., boy, went to public school there. When he was 12, he began playing in a theatre orchestra. He studied music with Dr. Wally of the Bethlehem Bach Choir. Don's advent in to New York was as musical conductor to that most imitated of all colored comedians, the late Bert Williams. Then Don directed orchestras at the Winter Garden and the Earl Carroll Theatre. He came on the air in 1924. Don is still under 30. He is 5 feet 9, weighs 170, and has brown hair and gray-brown, kind of funny eyes, smooth face, wears tortoise shell rim glasses, and if he can't play this piano which he has just drawn, all I have to say is that he's changed a good deal from the days we used to open and close shows together. That is, I opened them and Don closed them. Mr. Don Voorhees. . ."

(Don Voorhees plays).

Nellie. . . "Why, Don, that's great. That's as good as I could have done it myself. * * * And now Andy, open your mouth and close your eyes, and see what you'll draw in the way of a surprise. Andy has had his steel guitar fixed since I sat on it last summer, and if he doesn't draw a drum or flute, he'll play it for you."

Hicks. . . "A saxophone!"

(Everybody screams).

Nellie. . . "I've always said I'd never allow a saxophone on my program, but a bargain's a bargain."

Andy. . . "I'm beginning to think I was framed, too."

Nellie. . . "You know, Andy plays a steel guitar; he plays the violin and the piano. No matter what the instrument is, Andy can play it so long as it makes music. In fact, he plays anything better than he does pinochle. He is a real aerial artist. Not content with appearing on various radio programs, Mr. Sannella spends part of his spare time flying his own airplane, and the rest of it in his own radio station which he has in his home where he entertains his friends by getting New Zealand or China for them. You see, with Andy it's always a case of being either in or on the air. Andy was born in Brooklyn. He is married and lives in Scarsdale, N. Y.—and how! He has been broadcasting since 1922. * * * Well, folks, choose your exit; walk, don't run! Andy Sannella is going to wrestle with a saxophone. Toot, Andy, toot."

(Sannella plays).

Nellie. . . "Andy, I didn't know a saxophone could sound so sweet. I think I'll get one. And now, play just one bar on your steel guitar for us. Won't you?

(Sannella plays the guitar).

Nellie. . . "Pretty good. * * * And last but by no means least is Cesare Sodero, master of the National Grand and Light Opera Oratorios, symphonies and Concerts heard on NBC. He is also conductor for the Philadelphia Grand Opera Company. Mr. Sodero's first name is spelled C-e-s-a-r-e, and he pronounces it Cesare. I call it Chauve-Souris. * * * Mr. Sodero was general musical director of Edison's recording laboratories and made 11,000 records. He conducted the first performance of Puccini's opera, "The Girl of the Golden West." He was later Associate Conductor of the Chicago Civic Opera Company, and president of the Italian Musical League of America. He was conductor of the Metropolitan Orchestra in its concerts at the Brooklyn Academy of Music. His own opera, "Russian Shadows" was given its world air premiere in 1929 by the National Broadcasting Company simultaneous with its opening night in Italy. I had the exquisite pleasure that night of seeing a telegram which Paul Cravath, the present Managing Director of the Metropolitan Opera House, sent to Mr. Aylesworth, President of NBC, congratulating him on Sodero's opera. Maybe that means we are going to hear it here in New York. Wouldn't that be great! * * * Mr. Sodero is about 45 years of age, is 5 feet tall, weighs 150 pounds, has black hair and eyes. * * * Pass the hat, Mr. Hicks."

Hicks. . . "A 'cello."

Nellie. . . "Will three or four of you fellows bring that 'cello over to the maestro, and give him a chair to stand on while he plays it? Remember, Maestro, all of your men are tuned in tonight, so you had better be good!"

(Sodero plays).

Nellie. . . "Thank you. And thanks all of you. Good night and come again."

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to any particular Cleveland station? No, he tunes in on programs that entertain, educate and give him the news of the day. In Greater Cleveland radio listeners habitually tune in on WGAR, The Friendly Station of Cleveland. The only station in Northern Ohio to carry Amos 'n' Andy and other famous features of the N. B. C. Blue Net Work.

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Georgia Backus
Don Ball
Three Bakers
Pat Barnes
Irene Beasley
Ben Bernie
George Beuchler
Ford Bond
Henry Burbig
Phillips Carlin
Chuck, Ray and Gene
Clara, Lu and Em
Colonel Stoopnagle & Bud
Russ Columbo
Bing Crosby
Louis Dean
Vaughn de Leath
Peter Dixon & Aline Berry (Raising Junior)
Three Doctors
Morton Downey
Jessica Dragonette

Douglas Evans
Catherine Field
John Fogarty
Fay and Braggiotte
Gene and Glenn
Floyd Gibbons
Bill Hay
George Hicks
Ted Husing
Jolly Bill and Jane
Theo Karle
Jean Paul King
Frank Knight
Little Jack Little
Guy Lombardo
Vincent Lopez
Mary and Bob (of True Story)
John Mayo
Graham McNamee
Bill Munday
Helen Nugent
Ray Perkins

Nellie Revell
Freddie Rich
Kenneth Roberts
David Ross
Lanny Ross
Singin' Sam
Sanderson and Crumit
Domenico Savino
Toscha Seidel
Sisters of the Skillet (East and Dumke)
Vincent Sorey
Street Singer
Stebbins Boys
Carlyle Stevens
Tastyeast Jesters
Rudy Vallee
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Rudy Vallee

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Kate Smith

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Radiographs

(Continued from page 42)

say anything 'bout us which was not a compliment and we sure appreciates it." Miss Baldridge considers this her nicest compliment.

And letters from her listeners also prove she knows the colored race because hardly a day goes by that a letter comparable to this one is not received, "Dear Dixie Girl: Mammy could very well have been my Beulah in Atlanta, or Mary Jane in Palmetto, or my Josephine in Jacksonville, and Josie could easily have been cute little Ollie May down in Georgia. You make me homesick for them each morning."

Summing it all up the "Dixie Girl" says she knows of no better words with which to express herself on her life's work than by quoting E. K. Means from the foreword in his book *More E. K. Means*, "I hold that a story containing dialect must necessarily have many depressing and melancholy features. But dialect does not consist of perverted pronunciations and phonetic orthography. True dialect is a picture in cold type of the manifold pecularities of the mind and temperament."

Like the author she also tries to preserve in her sketches a "true idea of the negro's shrewd observations, curious retorts, quaint comments, humorous philosophy, and his unique point of view on everything that comes to his attention," for " 'Ethiopia is stretching out her hands' after art, science, literature, and wealth, and when the sable sons of laughter and song grasp these treasures, all that remains of the southern village negro will be a few faint sketches in Fiction's beautiful temple of dreams."

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DON'T FORGET to send in your final vote in the BEAUTY CONTEST

See pages 34 and 35

Marcella

(Continued from page 37)

WEAF, WTIC, WJAR, and WFI. Thomas Perkins can get Godfrey Ludlow every Tuesday afternoon at 5:00 over WEAF, WTIC and WTAM in the *May We Present* program. For the benefit of Dorothea Holt and Helen Morse, Smith Ballew is broadcasting from the Palm Island Club, Miami Beach. We owe this information to Stella Croopin who is president of The Smith Ballew Radio Fan Club. All those who are interested in joining may send their letters to Radio Digest and we shall forward them to Miss Croopin.

* * *

JEAN PAUL KING is married, Bernice. The cast of *Moonshine and Honeysuckle* comprises Clem (Louis Mason), Cracker (Ann Elstner), Tiny (Sarah Haden), Bones (Bradley Barker) and Gypsy (Therese Witler). If W. H. S. is patient, maybe we'll have something about these people in Radio Digest real soon. Allyn Joslyn is M. C. on the Fuller Brush and Nestle programs, Mary Spencer. The woman announcer on the Lucky Strike program was Nona Bryant and on occasion Helene Handin filled that role. Wallace Butterworth came from Philadelphia and it is possible that he did sell radio parts for a Philadelphia concern. The Royal Vagabonds are Reis and Dunn. Those who take part in the True Story Hour are: Cecil Secrest, Nora Stirling, Elsie Hitz, Helene Dumas, Ned Weaver, Allyn Joslyn and Wm. Sims. Judge Gordon is Judson Strong. Lucille Showalter writes, "What do you think, Louis L. Kaufman hasn't been announcing since last July and you know that I'm heartbroken! He stopped announcing to give all his time to his law work and I think it's terrible!" So do others but won't it be nice to take all of your legal problems to Louis when he emerges from college with wig and gown. Thanks for the anecdotes, Lucille. Hope the Lopez article in March issue hit the right spot with you. Met Ford Bond after a Nellie Revell program at the NBC studios and right there in the corridor he sang his new song to me *Drifting 'Neath the Moon.* Words and music are by Mr. Bond. It goes "I am waiting for a night. . .", etc.

* * *

MARCELLA hears all, tells all. Write her a letter asking her any of the burning questions that are bothering your mind. Information is her middle name.

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Leo Reisman

(Continued from page 9)

to the extent to which it does, it becomes great and serves its practical purpose—that of entertainment—which is the only purpose of art.

If all that I have been saying is true, then a great many of our jazz tunes that have met with popular acclaim because of their ability to entertain, must have artistic essence.

These things that have this artistic quality give us repeated pleasure. When we look at a beautiful picture we see more beauty in it every time we see it. The same with beautiful music, whether it be a symphony or a popular tune. We like it better as we hear it more, if it possesses real beauty in the first place.

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HERE THEY ARE

Following is the list of orchestra leaders identified according to number as shown on page 22.

1. Irving Aaronson
2. Gus Arnheim
3. Hughie Barrett
4. Ben Bernie
5. Don Bestor
6. Sunny Brooks
7. Earl Burtnett
8. Carlton Coon
9. Joe Sanders
10. Henry Busse
11. Zez Confrey
12. Jack Crawford
13. Bernie Cummins
14. Jack Denny
15. Ted Fiorito
16. Jan Garber
17. Paolo Grosso
18. Tom Gerun
19. Emerson Gill
20. Herb Gordon
21. Jimmy Green
22. Lloyd Huntley
23. Sleepy Hall
24. Henry Halstead
25. Johnny Hamp
26. Everett Hoagland
27. Jimmy Green
28. Arthur Jarrett
29. Johnny Johnson
30. Wayne King
31. Art Kahn
32. Art Kassel
33. Al Katz
34. Herbie Kay
35. Abe Lyman
36. Phil Levant
37. Guy Lombardo
38. Bert Lown
39. Charles Dornberger
40. Johnny Maitland
41. Bobby Meeker
42. Benny Meroff
43. Vic Meyers
44. Jack Miles
45. Bob Nolan
46. Hogan Hancock
47. Husk O'Hare
48. Jack Pettis
49. Gene Quaw
50. Leo Reisman
51. Arthur Randall
52. Dan Russo
53. Maurie Sherman
54. Jesse Stafford
55. Milt Taggart
56. Fred Waring
57. Ted Weems
58. Frank Westphal
59. Maurie Lipsey
60. Norman Steppe
61. Harry Sosnik
62. Earl Hoffman
63. Phil Baxter
64. Otto Muncke
65. Ralph Bennett
66. Eddie Neibaur
67. Chauncey Parsons

Postscript to VOL

AN AYLESWORTH ANSWERS

SINCE VOL has come to be a tug-of-war between the Vallee's and the Anti-Vallee's may I not have my say? You people who knock Rudy, do you ever stop to realize that a magazine must comply with the wishes of its readers if it hopes to succeed and when Radio Digest finds that two thirds of their readers relish news of Rudy Vallee, they are going to supply that demand and give them as much as possible. That is the way this publishing business is worked out you know. You have got to give them what they want. And just as Rudy Vallee has given his fans what they want and has reached the top in so doing; so too has Radio Digest given the fans what they want in a radio fan magazine and in so doing they too have reached the top. Get wise to yourself, you knockers and find a magazine that doesn't like Vallee and go to them with your troubles. They will appreciate them and you are only making a fool of yourself by writing to Radio Digest.—Virginia Aylesworth, Huntington, West Virginia.

ONE MORE FRIEND

JUST to let you know that I and my entire family read Radio Digest every month and are convinced that it is the cream of the crop of fan magazines. You are still miles ahead of the nearest competitor and though it seems that every one is starting to publish new radio papers and magazines. We like you very much. And your news of Rudy Vallee is one big reason.—Josephine Leary, 139-06 34th Rd., Flushing, L. I.

RUTH GOES TO BAT

MR. I. A. MARTIN, a true Vallee fan could never take that on the chin and like it so stand your ground and be prepared to answer for your indiscretions. You are simply all up in the air because you dislike Rudy Vallee and while I do not think that Mr. Vallee gives two hoots whether you like him or not, I do, and as his defender in this case I am going to bawl you out good and proper. Rudy is the best of everything. Majority wins and his fans form a greater array than those of any other artist and so what you had better do is just forget all about him and turn the dial when he is on.—Ruth Ramsay, Petersburg, Ill.

Tuneful Topics

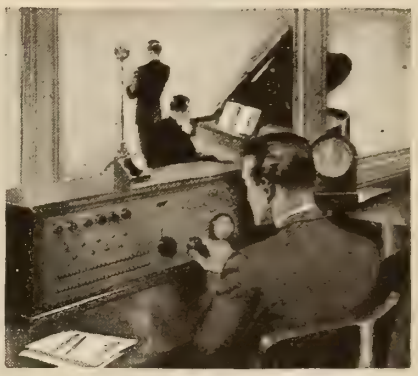
(Continued from page 49)

Larry Spier, of Famous Music, will see that a good job is done in making the popular version. It must be played extremely briskly as befits its thought.

Stop the Sun, Stop the Moon

FEW songs have had the unusual and outstanding characteristics of the song I am about to discuss. Although I received a black and white copy of it sometime ago it was impossible for me to have it played for me, so I was in the dark as to its real possibilities until Ethel Merman raved about it one night as we stood waiting our turn to sing "My Song" in the "Scandals." She said it was one of the best pieces of material that she had had for years; of course I knew that that meant from the

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standpoint of her particular type of delivery the song was well suited to her.

After giving it a thorough try with the band I discovered that the song had unusual possibilities. Its composition is in minor, but that alone does not explain its unique tonality, and the odd impression it makes on all those who hear it for the first time. In fact, the Connecticut Yankees had quite a tussle with it until they gradually sensed the composer's idea of the rhythm and the melody.

The thought is most unusual. I notice the name of Mercer Cook as one of the three composers. Mercer is a young boy teaching French at Howard University in Washington, D. C., with whom I worked some four years ago in the writing of I LOVE YOU, I LOVE YOU. I LOVE YOU, SWEETHEART OF ALL MY DREAMS. I have not seen him in some time, though I know that he has been carrying on his academic work in Washington though his heart is really in music, being the son of Will Marion Cook, who has written so many popular tunes, and directed so many college shows.

One must really hear the song to appreciate it, as no amount of favorable description can bring home its unusual poignancy and its lovely thought. It is published by DeSylva, Brown and Henderson, and we take about 55 seconds in the playing of a chorus.

What a Life!

I HAD wanted to talk about three novelty songs brought over from England by Jimmy Campbell, and Reg Connelly, writers of "Goodnight Sweetheart," "By the Fireside," "When the Organ Played at Twilight," "If I Had You," "Show Me the Way to Go Home," and, incidentally, England's biggest publishers. However, I will save them for the next issue of RADIO DIGEST, as they will just about be published by the time the next article comes out. The songs have all been placed with leading publishers, and one, if not all three, will cause many an otherwise dull radio program to sparkle with that something different which comes from an English novelty song, as only they write them.

In this last and final resting place in my article I feel that I should mention perhaps one of the most genuine of all songs that portray the feeling of one who has lost, either temporarily or permanently, the one they love. It stuck in my mind, days after Helen Morgan introduced it on the Fleischmann Hour with the composer of the melody, Lou Alter, accompanying her at the piano. I was rather surprised to receive on very fine stationery, in extremely fine handwriting, a note from a young lady, thanking me for the sincerity that I put into the expression of the song as I sang it on the Fleischmann Hour a week ago.

It was not difficult for me to sing this song with sincerity, as it expressed my feeling of lonesomeness at the time. The song, however, is a fine example of a perfectly wedded melody and lyric. it off-times happens that an unhappy lyric is wedded to a happy melody, and vice versa. There is something about the rise and fall of this particular song which deserves commendation.

Particularly lovely is the thought in the middle, which says that all the lovely things they used to do were meant not for one but for two.

Just how much the song will be played by various bands I do not know, as it is not the type of song that most bands like to "go to town on," and like myself, most bands steer clear, wherever possible, from these extremely unhappy songs. It is a fine work, however, and those who like this type of song will find it a welcome addition to those already reposing on the piano.

It is called WHAT A LIFE, and was written by Charlotte Kent and Lou Alter, who has written "Manhattan Serenade," "Overnight," "I'm One of God's Children," "Blue Shadows," and a lot of piano solos.

We take a minute and ten seconds for the playing of it, and it is published by Harms, Inc.

George Olsen

(Continued from page 20)

gives the room an atmosphere of intimate coziness.

Once you are an addict to the Olsen music you instantly recognize it whether you see the orchestra or hear it on the air. And so you feel in a friendly presence when you sit down where you have decided to while away an idle hour if the Olsen band strikes up with one of its characteristic ditties. You know too that George will soon forget about his band and very probably will plop down in a chair at your table, or near you, for a cheery word or two.

But he'll stop talking when a certain little Dresden blonde glides out of the shadows into the spotlight and begins to sing. She will be announced as Ethel Shutta. Now to George that just means "the Missus" and his eyes never fail to sparkle with pride when she has the attention of the guests. A very devoted couple they are; and they find much of their happiness centered in two very little folks snuggled away in their cribs during these late hours of entertaining.

Just to remind you where to find these Olsens and their. flock tune in your nearest Columbia station on a Tuesday, Thursday or Friday night from 11:30 to 12 o'clock, EST. It will be well worth your while.

Frank Parker

(Continued from page 23)

Hampton in "My Princess?" he asked the sponsor.

"Yes, but man alive, this is no time to ask me questions!" the worried sponsor returned.

"Wait—did you hear the singing of the tenor in that show—Frank Parker?"

The sponsor paused a second, then snapped his fingers in recognition. "Just the man," he cried, "Can you get him for me?"

Page boys went scurrying, telephones were humming, and messengers went searching until Frank was found in a small Italian restaurant around the corner from the theatre. He was practically carried bodily to the NBC studios, and there "cold," without an audition or rehearsal, he went on the air, to find himself, overnight, as had happened on the stage, a headliner.

Frank was born in New York, of Italian parentage, and music was his plaything even when he was a child. The other boys were in the streets playing and fighting, Frank was following a hurdy-gurdy around, or standing outside of picture houses to hear the music; and even as he says, "going to church to hear the organ play."

AT De Witt Clinton High he went in for amateur theatricals, but *never sang!* He learned tap-dancing, and when he finished his high school course he was offered a small "bit," dancing in a show. He accepted with alacrity, because of the glamour held out by the theatre. After the run of that show, he went into the Greenwich Village Follies as a chorus boy. And because he felt happy for one day, so happy that he had to sing, Frank Parker has reached such a secure place on the ladder of fame, he admits that even if he should not be able to sing another note, he is financially secure for life.

His hobbies are two in number, and he has only one ambition. Frank aspires to operatic heights, and even now he is rehearsing an operatic score, for he feels that his opportunity might be "just around the corner." His hobbies are horse-back riding and flying. He intends taking his pilot's examination within a short time, and to "sort of keep in touch with the ground," as he puts it, he goes riding three times a week on a friend's estate on Long Island.

And, a point of information for the young ladies—Frank is twenty-six *and* unmarried. He has a fan club that boasts of members from all over the world, the South African division of the club having as its most choice possession, a complete set of his records and a recording of his voice with the A&P Gypsies.

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Radio Digest

May

15 Cents



June Pursell

Why Not Prohibit Vocal Atrocities?

Lula Vollmer • Andy Sannella • Irvin Cobb

Hear that lion

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Virginia Lee's portrayal of Aunt Sally, with her good natured humor and songs of the South, has been her most popular role. The friendly sympathy and jovial character of Aunt Sally fill each episode with bits of touching loyalty, mingled with many a genuine laugh; and the problems of Mr. and Mrs. Lyon, and the love affair of their daughter, Betty, offer fifteen minutes of realism and human interest every woman enjoys.

Miss Virginia Lee



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Including RADIO REVUE and RADIO BROADCAST

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Observations on Events and Incidents in the Broadcasts of the Month

NORMAN BROKENSHIRE'S return to the mike has brought a glow of pleasure to many a radio fan. His ups and downs as an announcer and master of ceremonies have made him an unusually colorful character in the forefront of broadcasting. His last eclipse was predicted to signify the end. Jealous backbiters grinned and gloated. Then came the announcement of the "Society's Playboy Hour" over a CBS network of 43 stations. The name part for Mr. Brokenshire, as M.C., fitted him as niftily as the sartorial effect he exploits. His voice and manner—"How do you do, ladies and gentlemen, how *do* you do"—have lost none of their old charm. He has excellent support with Welcome Lewis, contralto, and Nat Brusiloff's orchestra. It's coast to coast, with a full line of stations along the Pacific. (WABC Wed. 10:30 p.m.).

* * *

ONE of the most glamourous receptions it ever has been my pleasure to attend was the New York radio debut of Buddy Rogers at the Pennsylvania Grill. The terraced floor scintillated with Hollywood stars and bright luminaries from the airlanes. Paul Whiteman, who has tightened his grip on the scepter as Imperator of Jazz, functioned as the grand host to introduce the blushing young Buddy to the radio audience. Handsome and smiling, the sparkling young Kansan trotted his friends from Cinemaville and Broadway up to the mike—and it is safe to say he "presented his listeners with not less than one million dollars worth of talent." One of our readers has already complained that Buddy is a nice boy but not quite airable, and he'd better go back. I do not agree. Perhaps I still feel the power of that impressive introduction for I am sure Buddy Rogers did right well and deserves all the applause that he gets.

* * *

OLD timers missed the genial face of Rudy Vallee at the grill but he sent his greetings from Pittsburgh where he was on tour with the Scandals. Other notable orchestra leaders in various parts of the country participated in the program. I believe there were about 40 celebrities who were introduced to the radio audience. I could see as many from my table without stretching my neck. Beginning with Little Jack Little, Mrs. Little, and sweeping around the circle I could see Guy and Carmen Lombardo, Mary Pickford (at a table surrounded by her satellites), Nancy Carroll, with her fluffy blonde coiffure, Lupe Velez in hair almost as fluffy but not so fair, Mary Brian, Phyllis Haver, Jack Denny, Tom and Fred Waring, Irving Berlin, Art Jarrett, the Boswell Sisters, Jesse Lasky, Belle Baker, Margaret Livingstone, Jeanette Loff, the Jesse Crawfords, Paul Tremaine, Ted Husing—and too many others to be mentioned in the space alloted on this page. And there, with the blue-white spot tinging her silvery hair, was Buddy's mother smiling and glowing with the pride she felt for this boy who stood introducing her to all his friends and the radio audience.



Norman Brokenshire

* * *

PAUL WHITEMAN and his Chieftains opened up their network series from New York by a snappy program in the Times Square studios. Everybody is talking about Paul's figure. Even that cascade of chins for which he was famous has vanished. They tell me he had been led to a difficult spot by the irresistible smile of a sweet young woman whom he had asked to be his. "Yours except for about 75 pounds of you," or words to that effect she is said to have replied. So Paul set himself the task of eliminating all of 75 pounds of Whiteman tissue. "And how did you do it?" I asked for Mrs. Whiteman stood between us in further testimony of the fact that it had been done. "Aha," said he, "you will read about that in my new book. It *should* interest you, if you don't mind my saying so." And he gave the little bride a sidelong wink. Now what do you suppose he meant? Just then Harold Stein snapped a picture of the three of us together. . . And now I understand.

* * *

MANY legends have been told about the humor of Abraham Lincoln but the funniest thing I ever heard was "His Humor, Abraham Lincoln Symphony", by Bennett as presented on the last of those grand concerts by Leopold Stokowski and the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra. It was too funny for words. In fact all three of those last selections listed as "Antonal Fugue" by Dubensky and "Suite" by Piston were just as humorous if not more so. Except for the intermissions I must admit it would have been hard for me to tell where one composition left off and the other began, they were all so funny. But the funniest part of it all was the seriousness with which such a grotesque jamboree of tooting and scrapings could be treated by renowned and otherwise perfectly sane artists. Operas and symphonies ordinarily give me the greatest musical delight. The preceding concerts were simply sublime. But this conglomeration sounded like whooping in the New Year in a progressive broadcast from Timbuktu to Claremore, Okla. It was cubist art in sound!

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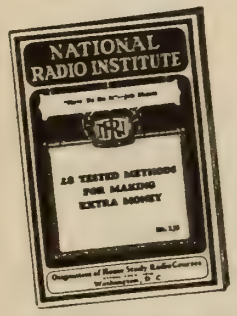
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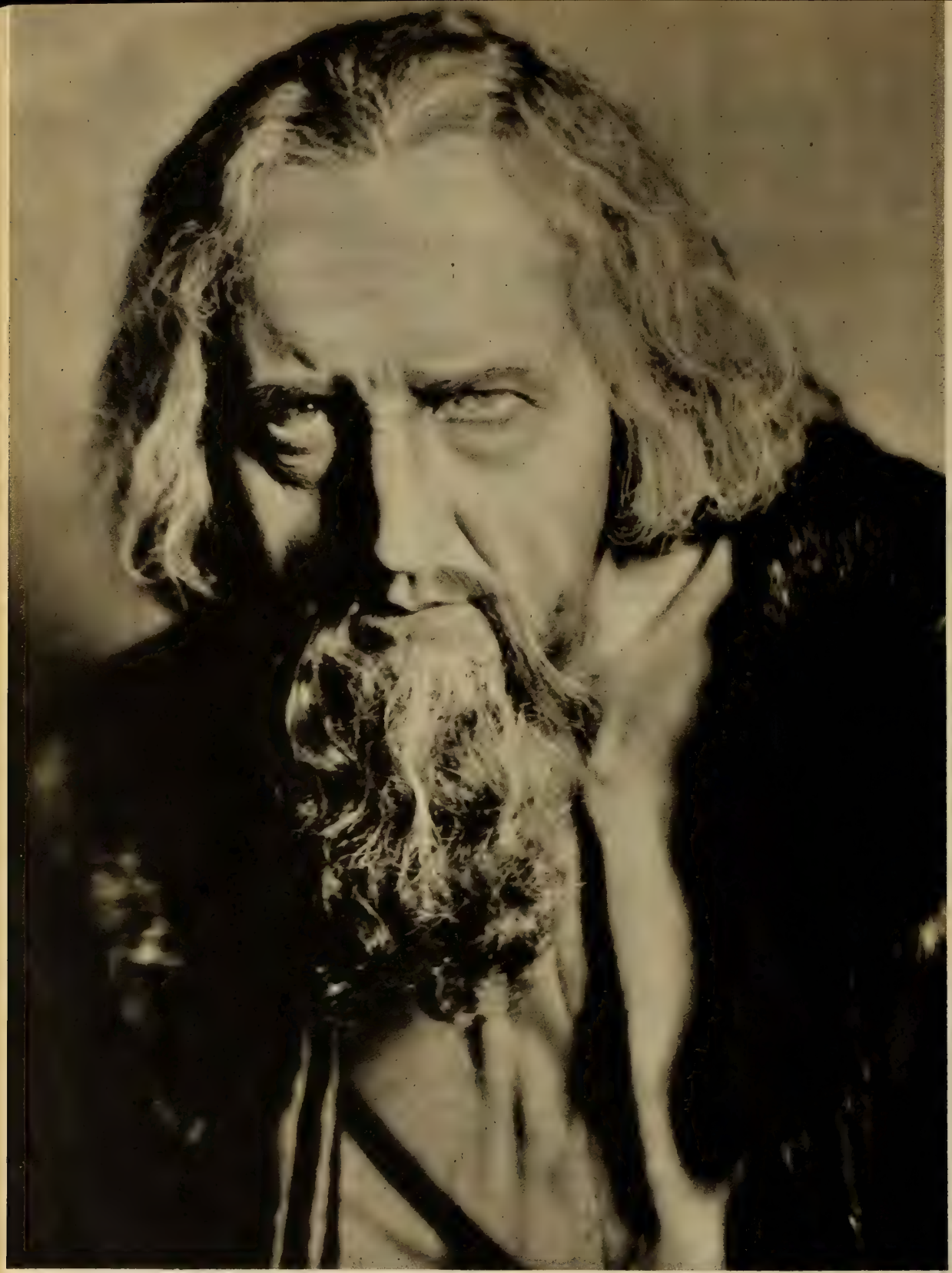


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Clarence Whitehill

CLARENCE WHITEHILL, described as one of the greatest Wagnerian singers in the world, was recently heard in the Metropolitan Opera Company's broadcast of "Parsifal". Whitehill was the first American baritone to sing in several important European opera houses including Covent Garden in London, the Paris Grand Opera House and the Wagner Festival at Bayreuth.

Why not Prohibit VOCAL ATROCITIES?

Saxophonic Singing and "Doo-a-da-duming" Are Public Musical Menace Says Opera Star

By CLARENCE WHITEHILL

WHILE the whole country is wrestling with the vital problem of the depression in the stock market, another depression, more subtle, more insidious, and, perhaps, more lasting is settling down upon an unsuspecting nation without causing a ripple of excitement. *It is a depression in good taste.* A fog of cheap trivial art is slowly but surely overshadowing the better things of life. Look at the sensational titles of the novels which young men and women read furtively in trains and street cars. Look at the vulgarity in certain current advertisements. And above all, listen to almost any radio program with its tinsel music, threadbare sentiment and haphazard vocal art.

I am not referring to comedy or humor. Anyone who can manufacture wholesome laughs is worthy of a place beside the greatest artist. I am writing more particularly of the lazy careless standards of so-called modern art, as the average radio broadcaster sees it—the unskilled one finger pianist who concocts an obvious tune, patched together from half a dozen familiar melodies—the illiterate lyric writer who batters out on his typewriter a few slangy catch phrases ending with a brazen, "I love you"—the so-called singer who barks and wails over the air and who boasts of the fact that he has never in his life studied either singing or music.

A good many of these new "stars" of the air half talk their songs, off the key as often as on, with an insolent assurance born of the weekly cheques which they receive from the sponsors of radio programs who bid against each other with the fervor of art collectors at an auction for the services of these pseudo-musicians.

Of course, there are good popular singers and good popular music. It is not my intention to belittle them, because I happen to be a grand opera singer. I am concerned here with the average, not with the exception.

Editor's Note:

BECAUSE MUSIC is one of the fine arts and because singing is one of the great branches of music, it is only natural that there be wide variations in the degree of artistic attainment of the different types of vocalists. The readers of RADIO DIGEST will undoubtedly be interested in hearing the frank comment of one who has lived his life among the world's greatest operatic stars. His reactions, even if one does not wholly agree, are interesting and stimulating. It took a great deal of coaxing and stretching of close personal friendship to persuade the author of this article to "open up" his innermost thoughts as he has done here. We would like to see more of our readers set forth their ideas for improving broadcasting programs in an equally sincere and vigorous manner. We'll try to publish as many such expressions as possible. And you can rest assured that we will not be afraid to publish all worth while criticism regardless of whose toes are stepped on. We think intelligent criticism will foster the growth of radio as an art and we think too much of radio and the great listening public to be fearful of "diplomatic breaks" in professional circles.

In a spirit of constructive criticism I would like to suggest that a new sort of censorship be formed for the radio—a censorship of good taste, designed to eliminate vulgarity from the air.

In a moral sense the powers behind the great broadcasting systems deserve great praise. They have kept the ether waves clean and wholesome. In an artistic sense, however, they are, to my way of thinking, a little inclined toward deafness. Perhaps the fault lies, as much, with the low standards of the average family as with the radio executives.

In any home where there are children a large number of best selling novels are taboo. Or at least they are locked up and reserved for adult reading. The "movies" are censored at their source by state boards and the average mother usually learns and approves the content of a photo play before her children are permitted to see it. But the radio is left wide open from morning till night, and in consequence the modern generation is being educated to appreciate the fine points of jazz crooning, of popular slang and cheap sentiment.

The radio has opened up a wonderful new field for educating people to think in the right way and to appreciate the finest things that this world has to offer. Instead, it is pouring into the defenseless ears of the public a continual flow of trash.

If one is discriminating, it is possible, of course, to find uplifting entertainment on the air. The programs of the New York Philharmonic Society conducted by Toscanini and other celebrated directors, the weekly broadcasts of the Metropolitan and the Chicago Civic Opera Company, the morning lecture concerts of Walter Damrosch and the few scattered commercial programs featuring singers and instrumentalists of a serious type, as well as the talks by famous scientists and thinkers are very commendable. But these things are lost in a maze of torch songs, hot jazz bands and nasal crooners.

IN EUROPE, apart from broadcasting itself everything possible is being done to awaken in children an interest in good music. But in America the younger generation hasn't half a chance. The grammar of the slums, the tunes of the cabarets and the personalities of the gutter are too often the daily fare of youth. Much of the music heard is not fit for human ears. Radio can change all this, but unless a far seeing and discriminating voluntary control is put on the radio the musical taste of the next generation will be the worst since the dark ages.

Singing, as exemplified by a large number of supposedly popular radio performers, is becoming more and more amateurish. I grant that an amateur may be

worth while from some view point. He may have a sense of comedy or tragedy or of story telling. He may have something which light-headed women dote on or children cry for. I grant that the radio must furnish entertainment for the light-headed as well as for the serious minded listener. What I object to is that few of these new singers take the trouble to develop their particular talents. They remain tricksters and sensationalists. They never become artists.

Because a man is a crooner, he need not necessarily be a poor singer. Crooning, in itself, shows a technical advance in radio broadcasting as is exemplified by the work of such as Rudy Vallee. It is a trick that makes small voiced vocalists sound as thrilling as full throated opera stars. Hugging the microphone produces a touch of intimacy between performer and listener which could not be obtained in a large concert hall or opera house. It, also, helps to make the words of a song easily understood. The chief objection to crooning is that most crooners are clumsy vocalists. But, of course, crooning is now a trifle passé, though a few of the better singers of this type still have a large following. The new style of radio singing is much more objectionable.

There always seems to be a prevailing method of vocalizing on the air, and the present one is in direct imitation of saxophone playing with an emphasis on the short comings of that instrument. Saxophone players seldom are to be classed as musicians. They may have a natural sense of rhythm, which is a good thing in itself. But they have little else to back it up. Usually the tone of a saxophone is wabbly, sliding on and off the pitch without any particular rhyme or reason. It is thick and spread, not clean cut and accurate like a clarinet. A player seldom hits a tone on the head. He glides up to it with slipshod careless technique. There is a preponderance of improvising and "faking"—some of it clever but little of it artistic. The saxophone has become popular with the would-be musician who is too lazy to study a violin or piano, who is interested in getting glory and high cash rewards with a minimum of effort. This vogue of saxophonic singing has brought about a deluge of slovenly vocalism, extemporizing, off-the-key digressions, talking, whistling, humming and "doo-a da doo-ing"—anything to conceal lack of skill and education.

HOARSE guttural voices now crowd the air. It is not considered necessary to sing a tone exactly as it is written in the music. Whenever an interval is a little difficult, it is perfectly good form with these new performers to slide into it. No one ever thinks of trying to hit a note on the head. It is too much trouble. The diction, too, is in keeping with the vocal style. Perhaps, the illiterate lyrics of many popular songs are, in a measure, responsible for the crude pronunciation. An Oxford accent is out of place with a Bowery lyric as any one will agree.

In presenting my case against saxophonic singing, I am not thinking of any particular artist. Listen for yourself, any night, to some of the most advertised and highly exploited programs on the air and you will discover what I mean. Check up and you will find a mere handful of singers with good taste who speak the English language with the distinction of a cultivated sophisticated American, and who sing with the style of even a third rate concert or operatic artist. I do not wish to discourage individuality. Among the greatest artists there is a divergence in style. Let Paderewski and de Pachmann play a simple waltz of Chopin, each in his own way, and you would hardly recognize it as the same composition. The Cantor and the Ed Wynn brand of humor are as dissimilar as day and night. But individuality, like art, should be developed, not just permitted to run wild.

Announcement

OWING to the thousands of complaints from all parts of the country that RADIO DIGEST *has been "sold out" or is not available at the local news stand the publishers with this issue have increased the distribution by an additional 100,000 copies. Regular readers will confer a favor by advising our mutual friends.*

One of the most deplorable things in radio singing today is the exaggerated use of the falsetto, those high soprano-like tones which tenors add to extend the range of their voices. This sort of thing has never been considered in good taste in America, though French singers have practised it pretty generally. Clement and Muratore were masters of the art and produced beautiful effects with it. But they studied for years to gain the necessary skill before they made use of it. I have heard tenors in radio quartets, like the Revellers, use falsetto in a most skillful and delightful way. But when clumsy throated baritones with little or no schooling interpolate falsetto ad libitum in the middle of a song for no reason at all, the effect is a thousand times worse than the vocal contortions of amateur Swiss yodelers.

Why don't these young singers learn something about good taste? Why doesn't someone prohibit them from perpetrating vocal atrocities? The continued use of falsetto is one of the cheapest musical effects ever devised.

Another deplorable angle to the so-called "radio art" is the strict adherence to dance time in singing popular songs, which is practiced by altogether too many performers. If music is played for dancing, that is another thing. I am referring to programs of a purely vocal character. Not a few of the high priced radio stars rose to their present position of importance by shouting out choruses in dance halls with jazz bands. Upon emerging into the soloist class they seem to be incapable of throwing off the mannerisms of the dance floor. No matter how simple a song may be, no matter how "popular" in spirit, there is always room for some rhythmic variety. A singer should never perform like a mechanical toy without any variation in tempo. There is great charm in nicely balanced rhythms, in retards and accelerandos. Even a spoken word is not objectionable, if used for a purpose. But when it is done so often happens on the air—because a singer finds difficulty in reaching a high note or is scaling an interval of an octave or more, it is inexcusable. Most singers sing badly because they are too lazy to learn to sing well.

Great emphasis is being placed, it seems to me, by many broadcasting stations on inartistic and inconsequential talent. One hears announcers using superlatives in presenting third rate bunglers, while truly fine artists are put on the air with barely a word of favorable comment. As long as this condition exists, the air will continue to be crowded with mediocre entertainment, and the standards of our young people will continue to drop lower and lower.

THE popular singers of today are concerned too much with gaining quick success. Few of them have been willing to take the time to learn either to sing or to interpret music. I believe that a radio crooner should be compelled to study and work, just as operatic and concert singers do. Too many American singers are quitters. They are too lazy to study.

We Americans are a mysterious people. We make our standards as we go along. We permit too much of the riff-raff of other countries to come in and we allow ourselves to be influenced too much by the lower elements of other races. What is good in foreign art, we are apt to ignore, and what is worthless to take for our own. Young people of today are not serious and all art in America is becoming frivolous. According to all precedents people should turn, in a time of depression, toward the better things in life, but it seems to me that exactly the opposite is happening in the present crisis, and the radio, in part at least, is to blame.

He Conducted the Silver Dollar Band

Andy Sannella

Plays Everything That Makes Music . . .
Uses Musically Trained Ear to Detect
Odd Code Signals from Air—Pilots Plane

By Muriel Allen

"SO THIS is Panama!" That's what they all said.

Eager eyed and shore-hungry, a dozen radiant white garbed gobs clambered down from the gray deck of Uncle Sam's destroyer, the Farragut, and soon were ambling up the street of this tropical city. They paused before the shaded entrance of a shuttered doorway from which floated sweet aromas and the sounds of droning instruments. It was the Silver Dollar saloon, and gobs will be gobs.

Refreshed with liquid potions and more substantial portions from the free lunch counter they gathered around the black haired Mexican band to banter and sing.

"Ah, Senor, what a fine instrument you have!" exclaimed one of the younger gobs as he reached understandingly for one of the violins. The owner surrendered it doubtfully. The young sailor placed it against his shoulder and caressed the strings with the bow. The old violin responded with a rare tone of delight. And then followed an amazing concert. All other sounds were hushed as the young man played on. The proprietor joined the circle.

"Say, my boy, you got music in your soul!" he exclaimed. "What's your name?"

"Andy Sannella," replied the gob as he returned the violin to its owner.

"Well, Andy Sannella, when you quit the sea come around and see me. I need you in my orchestra," said Mr. Silver Dollar in person.

Not many months later that is just what Andy Sannella really did. No sooner did he cast off from the navy than he put back to Panama and enlisted as skipper of the Silver Dollar orchestra where he quickly made a name for himself. That was ten years ago. The Silver Dollar orchestra traveled and gave concerts from Buenos Aires to Mexico City, and then Andy became acquainted with a saxophone. He escorted it back to Panama where saxophones were practically unknown. Andy wooed it assiduously but the proprietor of the Silver Dollar had headaches every time he heard Andy practice.

"How much did you pay for that sax-a-what-youmacallit?" he asked Andy one day.

"It cost me $25," Andy replied.

"Would you take $50 for it?"

"Sure. But I don't know where I could get another one."

"Are you sure you don't know where?"

"I certainly do not, do you?"

"Well, here's your $50. Give me your sax-agraph."

AND that was the last Andy ever saw or heard of his first saxophone. The proprietor thought he had taken the saxophone out of Andy Sannella's life forever. Little did he dream that the day would come—as it already has—when Andy Sannella would be paid upward of $200 every time he played a solo on the saxophone over nation-wide radio networks.

Feeling that he had been insulted by the manager Andy cast loose from the Silver Dollar and headed for New York where he renewed acquaintance with one of his boyhood chums, Nathaniel Shilkret, who was playing over the WJZ radio station of the Radio Corporation of America. Through Shilkret the young sailor was initiated into the mysteries of broadcasting. He bought himself a new saxophone and specimens of nearly all the other known instruments used by man in the art of music.

Today Sannella is one of the most versatile musicians of the National Broadcasting Company. He conducts orchestras on four big programs—the Boscul All-Star Orchestra, Major Icequick and His Frigidarians, the Sampler Program, and the Rexall Radio Party. And he is frequently featured as guest saxophone and steel guitar soloist.

Since 1927 Sannella has been associated with the New York NBC studios. He has appeared as soloist on many of the outstanding programs, including Palmolive Hour, Armstrong Quakers, Wonder Bakers, Ipana Troubadours, Lucky Strike Dance Orchestra, the Valspar Club. He has conducted the following programs: Sylvester Hour, Smith Bros., Halsey Stuart Program, Empire Builders, Campbell Novelties and Pennzoil Pete.

Having become soloist and conductor on eleven programs a week, for which he averages $200 apiece for playing and up to $1000 for conducting, Sannella has a yearly income running into six figures. He works fourteen hours a day, six days a week. On the seventh day he rests—doesn't work more than eight hours.

Last year the conductor bought a plane and spent what spare time he had in learning to fly it. He's had 400 hours in the air already. He sold his plane, however, his spare time being rather at a premium. For a hobby he has now taken up long distance amateur radio transmission. In his Westchester home he has devoted the entire top floor to a radio transmitter and receiver and all that goes with it. Already he has communicated with Australia several times.

When he went before the local federal radio inspector for his examination he amazed the official by reading code thirty-five words a minute. That is a speed which is not always achieved by the commercial radio operator.

(*Continued on page 48*)

MOONSHINE *and* HONEYSUCKLE

Birth of a Great Radio Play Series

By Lula Vollmer



IN 1925 Louis Mason played Tom Fink, the peddler, in a play of mine called "The Dunce Boy." In 1927, I think it was, he played the night-watchman in "Trigger". Mr. Mason made a personal score in both plays. Then I lost sight of him. One day, two years ago, while I was busy rehearsing another play, Louis Mason suddenly appeared at my elbow. After the greeting, I said, "I'm terribly sorry, Louis, but there's not a thing in this play for you". Louis' answer amazed me: "I don't want a part. I want a radio sketch."

I'll give you verbatim the scene that followed:

Lula

Oh, you're on the radio now?

Mason

Been there ever since "Trigger" quit on me.

Lula

That's fine. Hope you like it.

Mason

Sure, I like it. You will too.

Lula

Yes, I must listen in. What's your hour?

Mason

Oh, my hour's over. I'm looking for something new.

Lula

Well, I hope you find something that suits you.

Mason

I've come to get it.

Lula

(Looking quizzically at the assembled actors)

Who's doing it for you?

Mason

(Emphatically)

You are.

Lula

Quit your kiddin'. I don't know anything about radio.

Mason

You can learn.

The director pounced upon me for a line, and Louis moved off stage. At lunch time he was waiting for me at the stage door, and we went to a restaurant nearby. While the waitress hovered over us, impatient for the order, I finished our street conversation. "No, Louis, I can't." Louis seized my hand, in what, to the waitress, must have seemed a lover-like fashion, and whispered, "I was never more serious in my life." (The waitress called "Happy honeymoon!" to us as we left). All through the luncheon I tried to "turn off" the radio talk, but every subject introduced was rudely dismissed by Louis' plea, "Just give me a character, Lula, just a character." (I don't know what interpretation the waitress put upon this request.)

Finally, in desperation, I told Louis that a mountain lad with a dog might make a good character for him. "Fine," he said, "Now write it." For two weeks Louis hounded me. One evening, in self-defense I pencilled a few pages of a monologue for him to deliver to a dog called "Bones". He pocketed the papers and departed. I felt quite certain that that effort had ended my radio career forever. A few days later, one of the directors at the N B C called me and said if I could put some more characters in the sketch, and build a little drama around the man and the dog, they would be glad to use it. All I had were the names, "Clem" and "Bones", and the few lines I had given Clem. But, both the man and the dog belonged to the mountains. It was evident that Clem had a family. Where there is one family there must be neighbors, and where there are neighbors there is usually drama. I wrote the first sketch. N B C accepted it and asked for twelve more. I consented to try to do them after it had been agreed that the series must close if I found it impossible to stretch the story to thirteen episodes. After I had written three installments and was fairly well acquainted with my characters, I realized that I couldn't possibly tell their story in thirteen playlets. Here we are, in the eighty-something episode of "Moonshine and Honeysuckle".

I owe a great deal to the excellent direction and to the almost perfect cast of "Moonshine and Honeysuckle". With an occasional exception the actors are all Southerners and their mountain dialect is authentic. Beside Mr. Mason, three of the other players were in stage plays of mine. Miss Anne Elstner (Cracker) was the original "Emmy" in "Sun-up". Miss Sara Haden (Piney Hayatt) played "Emmy" in the London production of "Sun-up". She was also "Etta Dawson" in "Trigger". Claude Cooper (the inimitable Peg-leg Gaddis) played in "The Shame Woman". I would like to give Mr. Robert Strauss credit for creating the character of "Pink Freeze". Mr. Strauss came into the sketch for an extra bit in a court room scene and when I heard him, "Pink" was born.

LULA VOLLMER is leading the way for established playwrights to devote their talents to radio. Her stage successes "Sun-up" and "The Shame Woman" are world famous. Herein she tells how "Moonshine and Honeysuckle" started.



Posed especially for Radio Digest in the NBC photo studios.

Miss Vollmer (left), Henry Fillman, Anne Elstner, Terese Wittler and Sara Haden. Louis Mason (seated). Lula Vollmer (inset).



On the death of Mr. Gerald Stopp, the original director, Mr. Henry Stillman took over the direction. Mr. Stillman directed the New York production of "Sun-up". Only the lack of space keeps me from speaking of the personal merits of each player, from the distinguished looking Bradley Barker who plays "Bones", other animals, and babies, down to the mob actors.

Lonesome Hollow has become an actual community to me. I know every inch of the roads. I am familiar with every house in the neighborhood, as well as the yards and the spaces that run between the cabins. I could catch a mule in the dark in any barn in the Hollow. I know just how the mountain range leans against the sky in the west, and I could tell you as well as Clem

(*Continued on page 48*)



Buddy Rogers

"I VISUALIZE my invisible audience as friends—as vital, living individuals who see me as I really am and want to be. At least, that is the way I feel about it," says Buddy of his radio listeners.

"Guess they'll always call me

BUDDY"

Says Young Mr. Rogers to our Girl Reporter in Hot-cha Chat

By ANNE TENNA

"OVERTURE! OVERTURE!" The call boy's voice echoed and reechoed up the stairwell.

It reached to every floor in the building, and registered in the fourth floor dressing room with the gold star on the door that belonged to New York's latest radio and stage sensation—Buddy Rogers, now playing one of the leading roles in the new Ziegfeld production, "Hot-Cha."

"All ready, everybody?" queried the elevator boy, sliding the car door back with a bang. "Can't wait"—and he was gone before Buddy could get out of his dressing room, immaculate in his "tux" but adding the finishing touches to the tie.

"Come along with me," he said. "Interviews are luxuries for one with as little time for himself as I have. We'll have to talk in spurts. You won't mind, will you?"

Of course I didn't.

In the short time that Buddy—you just can't call him anything else, somehow—has been on the air he has given evidence of becoming a real air personality, and so many readers of RADIO DIGEST have asked for news of him, that the mere fact of getting the interview at all was sufficient cause for rejoicing.

The elevator man condescended to return for us, and while my stellar quarry went through with his first act, I had the fun of standing in the wings and watching the mechanics of stage production. Every time I sat down on what looked like a substantial hummock, somebody'd made me get up, and then they'd roll it away. I hid behind a huge piece of standing scenery, only to have it unfold from behind me and become a Pullman coach. I dodged a swinging chandelier being hoisted into the "flies" and bumped into a small adamant burro who had been pulling a cart somewhere for some reason.

Lupe Velez was wandering about in considerable perplexity looking for missing "earrings". Bert Lahr, beret and all, was funnier in his quips with the members of the company backstage than he was in front of the footlights.

But to get back to Buddy.

The costumes that he wears in this show are the type that suit him best—just smart, flawlessly tailored garments that fit in true Rogers fashion.

And his versatility in playing so many different instruments—in this one show he plays a trombone, trumpet, accordion and guitar in addition to singing—is a source of constant wonder.

I asked him how he happened to learn so many—and here's the answer.

"Back in the good old school days, we boys used to have a 'band'. The schoolmaster went to all the fathers and collected $25.00 from each one. Then he sent away for a collection of instruments. The one you unwrapped when they arrived was the one you had to learn to play—so you see!" I didn't. At all. I could only figure it out that in his wild enthusiasm Buddy must have unwrapped the entire collection!

You might be interested in knowing that leading an orchestra is no new thrill for this "truly remarkable fellow". He worked his way through Kansas University as leader of a six-piece unit playing at social functions and on every possible occasion when music was needed. So when the opportunity came for him to assume the leadership of the California Cavaliers, which come to you over WEAF and associated stations every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday at midnight direct from the Pennsylvania Hotel in New York, he was ready to meet it.

We sat quietly for a few minutes in his dressing room while he had a brief respite between scenes, and I asked him questions—many questions.

One of them had to do with his preference for visible audiences as he has them in the theatre, or the invisible ones which see and hear him via the movies and radio.

"Shall I be really, truly honest?" he asked with a boyish grin that was a trifle shamefaced.

"With the audience sitting 'out front', watching every move, every glance, there's always the thought back in your mind, 'I wonder if everything is all right—I wonder how this is going'. Sometimes the reaction is warm and friendly—sometimes it is cold—like ice. Every audience is different.

"But with the movies and radio, the audience to which you are playing—for which you are expending your best efforts, is unseen. You visualize them as invisible friends—as vital, living individuals who see you as you yourself want to be—and somehow, those invisible friends grow to be very dear to you, to occupy a very large place in your heart. At least, that's the way *I* feel about it!"

There was another question I had been wanting to ask all evening. Finally it popped out, almost involuntarily.

"Are you going to stick to 'Buddy' from now on?"

"It looks as though I'd have to"; he laughed as he spoke but suddenly became quite serious. "Try as I may, people just *won't* call me anything else. And you know, I have the most annoying idea of myself as a grown man—elderly, I mean—having people still call me 'Buddy' instead of something dignified like 'Charles'. And—" very confidentially—"don't you think Buddy sounds something like a name for a dog?"

We both laughed at this last remark.

"How ridiculous!" I spoke first because I felt I knew why everybody insists on attaching this affectionate cognomen to the chap before me. "Why, it's just because everybody *does* have that 'friendly feeling' for you that they persist in keeping *you* in that same friendly spirit. To me, it is the greatest compliment in the world."

My time was almost up.

It was time for "Mr. Rogers" to change into his costume for the second act.

"Wish I had more time to talk. But you know, living like this, playing in a show, playing at the Hotel, rehearsing every afternoon—well, fellows like me get mighty little time for just living! See you again sometime. So long."

That Air Follies Man

DOWLING

By Leonard Stewart Smith

BIT BY BIT radio is absorbing the greatest of the stage and screen personalities. That this is true may have more than just ordinary significance. I am thinking particularly of the acquisition of Broadway's master showman, Florenz Ziegfeld and his limitless talent resources.

Old first nighters yawned slightly when it was first gossiped about that there would be a Ziegfeld Follies of the Air. How would the Great Glorifier show a row of shapely legs from an invisible stage to an invisible audience. And, pray, what would a Ziegfeld show be without eye accommodations?

Well, I have just heard the first performance of the Ziegfeld Follies of the Air and so far as I am concerned it has put radio back on the dials for me. Girls? I never even thought about them after Eddie Dowling took over the mike. Not that Eddie monopolized the act but he put that Ziegfeld something into it that made it a show. My chief complaint is that it was all too short. And what a laugh old Will Rogers was rambling along poking fun at the sponsor who was paying at the rate of $300 a minute for a half hour—and no time out!

But the way Dowling clambered into that mike and came out smiling in my living room was what thrilled me. And assuming that the many thousands of RADIO DIGEST readers would like to know more about him as the result of this broadcast where he acted as master of ceremonies I sought an interview the next day in a Broadway coffee shop a little before the rehearsal hour.



Eddie Dowling

WHAT would he be thinking of this new experience? Did he get a thrill out of performing before an audience that covered the land from ocean to ocean? He had been through a terrific financial crash. He was working hard to get back on his feet. Was he happy, and how had life treated him on the whole? These questions rolled out to be answered as he saw fit. He stirred his spoon in the coffee and sipped a bit before he answered.

"Happy? Certainly I'm happy. Why not, I've had everything I ever wanted. That goes from the time when I was a kid, as early as I can remember—and there were 17 of us there together. We hardly had room to turn around. Then on through—I wanted a happy home life—and have it. I wanted success and found it. Why, all my 38 years have been a succession of thrills upon thrills.

"Even getting into the show business was an adventure with fun and excitement. Some folks might call it a rather gruelling experience the way I struggled for my chance in those Boston movie houses. Rehearsal after rehearsal. I even aspired to play Hamlet—and so it came to pass that I actually did. But others were going through the same grind—Ray Dooley—ah what a lucky pair of ambitious youngsters we were!"

There was an arch to the Dowling eyebrows as he put down his spoon and sipped the steaming coffee. His blue eyes twinkled.

"Do you know, she was just 17 and I was 18 when we made our promises for life. We went to my uncle, a priest near Buffalo, for the ceremony. And besides his blessing he loaned me $10 to take us back home. It seems such a little while ago we can hardly realize that Eddie, Junior, is now the age we were then."

But a great deal has happened in the life of Eddie Dowling during those intervening years. He has written many shows that have delighted hundreds of thousands. His first and his last shows he said gave him his greatest thrill. He went on to explain:

"The first one was 'The Velvet Lady' in 1917 with music by Victor Herbert. I was 23 years old. What an opening night! I moved around like a disembodied spirit. In fact while waiting for the curtain to go up I think I must have passed completely out. The audience was a blur—the stage was a hazy vision. Suddenly I heard applause and it lasted in my ears for at least two weeks. The show held Broadway for a year."

AND what about that last show?" I asked, holding a match for him to light a cigarette.

"That's a long story which begins in the Capitol building in Washington long before the story was written. Gene Buck, Jimmie Hanley and some other composers were there with me. Hanley and I dropped into a small place for a snack and to look on at an amateur's night performance. A fat girl came out and sang some hot numbers. Fat, but what a voice! We looked at each other without speaking, each saw in the other visible confirmation of the discovery. When the girl had finished we called her over to our table. I offered her a contract on the

spot and told her we would take her to New York and make a star of her at once. She said she was a minor and could not sign a contract. Furthermore she thought we were spoofing her.

"'No fooling,' I said, 'bring your mother, your grandmother, the whole family and I'll show you that I mean it right now or tomorrow.'

"The next day I was presented to one of the loveliest mothers I ever met in my life. She sanctioned the contract I signed with her daughter, and Kate Smith, for the first time, became a professional stage personality.

"Then came the play 'Honeymoon Lane' and the first glimpse my partner, Abraham Lincoln Erlanger, had of my new find. He had heard about her but never saw her until at one of the rehearsals. I shall never forget the shocked look of surprise as he saw this plump young woman step out on the stage and sing.

"'Ha! She's out!' he exclaimed. 'The audience would catch pneumonia!'

"The more I argued for her the more he insisted that she would kill the show. But finally, after I had guaranteed to cover the expense, he consented. Everybody knows what a real sensation she proved to be from the time the show opened that night in Atlantic City. Her contract called for $65 a week. When her first week's salary was due Erlanger gave her a check for $150, and a new contract. By the time she got to Chicago, the following year, she was earning better than $3,000 a week. Me? Why that was the other big thrill I told you about."

"What about this Wall street flop?" I asked.

"Well," he smiled, "that was something of a thrill. I was one of those who carried all my eggs in one basket. You might very truthfully have called me one of the richest actors in the world, a millionaire. Then the market crashed. I couldn't believe it and waited for the recovery. In two weeks it was all washed out. I even hesitated to spend a nickel for subway fare instead of walking. Funny eh? No, I haven't got it back yet."

But Eddie does not seem greatly perturbed about the matter now. I hope he wins some of this big radio money.

BOOK REVIEW

"Please Stand By" by Madeleine Loeb and David Schenker is a real life story that takes you behind the scenes in broadcasting. The love story is charming and the descriptions of the intimate parties in and out of the studios as well as the work and play, intrigue, and ballyhoo of broadcasting artists and programs creates an exciting and absorbing volume. If you listen to radio, if you work at radio and even if you do neither the book is well worth reading. Mohawk Press, New York, are the publishers.



Dorothy Dell, Air Follies Beauty

THIS eighteen-year-old charmer is one of the Ziegfeld girls whose beauty your eyes will miss on the radio broadcast of the Follies of the Air. But she has made good as a singer and took the place of Ruth Etting during the latter's illness. You will hear her sing—under the title of the Ziegfeld Girl of the Air.

TELLERS WHO, HOW and WHY

Be Sure To Make Your Album of Announcers' Pictures Complete By Getting



MILTON JOHN CROSS, NBC, diction medal winner in 1929. Six feet tall. Married. Featured singer on many programs, notably the "Slumber Hour".



HOWARD MOOREHEAD CLANEY, NBC, a Pittsburgh boy, was actor, scenic designer and stage director, graduating into radio in 1925. Tall and blonde.



ALWYN E. W. BACH, NBC, saw artillery service with the A.E.F. Won 1929 diction medal. Is a Worcester lad and has done much church singing.



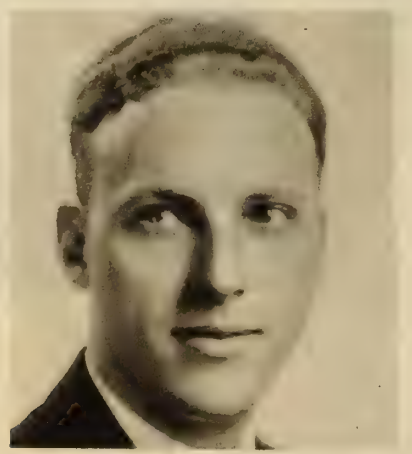
EDWARD K. JEWETT, NBC, born in Yokohama but has Princeton diploma. Studied public speaking. Noted for marvelous mimicry of air personalities.



JEFFERSON SPARKS, NBC, a native New Yorker, grew up with radio. First broadcast 1925. Tall and brunette. Hobbies—medicine and art.



NEEL BLISS ENSLEN, NBC, Ohio-born and Chicago bred. Sang in opera and taught music before coming to radio. Books and music are his hobbies.



HOWARD ALEXANDER PETRIE, NBC's tallest and deepest-voiced announcer. Born in Beverly, Mass., in 1906. Hobbies—horseback riding and the theatre.



KELVIN KIRKWOOD KEECH, NBC, Hawaii-born, of Scotch-Spanish parents, married in Turkey, wife Russian, household language French.



NORMAN SWEETSER, NBC, was an actor, teacher, singer and World War aviator. Born in Philadelphia. Likes music, travel, people and tennis.

on New York Key Stations

the Second Installment Which Will Appear in the June Issue of RADIO DIGEST



FRANK KNIGHT, CBS, Newfoundlander by birth; 3 years' service in World War. Invalided home, studied medicine, came to New York stage and thence to radio.



DAVID ROSS, CBS, New Yorker, graduate "newsie" and former secretary to Russian baroness. Entered radio 1926. Old books are his hobby.



JOHN MAYO, CBS, visited a Henry Burbig broadcast in 1930, took an audition and began broadcasting, all in an hour. Born in Providence.



CARLYLE STEVENS, CBS, born at Parkhill, Ontario. Reached radio via work in Detroit advertising agencies. Is five feet ten and a bachelor.



DON BALL, CBS, enjoys bachelorhood, a pipe and a "uke". Came to radio 1928 via WCAH, Columbus. Has Ph.B. degree from Brown University.



DOUGLAS EVANS, CBS, was Leviathan bell-hop, chorus man and asst. stage manager. Announced at two small stations before joining CBS staff.



GEORGE BEUCHLER, CBS, born in Jacksonville, Fla. First broadcast 1929 from Washington, D. C. Light opera and concert tours.



EDWARD CULLEN, CBS, left Buffalo for Broadway as actor. Six feet tall, brown hair and eyes and a bachelor. Began radio career in Boston, 1930.



ANDRE BARUCH, CBS, born in Paris, speaks seven languages, but bursts into barrage of French when excited. Unmarried. Hobby is swimming.

"Circus

By IRVIN

Armour & Co. Broadcast Over NBC

COMING down to this studio tonight I saw a sight—and incidentally had a thrill—I saw just a splash of color in a shop window uptown—an advance poster advertising that the circus will be here to open the season.

True, the opening performance won't take place for some weeks yet but when it does, I'll be there. I claim the man, I don't care who he is or how old he may be, who can't turn kid again at least twice a year—on Christmas Eve and circus morning—has got something radically wrong with him. And there's no use in his seeing a doctor for it, either. It isn't his body that's wrong. It's his soul!

Just the mere announcement that the circus would soon be on its way from winter quarters did something to me when I passed that little store this evening. It always does do something to me. Perhaps to recapture some of the vanished spirit of childhood and boyhood. For me it turns back the hands of Eternal Time's clock, twenty, thirty, forty years and I'm a barelegged youngster, getting up before day to see the trains coming in, traveling with the first wagons to the show-grounds to watch the billowing acres of white tents go up like magic, marching with the parade as an uninvited honorary delegate and unable to decide whether I ought to give my patronage to the calliope or walk alongside the snake-charmer's glass-walled cage or the grand glittering open den of ferocious Bengal tigers, with the trainer sitting inside waiting for the tigers to decide when they're going to work him up into a quick lunch, or follow the funny old clown in the little blue January wagon. And after the parade I can smell the dust smells and the popcorn smells and the fresh-roasted peanut smells and the menagerie smells as I trudge across the scuffed turf of the lot. And hear the bass tubas going "Umph-pah! Umph-poh!" for the grand entry. Especially do I recall the conglomerate menagerie smells—the noble aroma of the dromedary. The fascinating bouquet of the spotted hyena and most potent of all, the peculiar emanations from the personal sachet-bag of the civet cat.

I remember once that every day for a week I robbed my savings-bank of another dime and went back to the same little trained-animal show and there I'd stand with fascinated gaze while a gentleman with pomade on his scalp and brilliantine on his mustache, would grab the biggest lion by the upper jaw and the lower jaw and pull the lion's mouth wide open and then thrust that head of his down the lion's yawning maw. Long before the end of the week the sight was perfectly familiar and all the novelty was gone. It wasn't that which held me with staring eyes enthralled just beyond the bars of the cage. I trust I wasn't unduly morbid, either—but oh, I did so want to be there on the day the lion got a whiff of that hair and sneezed!

That's why I'm going to depart from schedule tonight and instead of talking along about whatever it was I meant to talk about, I'm going to tell you a circus story in which I figured. After nearly forty years I claim it was the finest example of real humor—spontaneous, instantaneous humor—I ever witnessed.

MY FATHER, who had been well-to-do, became in the middle-age of his life a poor man. He had spare cash for only a few extras—plenty of five-cent cigars, a starchy clean white vest every day, an occasional trip to a Confederate reunion—and one other thing! He believed every small boy and every small girl in the world ought to go to the circus; and every year when the circus came to the Kentucky town where we lived, he took, along with his own four children, all the children in the neighborhood whose parents wouldn't go with them or couldn't or who didn't have money enough to pay for half-dollar tickets for their children. He saved up for that—he didn't care how much it cost him. To him it was money wisely and beautifully spent. It was his biggest, finest luxury. It was his annual spree, his one yearly orgy of unbridled extravagance. Why, sometimes it must have cost him ten dollars and it was worth ten millions to him and it's worth a lot to me now as I conjure up a certain picture in my mind—the immortal picture of my little, stumpy, red-headed, high-tempered, unreconstructed Rebel of a daddy with his old yellowed straw hat on the side of his head and the stub of his inevitable nickel cigar stuck at a proud upward angle from the corner of his mouth, leading a procession of joy-crazed youngsters inside the big tent for the big show.



This particular day, two old ladies joined our party. One of them lived across the street from us and the other just around the corner. Mrs. Lawson, the senior of the pair, was exceedingly deaf. She used one of those old-fashioned, flexible rubber ear-trumpets with a tip at one end and a bell-like aperture at the other. Her crony, Mrs. Rowe, had a high-pitched far-carrying voice.

On a blue-painted bench, with the old ladies at one end, my father at the other, and the row of youngsters in between, we watched the show. It was a good circus. I never saw a bad one. The time came for the crowning feature of a circus of those times. Elephants and camels and horses would be close-ranked at the foot of a springboard. Along a steep runway which slanted down to this springboard, would flash in order, one behind another, the acrobats who'd tumble over the backs of the animals and alight gracefully upon a thick padded mattress. The clowns would sprawl on the backs of the living obstacles. Always there was one clown who, dashing down the runway, would suddenly halt and fling his peaked cap across. There was another, dressed as a country-woman, who, as he somersaulted, lost a pair of bifurcated white garments of an intimate nature, while the audience whooped its delight.

Now, to the head of the runway mounted the premier tumbler. He stood there grandly erect in his rose-colored tights, his arms folded across his proud breast and his head almost touching the sagging canvas roof. The band stopped playing. The ringmaster mounted the ring-back and proclaimed that Johnnie O'Brien, foremost gymnast of the world, would now perform his death-defying and unparalleled feat of turning a triple somersault over two elephants, three camels and four Arabian steeds. For everybody

is a-Comin'!"

S. COBB

this announcement had a special interest; for Johnnie O'Brien was a native-born son of our town.

An expectant hush fell upon the assemblage. Mrs. Lawson turned to Mrs. Rowe and in the silence her voice rose as she asked:

"What did he say?"

MRS. ROWE brought the blunderbus end of Mrs. Lawson's ear-trumpet to her lips and, through its sinuous black length, in a voice so shrill that instantly every head there was turned toward the pair of them, she answered:

"He says that that there pretty man yonder with the pink clothes on is goin' to jump over all those animals without hurtin' hisself!"

On the sawdust, in his baggy white clothes, squatted one of the clowns. On the instant he leaped to his feet, ran to the head of the larger elephant, and in both hands seized that creature's long black dangling trunk which now, as everyone saw, looked so amazingly like Mrs. Lawson's ear-trumpet, and raising its tip to his mouth he shrieked out in a magnificent imitation of Mrs. Rowe's falsetto notes:

"He says that that there pretty man up yonder with the pink clothes—"

If he finished the sentence, none there heard him. From every side of the arena there arose a tremendous gasp of joyous appreciation and, overtopping and engulfing this, a universal roar of laughter which billowed the tent. Strong men dropped through their seats like ripened plums from the bough and lay upon the earth choking with laughter. The performers rolled about in the ring.

And through it all, those two old ladies sat there wondering why the band didn't play and why the pretty man in the pink clothes up at the top of the tent didn't do his stuff but instead seemed to be having convulsions.

Now, ladies and gentlemen, I guess you understand better, why I talked about the circus tonight. And don't forget to take your kids to the circus! And don't forget tonight a thought and a prayer for the stolen baby that all the world wants to see back again in his mother's empty arms—the Lindbergh baby.



Mr. Cobb broadcasts from his study at home.

Tuneful Topics

By RUDY VALLÉE

"Snuggled-on Your Shoulders"

TRUST Joe Young to think of a clever phrase, such as the title of this song. Master of lyric writing, executive in the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers for many years, and one of the cleverest and most brilliant of lyrical song-writers, rivaled only by Gus Kahn, is Herr Joe Young. One can find him any noon at Lindy's, the meeting place of the gossip mongers of the columns, and the moguls of the music industry. There he sits as arbiter, judge and king, all in one. One might take him for anything but a song-writer, or at least a poet; nearly six feet, heavy-jowled, the typical stage detective, and always smoking a heavy cigar.

He has been collaborating with Carmen Lombardo, most energetic, and perhaps most talented of the four Lombardo brothers, in the writing of several songs, but this is their first outstanding hit, at least of the present season. Carmen has done a very fine job on the music, and although I was rather slow in recognizing the value of the song I finally capitulated, not only including it in this month's "Tuneful Topics," but I programmed it on the last Fleischmann Hour, which we played from Boston.

Rocco Vocco saw the merits of the song, and to him goes the credit for publishing it. Leo Feist is the name you see on the bottom of each copy, and we play the song rhythmically, though slowly, taking about one minute for a chorus.



Rudy Vallée in "Musical Justice"

"One Hour With You"

THE great Maurice has gone West again and has made a very fine talking picture to add to his successful ones of the past. During my short visit to California I had the pleasure of shaking hands with him once again at the Cocoanut Grove, where he and his wife were dancing and dining. He is as charming as ever, looking much better and even more youthful.

I have just seen the picture, and I think it is one of his best yet. My first impression at hearing the songs in the picture was that they were just good songs, "well-spotted" in the picture and ably featured by M. Chevalier. ONE HOUR WITH YOU itself is the one that is heard most often on the radio waves, both from the Coast and in the East; being the theme song of the picture it is probably the best song of the bunch.

Leo Robin, who has collaborated on so many Paramount pictures, writing with Richard Whiting, especially songs for Chevalier, has done a fine lyrical job—in fact, a better lyrical job, in my humble opinion, than Oscar Straus has done with the musical end of the songs. Straus, it will be remembered, worked with Robin on the writing of the songs for "The Smiling Lieutenant," and again none of the songs attained the great popularity that "You Brought a New Kind of Love to Me" seemed to reach.

I have met Leo, who is a charming young fellow, and he must have something or Paramount would never have retained him as long as they have. He was one of the first to go out in the gold rush of song-writers in their exodus from Tin Pan Alley to the West; most of them have come home, wagging their tails behind them, but Robin stays on with Richard Whiting, the two writing exceptionally good songs for exceptional situations in Paramount pictures.

If the new Chevalier picture is a success, Leo Robin and Samuelson, who wrote the adaptation of the picture from the play, may well take the bow for it.

I was very delighted on viewing the picture to see Donald Novis, upon whom it devolves to introduce the song ONE HOUR WITH YOU itself. This song, at least, is a very charming dance song, and I think we will program it soon thereby bringing joy to the heart of Larry Spier, President of the Famous Music Co., publisher of the song. We may play it a bit too brightly for Larry's taste, but that will be our interpretation of it.

"Think of Me"

EVERY now and then I receive, and it really delights my heart to receive it, a letter from the greatest of all lyric writers (even the most unwilling and most egotistical of writers in Tin Pan Alley will usually concede this) —Gus Kahn. His stationery is very simple, with his name neatly printed in raised type up at the top of each page. They always come from Chicago, where Gus makes his residence with his very charming wife and two children.

This time Gus wrote to tell me of a new song which Mrs. Kahn had written with him. Naturally my curiosity was aroused, and upon examining the song I found it to be an excellent composition. I immediately wrote him promising that I would use the song on the first program after my return from the Coast, during the week the "Scandals" played in Boston. Mr. and Mrs. Kahn evidently listened in, as a very lovely telegram came shortly after the hour, telling me they enjoyed hearing us play it.

There is nothing very unique about the composition, except that it flows easily, and is the usual thought of "Think of me when I'm away from you." The middle part is hauntingly reminiscent of

several songs, but all in all it is an unusually fine fox trot and is published by Irving Berlin, with the Connecticut Yankees playing it at about 36 seconds to the chorus.

"Music in the Moonlight"

DURING one of my visits to the Cocoanut Grove, which is a very lovely dancing room adjoining the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles, I first heard the above composition.

It was in the Cocoanut Grove that Abe Lyman played so many years ago; in fact, all the successful name bands of the country have had their opportunity to appear here. Paul Whiteman, George Olson, Johnny Hamp, Gus Arnheim, Mal Hallett, and even the high-hatted tragedian of song, Ted Lewis, held forth there for some time, and were eminently successful.

It is the most realistic room ever constructed, with real cocoanut trees and papier mache monkeys caught in the act of climbing down the trees, and arranged with electrical lamps in their eyes which blink off and on while the orchestra plays. It is a very large room, with a lovely artificial fountain and water trickling down over a waterfall into the fountain at the rear end of the room. As you enter, you descend a flight of eight or nine steps heavily carpeted in red plush which, of course, gives every lovely lady the opportunity to display the beauty of her gown and figure as she comes in with her escort. What one can see of the architecture of the room would lead one to believe it is a combination of Moorish and Turkish styles, though the arches and the lattice work are hardly visible due to the palm trees and a real wide-open-spaces grove.

It is managed by two men, father and son, and in the past few years they have developed many personalities in their endeavor to give Grove customers a great deal for their money. Not only a large orchestra, but vocal and entertainment features take place while the music is being played for dancing. At present there is an unusually fine tango band which plays during what would otherwise be intermission.

It was here that Ted Lewis made such a terrific hit, and also here that the Rhythm Boys were featured and one of the trio, named Bing Crosby, began to stand out so prominently as an individualistic singer of songs. It was also here that Russ Columbo played violin for Gus Arnheim, and where the rivalry for the deep-throated style of singing first began.

The orchestra leader holding forth at the present time is Jimmy Greer, a stubby, serious, yet pleasant-faced young individual who was Gus Arnheim's first saxophonist and arranger. Jimmy has an excellent sense of taste and an excellent sense of tempo; he is a fine blender of melodies and harmonies withal. He is also a bit of a composer, this being a composition which he wrote with Sam Coslow and Arthur Johnston.

The first night I heard them play it I went for it in a big way, immediately asking Jimmy what it was, and was delighted to find it was his own composition. I subsequently included it on my first Fleischmann Hour after arriving back in the East.

Jimmy is featuring a fine vocalist named Donald Novis whom I had the pleasure of meeting in the summer of 1929 while making our picture, "The Vagabond Lover." Ben Platt, of the Platt Music Stores (which are to the West what Landay is to the East,) gave a party for the Connecticut Yankees at his palatial two million dollar home, and there for the first time I met this young man, Novis, who was the winner of the Atwater Kent prize of that year for excellence in vocal singing. Truly his voice is the most entertaining and beautiful for its sheer, golden qualities of any I have heard, including almost that of McCormack! Novis has that rich Irish quality without the Irish accent, and he delighted Mrs. Vallée with his rendition of her favorite song, "Love, Here Is My Heart." Novis is coming East for an N. B. C. build-up, which should bring him to big things. He will unquestionably rival Morton Downey, who at present stands undisputed in his particular field of singing, although Novis has a style all his own and the two boys may hardly conflict.

MUSIC IN THE MOONLIGHT is just another one of those songs in a sort of unhappy vein, in which the one who sings it bespeaks the fact that whenever he hears music in the moonlight he thinks of a night in June.

It is published by Famous Music, and we play it quite brightly, as does Jimmy Greer.

"You're Still in My Heart"

JACK YELLEN, Buffalo's young son who made good, a young man who brought himself out of school-boy difficulties which came to him for being late, by writing the greatest school song ever heard in that section, thereby establishing early his lyrical writing ability, this same Jack Yellen who has gone down through the years writing hit after hit with Milton Ager, resulting in the establishment of Ager, Yellen and Bornstein, has finally struck out for himself, with Charlie Warren, brother of Harry Warren the song-writer, as his professional manager, in a small suite of offices, with a brilliant list of songs. Jack is hoping for big things.

Perhaps his most ardent booster and aide is Sophie Tucker; at least she held me entranced with one of his songs at the Cocoanut Grove in Boston, with a patter which certainly fits the situation of any celebrity who really longs for a home and the companionship of a mate —"That's What Heaven Means to Me." In fact, I was so intrigued with it that I asked Sophie to get me the male version of the patter, so that I too might do it on the radio sometime, though it is extremely difficult for me to do this type of thing without leading my fans to believe that I have "gone Broadway," and become somewhat maudlin. Patter choruses, with their sentimental, flag-waving heart appeal are something I have been steering clear of; rather than play "sob-sister" in a musical way, I have preferred to sing the songs through as songs. However, this is such a lovely patter that some day, perhaps, I am going to take a chance and do it on one of our radio programs.

Jack's feature song, however, is one that he has written with Danny Daugherty, with whom he wrote "Let's Get Friendly." Daugherty has been writing the music for songs for many years; Yellen has a great deal of faith in him, and unquestionably the two will succeed in turning out many fine compositions for all of us to enjoy in the months to come.

The opening strains of YOU'RE STILL IN MY HEART are just slightly reminiscent of "I Love You Truly," especially if played slowly, but just slight enough to give the song a real aristocratic aroma. We have played it and although a key-change in the middle tangled me up a bit at first, I felt that the song was an asset to our program.

They have two other songs, "How About You and Me," and "I Forgive You." The former is one which Sophie and I are going to do here in Pittsburgh, where I am dictating this present article. Sophie wired me from Montreal asking me whether or not I would like to have Jack Yellen write it for us to do as a sort of duet; I wired back that I would be more than delighted, so I am curious to see just what Jack has done with the song. It is the cute type of thing, something like "Would You Like to Take a Walk," and I am sure that by the time this article comes out you will know the song as well as I do. Here's hoping that Jack Yellen and Charlie Warren bring to us hit after hit for 1932 and there on.

Most of their songs can be played slowly, and will sound better with that type of rendition.

"Happy-Go-Lucky You and Broken-Hearted Me"

THE writers of "I Apologize," "Auf Wiedersehn," and "Oh What a Thrill," in other words Messrs. Murray, Goodhart and Hoffman, whose names sound more like a tailoring firm than a team of song-writers, have come forward with one of the cleverest songs they have yet written. I am glad to see they have given it to Phil Kornheiser, as he needs this type of song . . . not only a clever title, but a fine melody and an intriguing

one. To be sure, it has unhappy thoughts, and rarely do these unhappy thoughts climb up into the list of really big sellers; rather does it seem that the optimistic type of song, such as "Home," "Goodnight Sweetheart," and others of that ilk, are the type of thing that the public enjoys the most. However, this song has such unusually good qualities that I am hoping it will really do things for Phil Kornheiser.

We have introduced it on the Fleischmann Hour. Phil rushed an orchestration to me, and you alone will be the judge of what we think is a good song. Its structure, with a great many 8th notes thrown in here and there will require that we play it extremely slowly, so that each word may be carefully enunciated and brought to your listening ears.

"Keeping Out of Mischief"

DOWN from Harlem Town into the salons of the moguls of Tin Pan Alley, who listen to hundreds of songs week in and week out, often come two colored boys, Andy Razaf, and Thomas (Fats) Waller. Andy will be remembered for his "My Fate Is in Your Hands," "Sposin'," "The Verdict Is Life With You," and "Ain't Misbehavin'," from the colored revue, "Hot Chocolates." Fats Waller is one of the cleverest pianists in the country, has a marvelous swinging dance style, and demonstrates his own songs more ably than can anyone else.

The two boys have written a fine song which the firm of Con Conrad may feel very happy to have. Just why it is constructed with only 20 measures instead of the orthodox 32 I am at a loss to understand; possibly it is just that the muse struck them and held them for that length of time and no longer, but it is a lilting dance tune, typical of Fats Waller, and I can hear him as he would play it at the piano. Andy has done a good job with the lyrics; the song flows along easily and is one that sticks in the mind.

It has to do with the vow of the lover that he or she is through with all fooling around with anyone else, or, in the words of Razaf, "I'm through playing with fire, it's you whom I desire." The opening four measures, with a natural sequence of melody sets in the mind and cannot help but please. Dotted 8ths and 16ths demand that the tune be played quite slowly. Just how long we would take to play this unusual number of measures I cannot say, but the tempo of the entire composition should be, well, let us say in the way that the Lombardos would do it so excellently.

"My Woman"

BING CROSBY has turned not only discoverer but song-writer! The story, as I understand it, on this particular song is that Bing was approached by a couple of amateurs with an unusual melody and an unusual idea. However, it remained for Bing himself to finish the lyrics, and he has certainly done an excellent job of it. Not since Fannie Brice introduced and made so famous the song for which she is best known, namely, "My Man," a song which has gone down through the years pleasing hundreds of thousands of people, has there been a song which the man might sing about his woman, but here it is.

In fact, it is strangely and hauntingly reminiscent of the "My Man" song. Crosby has made a most excellent record of it, with Lennie Haydn's background arrangement giving him a clear field for his vocal accomplishment. The first syllable of the word "Woman" gives Bing, on the record, an excellent chance to utilize his exaggerated glissando, which is so typical of his style, and like "My Man" the song goes on to tell you how she lies, makes a fool of him, never treats him well, but still he loves her. You've got to hear it—its minor vein makes one think of "Deep Night."

The firm of Donaldson, Douglas and Gumble are the lucky ones, and I believe they secured it through the efforts of Mack Goldman, their new professional manager; at least Mack told me about the song weeks before it was published, and I think we were among the first to do it.

I hope, for Bing's sake, that it becomes a big success. It must be done slowly. It is one of those tunes that needs that treatment. I am sure you will like it.

"Lovable"

TO ANYONE who knows anything at all about songs or the music business, the names of Harry Woods and Gus Kahn cannot help but guarantee something out of the average run of songs. Harry Woods, it will be remembered, is the young man who was living very much in obscurity and comparative poverty, although a graduate of Harvard, when Will Rockwell of Harms, Inc., brought him forth into the limelight, with his resultant list of hits, including "When the Red Red Robin Comes Bob-Bob-Bobbin' Along," "Going South," "A Little Kiss Each Morning," "Here Comes the Sun," and his latest hit, the song that has been kidded so much in conjunction with Kate Smith's rendition of it, "When the Moon Comes Over the Mountain," which Harry is said to have written at the order of Robbins, more as a joke than anything else. Harry has unquestioned song-writing ability, though he is inclined to be rather passive until stirred by the demands of some particular publisher to whom he may or may not be obligated in one way or another.

Gus Kahn, of course, turns them out almost in mass production style, as he has been doing so many years—the highest priced lyric writer in the business. It's great to see these two men getting together, as the melodies of Woods coupled with the lyrics of Kahn are sure to guarantee something entertaining in the way of a popular song.

LOVABLE, while not a song that will set the world on fire, provides something that will help any radio program, or any dance program. I recorded it for Hit-of-the-Week Durium records, in conjunction with "By the Fireside." In fact, Durium's new idea of two hit songs on one side for 25 cents will unquestionably help the sale of records, though I am rather pessimistic about the sale of phonograph records in general. With the radio going from early morning until night, why should anyone take the trouble to put on a phonograph record, even to play his or her favorite tune? God bless picnic parties and those who take their portable phonographs on trains or steamships, where radios are impracticable or impossible—they and they alone are responsible for this spasmodic sale of phonograph records today, which at best is just a ghost of what it used to be.

Pardon this digression—and back to the song LOVABLE. It is one of those sweet, easy flowing things that possibly irk those who are cranks on hearing something very virile and operatic on the radio, but it is the type of song that is pleasant to listen to, and exceedingly kind to your ears. Its listing in the Jack Robbins catalogue can do no harm, but some good.

We play it very fast on the record because it was a question of time, though ordinarily I would not play it either too slowly or too swiftly. Rather would it be the happy medium in tempo.

"While We're Sitting in the Dark"

NOT since "Whistling in the Dark" has there been a song which treats of happy lovers and couples spooning out in the dark, in the park, under the moon, while whipoorwills croon, and so forth, and although this song is just one of those things, which perhaps in its triteness and simplicity aggravates those of the intelligentsia whose radios are unfortunately going at the time they may be being rendered, they are the thing that Mr. and Mrs. Public—who, unfortunately, or maybe fortunately, dictate what shall be and what shall not be on the radio—seem to like to hear.

Songs of this type are so effortless, so languid, romantic and happy that the tired working man and woman, coming home after a hard day's toil, or even listening to a radio while they toil, much prefer something that soothes and rests them. Operatic songs at best demand a certain attention, a certain stiffness of stance and erectness of thought and attention, and most of us suffer while the operatic star strains and reaches for his

(*Continued on page 48*)

Bess Johnson



SHE'S from West Virginia, suh, and although she made her radio début only a year and a half ago she has been on over 700 programs. She joined the Goodman repertory in Chicago and is in dramatic sketches daily over both the large network systems.

Excuses for Breach *of* Promise

Queer Strategies to Break Engagements to Marry are Revealed by Boston Law Dean in Broadcast Series "Laws That Safeguard Society" over NBC Network

April 2, 1932

By GLEASON L. ARCHER, LL.D.

Dean of Suffolk Law School, Boston

HE PROMISED to marry her, she trusted him completely; but when a child was born he deserted her although he admitted his paternity. The law could not help her. Why?

Although he was stricken down by an incurable disease she refused to release him from his promise of marriage. And the law made him pay. Why?

Can a man who pledges marriage to a girl while he has a living lawful wife be held responsible by law for violation of that promise?

These and many other interesting questions are answered in this installment of three lectures by Dean Archer. Complete series appears monthly in RADIO DIGEST.

IF ANY of us fail to perform a promised act it is quite natural to attempt to excuse ourselves on one pretext or another. That is a fact of human nature that we must expect to encounter in breach of promise cases. If a man fails to marry the woman to whom he is engaged he is sure to have a reason that, to him at least, is good and sufficient.

We have already considered the legal aspects of cases where the man has ceased to love the woman, and who argues that it would be a wrong to her if he should fulfill his agreement. In all such cases, however, he is liable in damages. But now let us suppose that a man, while still professing to love the woman and desiring to marry her, fails to fulfill his agreement because of the opposition of relatives, which opposition he is in duty bound to heed. Will this affect his legal liability? Not at all. The law protects the injured woman despite the grave reasons that may have led to the breach.

The Widow With Five Children

MARY BARBER was a widow with five small children, the eldest of whom was but twelve years old. The family had been left in straitened circumstances. Mary's brother rendered her some assistance. She kept house for him and with the help of the children raised vegetables to assist in the living expenses.

In the same town lived Ben Fisher, a widower, who was reputed to be well-to-do. He also had five children, but one of them was married and the other four were aged twenty, fifteen, thirteen and ten. For some time Fisher had been paying attentions to Mrs. Barber. On several occasions he had besought her to marry him but she had been undecided. On the evening of December 17, 1905, Ben Fisher came to the Barber home to make another matrimonial plea. In the course of the evening he waxed romantic, eloquently picturing the advantages that might accrue to Mary and her children if she would consent to be his wife. He promised her a horse and carriage for her own private use. He told her that he would love and care for her children as though they were his own. In short, he painted such a picture of domestic felicity that the widow could no longer resist his suit. She promised to marry him. Thereupon the happy suitor pleaded for an immediate marriage but Mary declared that she would need time to prepare her wedding garments. The ceremony must be delayed until early in the following month.

The woman at once ordered the materials for her trousseau and set to work. Ben Fisher was in the meantime in constant attendance. He brought presents for her and the children. The whole neighborhood was soon aware of the approaching nuptials. Fisher confided to his acquaintances that he dearly loved the woman and looked forward with eagerness to the wedding day. His last visit to her home in the guise of a lover was on December 29, 1905. At that time he expressed his delight at the progress she was making in preparations for the wedding and urged her to hasten the day as much as possible.

Wedding Plans Revoked

WHEN Mary Barber next heard from her fiance it was through an intermediary. On December 31, in the afternoon, Fisher's nephew called at the house and astounded the woman by declaring that his uncle had requested him to inform her that, because of the opposition of his children, he was obliged to cancel all marriage plans. When the nephew had made clear to the dazed woman that this was no mere postponement but a definite end to the contemplated marriage she declared that it was all right and that she might have expected it. But she insisted that Fisher himself come to see her about it. He arrived that evening and explained in detail the violent opposition of his children to the marriage; their objection to having a stepmother and five other children in the house. He pictured the woes that must result from the marriage. The woman tearfully admitted her sorrow and unhappiness but asserted that she had expected the breach to occur. She later testified that when the defendant told her that he would have to break up she was so shocked that she could scarcely realize that it was so. He had appeared to love her so dearly that she had based all her hopes upon this interview. When he left her she was crying.

It seemed as though she could not stand the disappointment and shame. She had borrowed money with which to purchase her trousseau.

According to the evidence the woman was so badly upset that it affected her health. This added to her actual financial loss constituted damages.

The Widow Invokes the Law

ABOUT six weeks after the breach Mrs. Barber brought suit for $15,000 for breach of promise of marriage. There was a good deal of legal sparring between the lawyers, so the case did not come to trial for more than a year. The jury awarded $3,500 but the defendant appealed the case. Mrs. Barber's brother married at this time and she was obliged to take in washing to support her children. In October 1907 she married a man named Gill, but the new husband was scarcely able to provide her with the necessaries of life. She therefore persisted in her suit against Fisher. A second trial was held. The defense, as before, was that the plaintiff had agreed to release Fisher from the engagement and also that the opposition of the latter's children would have rendered the marriage unhappy and unprofitable to both the contracting parties. Fisher also claimed that the fact of the plaintiff's subsequent marriage would prevent her from recovering more than nominal damages.

In disposing of defendant's contention of a mutual cancellation of the contract of marriage, the supreme court declared: "He sent Epperson to her, not to obtain her consent to his abandonment of his contract, but to inform her that he had determined not to marry her, and to tell her why he could not carry out his agreement with her. * * * Her statement to Epperson that 'it is all right' and that she 'expected it' not having been made in response to my request by the defendant for a cancellation of the contract cannot be treated as an agreement on her part that the contract should be cancelled. * * * It cannot be expected that a woman, upon the receipt of a message of this kind, would not attempt to hide from the messenger her feelings of regret and humiliation, or that she would insist upon the defendant's carrying out his contract with her."

Right of Mutual Cancellation

BEFORE continuing with a discussion of the case it may be well to point out that the parties to any contract may mutually agree to cancel the same. Such action on their part extinguishes liability. But this was not such a case. If the defendant had come to Mrs. Barber and had explained the opposition of his children, for the purpose of inducing her to release him, and she had voluntarily consented to call the engagement off, she would then have had no legal right of action. But he broke the engagement. For that reason he was liable in damages, unless the circumstances themselves constituted a valid defense.

In discussing the opposition of the defendant's children to the proposed marriage, the court declared that it would have no bearing upon the question of liability for damages. While the defendant was admittedly in a very unfortunate dilemma, this would not affect the rights of the jilted woman.

The court also declared that the subsequent marriage of the plaintiff would not defeat her rights to substantial damages. "It may be," said the court, "that her present and future life is and will be as happy or more so than it would have been if she had married the defendant, but, granting that such is the case, this does not compensate her for the injury done her by the defendant, and cannot avail him as a satisfaction and discharge of the damages caused plaintiff by his wrongful act." The award of damages was confirmed. The case was Fisher v. Barber, 62 Tex. Civ. App. 34; 130 S. W. 871.



Dean Archer

Incurable Disease as a Cause for Breach

IT SOMETIMES happens that persons enter into an engagement of marriage while afflicted by some incurable disease whose true nature is not recognized at the time. It also happens that a person in good health at the time of the engagement is later stricken with some grievous malady, such as infantile paralysis, tuberculosis, cancer or the like, and for this reason seeks to escape from his obligations under the engagement of marriage.

Obviously the other party, who is unwilling to consent to a cancellation of the engagement has a right to insist upon damages for breach of such a promise to marry. It is obvious also that the defense of an incurable disease will serve to mitigate, or reduce, the damages that might otherwise accrue to the aggrieved party. The aim of the law is to recompense such party for the loss that results from the failure of the defendant to fulfill his agreement. Marriage with an invalid is surely of lesser value than marriage with a person in perfect health. The courts accordingly take this into consideration in fixing the damages.

The Epileptic Lover

WILLIAM MABIN, a resident of Indiana, was a bachelor approaching fifty years of age when he began to court the plaintiff, Mary C. Webster, a lady considerably younger than himself. Although he had been afflicted with epilepsy for several years he apparently considered his "fits" as something that would pass away. Perhaps he regarded marriage and the loving care of a wife as possible aids in the hoped-for restoration to health. His fits came upon him at irregular intervals, at first only three or four times a year, but increasing in frequency and intensity. Mary Webster was not unaware of her lover's affliction even before the evening when he asked her to be his wife. Such a malady as this could not very well be kept a secret in any neighborhood. Mabin himself had informed her of his "spells" which he had made light of as much as possible. It may well be that an epileptic does not realize the terrible nature of his malady nor the effect that his spasms and outcries, while unconscious, may produce on the beholder. So the couple became engaged. Mabin continued in a normal state for some time. The happiness that had come into his life no doubt contributed to freedom from the malady. But he soon became aware that the disease had not left him. By this time he was sufficiently acquainted with these fits to recognize certain preliminary symptoms. One evening, while in the midst of a happy tete-a-tete with his fiancee, Mabin felt the ominous symptoms. Hurriedly excusing himself he left the house and managed to reach his own lodgings before the malady overwhelmed him.

The Doctor Forbids Marriage

THIS experience was repeated several times until Mabin realized with horror that his fits were now less than a month apart. He consulted a reputable physician who rendered the appalling verdict that the malady was not only incurable but that marriage would greatly aggravate it and hasten the patient's death. Under these circumstances there was nothing to do except to notify Mary Webster that plans for the contemplated marriage must be cancelled. The defendant Mabin perhaps bungled this delicate

business. He certainly did not secure the woman's consent to a calling off of the engagement. Either she believed that Mabin was merely seeking an excuse for breaking the engagement or else her motives were somewhat mercenary, for she sued him for breach of promise of marriage.

Thus the issue was squarely raised whether affliction with an incurable disease could be pleaded in mitigation of damages for breach of promise. The Supreme Court of Indiana declared that it was a proper circumstance of mitigation.

Mitigation of Damages

SAID the court: "As health is preferable to sickness, so a marriage to one in good health must be preferable to a marriage with an invalid, afflicted with a dreaded disease, with no hopes of recovery, and nothing to look forward to except continual suffering by the one and constant care on the part of the other. In actions of this character, even the financial condition of the defendant may be considered in estimating damages to be assessed, and determining the advantages to have been gained by a consummation of the marriage. It certainly is proper to show, in mitigation of damages, that the defendant is afflicted with a dreaded, incurable disease, which will not only cause the plaintiff constant care and anxiety but shorten the term for which the marital relations may reasonably be expected to extend."

The trial court had refused to permit evidence to be introduced of the incurable nature of the defendant's disease so the verdict was set aside and a new trial granted. The case was Mabin v. Webster, 129 Ind. 430; 28 N. E. 863.

April 9, 1932

IT IS a well known fact that not all those who "a-wooing-go" are free to indulge in any such romantic mission. The eternal urge of romance may betray the unwary of either sex into an unfortunate love affair with someone who has no warrant in law or in morals to be in the matrimonial market. A man or woman who is married and perhaps living with wife or husband may meet some person of the opposite sex to whom they are attracted or who may be attracted to them. Intentionally, or otherwise, they may become involved in a so-called affair of the heart. A clandestine entanglement may eventually lead to scandal, disgrace and perhaps to legal proceedings.

Of course not all such affairs are discovered. So-called "love pirates" may therefore take a chance, believing themselves clever enough to avoid unpleasant consequences. Modern psychology also seeks to justify and excuse this sort of morally inexcusable conduct. We may, therefore, expect an increase in litigation of this nature in the future.

Unfortunately not all persons who find themselves entangled in hopeless or unfortunate love affairs walk into them deliberately. Some may even fight a losing battle against an overwhelming tide that bears them onward. A young woman, for instance, separated from an unworthy husband, may be the object of an ardent wooing by an attractive and masterful lover. Romance in her case might be as compelling as though she were unmarried, for love apparently recognizes no legal restrictions.

Betrayal of Innocent Victim

THEN, too, there are cases, all too frequent, of the innocent and trusting girl who falls deeply in love with some attractive man only to discover after she has promised to marry him that he is not free to marry her because of a living wife from whom he has not been divorced. The legal aspects of such a case will be seen in the following:

Bridget Kelley, a young unmarried woman, became acquainted with John Riley who had recently come to town. Riley was an agreeable and interesting companion at dances and frolics where the two chanced to meet. He soon made it clear that he preferred the society of the lively Bridget to any other of the young ladies in the neighborhood. They were much in each other's company, and it shortly became an accepted fact that a serious love affair had developed in their case: Riley proposed marriage and the girl joyfully accepted the proposal. But the man seemed to be in no hurry to marry her. His demonstrations of affection increased rather than abated. Before long the trusting but indiscreet girl found herself in that tragic predicament that has hastened many a marriage. Imagine her horror and consternation, however, when the man she loved expressed grave annoyance at her request for an immediate wedding. He coldly informed her that he was a married man and could not marry her at all. Then followed the long suffering and heartbreak incident to the shame and dishonor with which a woman pays for her own folly and for the sins of the man who had once possessed her utmost affection. After the birth of her child Bridget brought suit for breach of promise against the man who had thus cruelly wronged her.

The Judge States the Law

AT THE trial, the defendant's lawyer requested the judge to instruct the jury that if the defendant was a married man at the time of the promise of marriage no action could be maintained against him for breach of promise. The trial court declined to give this instruction but charged the jury that if the plaintiff was in fact ignorant of the defendant's marriage at the time of her engagement to him she would have a right of action for breach of promise.

The court further declared that the plaintiff had a right to recover for the injury to her affections and instructed the jury in assessing damages to consider "whatever mortification, pain or distress of mind she suffered, resulting from the discovery of the defendant's inability to marry, by reason of his living wife." The fact of her betrayal and dishonor was also an element of damages. The jury returned a verdict in favor of the plaintiff, but the defendant appealed the case. Then, further to complicate the situation, a few days after the appeal was filed the defendant died. He left some property, however, so the plaintiff persisted in her suit. The Supreme Court found for the wronged woman and permitted her to collect damages from the dead man's estate. The case was Kelley v. Riley, 106 Mass. 339.

Married Person Has No Claim for Breach of Promise

LET us now consider for a moment what rights, if any, arise in favor of the person who is married at the time of the alleged engagement to marry. It is obvious that a person lawfully married to another has no moral right, during the existence of such marriage, to transfer to a third person the love and affection due to the marital partner. So to act would be contrary to public policy. The law does not countenance, much less justify, any such conduct. No legal rights may therefore be acquired by the guilty party.

Cassandra Drennan, a married woman who was having some difficulties with her husband, became infatuated with a well-to-do bachelor named James Douglas. Cassandra in the meantime brought suit for divorce against her husband and the decree was granted on July 11, 1865. It did not appear at what time she became engaged to marry James Douglas, but it was obviously before the divorce decree was granted. According to her story, the unlawful intimacy which resulted in the birth of a child eight months after the date of the divorce decree, was preceded by the engagement of marriage.

Promises to Make a Will

EVIDENCE was introduced to the effect that when the child was four months old Douglas called upon Cassandra. He then acknowledged paternity of the child but refused to marry the mother. When threatened with legal proceedings he promised to make a will by which he would give mother and child all of his property. Douglas died without making a will. Cassandra and the child brought suit to recover on this promise. In deciding the case it was needful to determine whether the alleged engagement was legally binding, thus constituting a valid consideration for the promise to make the will.

The court held that since Cassandra was a married woman at the time of the alleged engagement "she could not enter into a marriage contract and any marriage contract by her then made would be void." The court then went on to discuss the promise to make a will, declaring of Cassandra that "she violated the laws of the State, and was guilty of adultery, and then in turn undertakes to make these violations of duty and law the foundation of a consideration to support a promise, which she calls upon a court of equity to enforce. A court would stultify itself should it grant relief under such circumstances." The case was Drennan v. Douglas, 102 Ill. 341.

Engagement to Marry While Engaged

A VERY interesting question arises when a girl, who is already engaged to marry one man, receives and accepts a proposal of marriage from another and who later sues the second man for breach of promise of marriage. In strict justice, I suppose we might say that a woman who jilts one lover in order to accept the proposal of another richly deserves the retribution of herself being jilted. Yet, after all, the law cannot concern itself with punishment of a fickle woman.

Since time began women have been noted for their tendency to change the mind and to follow the heart rather than the head. Certain it is that the law permits a woman to change her mind in matters of engagements to marry. While promised to one lover, she may suddenly discard him and accept the marriage offer of another. While there is a breach of contract for which damages might possibly be demanded, yet men do not sue women under such circumstances. Thus an unmarried woman has a large measure of freedom in affairs of the heart.

Country Girl in the City

ELLEN TURNER who lived in a small village and who had graduated from the local high school became engaged to marry a local young man. He was earning reasonably good wages as a mechanic and he desired to establish a home of his own. Ellen, however, had some talent as a vocalist. She sang in the church choir and had won considerable local renown for the sweetness and power of her voice. In fact she became ambitious for a career as a singer. The pleadings of her lover were therefore matched by the pleadings of ambition. Ambition won, at least to the extent of a postponement of the marriage until Ellen could train her voice under competent instruction. Her parents managed to raise enough money

(*Continued on page 48*)

Broadcasting from

The Editor's Chair

PUBLICITY RACKETS. The Editors of RADIO DIGEST have published many feature articles and news stories about the best known radio programs and the artists who do the broadcasting therein. In selecting the material for each month's issue we have been primarily guided by a sincere desire to please our readers and we propose to stick unswervingly to this policy. Of course we are not unmindful of the fact that many of the stories we have published constitute valuable publicity for a given chain or station, a given advertising agency or talent bureau, a particular artist and an individual program sponsor. Knowing this, it is probably true that at times we have been selfish enough to hope that voluntary editorial recognition at our end might result in the voluntary placing of a certain amount of advertising in RADIO DIGEST. But even if this is so, our hopes have proved more or less fruitless, in that the actual amount of advertising we have received from such sources has not been more than a drop in the bucket.

So much for any possible tie-up between advertising and our editorial pages. As regards other possible contributions for editorial favors, we want also to give a complete account to our readers. Since the present management took over RADIO DIGEST in September 1930, we have received contributions from outside sources to the following extent: the engravings used to illustrate one story were supplied to us free and half the fee for painting one cover was defrayed by an outside party. No artist, no talent bureau, no advertising agency, and no program sponsor has paid us one single nickel for editorial favors. Neither has any broadcasting station nor any broadcasting chain. We are mighty proud of this record and we think it stands as an absolute guarantee to our readers that we are primarily interested in serving them.

Ordinarily there would be no occasion for mentioning such matters. Our position and our policy would be taken for granted. Unfortunately, however, there have come into the radio field certain less scrupulous publishers and publicity agents who have been selling their "publicity power" like so much merchandise. In certain instances the methods pursued have been more akin to blackjacking than to journalism. RADIO DIGEST has made just enough of an investigation of this situation to be convinced whereof it speaks. We know certain advertising is being purchased in inferior types of magazines for the primary purpose of persuading the editors "to lay off". RADIO DIGEST resents the cowardice of such advertisers because we know these same advertisers are encouraging and helping to nurture the worst in journalism instead of the best. We know certain publicity agents are seeking and getting retainers because of their professed ability to control what is said for and against specific artists and programs. This is real racketeering. RADIO DIGEST resents anybody's falling for such vicious methods because we know that everything that is done to encourage such men will also build up many other kinds of odious and criminal racketeering within the world of Radio.

We know that RADIO DIGEST has a long hard row to hoe before it can hope to be a tremendous financial success. We accept this status because we believe to reap worth while rewards, it has always been necessary to work long and cultivate well. We know full well that we could take the short cut and attain quicker but more fleeting success if we followed contemporary examples in applying the pressure of "publicity racketeering". But as Mr. Coolidge so aptly put it we "do not choose" to do so. We are thoroughly confident that our policy will win its own reward—a bigger and finer reward—in due course of time.

THE PROGRAM AUDIENCE. While we are on this subject of radio publicity we would like however to add this; in our humble opinion no program sponsor (or advertising agency or broadcasting station serving the sponsor) is doing full justice to the program unless a specific and adequate portion of the radio broadcasting appropriation is reserved for the sole and exclusive purpose of promoting an audience. Any one who broadcasts is in the show business and anyone in the show business must promote his show to build attendance properly. Receivers not tuned in are exactly like seats in a Broadway theatre or a moving picture house that go unoccupied for a night. There is no turning back. The size of any radio audience is not only directly proportional to the merit of the program but also to the promotion put behind program attendance. Moreover, in the radio field a big part of the idea is to maintain a repeat audience—which is not the case *for the same show* in the legitimate or movie theatre. In order to maintain repeat listeners, radio programs, therefore, require continuous promotion for attendance. To rely on personal news and similar types of editorial publicity to accomplish this result is folly. The radio program audience should be built up and maintained by continuous paid-for-advertising in media which reaches the listening public. In stating this premise, the editors of RADIO DIGEST speak quite as much for newspaper and general magazine advertising as for advertising in such highly specialized media as RADIO DIGEST itself. Wrigley proved that people have to be reminded continuously to chew gum; the tobacco companies have proved the same is true of cigarettes, and Coca-Cola has done likewise in the case of a popular beverage. Radio listeners need and should get the same kind of constant reminders to tune in on a given program. There are nearly 17,000,000 radio sets in the United States but there is no one hour in any one day or night when 17,000,000 families are all certain to be home and tuned in on the same program. Success at best must be relative but the degree of success depends no less on program attendance promotion than upon program merit itself.

AND the more meritorious the program the more it should be publicized. This is an axiom of merchandising long recognized by individuals and organizations responsible for sales. To advertise an inferior product destroys confidence on the part of the buyer. New programs representing large investments in talent and time should have a worthy audience prepared and waiting their advent. When they have already reached the air they should be exploited with all the paraphernalia utilized by other great attractions in creating curiosity and maintaining interest on the part of the public. It took years for the moving picture interests to discover the value of advertising space on the amusement pages of the newspapers. Now they dominate that space. Perhaps sponsors of radio programs will discover the value of display advertising for their shows more promptly and thereby profit sooner and more substantially.

RAY BILL

What is WRONG with RADIO DRAMA?

By Craig Rice

Radio Editor of Beacon Syndicate

WHEN you talk about radio drama anywhere, with anyone, you're bound to hear that something is very very wrong with it. No matter where you are, someone will be more than willing to tell you so, and will probably add his idea of just what is wrong. Oddly, the verdicts seldom agree and are not always convincing.

A professor of drama, who has spent his life studying the subject and writing about it, says; ". . . I listen to the radio only by accident and prefer a book or the theater."

A young successful playwright states very positively that he never listens to radio dramas, positively detests them and, in fact, listens to nothing on the radio except the symphony.

Another playwright decided that he would explore the fertile field of radio, but with the viewpoint that "it was impossible to do anything really good for radio, and the only lure attached was the possible money involved." When he learned the bitter truth about the possible money involved, he turned his attention to fields that would not necessitate his artistic abnegation.

Meanwhile radio plays are being written by the hundreds and thousands. That is literally true. Enough of them pass by my desk to keep a radio station running full blast eighteen hours a day, producing nothing else. Of these, a surprisingly large number are reasonably good—that is, they could be acceptably produced. But the radio play that is really outstanding is the rare exception.

These plays are being written occasionally by people who have been connected in some way with the theater; more often they are written by ex-newspaper men, ex-musicians, ex-engineers, in fact by anyone who has ever been connected with broadcasting.

This partly accounts for the undeniable fact that a very large percent of the radio plays written and produced are shockingly bad. In the meantime, the radio public continues to demonstrate that it will listen to any new series of radio dramas at least once, and eats up any production that is even reasonably good. So if anything is radically wrong with radio drama, certainly something ought to be done about it.



Craig Rice, Radio Drama Critic

With the largest audience in the world willing and anxious to listen to good plays over the air, and the field of really artistic effort comparatively untouched, what is the matter with the people who should be writing radio drama? Why does the expert writer look so skeptically at the field? Probably because he realizes just what he is up against if he ever gets into it.

In the first place, a radio play, whether it be long or short, cannot be thrown together between breakfast and lunch. It deserves as much time and effort as any other type of work. In some respects it deserves even more. A play presented in the theater can be experimented with and built up to success. But a radio play is only presented once. Its first production is its last, and it must stand or fall on that production. In the second place, a radio play is not presented to an audience which has gone to the theater for the set purpose of being entertained. It is presented to an audience whose attention may be either casual or concentrated, and it must not only catch that attention but hold it throughout the entire performance. And finally, the radio play presents technical difficulties of its own.

WITH these handicaps to be overcome, obviously the writing of a radio play must be an exacting process. But look at it from the writer's viewpoint. The financial returns from a radio play are in no way comparable to the returns from any other work. A single radio play seldom brings in as large a check as a good short story. Certainly it is not even in the same class with a successful stage production. And in spite of this, the writer is asked to study the technicalities of radio drama, and put great time and effort on the writing of every individual play? Yet we wonder why the field of radio writing has not attracted the top-notchers in every other line! *(To be continued next month)*



Raymond Knight

"SURE the radio drama's all wrong! Now let me tell y'u. It's got to be done like the movies. Y'u gotta have lights an' a megaphone (and watch out y'u don't put your foot in it, too)—" Well here you have Raymond Knight in person all set for putting on radio drama, "The Hazards of Helen"—which gives you an urge to rush out and buy a coupla or a coupla couples of Kelly Springfields. (WJZ 9:45 p.m. Sun.)

Voice of the

YOUR RADIO DIRECTORY

YOU are just the kind of a directory and information desk that I have been looking for. The first time I read the DIGEST was in the February issue and it made such a hit that I intend to get it from now on. However, I should like to see more news about Ben Alley and Ann Leaf. I am anxious to get pictures of radio stars and wish that you would tell me how is the best way to go about this business.—M. Meuller, 34596 Sims St., Wayne, Mich.

WE HAD DOUBLE PAGE OF M. AND M.

AS I was glancing over the VOL last month I noticed that Rudy Vallee is still the most discussed artist. So that must prove that he is still at the head of the list. His article "Just an Humble Opinion" was excellent and I also enjoyed "Tuneful Topics". I notice that you never mention Myrt and Marge and the others in their cast, who have made such a name for themselves in Chicago. I wish you would give us a published picture of Jack Arnold in this program. He has a nice voice.—Agatha Fellippelli, Long Beach, N. Y.

PAUL'S BEEN PROMOTED

I HAVE been reading RADIO DIGEST for over a year and certainly do find it interesting. Three of my favorites are Nellie Revell, Frances Bowdoin, and Pat Barnes. Please print another picture and story about George Rector and tell us what happened to our good friend Paul Dumont. I certainly miss him on Nellie Revell's program. And how about that story on Ray Knight of station KUKU.—Helen Staley, Frederick, Md.

NICE "OLD LADY FAN"

HERE comes the voice of one of your listeners and readers. I used to try to buy the R. D. but due to your apparent popularity I met with bad luck several times and now am a regular subscriber and hope to remain so. I think that Ralph Kirberry and John Kelvin should be given more space in your magazine and also more time on the air. They would soon be big radio stars with the proper publicity.—An Old Lady Fan, 630 Clarkson St., Denver, Col.

WHAT, NO FAN CLUBS?

I READ in the movie magazines that there are movie fan clubs for the movie stars and so I am wondering if we cannot start the same kind of clubs for radio stars. The stars I am interested in starting a club for are "Skip and Step" of WKRC and Ben Bernie on the Columbia network. I buy your magazine each month. It is the King of Hearts with me as far as radio stories are concerned. Tell those interested to drop me a line and we will get started on the radio fan club idea.—Lela Hunsinger, Mays, Ind.

ASK MUSIC CORP. OF AMERICA

I HAVE been a reader of the RADIO DIGEST for only six months but since I have found that there is such a great magazine I wouldn't stop reading it for anything. Do you send out pictures to fans? If so, will you please send me a picture of the Lombardo orchestra. I have been trying to secure such a picture for years but can't seem to locate one. Perhaps you could help.—Elizabeth Baine, 785 Fate Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.

PAUL SPOR A BEAUTY

I NOTICE in the March issue of your book where some one in California suggests Will Osborne for the winner of a male beauty contest. I think the idea is grand but my choice would be Paul Spor who plays at the Paxton Hotel, Omaha, Neb. This idea could be worked out to great advantage I believe.—An Illinois Radio Fan, Chicago, Ill.

SOMETHING'S WRONG, MR. CAIN

IN ANSWER to Eugene W. Cain I wish to say that there are radio artists who answer their fan mail. I have received answers to all but one of my letters to them and I have only written four. If your letters are real fan letters, if they are sincere and original, they very seldom fail to get answered. Floyd Gibbons and Sylvia Froos always answer their fan letters. And too you can't expect too much of the big stars. Gene and Glenn sometimes get 6000 fan letters in one day.—Helen Hastings, Castalia, Ohio.

WE'LL BE LOOKING

I HAVE been reading RADIO DIGEST for about a year. I surely do enjoy reading it more than any other magazine I know of. I think the best way to do is to become a subscriber, and that is just what I am going to do as soon as I save the price for the year's subscription. In closing may I say that I wish you all the luck in the world and be looking for that subscription from me.—Lillian Cramer, 510 Schley St., West New York, N. J.

GET YOUR HAT, RUDY

I BUY the RADIO DIGEST every month because I love to read VOL. I am glad to see that many of the letters are about Rudy Vallee, and why not? You know we have never had a picture of Rudy with his hat and overcoat and I wish that RADIO DIGEST would be the one to show us that picture. His hair is beautiful though, so maybe he had better be holding his hat. But let me see this picture soon.—Ralph Moore, Richmond, Va.

DID YOU SEE MARCH R. D.?

HAVE just received my copy of the DIGEST. Think the story by Mr. Vallee called "Just an Humble Opinion" was a grand thing and just like the writer. There is another tenor on the air who has recently come to my attention and his name is Frank Parker. How about coming out with a story and pictures on Frank before long. I understand that he has been in radio for a long time. I think that he has one of the finest voices on the air. How can I get a picture of him.—Madeline Caron, 158 W. 96th St., New York City.

WHO CAN SUPPLY THIS?

THE Chicago office of your concern advised us to write to you. We have a book entitled "Radio Receivers, How To Make and Operate" published by the RADIO DIGEST, 510 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill., in 1923. We are anxious to replace this book and do you know of any firm that has taken over the printing of this valuable book?—Rebecca Ditto, Librarian, La Grange Public Library, La Grange, Ill.

LIKES WHO AND WOC

I WROTE you some time ago and did not identify myself hence did not see the name in the VOL section, but this time I am going to sign my name and I wish that you would print my letter. I never see any articles about WHO and WOC and I am interested in those stations' artists and announcers. Please print a picture or an article about Chauncy Parsons. I think he is a fine singer. One of my favorite orchestras is Harry Kogen's on the Farm and Home Hour.—Ruth George, Leon, Iowa.

OBJECTS TO LADY BASSOS

IN THE latest RADIO DIGEST I notice a letter from Mrs. Peterson of Rocky Ford, Colo., and there are many listeners who agree with her. These silly, senseless songs are a nuisance. Soprano voices do not carry well on the air, and the girls who try to sing bass are not worth listening to. What I like is a good band. And male quartettes I also consider very fine. There are many good orchestras but some of them spoil their programs by offering too many saxophone and other solos. There are those no doubt who like the crooning and jazz, but for me, I'll take just a good old fashioned musical program, something that is worth the trouble of listening to.—Mrs. S. M. Allen, San Diego, Calif.

WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?

WHY not give Ted Parsons a great big hand for the splendid reading of the narrative on "Seven Last Words of Christ" given on the Armour program over the NBC network, on Good Friday night. By the way, Ted, where have you been announcing the past couple of months.—Erma Richards, 192 N. State Street, Aurora, Ill.

THE ANSWER IS, NO

IS Anthony Wons of "Tony's Scrap Book" and Camel program, the same man as "Old Hunch" on the Prince Albert Quarter Hour. This question has been argued by the family many times and is prompted by the similarity of voices and of material in the "Scrap Book" and the "Hunchville News".—A. F. Derrington, 1018 Polk St., Topeka, Kans.

REQUEST FOR ORCH. PIX

MOST emphatically yes, there are many more like Dorothy Harris whose letter appeared in the January issue. I am also a fan who wants to see a picture of Mr. Bernie's whole orchestra. Really, Mr. RADIO DIGEST, remember that you have published pictures of whole orchestras in the past. And here are two more requests. One for the picture of the gorgeous voiced Ruth Lyon, on the NBC, and one for a picture of the "Three Girl Friends" who sing with Fred Waring's band.—Joan Moon, Milwaukee, Wis.

TOO MUCH REDSKIN?

IF MARION HARWICK is really an Indian beauty she would be anything but a proud one for not only being dressed as

Listener

she was in your last issue but to be photographed that way. Not on account of the scarcity of her apparel, but to wear it purporting to be Indian clothing. I have lived among the Sioux for most of my life and have made a considerable study of the North American Indians, and no Sioux woman, and to the best of my knowledge no other Indian woman, ever wore a war bonnet. And nothing would induce an Indian woman who wore native garments to expose her body. The men it is true wore nothing but the breech cloth, if they wished, but the women were always modestly covered. If this young lady wants to convey the Indian idea, let her dress at least approaching the Indian style. Yours for historical and other forms of authenticity.—E. C. Jackson, Pierre, So. Dak.

BETTY IS A "WILLIAN"

FIRST count me up for 999,999,999 votes for Will Osborne on the male beauty contest. Second, say "Thank you" to Helen Fleitz of Chicago for her letter in the March VOL. Of course I may be a VVC sister of both Helen and an Osbornian, but I would agree with them in spite of that. Did so enjoy Rudy Vallee's article called "An Humble Opinion". Now give us that long waited for write up about Will Osborne and we'll be silent for the rest of the year.—Betty Jamieson, 635 Stibbs St., Wooster, Ohio.

RAZZ FOR BUDDY

LAST night I sat up to hear Buddy Rogers make his debut as an orchestra leader at the Pennsylvania Hotel. And really and truly, I feel sorry for the poor kid. If he had only let some other person do the singing, it would not have sounded quite so bad. Just prior to tuning in on his program, I had finished listening to Noble Sissle and Ben Bernie, the master of them all, and in comparison to these two great orchestras, Buddy Rogers was pitiful. As one of the film stars said; there is no doubt that Buddy is a "darling boy", but when I sit up until one o'clock in the morning all pepped up to hear something good, and instead I hear some one make a jackass of themselves, it makes me sore. Buddy, listen: I was tipped off the other day that the price of wheat was going up next year. So take a little "fatherly" advice and heed the call of the whippoorwill and the wise old owl. Go back to Kansas where you belong, and learn how to really sing and play and get hold of a good band for yourself. Otherwise you certainly do not belong at the Pennsylvania Grill.—F. H. L., 2100 Third Ave., St. Petersburg, Fla.

GOT HIS IRISH UP!

DISGUSTEDLY I pen this expression of my opinion of the Fleischmann Hour for March 17th. The program was announced as being largely of an Irish atmosphere. Where was it? The name Mullins I suppose. Whose bright idea was that? It seems that Vallee is also ashamed of his better side. He'd better read up a little about his ancestors, and then maybe the Irish will come to the front, March 17th next, and not sit in the background as he announced he was doing this year. I know nothing of radio continuity or programs, but someone certainly made a terrible slipup and that goes for an entire community here. I assure you, many who were Vallee fans are no longer listed under his banners. I'm still a Vallee fan, but I had to get it off my chest. This is not prejudice.—Francis Brown, Ashtabula, Ohio.

CALL FOR CAB

I BOUGHT my first copy of RADIO DIGEST this afternoon. I must say right here and now that it is the greatest little book on radio that I have ever seen and I have seen plenty of them in all my years of tuning. Please give us more photos of the big time bands. My real favorites are Cab Calloway and Wayne King. How about a story on Cab Calloway? I am yours for a bigger and better R. D.—Ernest Boulanger, Pool St., Biddeford, Me.

SIGNED FOR FOUR YEARS

THANK you so much Mr. Subscription Editor for the swell photographs of Ben Bernie and Jean Paul King which I have just received. The best part of them is that the pictures are new ones that I have never seen before. To say the least they are much better than I expected and I am glad to see that RADIO DIGEST maintains its policies in this respect. Is there any way I could get more pictures without taking two more years' subscriptions. You see, I already have four years' suscriptions and don't like to take any more just to get the picture. Maybe you could sell me one.—Mrs. P. B. Korten, 739 Crescent Road, Jackson, Mich.

MR. PALEY PLEASE WRITE

THE best radio program for February, as far as I can see, was Mrs. Lindbergh's talk over the combined networks. Please, please reproduce it in an early issue. The worst calamity in the history of broadcasting was the announcement that the "March of Time" broadcast was to be taken from the air. And what is this I hear about CBS planning to launch another crooner to compete with the one and only NBC Rudy Vallee? Never!—Clara Williams, Rochester, New York.

MORE BACH TALK

I JUST saw a picture of announcer Alwyn Bach in RADIO DIGEST and ooh, is he good looking. Much better looking than I had expected although he has always been a favorite of mine. Don't you love the "widow's peek" his hair grows into, girls? And those spiritual looking eyes. His voice is glorious and to tell the truth I am a bit weak minded where he is concerned. Give us more about this Bach man, will you please? And incidentally a story about Mr. Bach's radio activities should prove interesting. He is one of the veterans among the announcers and has a great following.—Margaret Stokes, Pemberton Post Office, Gooch County, Va.



New York's Supreme Hotel Value...

SINGLE from $2.50 daily

DOUBLE from $4.00 daily

SUITES from $7.00 daily

And that's no idle boast. Just "ask the guests who stop here."

Not only the newest hotel in New York but the most centrally located.

1000 ROOMS

. . . Each with a RADIO, a PRIVATE BATH and SHOWER, Circulating Ice Water and Large Closets. Many Other Features.

1000 HOMES UNDER ONE ROOF IN THE HEART OF TIMES SQUARE

The New EDISON HOTEL

47th St. West of B'way. N.Y.C.



Ezra and Wilbur

THE two benevolent "old bachelors" of WLS, Chicago. Among the latest intrigues into which their charitable impulses have led them is that involving the search for a baby to adopt. Interested listeners have been co-operating to the extent of forwarding baby clothes and similar accessories which they felt would be useful.

STATION PARADE

WLW - - - - - Cincinnati

Meet Edward Armour Byron, Dynamo of Radio Drama

HE'S SHORT and stout . . . he rants and roars up and down the studio like an outraged panther and booms direction orders in no uncertain terms. He's Edward Armour Byron, Production Manager of The Nation's Station. Long before he was appointed to this responsible post, Byron laid the sound foundation for a radio feature, which is no longer in the category of radio programs, but is classified as an institution. It is "The Crosley Theatre of the Air!"

In the fall of 1930, Byron was doing a series of radio dramas for a commercial account. It seemed a pity, he thought, to work so hard on one show, and then in a few short minutes, the play was over and the script thrown into the waste paper basket.

This gave Byron an idea. A splendid idea, too! Why not give each drama more than one performance? Why not give it a regular run—or a "split-week" of three days. He took the idea to the Station Manager, and it was accepted.

The Crosley Theatre of the Air has been scheduled for three appearances a week since September, 1930. During that time eighty original dramas, comedies, melodramas and classic adaptations have been presented by this fine organization.

With the advent of the Crosley Theatre of the Air, there came, also, the first and as yet, the only Radio Stock Company in existence. The Crosley Players are not hired by the job. They are on a straight salary basis and with but few exceptions, they have remained intact since the inception of the "Theatre."

The distinct advantage of keeping the players together is obvious. The troupe works with the smoothness of clockwork, and seldom, if ever, does Byron find it necessary to over-work his cast on any one script.

LAST year romance crept into the Crosley Theatre of the Air when Director Byron decided to play a love scene with one of his players for life. He married Gertrude Dooley of the Players, putting her, as he says, under his personal management.

At first, Byron wrote practically all the shows for the Theatre of the Air, but other duties made the continuance of this practice impossible. Now he has four authors who contribute their shows to his playhouse, and quite often outside scripts are purchased for presentation.

He was the instigator of one of the finest sound effects departments in the country. His theatre productions demanded everything from train wrecks to oysters calling to their mates at sundown and he got them.

The way Byron wormed himself into radio is unique. In fact it borders on the humorous. Several years ago, he decided to work. He had never worked before, and after looking around thought radio writing was the thing for him. At that time the word "Continuity" was practically unknown in radio, but Byron barged into WLW and convinced the manager they needed a head continuity writer. Evidently Byron's "convincer" was working in good order that day, because several days later he was put on the pay roll.

Within a few short months, WLW's voice was raised to fifty thousands watts, and the demands for new program ideas, radio scripts and production methods grew in leaps and bounds. It was at that time Byron inaugurated the Theatre of the Air, into which was injected the idea of presenting a radio drama three times in one week. It met with immediate success. Listeners voiced their approval through the mails, and the station realized they had found a "new" idea in radio presentations.





It is to Edward Armour Byron that WLW's Radio Drama Audience looks for substantial entertainment, and he never disappoints them.

Left: Pat Harrington, lyric tenor on "The Nation's Station", says his hobby is "just people"—and proves it by numbering his friends in hundreds.

Right: Dean Yocum's rich, vibrant bass voice is heard regularly over WLW, where he is appearing as Guest Artist during the "Ferris Nursery Men" broadcast.



STATION PARADE

WHAM — Rochester

BACK in 1924, when seasoned concert artists braved mike-fright to broadcast without hope of remuneration, WGY was initiating a young man of pleasing voice and personality who identified himself as William Fay. Today Fay guides the destinies of one of the country's leading independent stations, WHAM, in Rochester.

There was little thought of commercializing radio programs at the time, but Fay and A. O. Coggershell as a sponsored Harmony Team helped establish the infant industry by attracting mail from thirty-six states, six provinces and Great Britain.

Fay's colorful air personality and ability as a word-weaver have brought him some of radio's choicest assignments. Political broadcasts from Albany, capital of New York, opened the field to him. Then came the historic race between the Twentieth Century Limited and the speed boats of Gar Wood.

In 1927, as studio director of WMAK, Fay entered the sports field, reporting games from the Buffalo Stadium for two seasons. He enjoys recalling the broadcasting in connection with the opening of the Peace Bridge between Buffalo and Canada. On that occasion he introduced to the nation the Prince of Wales, Charles G. Dawes, Stanley Baldwin, Secretary of State Kellogg and other dignitaries.

One of his most grueling assignments was the description of festivities accompanying Lindbergh's visit to Buffalo. Unaided Fay talked for two hours on that event.

In 1928 he came to Rochester to take charge of program arrangements for the Stromberg-Carlson station, WHAM. In the same year he became general manager of the station and arranged with the National Broadcasting Company for the numerous Rochester symphonic programs heard across the country.

▲

WBAL — Baltimore

TIME was when the men were willing to let the "girls" alone so far as cooking the "three squares" a day was concerned. But now it's different. Apparently the men have taken things in hand and are determined to have some real "he-food" if they have to cook it themselves. Speaking of "equal rights" about which the women have been doing a lot of talking for the past decade or so, it looks like the male of the species has come to the conclusion it's a poor rule that doesn't work both ways.

This no doubt accounts for the male invasion of WBAL's 1932 Cooking School which is being conducted over the air from the auditorium of the May Company's Department Store in Baltimore. At every session of this cooking school on Wednesday afternoons (2.00 to 4.00 o'clock) there is a scattering of men in the audience, and Dorothy Carter,



Dorothy Carter

Home Economics authority who conducts this radio feature, says she frequently has members of the opposite sex come up to her after her broadcasts and ask for certain recipes or other cookery information. Men are also writing to her from her large invisible audience seeking recipes and culinary help generally.

The majority of men, Miss Carter says, asks for what might be termed "he-food"—that is, those substantial dishes which the "delicatessen wife" seldom includes in her menus. Attendance of men at this Cooking School may be considered a protest on the part of the men against the "delicatessen wife" who, if she be wise, will take the hint and cook, or learn to cook.

▲

WAAB — Boston

FRED HOEY, New England's ace baseball announcer, inaugurates his sixth season of baseball reporting this year. A former newspaper reporter of the game, Hoey's association with baseball dates back over thirty years.

His knowledge covers every phase of play. Hoey always has within arm's reach a complete batting and fielding record of every man in the field in both leagues, and with his extensive knowledge of the players, he is never at loss for words, and never resorts to guesses when he submits figures and personal opinions during the occasional lapses in the game.

▲

KFRC — San Francisco

AFTER one of the recent Golden State Blue Monday Jamborees, a group of artists were gathered in Harrison Holliway's office. The conversation turned to "embarrassing moments." Holliway, who is KFRC manager, told his story and was promptly awarded the laurel wreath.

"It was during Maurice Chevalier's personal appearance at the San Francisco Auto Show and I had been invited to spend an evening with the Chevaliers in their hotel suite.

"Time came for me to depart and I was standing, hat in hand, expressing my appreciation for a very enjoyable evening. Goodbyes were said and I stepped out of what I thought was the entrance door. Was I embarrassed to find myself in a clothes closet, mixed up with Mr. and Mrs. Chevalier's suits and dresses!"

* * *

Walter Bunker, Jr., nonchalance itself before the microphone in his capacity of chief announcer wilted before the same mike when he debuted recently as a singer. His knees shook and his voice quavered; it was a good old fashioned case of "mike fright," as he afterwards admitted.

* * *

Sound Technician, Liston Bowden, is looking forward to the conclusion of the "Courage" series which the Don Lee station is now presenting each Thursday night.

Rifle fire is simulated by resoundingly smacking a flat board against an oilcloth-covered pillow. In the most recent of the series, it was necessary for "Bodie" to keep up a constant rifle-fire background during the entire half hour broadcast and by the time the conclusion of the program was reached, "Bodie's" hands were covered with blisters and his arms felt like heavy lead. The last straw came when he forgot to remove his hand from the pillow just at the moment a particularly resounding rifle shot was executed.

STATION PARADE

WOR — Newark

CAN you visualize a church congregation so vast as to include thousands of worshippers scattered throughout the United States, Canada and the West Indies?

Such is the extent of the "unseen flock" ministered to by the Rev. Dr. A. Edwin Keigwin, pastor of the West End Presbyterian Church, New York City, where broadcasting of the Sunday services, previously sent out over WABC, was recently resumed, the station now being WOR.

Dr. Keigwin has the ability to minister to all classes, and because he is not a controversial preacher he is able to cut across party lines of every kind and character, and reach the conscience and heart of the hearer. The pulpit of the West End Church with Dr. Keigwin as pastor has been noted for its outstanding eloquence, its breadth of vision, its generous catholicity, and its spirituality.

It has been Dr. Keigwin's policy from the first to give personal attention to the radio mail. This practice, of course, entails burdens, but results fully compensate him. Calls for pastoral ministration and temporal assistance have increased each year. A number of these calls have taken the minister out of the city. Often he has served his radio audience by performing wedding or funeral ceremonies.

WOC — Des Moines

THERE comes a time in the life of every man when birthdays are labeled "Anathema!" Yet, in the life of an institution, another birthday is a thing of great rejoicing. Radio station WOC rejoiced both locally and over the Red Network of National Broadcasting Company when, on March 20th WOC celebrated her tenth anniversary in the new home of her sister station WHO, at Des Moines.

There is still some question as to the actual "first" in radio stations. Our contemporary, KDKA, really did have call letters before WOC, but Robert Karlowa, original owner of station WOC tell us, and has records to show, that he was the first man to broadcast by voice over old station 9-BY just twelve hours after the ban was lifted by the government after the war.

The call letters WOC were granted February 18, 1922; those of WHO were granted some two years afterward. WOC became affiliated with WEAF in taking the first chain broadcast west of the Mississippi River, in 1925 before the organization of National Broadcasting Company. WHO became affiliated with NBC September 4, 1927.

WHO and WOC were the first stations in America to get a permit to broadcast synchronously. And they hold the world's record for unbroken commercial broadcasting in the program of the Crescent Macaroni and Cracker Company, which has been on the air seven years, five times a month with never a break!



WHO Studio Orchestra—"Doc" Lawson, conducting; "Mickey" Gibbins, "blues" singer.

DOES THE LISTENER LISTEN—

to any particular Cleveland station? No, he tunes in on programs that entertain, educate and give him the news of the day. In Greater Cleveland radio listeners habitually tune in on WGAR, The Friendly Station of Cleveland. The only station in Northern Ohio to carry Amos 'n' Andy and other famous features of the N. B. C. Blue Net Work.

G. A. RICHARDS
President

JOHN F. PATT
Vice-Pres. and Gen. Mgr.

Patronize a Quality Station with a Quantity Audience

WGAR

THE WGAR BROADCASTING COMPANY, Inc.
STUDIO AND OFFICES, STATLER HOTEL, CLEVELAND • Affiliated with N.B.C. Blue Net Work



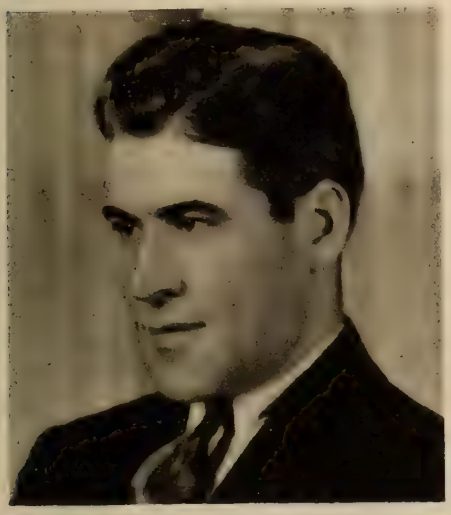
Dea Cole

THIS is Dea Cole, one of the very good reasons why WLWL's "Fireside Fancies" program has become so popular with its listeners. She recently celebrated her second anniversary of broadcasting over this station. You may also hear her voice during the presentations of "Paradise Alley" and sometimes as the popular child character who frequently appears in the dramatic periods presented by George Frame Brown.

WINS ~ New York

ABOUT the middle of February, 1931, John S. Martin, well-known to the radio field through his association with the National Radio Advertising Company, Inc., accepted the post of Director for WINS formerly WGBS, which was recently sold to the Hearst interests.

Mr. Martin is one of the most progressive of the younger executives in the field of broadcasting, and in the short



John S. Martin, Director of Station WINS

space of time in which he has been in charge, has made many radical changes in the direction of general program improvement.

▲

KQW ~ San Jose, Cal.

DURING the first decade of this present century in a little laboratory in the environs of San Jose, California, a pioneer experimenter and inventor, Charles D. Herrold, destined to become one of the foremost figures in the then infant radio world, was working toward the perfection of a practical means of transmission.

In 1909 Dr. Herrold constructed a huge "carpet aerial" containing over 11,500 feet of wire, establishing world's records for both telegraph and telephone communication.

In 1912 two-way communication by voice and music was established. It was then that Dr. Herrold applied for his license to operate a radio station, and constructed what is said to be the first radio receiving studio in the world.

During the World War the censorship of radio forced a temporary suspension of experimentation and broadcasting.

As soon as peace was declared, broadcasting was again resumed, and in 1921 the official call letters "KQW" were first assigned, and were used on the same transmitter that had been in such constant use for the preceding ten years.

MUNSON CRUISES at New Low Rates

NASSAU · MIAMI HAVANA



$125 . . . 12¾ Days

Including trip to Palm Beach

With sight-seeing trips at each port, all expenses included. The steamer is your hotel during the cruise. Two days in Miami, two and a half days in beautiful Havana and two days in Britain's "Isle of June" Nassau. **Fortnightly sailings from New York on S. S. Munargo.**

NASSAU $125 12¾ DAYS



round trip, including 7 days at the charming *Royal Victoria Hotel.* Famous Munson cuisine and service, all deck sports and swimming from the world's finest beach. **Fortnightly sailings from New York on S. S. Munargo.**



BERMUDA

Lowest round trip rates

Sail on fast, steady, 21,000 ton *S. S. Pan America*, or her South American sister ships, *American Legion, Southern Cross and Western World.* All outside rooms mostly with beds, and private bath. **Twice weekly sailings from New York. All expense trips arranged for any period.**

The S. S. Pan America goes direct to dock at Hamilton, Bermuda

Windward Islands

25-day cruise including St. Thomas, St. Croix (Virgin Islands), Barbados, Martinique, Trinidad, **$135.00 round trip.** Or you can stay 9 days at the Marine Hotel in Barbados, **$171.00,** all expenses, 25 days. Round trip to Demerara, including stops at the above and other ports, **$175.00.** No passports. Fortnightly sailings.

South America

Fortnightly sailings on 21,000 ton steamers, *American Legion, Southern Cross and Western World,* to Rio de Janeiro, Santos, Montevideo and Buenos Aires. Rooms are large, airy, outside.

All sailings from Pier 64, N. R., Manhattan

For further information see any tourist agent, or

MUNSON S. S. COMPANY

67 WALL STREET
New York, N. Y.

Bowling Green
9—3300

PROFESSIONALLY SPEAKING

PSYCHOLOGY IN RADIO PROGRAM DIRECTING

EDYTHE FERN SOUTHARD, program director of Radio Station WJAY in Cleveland, has successfully put into practice some unique ideas. The original expression of these ideas was greeted with much scoffing, but they have brought about most excellent results. Miss Southard brought to WJAY three years of radio experience, extensive dramatic training, and several years of intensive psychology training.

Miss Edythe keeps in constant use a sunny smile, and uses her teachings herself. She is so busy trying to understand the other person's point of view that no matter what happens she never gets angry. "If you get angry you lose all power of consecutive thought, and that power is the only thing that makes it possible to understand the other person's point of view. When you've learned and comprehended that, you'll find there is nothing to get angry about!" says Edythe.

Using as a theme, "Do you register and how?" Miss Southard under the title of The Personality Girl, gives a series of fifteen minute broadcasts of Applied Psychology. Her voice reflects her personality and is pleasing to listen to and the good carried in the program to many listeners has built up a vast listening audience in a very short time. Lessons in applying personal psychology in everyday life were a new feature to Cleveland listeners and soon became very popular.

* * *

RADIO PRIZE CONTESTS

JOHN L. CLARK, general manager of WLW, W8XAL and WSAI, in Cincinnati, issued the following statement, exclusively to RADIO DIGEST, concerning the onslaught of contests now on the air!

"Advertising to the consumer is being dominated by an orgy of prize contests and other artificial appeals. Fundamental principles of sane merchandising and advertising have been completely ignored. Companies which have built up business over a period of years by steady adherence to proven methods of selling goods at a profit, are resorting to temporary expedients because a competitor here and there has adopted methods which do not build permanently for the future.

"We are in complete accord with any plan aiming to produce a natural sales increase. Our disagreement is with the plan that produces sales by giving prizes to few and disappointment to many—a plan which devotes more to the exploitation of prizes than the product itself.

"In this mad race of high pressure selling, the one man upon whom you depend to sell your merchandise against your competitors is being neglected—the retail merchant.

"In contrast to this condition is a definite trend back to time tested advertising and selling principles; principles which include aggressive promotional and tie-up activity at the actual point of sale—the store itself.

"This Broadcasting Station has, during the past ninety days, seen the results of a promotional plan concentrating on the tie-ups with retail and wholesale outlets, that has established sales records for national advertisers in the Middle West.

"This plan has definitely accomplished:

(1) Opening up new accounts in highly competitive areas after other promotional effort failed.

(2) It has increased sales to present accounts.

(3) It has won greater dealer co-operation in the form of larger share of counter and window display space.

(4) It has gained the confidence and active interest of clerks behind the counter.

(5) In certain instances it recently showed a sales increase in December and January when other sections of the country showed slight decreases.

"Let us repeat that this mad race of high pressure and artificial sales stimuli must be superseded by a quick return to sound methods of selling goods at a profit."

* * *

CONTINUITY SHOP NEWS

OLIVE SHARMAN of WJR, Detroit has some ideas about this continuity writing business herself!

Her contention is that the greatest fault of continuity writers is that they do not study the speaking voice of the person for whom they are writing.

"Before I write one line," says Miss Sharman, "I learn who is to announce the production. If I am not familiar with his personality I will make it my business to study it. So often an announcer is forced to read something absolutely contrary to his own personality, with the ultimate consequence that the speech sounds as stiff and stilted as a boiled front evening shirt!

"Just for example," continued Miss Sharman, "you wouldn't write the same speech for Will Rogers as for President Hoover, would you? Every announcer has some idiosyncrasy of speech that is himself—it is his personality in speech—take it away from him by writing a lifeless bit of copy, he becomes as uninteresting and flat as an unsalted mackerel!"

We should like to hear from other continuity writers on this subject.

* * *

Sam Wilson of WLW is digging in newspaper files forty five years back. It's a new continuity idea, so help me! The program is called "Headlines of Yesterday" featuring the old reporter who does a Lowell Thomas with the newspapers of long forgotten years. The newspapers have been doing this for quite some time, but to our knowledge the thought applied to radio is new. What about it? Are we right?

* * *

Julian T. Bentley has joined the continuity staff of WLS. He is also subannouncing. Former U-P Man.

* * *

Vic Knight, continuity editor of WGAR is doing a series of scripts, data of which, is taken from records of the Columbus and Moundsville pens.

* * *

BROADCASTING BRINGS BUSINESS

ROGER BAKER, commentator on the Kendall sports column which is heard each weeknight over WGR, has just cause to be proud. Baker recently received a letter from C. W. Stilwell, district manager for the Kendall Refining Company, informing him that business had increased 52% and that broadcasting was in great measure responsible.

* * *

"BREATH SOUNDS" OVER RADIO

Herman N. Bundesen, M.D.

"BREATH SOUNDS" over the air are of two kinds: those occurring during "out breathing" and those of "in breathing." The former are most usually exaggerations of the sound of "S"—and are controlled by careful enunciation.

The latter sounds—those of "in breathing"—are very noticeable and distracting to the listener, being magnified by the instrument to resemble a wheeze or gasp or choking sound.

They are due to improper breathing—to allowing the reservoir of air in the lungs to run low while speaking.

Sometimes this is merely habit—sometimes to being excessively tired. Again, it may be due to wrong position of the body, or to a cold in the head, or still again, to simple stage fright, with its accompanying sensation in the throat.

To reduce sounds:

1. Speak across the microphone, rather than directly into it.
2. Speak naturally—keeping the lungs well filled by short breaths rather than long ones.
3. Speak from a sitting position, but sit erect. Do not have any tight clothing about the waist.
4. If troubled with a head cold, take a coryza tablet an hour before speaking.
5. If the difficulty is stage fright, practice for a time before the "mike." Assume an easy comfortable position. Have a close friend occupy a chair nearby, and direct the talk to that person as you would in ordinary conversation.

CHATTER

WOR (NEWARK, N. J.), has equipped its studios with the new dynamic microphone, the latest innovation in broadcasting pick-ups.

J. R. Poppele, Chief Engineer of the station states that the new instrument has an over-all frequency response characteristic from 30 to 10,000 cycles with a gradient that is entirely flat in this range. Non-technically, that means that it is equally sensitive in its reaction to any part of the scale.

So responsive is the new device that, during a recent broadcast, a lump of sugar dropped into a teacup sounded like a sledge-hammer blow on a huge iron boiler.

* * *

GEORGE KINCAID, operator for Radio Station KFJI, at Klamath, Oregon, has been made President of the Western Broadcasters Association, a new organization which has been formed to operate a chain of 17 radio stations in the Northwest.

* * *

WHOM, JERSEY CITY, N. J., has taken over WKBO, also of Jersey City, and is now operating on one-half time as Station WHOM.

* * *

KELLOGG'S "SINGING LADY," a WGN feature which has been operating over a 13-station network fed to the NBC chain, has expanded its scope and will now be heard over WIBA, WEBC, WBAY, KFYR, WOAI, KTBS, WTMJ, KTSP, KVOO, WKY and KPRC.

* * *

BOB ELSON, WGN sports announcer, will preside at the microphone for the baseball broadcasts this season, which marks his fourth on this important job. The John R. Thompson Company acts as sponsor.

* * *

WCBA, ALLENTOWN, PA., claims the distinction of being the first station to broadcast two sporting events at the same time. Two basketball games were scheduled for the same night at the same starting time, one in Bethlehem and one in Allentown. WCBA handled both by presenting a play-by-play description of the Bethlehem game and between quarters a detailed resume was "aired" from the Allentown court.

* * *

SEVERAL new commercial programs have recently been added to the WINS listings. Among them are "The Westinghouse Watchmen"; "The Buick Trail Blazer"; a morning exercise program sponsored by Pebeco Toothpaste and "The House of Parliman", an Irish program presented by a local real estate concern.

* * *

FILM rights for "Chandu the Magician" have been sold to the Fox Film Corporation. It is understood that Warner Baxter will play the title rôle. The character of Chandu is a mysterious American with a psychic gift, whose travels through various countries, especially Egypt, take him through many thrilling adventures.

* * *



William Fay, General Manager, WHAM, Rochester, N. Y.

"THE DOINGS OF THE GORDONS", a rural dramatic sketch broadcast over WLS, Chicago, is heralded on the air by a choir of 25 baby chicks. There's a reason . . . the program is sponsored by a baby chick hatchery.

* * *

IT IS an interesting fact that the actor selected for the new "Allen-A" program, Don Ameche, who was chosen after what was well nigh a world wide search for the right "type", comes from Kenosha, Wisconsin, the home of the sponsoring company.

* * *

ALL FIVE of Cleveland's department stores have used radio as an advertising medium, four of them selecting WGAR for the purpose. WGAR also states that during 1931 and 1932 it has handled more than 500 separate accounts, and that 1932 indicates a 50% increase in business over 1931.

RADIO ARTISTS

Stamp Photographs

Gummed and perforated ready for use

Made from your Picture



A new idea that will soon sweep the country. Radio fans will collect them.

Use them to acknowledge applause or to check listeners.

These stamps with beautiful glossy finish $7 per thousand.

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Chain and Local Features

(Unless otherwise indicated the time listed is Eastern Standard)

Throughout the Week

8:00 a.m.—WEAF—(Daily ex. Sun.) GENE AND GLENN, QUAKER EARLY BIRDS.

When Gene and Glenn, with "Jake" and "Lena" are the first thing you think of in the morning, it starts the day off with a smile and a song, and what could be better than that? These radio performers and their characterizations are one of the best examples of clean, high comedy that the air waves have to offer. Tune in while you have your cereal and coffee!

9:30 a.m.—WABC—(Daily ex. Sun.) TONY'S SCRAP BOOK.

Inspiration and encouragement culled from extensive reading, reasoning and contemplation regarding this phenomenon called Life provide the thoughts shared with you by this delightful radio philosopher in his early morning chats.

10:15 a.m.—WJZ—(Daily ex. Sat. and Sun.) CLARA, LU AND EM.

Have you ever wondered what their real names are—these entertaining and intensely human funsters of the air? Well, here's the news—they are Louise "Clara" Starky, Isabelle "Lu" Carothers and Helen "Em" King. It's a program of topical gossip and humor of especial interest to women.

2:30 p.m.—WABC—(Daily ex. Sat. and Sun.) AMERICAN SCHOOL OF THE AIR.

This unique program is designed to supplement regular schoolroom assignments. Subjects, whether they be artistic, fictional or historical, are dramatized and entertainingly presented with accompanying lectures by authorities in the various fields. The series is broadcast every school day in the week.

6:00 p.m.—WABC—(Mon. and Thurs.) CURRENT EVENTS.

A brief, breezy and informative resume of the various highlight news events of the week, presented by an editor from an editor's viewpoint. H. V. Kaltenborn, formerly a prominent newspaper man, is the "voice behind the microphone" in this broadcast.

7:00 p.m.—WABC—(Daily ex. Sat. and Sun.) MYRT AND MARGE.

The life story of a pair of young troupers, dramatizing their experiences on and off stage, "behind the scenes" and in the very innermost recesses of their own hearts. There are eleven players in the cast, all but one of whom had a theatrical background before coming to radio.

7:15 p.m.—WABC—(Tues. and Thurs.) THE MILLS BROTHERS.

Popular melodies take on an entirely new coloring when rendered by these clever vocal magicians. The rich harmonies that seem to be an exclusive element of negro voices are overwhelmingly evident when these four boys start singing—and if you think they use any of those wind instruments you seem to hear, you're wrong. It's all a matter of cleverly manipulated vocal effects.

8:15 p.m.—WABC—(Mon. Wed. and Fri.) SINGIN' SAM THE BARBASOL MAN.

Songs that everybody loves play the most important role on the program of Singin' Sam. Five "request" numbers are a part of every broadcast.

11:00 p.m.—WJZ—(Daily ex. Sun.) SLUMBER MUSIC, LUDWIG LAURIER.

Those who love capable renditions of classical melodies find in this string ensemble program the fulfillment of their dreams. Mr. Laurier makes a point of selecting numbers which come under the head of "old favorites" and also features a number of "request" presentations during each radio period.

Sunday

12:30 p.m.—WABC—INTERNATIONAL BROADCAST.

The usual point of origin for these unique weekly broadcasts is London, presenting a British authority on science, art, literature or politics.

1:00 p.m.—WJZ—WALTER DAMROSCH SYMPHONIC HOUR.

Opera in English over the air is a distinctive feature of these musical treats as this famous symphony orchestra swings into action under the direction of Walter Damrosch.

4:30 p.m.—WJZ—SHEAFFER LIFETIME REVUE.

Inimitable dance tunes lured into expression by the baton of H. Leopold Spitalny; some delightful harmonizing by the Navarro Sisters, and a generous supply of laughs aroused by the comedy team go to make up a half hour of general entertainment which justly merits its title of "revue"

6:30 p.m.—WJZ—"K-7".

It is only now that the thrilling adventures of those engaged in the Secret Service during the recent World War can be disclosed. This group of spy stories will enthrall you—especially if you're a mystery story enthusiast.

7:45 p.m.—WABC—THE SYLVANIANS.

Orchestral selections with Ernie Golden, that radio pioneer, conducting, and vocal chorusing by the Rondoliers, ably aided and abetted by the piano rhythms of "Forty Flying Fingers" provides a program of enjoyable entertainment.

8:00 p.m.—WEAF—CHASE AND SANBORN HOUR.

A "guest artist" is a regular feature of this program whose Master of Ceremonies is Georgie Jessel. Rubinoff's orchestra is the musical piece de resistance.

Monday

8:30 p.m.—WEAF—VOICE OF FIRESTONE.

The field of radio is the third field which Lawrence Tibbett has successfully conquered. First in the list was his phenomenal success with the Metropolitan opera. Then followed several films, each of which but added to his reputation. Today the air claims him as one of its shining lights. He is Firestone's featured soloist, and the supporting orchestra is under the direction of William Merrigan Daly.

Tuesday

4:15 p.m.—WJZ—MORMON TABERNACLE CHOIR AND ORGAN.

This famous choir of 300 voices accompanied by the Mormon Tabernacle's giant organ has been presenting a regular weekly broadcast for some time and has become almost a national institution because of it. The program is under the direction of the choir director, Anthony C. Lund, and comes to you direct over the NBC network from Salt Lake City.

8:00 p.m.—WEAF—BLACKSTONE PLANTATION PROGRAM

Happy days on the Blackstone Plantation portrayed against a background

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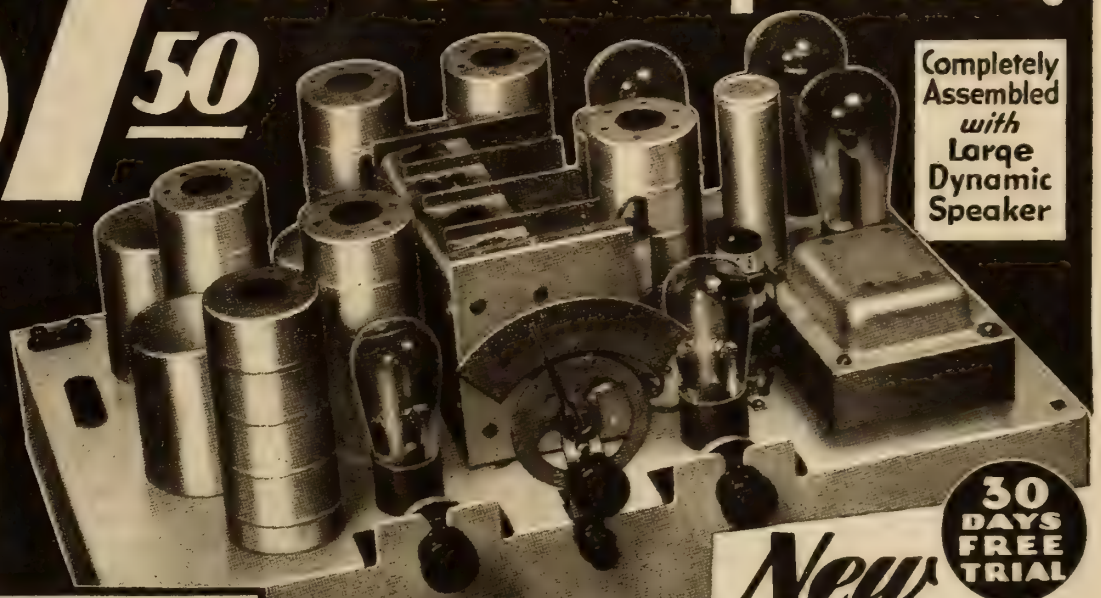
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CFCF

NOTE: On Saturdays the program will go over WLIT instead of WFI, and WMAQ instead of WENR.

•

Mr. Culbertson will discuss individual Bridge Hands on Wednesdays and Saturdays. These hands will appear in daily papers on those days. Play the Hands before the Talks. Have cards laid out in front of you for Mr. Culbertson's playing.

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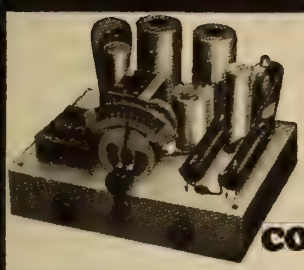
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"I raised Honduras at 7845 on middle switch; at 36½ a European station at 10 o'clock E.S.T., broadcasting League of Nations speeches. Around 11 A.M. I picked up another European station at 48 broadcasting a fine program of music, the announcing being in German."

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"Received converter—am well pleased with it. March 2nd, I picked up Germany, France and Italy. On the following day I got Italy again clear and loud. From 2:45 till 6:40 P.M., I heard all of the music from the Royal Opera House."

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"I am very well satisfied with my Midwest and have picked up the following: Vancouver, B. C.; Hamilton, Bermuda; Geneva, Switzerland; Philippine Islands. Two-way conversation between airports and airplanes. Police radio from every direction. Rome, Italy. It was announced as Italia, Roma and came in about the position on the dial which would indicate 12-RO Rome."

GEO. E. KUHR,
218 Division St., Bellevue, Ky.

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"On February 28th at 4:30 A.M. Sunday, I picked up VK2ME Sydney, Australia which I think is good as I have a poor location for radio."

S. M. BEVENUE,
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of music furnished by Jack Shilkret's orchestra and the harmonic singing of Julia Sanderson and Frank Crumit.

9:00 p.m.—WEAF—McKESSON MUSICAL MAGAZINE.

Popular personalities appear as guest stars on this program; Erno Rapee's concert orchestra is the featured instrumental unit.

Wednesday

7:15 p.m. — WABC — MAXWELL HOUSE ENSEMBLE.

With the support of a large orchestra, Lanny Ross—he of the dreamy tenor voice—microphones to you the latest and sweetest songs of the day. He sings three solos during each presentation and the orchestra plays two selections on its own.

8:00 p.m.—WEAF—BIG TIME.

The featured performer on this program is Johnny Hart, presenting a humorous sketch, and Joseph Bonime's orchestra cooperates by supplying musical atmosphere.

9:00 p.m. — WEAF — GOODYEAR PROGRAM.

One of the outstanding musical programs on the air today is the Goodyear Program with practically every form of music represented. Band airs are provided by Arthur Pryor's unit; dance music is air-waved by David Mendoza and for good measure there's the Reveler's Quartet; and often—quite often—a prominent star from the musical firmament.

10:30 p.m. — WABC — SOCIETY'S PLAYBOY HOUR.

What the well-dressed man will wear, and when and how to wear it are all material for clever presentation in the skilled hands—and vocabulary—of Norman Brokenshire. Another radio pioneer—Welcome Lewis—sings her prettiest to the strains of Nat Brusiloff's orchestral accompaniment.

11:00 p.m.—WEAF—NELLIE REVELL INTERVIEW.

Here's a program every radio fan will thoroughly enjoy. It has been christened "The Voice of Radio Digest" because it's your opportunity to meet all the NBC stars "without their make-up". It takes you behind the scenes and gives you intimate, personal glimpses of those unseen friends whose voices and talents you have come to love and admire.

Thursday

8:00 p.m.—WEAF—THE FLEISCHMANN HOUR.

Dance music and popular tunes rendered by one of the best known musical units in Radioland—Rudy Vallee and his Connecticut Yankees. It wouldn't be a Vallee program without songs by Rudy, and there's always a guest star for extra good measure. The inimitable Ray Perkins "masters" all the ceremonies.

9:30 p.m.—WEAF—RUDYARD KIPLING'S STORIES.

This Master Weaver of Tales has held many a reader spellbound with the printed page, and his everlasting novelty and eternal originality survive radio adaptation without losing anything of their charm and power to delight.

Blue Ribbon

WEAF—Key Station, NBC Red Network, New York.
WJZ—Key Station, NBC Blue Network, New York.
WABC—Key Station, Columbia Network, New York.

Throughout the Week

(*Daily except Sunday*)

8:00 a.m.—WEAF—Gene and Glenn, Quaker Early Birds
8:15 a.m.—WJZ—Phil Cook (Quaker Oats Company)
7:00 p.m.—WJZ—Amos 'n' Andy (Pepsodent Company)
7:30 p.m.—WEAF—The Prince Albert Quarter Hour
7:45 p.m.—WEAF—The Goldbergs
7:45 p.m.—WABC—Camel Quarter Hour—Morton Downey
10:30 p.m.—WABC—Music That Satisfies (Liggett & Myers) (Wed. and Sat. at 10:00 p.m.)
11:00 p.m.—WJZ—Slumber Music, Ludwig Laurier

10:15 a.m.—WJZ—Clara, Lu and Em (Daily ex. Sat. and Sun.)
6:45 p.m.—WJZ—Lowell Thomas (Daily ex. Sat. and Sun.)
7:00 p.m.—WABC—Myrt and Marge (Wrigley) (Daily ex. Sat. and Sun.)
7:15 p.m.—WABC—Mills Brothers (Crisco Company) (Tues. and Thurs.)
7:30 p.m.—WJZ—The Swift Program (Swift Company) (Daily ex. Sat. and Sun.)
8:15 p.m.—WABC—Singin' Sam, the Barbasol Man (Mon., Wed. and Fri.)
8:30 p.m.—WABC—Kate Smith La Palina Program (Mon., Tues., Wed. and Thurs.)
8:45 p.m.—WABC—Col. Stoopnagle and Budd (Mon. and Wed.)
9:00 p.m.—WEAF—Goodyear Program (Wed. and Sat.)
10:00 p.m.—WEAF—Lucky Strike Program (Tues., Thurs. and Sat.)
12:00 p.m.—WABC—Ben Bernie's Orchestra (Mon. and Fri.)

Sunday

12:30 p.m.—WABC—International Transatlantic Broadcast
1:00 p.m.—WJZ—Walter Damrosch Symphonic Hour
4:30 p.m.—WEAF—Davey Hour (Davey Tree Experts Co.)
4:30 p.m.—WJZ—Sheaffer Lifetime Revue (Sheaffer Pen)
5:30 p.m.—WEAF—General Electric Circle
6:30 p.m.—WJZ—"K-7"; Dramatized Secret Service Spy Stories
7:45 p.m.—WABC—The Sylvanians
8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Chase & Sanborn Hour (Standard Brands, Inc.)
8:00 p.m.—WABC—Ziegfeld Follies of the Air (Chrysler Corp.)
8:15 p.m.—WJZ—Collier's Radio Hour
8:30 p.m.—WABC—The Greyhound Traveler
9:45 p.m.—WEAF—Buick Revelers (Buick Motor Co.)
12:30 a.m.—WABC—California Melodies from Los Angeles

Monday

8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Soconyland Sketches
8:30 p.m.—WEAF—Voice of Firestone
8:30 p.m.—WJZ—Death Valley Days (Pacific Coast Borax Co.)
9:00 p.m.—WEAF—A. and P. Gypsies
9:15 p.m.—WABC—Pillsbury Pageant—Street Singer
9:30 p.m.—WEAF—Parade of the States
10:00 p.m.—WABC—Robert Burns Panatela Program

Friday

10:00 p.m. — WJZ — WHITEMAN'S PONTIAC CHIEFTAINS.

When the "jazz king" starts etherizing it's time to draw up close to the radio and listen. But just because the rotund Paul is called "jazz king" is no sign he confines his musical offerings to dance rhythms. The program also offers Mildred Bailey audition winner, Jack Fulton, tenor; Red McKenzie, soloist; the King's Jesters and the Romancers.

Selections

Tuesday

7:30 p.m.—WABC—Richman Brothers' Program—Sylvia Froos
8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Blackstone Plantation Program
8:30 p.m.—WEAF—True Story Hour
8:45 p.m.—WJZ—Sisters of the Skillet (Procter & Gamble)
8:45 p.m.—WABC—Gerardine Program (La Gerardine, Inc.)
9:00 p.m.—WEAF—McKesson Musical Magazine
9:00 p.m.—WABC—Ben Bernie's Orchestra (Blue Ribbon Malt)

Wednesday

7:15 p.m.—WABC—Maxwell House Program
8:00 p.m.—WEAF—"Big Time" (Stanco, Inc.)
8:30 p.m.—WEAF—Halsey Stuart Program
8:30 p.m.—WJZ—Jack Frost Melody Moments
9:00 p.m.—WEAF—Goodyear Program
9:00 p.m.—WJZ—Adventures of Sherlock Holmes
9:00 p.m.—WABC—Gold Medal Fast Freight
9:30 p.m.—WEAF—Mobiloil Concert (Vacuum Oil Co.)
10:00 p.m.—WEAF—Coca Cola Program
10:30 p.m.—WABC—Society's Playboy Hour
11:00 p.m.—WEAF—Nellie Revell: Voice of Radio Digest
11:15 p.m.—WABC—Howard Barlow Symphony Orchestra

Thursday

8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Fleischmann Hour (Standard Brands, Inc.)
8:15 p.m.—WJZ—Rin Tin Tin Thriller (Chappel Bros.)
9:00 p.m.—WEAF—Big Six of the Air (Chevrolet Motor Co.)
9:00 p.m.—WJZ—Blackstone Plantation Program
9:30 p.m.—WEAF—Rudyard Kipling Stories; dramatic sketches
10:00 p.m.—WJZ—A. and P. Dance Gypsies
11:45 p.m.—WABC—Bing Crosby

Friday

8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Cities Service Concert Orchestra
8:00 p.m.—WJZ—Nestle Program (Lamont-Corliss Co.)
8:30 p.m.—WABC—Du Pont Program (E. I. Du Pont de Nemours)
9:00 p.m.—WEAF—Clicquot Club Program
9:30 p.m.—WEAF—Pond's Program
9:30 p.m.—WJZ—Armour Program
10:00 p.m.—WEAF—Sampler Orchestra
10:00 p.m.—WJZ—Whiteman's Pontiac Chieftains
10:00 p.m.—WABC—Beau Bachelor—Adventure Stories
10:30 p.m.—WEAF—R.K.O. Theatre of the Air

Saturday

5:30 p.m.—WEAF—Blue Moon Cuckoos
7:15 p.m.—WEAF—"Laws that Safeguard Society"; Dean Archer
8:00 p.m.—WJZ—Danger Fighters (Health Products Corp.)
8:15 p.m.—WEAF—Civic Concerts Service Program
9:30 p.m.—WEAF—Club Valspar Program
9:30 p.m.—WJZ—The First Nighter (Campana Corp.)
10:15 p.m.—WABC—Columbia Institute of Public Affairs
10:45 p.m.—WABC—Arthur Tracy, Street Singer
12:00 p.m.—WEAF—Buddy Rogers
12:00 p.m.—WABC—Guy Lombardo—Royal Canadians

10:00 p.m.—WABC—BEAU BACHELOR.

Don Ameche, as "Beau" in a romantic series of adventure against a background of the night clubs and pleasure spots of Europe, North America, Mexico and South America.

Saturday

7:15 p.m.—WEAF—LAWS THAT SAFEGUARD SOCIETY.

A symposium of laws designed for the "good of the whole" as they operate in specific instances and under different classifications, presented by an authority on the subject, Dean Gleason L. Archer of the Suffolk Law School in Boston, Massachusetts.

12:00 p.m.—WEAF—BUDDY ROGERS AND HIS CALIFORNIA CAVALIERS.

You'll like Buddy in his new role—that of orchestra pilot—just as well as you did on the screen, and the boy is no mean musician when it comes to batoning and even substituting on some of them there instruments just to show you he can do it. His broadcasts take the air direct from the Pennsylvania Hotel in New York City.

Local Features

11:00 p.m. —WMCA—AROUND THE TOWN. (Daily)

This is a regular series of programs which begins each night around eleven o'clock and lasts until two o'clock in the morning featuring a tour of the various night clubs of New York, each broadcast coming to you direct from the dance floor of a popular rendezvous.

12:00 mid.—WMCA BIDE DUDLEY'S DRAMATIC REVIEW. (Daily)

Bide Dudley, one of journalism's best known dramatic critics, attends all Broadway openings, rushes to the studio after the final curtain and goes on the air at midnight with his review before any of the newspapers are off the presses. This is really a "radio scoop" program, especially interesting to those at a distance from Broadway.

8:15 p.m. — WOR — LOS CHARROS. (Fri.)

A colorful musical program presented by Tito Guizar and Chago Rodriguez accompanied on the guitar by Juariz Garcia. All the music featured is the product of Mexico, the native land of these accomplished musicians who, before coming to the United States had an already established reputation as excellent interpreters of their native melodies.

10:15 p.m.—WOR—THE BEGGAR'S BOWL. (Thurs.)

Against a musical background of Oriental melodies you hear the mellifluous tones of Basil Ruysdael as he narrates the progressive tale of experiences which come to a British Secret Service agent as he travels through the length and breadth of India garbed as a beggar.

5:45 p.m. — WINS — THE PIANO TWINS. (Mon.; Wed.; and Fri.)

Lester Place and Robert Pascocello have been playing together since 1926, and have performed on many nationally known commercial programs. They include in each presentation of musical hits one "memory tune" for the benefit of listeners featuring numbers which were the biggest of hits in their particular day.

7:00 p.m.—WINS—THE LULLABY LADY. (Daily ex. Sun.)

Every evening except Sunday, May Sprintz, the Lullaby Lady goes on the air with her sleepy time songs, poems and stories for children. Mother Goose tales play a prominent part in her broadcasts.

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INCORPORATE DELAWARE preparatory financing inventions, business. Retain perpetual control. Booklet, forms, free. Universal Incorporations, Dover, Del.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912.

Of RADIO DIGEST, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1932. State of New York, County of New York, ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Raymond Bill, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of the RADIO DIGEST and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher—RADIO DIGEST PUBLISHING CORP., 420 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.; Editor—Raymond Bill, 420 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor—Harold P. Brown, 420 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.; Business Managers—None.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Radio Digest Publishing Corp., Edward Lyman Bill, Inc., Raymond Bill, Edward L. Bill, Caroline L. Bill, Randolph Brown, J. B. Spillane, B. Titman and Chas. R. Tighe, all of 420 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is..... (This information is required from daily publication only.) R. Bill, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 17th day of March, 1932. Wm. A. Low, Notary Public, N. Y. Co., No. 753. Reg. No. 3L487. Certificate filed in Queens Co., No. 1126. My commission expires March 30, 1933. [Seal.]

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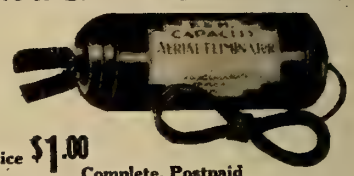
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WESTERN RADIO NEWS AND COMMENT

By W. L. Gleeson

HOSHER'S REVUE Wednesday nights via the popular Long Beach station KGER is a snappy show—it attracts many people to the studios.

* * * *

Billy Sherwood, KOL, Seattle keeps his carnival popular even though it has been on the air for a long time. Billy is quite a sports announcer also—hey Billy.

* * * *

Harrison Holloway's Blue Monday Jamboree still holds the bulk of listeners in the West on Monday nights. Somehow or other the program producers of other stations and networks are unable to get that natural human jovial-like spirit into their program to the degree that Harrison and his gang accomplished it. That's what picks up the audience—The show is fast and of good quality.

Most network programs are stilted, too formal, and most independent stations' programs are not properly rehearsed.

* * * *

Bob Olsen, popular KFRC tenor, made his first personal appearance in Stockton, California, on March 12th. Bob has been with KFRC continuously for more than five years.

* * * *

Gerda Lundberg talented KTAB, San Francisco, staff boop-a-doop singer changes her name to Cotton. The lucky man is no mean radio artist himself.

* * * *

KROW, Oakland, moves over to San Francisco with a new studio in the Manx Hotel. The object being to secure a better class of talent for programs. A compliment to San Francisco artists—Oakland artists however, are not so bad themselves!

* * * *

KFAC, Los Angeles, comes forth all new. In the fastest decisions of the Federal Radio Commission, KFAC was granted full time and a new 1000-watt transmitter. At a cost of more than $75,000, beautiful modernistic studios are now under construction in the Cord building on Wilshire boulevard, while the transmitter will be placed on LaCienega boulevard, in a spot long sought by broadcasters.

* * * *

The Don Lee chain now boasts two more stations, just added to the former eleven. Phoenix, Arizona, people may hear Don Lee programs by tuning in KOY, while KERN, Bakersfield, is the second new member. There is another coming up soon.

A fast-stepping, wise-cracking, gloom-dispelling Jamboree to fill in the sombre hours of Sunday evening, is to be found on KFWB, Hollywood, called the Sunday Hi Jinks. KLX, Oakland, has a long established program of a similar nature, Friday nights, 8:00 to 10:00.

* * * *

DOLLY DEARBORN'S CHICAGO REVIEWS

EDDIE & FANNY CAVANAUGH — WIBO — Daily but Sundays—3:30-4:00.

Here is something quite nice. A half hour of answering such questions as "Where is John Zilch who was at Station TTT in 1927? What does he look like? Is he married? Does he like spinach?" This program started out with the basic idea of reviving the old songs Eddie and Fanny used to sing 'way back when—but now and then a question from a listener crept in and was answered. The upshot of the whole thing is that pretty soon all the listeners were asking questions, and the Cavanaughs were devoting most of their time to answering them.

* * * *

MINIATURE SYMPHONIES — WBBM — Tuesdays, 9:15-9:30 p.m.

What old fogie claimed there was nothing new under the sun, anyway? If he has a set that will pull in WBBM he's due to change his mind, if he listens just once to "Miniature Symphonies." A more pleasing quarter hour of understandable classic was never broadcast. The scores are the work of Dr. Gustav Ronfort, an ex-Royal Court conductor in the days of the former German Empire.

* * * *

"UNCLE REMUS"—WGN—each week night, 5:30-5:45.

This skit deserves a break for several reasons, one of which is this: WGN has the pioneering spirit to such an extent that it actually admits that possibly a writer can act! It's funny, but it seems to be the general opinion that writers can't act, but that actors can write! Oh well, the world's a funny place. But getting back to Uncle Remus, I find to my amazement that "Miss Sally" in the skit is none other than a WGN continuity writer named Mary Afflick.

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Breach of Promise

(*Continued from page 28*)

to send the girl to a large city where she at once fell to work in her chosen field.

She had not been in the city very long before her fresh charm attracted the attention of a wealthy bachelor, a man of uncertain reputation. He at once paid court to her and though she struggled with her loyalty to the home town sweetheart, yet the lavish wooing of her wealthy admirer finally induced her to accept his proposal of marriage even before she had severed the ties that bound her first lover. Shame and disgrace and the promptings of an angry parent finally led her to sue the man for breach of promise of marriage. His lawyer set up in defense that she was already bound to marry another and that her engagement to him was invalid. But this contention was disregarded by the court. Ellen had a right to recover monetary damages for the loss of an honorable marriage as well as for the disgrace and suffering that had resulted from the defendant's breach of contract.

Knowledge that Divorced Party Is Not Free to Marry

IT IS a well known fact that in some jurisdictions when a divorce is granted on the grounds of adultery, the courts specify in the divorce decree that the guilty party shall be ineligible to remarry during the lifetime of the former spouse.

Let us now consider the rights of the innocent party. Suppose, for example, the man in the case is divorced and denied the right to remarry. If the woman becomes engaged to marry him and knows nothing of the restrictions imposed by the divorce she would clearly have a right to hold him responsible for breach of promise of marriage.

The plaintiff had for some time been keeping company with the defendant who was known to her to be divorced for adultery and prohibited from marrying during the lifetime of the wife. She also knew that his former wife was living. Under these circumstances she became engaged to marry the defendant. The engagement continued until the defendant became tired of the plaintiff, whereupon he cast her off. She brought suit for breach of promise, but the court held that she had no right of action. The case was Haviland v. Halstead, 34 N.Y. 646.

Tuneful Topics

(*Continued from page 24*)

high notes and the crescendos and the fortissimos. Therefore it is no small wonder that the radio public had shown unquestionably its preference for the most humble and simple songs of Tin Pan Alley, and that is possibly one of the reasons why WHILE WE'RE SITTING IN THE DARK will be enjoyable.

It carries with it a thought of relaxation, a thought of love and tender sweet nothings whispered out under the moonlight, because one can still be in the dark and have moonlight. Sammy Stept has done an unusually good job on this song, and Dick Powers, formerly of Freed and Powers, who has one of the best catalogues at the present time, what with his "Sleepy Time Down South," still selling, his "When a Pal Bids a Pal Goodbye" "coming up strong," (that is how the publishers term it), and now WHILE WE'RE SITTING IN THE DARK apparently just the thing for these extremely romantic spring evenings. What more could he ask for?

Stept evidently got the inspiration for the song while down in Florida, from whence he returned with so much tan and freckles. It shows that although he wrote some of his best songs with Buddy Green, he is still able to do excellent work on his own. Perhaps unconsciously he has modeled his opening strains of the chorus along the melodic line of the verse of "O Sole Mio," which is perhaps one of the reasons that it will be all the more welcome and pleasing to those who hear it without their actually knowing why. But like most songs, the similarity is brief enough so that one could certainly not call it plagiarism, but rather a delightful similarity. There seems to be really nothing new under the sun, anyway, and if we go back far enough we can generally find something like that something which we feel is so new and different.

Sammy may certainly feel pleased with this, to my way of thinking, his best effort in the fox trot line since his associating himself with Dick Powers.

We played it quite slowly on our broadcast from Washington.

Moonshine & Honeysuckle

(*Continued from page 13*)

just where the morning sun spurts over "ole" Lonesome Mountain. The characters who live there are as real to me as my friends, more real perhaps, for I know what the Lonesome Hollow people think, and I know only what my friends say.

It is hard, hard work to turn out thirty pages of manuscript every week, but I've gained strength and weight tearing (in mind) through the wooded hills in an effort to keep up with Clem, Cracker, Piney, Pink and their friends and enemies.

I am grateful to Mr. Mason for annoying me into Radio. I have no feeling of having deserted the Theatre. I believe in Radio I am acquiring an invaluable experience for anything I may try to do for the stage in the future. The Radio is the Theatre, projected in a very personal way. The Radio is not destroying the Theatre. It is building the Theatre. Radio has an educational value for the writer, the actor and the audience. The writer, deprived of the assistance of glamorous personalities, the immeasurable help of stage business, and the atmosphere created by scenery, learns to cram his lines with all the holding power he possesses. The actor, with nothing but voice to define his characterization must learn the almost forgotten art of speech. The listener must bring to the radio that most important factor in the Theatre—the imagination of an audience. I see a blood relationship between the Radio and the Theatre, a kinship so close that the advancement of one is the advancement of the other.

One of the greatest satisfactions that has come to me in my writing life is the large number of personal contacts that has been established by letters received from the radio audience. They have come from people I may have passed on the streets of New York and from points as far away as England. These letters are encouraging, they are constructive, they are human, and they are the pulse of the audience—an audience which asks no one else's opinion, for there is a critic in every home.

Andy Sannella

(*Continued from page 11*)

As with any orchestra leader who is constantly conducting a group of musicians, Sannella has the quality of being able to pick out any individual tone from the many being played. In listening to code stations there are countless peeps and buzzes and roars of dots and dashes and static. Yet with his sensitive ear, he can read messages through all sorts of interference.

His new hobby so fascinates him that it is apparently taking as much time as his plane did. But he has not given up his love of speeding himself, as well as his music, through the air. His eyes take on a look of longing as he talks about the neat little amphibian he wants to buy. He can afford it, but he can't afford the time! Here is a picture of Andy Sannella in action. His novelty orchestra is grouped before him for rehearsal. With one hand he leads, with the other he mops a perspiring brow.

"All right now boys, just try the last three bars over again." His voice is as smiling as his face. "Listen fellows, quiet please. Now let's try the last three bars over again."

"Fine. That's all right now. Let's play the second number." He picks up his baton, relinquishing it a third of the way through the piece to loop his guitar strap over his neck and play. In the next selection it might be a clarinet or a saxophone chorus or a steel guitar.

Andy has a beautiful young wife and a mother-in-law who adores him as though he were of her own flesh and blood. If, as and when he gets a summer vacation he goes to her home at Lake Winona, Indiana, where he is allowed to run wild or loaf to his heart's content.

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If you can act, if you can sing or talk interestingly, if you can write, if you have any hidden talent, you should get *your* share of the millions spent every year over the air.

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